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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

"What is the Tory Party, unless it represents National feeling?"—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER TO FEBRUARY

1886–7.

LONDON:
W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE. S.W.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE. S.W.

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v. 8

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 43.—SEPTEMBER, 1886.

THE FUTURE SUPREMACY OF WOMEN.

[Great difference of opinion exist among Conservatives upon the question of the extension of the Franchise to Women, and, according to our usual practice, we have admitted into this *Review* papers presenting the arguments of both sides. We now commend the following essay, the work of an eminent woman of letters, and an avowedly advanced Liberal, to the attention of our Conservative friends who, for the sake of an anticipated but certainly ephemeral electoral advantage, encourage a movement tending ultimately, in our opinion, to weaken the most Conservative institutions of English society by introducing the confusions of politics into the sanctity of home and family life.—EDITORS *N. R.*]

As things have hitherto been in the world, men have been the leaders and women the aides; men have been the fighters in the open and women the healers in the tents. To men has been apportioned the rough, rude, hardening work, to women the softening and refining care of details; to men command, to women influence. To men have been given, by nature and sex, heroic qualities and the larger crimes and vices; to women gentle virtues and smaller faults, and the restraining influence which comes by the very fact of their innocence, their goodness, their purity, their unselfishness. Just as a society is demoralized where women claim the permitted license of men, just as it is hardened and coarsened where women exercise the functions of men, or have even their special virtues in excess of their own, so is it purified and refined by their sweetness, their devotion, their charm—in a word, by their femininenes, working in its assigned sphere. But that sphere is not one of direct command over men, nor of acknow-

ledged leadership in public affairs. It is one of wholesome restraint and accepted influence in society and the home, where the recognized virtues of women are most wanted and act with best effect. As masters in the great matters of national polity and conduct these same virtues would be, and are, as disastrous as cowardice, tender-heartedness, or delicacy on a field of battle and in the hospital tent; and he loves best the truth of life and the right ordering of affairs who opposes most strenuously their intrusion where they would be harmful and not beneficial.

Take, for instance, the two essentially feminine qualities of pity and delicacy. Excellent as restraining influences, as governing powers they would be, and are, simply destructive of all true manhood. The one mitigates the severity of pure justice, the other removes ugliness when it can, softens it when it cannot, and beautifies essential poverty with adventitious ornamentation. But where should we be if this pity, this delicacy, had the upper hand, and the nervous fears and refinements of women depressed the energies of men to a level with their own and abolished all the rude and unsightly activities? Rough and cruel and ghastly things must be done in the world, and pity for the individual must not be suffered to interfere with the general good—for the most part brought about by the sacrifice of the individual. Else must we go back to root-eating and substantial barbarism. But the individualizing faculty of women comes in to soften what cannot be prevented, and their pity restrains unnecessary excess of necessary suffering. Thus, each faculty acts as that well-worn drag without which things would go too fast, but with which, in exaggeration, things do not go at all. For example, rabies may be prevalent, but the largest proportion of the women with favourite lap-dogs are more indignant because of the discomfort of their own muzzled pets than able to appreciate the usefulness of the general law. If polled to-day, that largest proportion would vote for the abolition of the muzzle, no matter what the results to the community at large, glad to secure the freedom of their own at the expense of a principle. And what is true of lap-dogs is true of all the rest.

When these two qualities — this pity, this delicacy, born of the power of individualization possessed by women—are lost by their own hardness and coarseness, or are suffered to be unduly predominant, the work of the world fares badly. Should we ever see either this loss or this predominance—and we shall have one or the other if the future supremacy of women be established—society will have cause to regret the time when men were the authoritative leaders of life, the sole fighters and the sole law-givers, the heroes and the scavengers; and women lived in the shadow, as Marys or as Marthas,

supplementing the shortcomings of the stronger sex by their own completing qualities.

In the civilization which was the well-spring of our own, not all the women of immortal name were women of highest repute. Those who were specially beautiful, like Andromache, Penelope, Nausicaa, were women who fulfilled in the home life the ideal qualities of their sex in devotion, constancy, simplicity. Those who broke the bounds, like Helen, or came to the front with abnormal gifts, like Cassandra, or were even, like Aspasia, supreme in loveliness and intellectual graces, were disastrous to others or to themselves; or their supremacy was, at the best, more beautiful than worthy of imitation. And the publicity which did not foster the best virtues of womanhood then does not foster them now. There is a sex both in morality and good taste, as there is in intellect and physique; and circumstance is to character what soil is to a plant. That strong black peat-moss in which certain hardy growths flourish, would kill others which thrive abundantly in light and sandy ground; just as robins, and linnets, and skylarks, and nightingales want different treatment from that which suits kites and eagles. Women have the key of the position they ought to fill in the greater reticence, the more sensitive modesty, which, it must be confessed, was once more universally regarded as part of their moral equipment than it is now. No man of ordinary good feeling—there are always brutes to prove the rule by exception—would hurt the purity of a modest wife by ribald talk or obscene suggestions. A son would not retail the story of his youthful immoralities to the mother he truly honoured, though he would confide in his father, seeking advice and assistance from the experience and sympathy of sex. Each would feel and respect the barrier raised by the woman's native delicacy; though each would know that these things, which were not to be taught nor told, made part of the inherent conditions of human life.

But this is just one of the lines of demarcation between the sexes which is becoming blurred and obliterated in the present moral attitude of women. For those who go in for equal rights and equal knowledge—whether they claim for themselves the freedom hitherto reserved for men only, or demand from men the same restricted purity as is essential to women—the reticence, which was once one of their sweetest charms and was so carefully respected by the average man, exists no longer; and the two sexes discuss without reserve, and on equal terms, all the foul secrets once hidden away in the back slums of human life. Boys take their mothers into their confidence, though they have their fathers to appeal to; young women talk openly of things they should blush even to think of; and at no time in history have pruriency, under

the name of morality, and substantial immodesty, masquerading as zeal for virtue, been so rampant as now. Nor have we in England ever touched a lower depth in certain directions. Neither Balzac nor Zola, nor yet any other unlimbered psychologist, has hurt the moral sense of the public so much as have the men and women who have ventilated unsavoury subjects in the press and on the platform; getting sympathy for bogus stories; retailing impurities seasoned with falsehoods to audiences including unmarried girls and young wives among the rest; dilating on indecencies till they have lost all shame or even consciousness that they were indecent. These are the men and women who have accustomed the collective womanhood of England to the description and contemplation of things which, a generation ago, were barely known and never talked of, save by a couple of matrons in close conclave and below their breath. These are the men and women who have idealized the prostitute on the one hand, and on the other set up Vigilance Societies, with all their private espionage and voluntary dabbling in unhallowed mud. These are the causes by which the modesties of the sex have declined, while the desire for publicity and power have increased.

It is not only because of the preponderance of women in England, and the consequent need for bread-winning on their own account, that the new school of moral Amazons has arisen. It is not because all their own specialized offices are filled that they have invaded those of men—forced into imitation because compelled to compete. The cause of the change lies deeper than that. The very virtues, such as unselfishness, patience, devotion, without which the family cannot be preserved, are dying out with the love for family life characteristic of modern times. They are repudiated by women themselves as crosses, not crowns; and the full, free, energetic individualism, with the excitement and the struggle of a man's career, seems to them infinitely higher, as well as more alluring, than the duties and pleasures of the home. They are discontented with all they have and are, desiring only that which they have not and ought not to be. In the lower classes, women prefer to be field-hands, hop-pickers, pit-brow women, or factory-hands of any kind, rather than to do house-work or look after the children. They prefer to gain rather than to save; even though their expenditure through waste, substitution, and loss goes beyond what it would be if they kept at home to mind and mend and manage for the family.

So with women of the professional classes. They want everything but what they have had; and the hitherto forbidden offices of men are those to which their ambition reaches, and will not be satisfied with less. Yet if they have disagreeable things to do in

the work specially assigned to them, they complain and say "it is not woman's work"; and you may hear women of the labouring classes bemoan the hardship of having to wash the sorely-soiled clothes of the husband who perils his life daily in the mines for the support of wife and family. If they have only the ordinary domestic work to do, they complain of its monotony, and wish for anything rather than the ordering of the dinner, the arrangement of the supplies, the overlooking of the servants, the supervision of the children. All these duties may go by the board, or be done by substitutes, so long as they may dabble in art or literature, in clerkships or in medicine, dispossessing men and asserting themselves. Just now the Higher Education of Woman is a novelty, therefore eagerly sought after; but if the sex remains what it has always been, Girton and Newnham will follow the usual course; sweet girl graduates will be as obsolete as the learned lady professors of Bologna; and the M.D.'s diploma will be no more valued than the title of Dame conferred in Charles the First's time on recognized midwives. It will be a new acquisition altogether if women develop the staying-power of men; certainly it will be a new sex if they develop the physical strength which alone will enable them to compete on equal terms.

Take the profession of a doctor, which is the most coveted of all at this moment, and for which, save in India in the zenana, or at home for children and young girls, there is no felt want, and will be no likely demand. What young woman could undertake this profession on the ordinary terms of a man's apprenticeship? How could she become the snubbed and inferior assistant of an old-established practitioner, disdainfully flinging her the least desirable and most irksome cases? How could she be the parish doctor of a rural district, riding six or eight miles across a moor at dead of night, or in the midst of a snowstorm, to visit an old farmer in a fit of drunken apoplexy, or a young wife frightened by spasms? Women who undertake the work of men must by necessity have only the soft places and bear only the lighter burdens. They must do what they can, it being useless to attempt what they cannot; and competition must therefore needs be defeat if made on equal terms, or favour and unfair apportionment if the weaker are to overcome the stronger. Whether men will submit to this, hard-pressed by competition among themselves as they already are, or whether they will close their ranks and demand that women shall find other work, not interfering with their own, is a question which the future has to decide.

To some among us it seems that it would be wiser for women to create new industries for themselves—like the art-needlework and

china-painting of modern date, to go no farther—which do not cut into the old-established grooves of masculine activities, than to continue this humiliating struggle against nature itself, for the gratification of a yearning which seems to touch on disease, and to prophesy dissolution.

But most of all things the desire of women goes out to political power, and their favourite ambition is to secure their footing on the hustings and electioneering platforms. The platform life they have already adopted—with the loss of all that makes them charming in proportion to their success. They have been long trying to force open the flood-gates of political power, and to let the full tide of feminine influence rush through. And they have partially succeeded, and may soon, perhaps, wholly succeed. Among the causes of the political confusion of the time must be counted the recognized agency of women. These last two elections have been the first wherein women have been engaged as organized canvassers—that is, wherein feminine solicitations and cajoleries have taken the place of masculine argument on the one side, and of the old system of money bribes and gratuities on the other. Canvassing for others is but the step before voting, to be followed by canvassing for themselves. The franchise is the confessed aim of the women who have taken up politics as a trade, where they, too, should have their seat and say. And though not yet granted, it is perilously near. For even Conservatives, who generally oppose all Radical changes till forced to yield by popular sentiment, have gone over betimes to the side of the innovators ; and of the Conservative members now in the House, more than half are claimed by the Woman Suffrage Society as friends and advocates—which is about the strangest bit of political thaumaturgy this generation has seen.

I have never disguised my own deep abhorrence for this measure, nor blinked the almost certain mischief that it will work, if not in politics, yet in society, the home, and to women themselves. To me it is one of the most fatal mistakes men and women can make, and equally suicidal to the best interests of both. It can do no kind of good to Imperial politics, and it will do infinite harm to individuals. India, Ireland, the Colonies, will be governed neither better nor worse because unmarried women with property have each a vote. But the character and tendencies of the sex all round will be influenced to harm and loss. It will immensely increase that discontent with their natural functions and assigned offices, which, as has been said, is their most salient modern characteristic ; and it will be only a stepping-stone to further encroachments. It will make them more positive, dictatorial,

argumentative, than they are now; and will widen the area, while accentuating the causes, for dissension between them and men. It will increase that disastrous desire to ape men which is as a canker in the women of to-day, and will make them less and less like the ideal which the world has agreed to respect and love. It will tend to make them pronounced, hard, bold—has anyone ever seen a platform woman blush?—and by familiarizing them with public life, it will still more loosen the hold of the home and weaken the already weakened ties of domesticity. A woman who can address a meeting of electors as one of themselves—soon to be one of the candidates in her own person, if the logical faculty counts for prophecy—will not be very anxious about her children's ailments, or her husband's wishes (for the restriction of the vote, and its consequences, to unmarried women, is one of the flimsiest blinds ever flung across eyes willing to be hoodwinked); and the applause of a crowd will be more seductive to a female orator of average ability and ambition than the "waxen touches," which are fast becoming poetic property only, or the manly love which in more harmonious times made the highest happiness of the sex. It will weaken the sentiments, the affections, the specialized virtues which go with womanhood; and, by opening to women man's career of public strife and passion, will breed in them also the hardness and selfishness inseparable from public life.

It can never be too often repeated—publicity of life and action never has produced a race of virtuous and estimable women; and there seem to us abundant mental, moral, and physical causes why it never can. What has been done elsewhere for passion and emotion the public life of politics will do for sentiment, modesty, and sweetness. There is an intellectual *dévergondage* as well as a moral, and indelicacy of character does not necessarily include unchastity of person. Women who are political economists rather than Ladies Bountiful, who are logicians rather than lovers, critics not sympathizers—women who abandon their own delightful domain of sensitive perception, generous belief, kindly action, unselfish devotion, for the strife of politics and the egotistic ambition of the platform, are women who give up the substance for the shadow; who fail their assigned virtues without putting on the virile majesty of men, and who lose the tender domination which goes with love, without gaining increased respect.

One of the great arguments for the enfranchisement of women is that of the enfranchisement of labourers and servants. The vote-desiring woman feels it to be an intolerable hardship that her tenants and her coachman should have votes, while she, the landlord and the mistress, has none—she, the educated lady, where

the others are uneducated boors. But, uneducated for responsible political functions as Hodge and John Thomas may be, we must not forget that they are units, for the most part influenced by others; while women of property—just as uneducated and inapt in political matters—have the direct and wide-spreading influence which comes from wealth, position, and, above all, sex. Match the ignorance of Hodge against the passionate blindness of a female partizan. Will the knowledge of German and Italian, the ability to distinguish between a Botticelli and a Carlo Dolce, the preference of Wagner over Mozart, or of Beethoven over Chopin, help in the disentanglement of the Irish Question?—the decision whether Russia is to be allowed peaceful expansion, or sternly repressed within bounds already held too wide for the safety of European freedom?—the settlement of the exact line where the Canadian rights of fishing end and those of America begin?—or enable these well-dressed, artistic, and accomplished ladies to pronounce authoritatively on the bale or blessing of free trade, and the causes of commercial depression? To let in women voters would not, it seems to me, help in the solution of any of the political problems on which the world is still divided; and it would only tend to still further obscure men's minds by the recognition and acceptance of the influence of sex. For, frankly, what is the political power of women but that of sex? Does that power come from their clearness of judgment, their philosophic breadth of view, their previsional acumen, their wide reasoning faculty? or does it come from that subtle, strong, mysterious charm which women, as women, have over men?

In the late canvassing parties, among whom were girls of eighteen or so, was it political prescience and ability to decide between two contending principles which gave them influence? or was it their youth, their beauty, their blandishments, their cajoleries—in a word, their sex? When the National Guards kept the ground against the insurgents, eye-witnesses saw and reported the suggestive efforts made by the women of the threatened party to deflect and morally corrupt these men. No coarse bribes of money nor of place were theirs; nor would these have done half that eyes and hands and lips were able to do—are able to do at all times—and have just now done in our late electioneering contests. Our new canvassers have used their natural weapons with tremendous effect of late; and English political earnestness has descended as many steps as women have won.

Their very succcess shows the incapacity of women to judge of the issue of political movements. Undoubtedly the Dames of the

Primrose League have been the most able and the most influential of the canvassers. But it was the Advanced Women of the Liberal Party who first set the ball rolling. They set on foot the Woman's Suffrage agitation, and in this way released the activities of the Conservative women—infinitely the larger party in the kingdom. This the Liberal women neither foresaw nor wished—unless, indeed, they show that they possess even less and less political aptitude by working for the enfranchisement of a few unoppressed individuals, rather than for the establishment of principles vital to the general cause. Before the crusade preached by the Liberal women their Conservative sisters had been content with a little sporadic advocacy, a little personal canvassing, as a wife for her husband, &c., with the drawing-room blandishments that come into the same category as placing concert or bazaar tickets for a charity. But, fired by the Advanced Women, wholesale in the destruction of old landmarks, reckless in the abandonment of old habits, and headlong upholders of a new fashion as women are, they flung themselves into the arena; and, as was prophesied years ago by those who could foresee results, swept the board and carried all their own way. As women, too—that grandest power of all—Conservatives are more attractive than Liberals. Liberals have the enthusiasm of insurgents, the passionate fervour of iconoclasts certainly—and enthusiasm and passion are exciting—but Conservatives have the poetry, the beauty, the romance and the fitness which take men's judgment along with their admiration. Also, as a rule, they have the advantages of higher birth and better breeding. Hence, their side gained immensely in the late elections; for their real weapon, their sex, with all its charm and grace, is stronger with them than with the Liberals. So they knew; and so they utilized it.

The Advanced Liberal women are terribly in earnest. So far as sincerity goes, they have all its power; and among them are spirits directly akin to the holiest martyrs and old-time saints. One of their most cherished beliefs is, that by the admission of women to the vote—with all that this must necessarily entail—politics will be moralized. There will be no longer corrupt voting, to start with; and the chicanery of diplomacy, with the cruelty of war and free trade in drink, will be banished, like all other forms of vice, from the world. The times when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them will be nothing to those, say these earnest enthusiasts, when women shall have the franchise and the iniquities of men shall be smothered because outvoted by the moralities of women.

This time of supremacy, when the lives, the desires, the activi-

ties, the passions of men shall be regulated by women, is the darling dream caressed by them, as that of a compensating Future is caressed by those who have an unhappy Present. Every woman at heart a rake? No, not exactly; but every woman is at heart a tyrant, and the joy of forbidding is equal in her to that of commanding. If she had her own way, there should be no cakes and ale for those whose digestion was stronger than her own; energies which she did not share should have no outlet; nor should desires foreign to her own have their gratification. I have known a woman boast that her husband had to put the sea between her and himself if he wished to smoke; and another make a quarrel with hers because he bought two penny evening papers instead of one. Between the two extremes of the women of social position who are more shameless, more brazen, than the Phrynes and Messalinas of old, and those whose narrow allowances would take all the pith out of men, emasculate their minds and enfeeble their bodies, the future will see a bad time of it if the threatened supremacy of women is fulfilled. The old Egyptian *régime*, when the Priesthood was supreme and regulated the minutest affairs of social and poli tical life—when the women came next, and were as the captains under this generalship—and when the men came last, subject to the women and doubly subject to the Church—will be re-enacted in those times to come, when the political and intellectual sceptre shall have passed from men and be given to women—according to the endeavour of those of the Advanced Liberals who have abandoned common-sense and gone in for fads—who have abjured working possibilities and in their place advocate unworkable theorems.

Another ground taken by the advocates for the suffrage is, that no class is considered, nor are its interests cared for, if unrepresented in Parliament. This may be quite true, and is, taking classes as classes, separated from each other by habits, interests, associations, education. What should a millionaire know of the wants or wrongs of a pauper? How can a city magnate judge for a cotter or a mill-hand? What does a country gentleman know of the merchant-service or the load-line? But this does not hold good with women. Women are not separated from men. They live with them on exactly the same social plane, and have abundant time and space to make their wants known. Mothers, sisters, wives, daughters—men have them in all relations; and ignorance of their desires is the last thing that can be said. Nor is the selfishness, the tyranny, with which hostile women credit men, exactly proved. For, granting that a man would wish to be the master of his own wife, he would scarcely care to see his daughter

brutalized by her husband; and, of the two, he would rather that his sister was happy than that she was the victim of a strange man, and miserable, as the inalienable condition of her sex for the advantage of his. But changes are not wrought in a day; and the unquestioned supremacy of men, dating from, and integral to, the rough old warrior times, had to wear itself out under the milder conditions of modern society—had to die in substance before it could be abrogated in law. Now almost everything has been done that the strictest justice demands. The Married Woman's Property Bill and the Custody of Infants Bill have removed the most crying evils of which women had to complain; and the reproach of legislative injustice and legislative neglect falls to the ground. One by one the smaller fibres and rootlets of tyranny still left in our laws are being pulled out and eradicated; and the unjust sovereignty of man over woman is one of them.

The vote, then, so much desired and so passionately fought for, will do nothing towards removing evils already removed by the free will and gift of the legislators; while it will give women a direct influence over the affairs of men in which they can have no personal part. As the larger number, they will have the preponderating power at the elections, and men will thus be forced into the illogical position of having to undertake wars at the will of those who do not share in them; or of being forbidden to undertake them by those who, not sharing in them, do not choose that others shall. If, however, things came to that point, in all probability sentiment would be thrown to the winds, and common-sense would regain the day. For this desire for the vote is a mere sentiment among women, representing no solid advantage, and imperilling much present good; and with mischievous effects reaching far wider than the advocates of the measure either can or do foresee. Unmarried women with property and votes, with a recognized political status and accepted political influence, will not like to lose these snippets of the blue ribbon by marriage with the enemy—doubly an enemy, in that his name represents disfranchisement, and to be a wife is to cease to be a responsible and active citizen. We may take the restriction, as at present formulated, to be a mere blind—the thin end of the wedge—the hair given to the devil—what we will of synonym with the carrying of the first and most important outwork. The vote given to the unmarried woman with property will naturally follow the property, which is now by law the wife's and not the husband's. Had the Married Women's Property Bill not passed, the wife would not have had her present *locus standi*. As things are, it would be eminently illogical, and somewhat un-

just, to leave that property unrepresented because a woman had become a wife; and the blot would soon be wiped off the Statute Book. Then the lodger-suffrage would come up for discussion. In the present state of things, a really large and appreciable body of well-educated women are lodgers, as men are lodgers. A great many offices are open to women, by which they live with comfort as lodgers, but are not able to be householders. As these are the energetic portion of the sex, the agitation will begin with them; and they will complain of the injustice of being unrepresented, till they will gain their cause, like their richer sisters before them. And with the lodger-franchise will come in a race of voters whom one can scarcely hold to be desirable as direct influences on Imperial politics. We have no class of men analogous to these women. They are not felons, and cannot be dealt with as criminals. But, surely we would not put the power of influencing the laws of England into these hands! If the Imperial politics of this grand old nation of ours—this nation once the most manly, the most reasonable, the most clean-handed of all in Europe—if her policy, home or foreign, is to be directly influenced in even an infinitesimal degree by the lodgers who haunt Regent Street and the Haymarket, we may say "Ichabod" in sorrowful truth; our glory will have departed for ever. As we have just decreed—led by the Liberal faddists—we will not hear of separation, registration, distinctive rules of life, &c. for these women. As they are, so they must be, without any kind of check or segregation; and when the wide net of the franchise sweeps the social sea it will enclose these among the number, and so complete the circle of folly and evil. Women voting for wars in which they bear no part; for the application of money they do but little comparatively to earn, out-voting by their numbers the men on whom lie the actual burdens of civic life, and including among them that class which modern sentimentality calls Soiled Doves, and blunt English prostitutes, will be a sight to make glad the hearts of our enemies and detractors—nations which will rejoice when the day of our supremacy is over, and the strong brave masculine life is finally destroyed for the "monstrous regimen" of women to take its place.

To part of my objections—the harm done to the character of women by their admission into public life, the loosening of the family tie, and the induction of unsuitable persons into unfit offices—is given the one vague answer: Nature will adjust. Nature, as we have it, has not adjusted, in our sense, when it makes the Hindoo man a first-rate nurse, and the Amazonian army a capital fighting power. Man has contrived to circumvent nature in more ways than one; and when he wants a thing he

knows how to abolish distinctions and destroy protests in ways which will occur to everyone who chooses to think. It is not exactly according to the self-preservative law of nature that married women, with husbands and little children to live for, should imperil their lives by riding to hounds, and run the risk of breaking their necks twice or thrice in the week, for the pleasure of jumping hedges and ditches in the hope of seeing a pack of hounds worry a fox. Nor is it quite according to the higher modesties of that second nature we call civilization and education, that they should study pathology and anatomy in company with men; nor draw from the nude together, boys and girls in a mixed multitude—nor do certain other things which yet the times allow. So that to unsex women by enactment does not seem quite so impossible as spinning ropes out of sea-sand—as the advocates of the vote would make out. We may put our feet into a hole and not be able to draw them out again; and we may walk boldly on to the quicksand with the result foreseen by our antagonistic advisers.

Surely it is a pleasant, a natural, and in its degree a wholesome, thing for men to worship women; but the cult is dangerous when carried to excess. A little of it humanizes society and softens the asperities of men; a great deal corrupts both. When women become supreme in power and influence, like the Parisian *femme de commerce*, or the Parisian *grande dame*, they are equally mischievous as regards the best virtues of society and men. In the former case they keep the shop and send away the children. And keeping the shop means keeping the man. Neither Jules nor Jack loves work *per se*; and if he can be kept like a gentleman in idleness, he prefers his leisure to labour. As Madame, on her side, prefers the quasi-publicity and excitement of life behind the counter to the claustral monotony of her own four walls, he indulges her desire, gives her her head, and profits by it. And one consequence of this transfer of functions is that, search the whole world round, a sharper, harder, less conscientious, less womanly woman than the French *femme de commerce* does not exist from the Equator to the Poles. Every particle of feminine softness, of sweetness, of sensibility, has been burned out of her in the great fire and flame of competition. She is as hard as stone, more grasping than a Jew, more subtle than a Greek. She and Nature have adjusted their original differences to a nicety; and she has preserved of her sex nothing but the bodily form and the personal allurements.

In the latter, as the *grande dame*, with money to bestow and social consideration to confer, the hope of the young man with

good looks and ambition—good looks and an empty pocket—lies in her favour. To have one of these fine ladies for his—patroness—is equivalent to success; and his rise in the world, with a comfortable subsistence during his years of impecuniosity, is a foregone conclusion. It is no shame to a Frenchman to be kept by a woman—wife or mistress. So much power and worship have been given to the sex, as a sex, that the subordination of a man comes in as the logical consequence; and no more humiliation is felt at this inversion of the *rôles* than our young men feel now, when they lie back in the boat, lazily steering, while the girls row in the sun and blister their hands for their pleasure—or than is felt when the mistress drives the groom and the wife the husband, and the high-hung trap comes to grief as the result. The woman is the all-important person throughout France generally; and her marriage portion is the essential element in a union which may or may not include love, but which must be founded on interest. It is partly this fact of the uncertainty of love, coupled with the indissolubility of marriage, that has made the French more liberal than strict in the matter of post-nuptial infidelities; but, more than either, it is the social standing of women which makes them able to break the laws at their will. The liberty they take for themselves they grant the men; and if they escape the bondage of matrimony and the pains of maternity by a wider cast into the open, they have at least the fairness to allow what they practise. With Englishwomen, on the contrary, the desire goes towards domination, and the secret hope of all those who are clamouring for the vote is supreme power. To see the time when the mother shall be the sole parent recognized by the law, when the line of moral freedom and the standard of emotional strength to which men shall be reduced will be that of the chaste and virtuous woman, when women shall frame the laws by which men shall be bridled and bitted, when their virtues shall be his, and his masculine exuberance shall be shorn of its excess—to see the time when politics shall be moralized, and the reign of righteousness shall be inaugurated by feminine supremacy and masculine submission—this is the prayer of more than one female Moses, honestly believing that she is leading Israel out of Egypt.

Meanwhile, a few moral and political pagans remain faithful to the old gods. A few mean-spirited sisters still prefer the honour of the man to their own, and would rather shine by his light than stand out in the glare of individual glory. A few would rather be the wives and mothers of heroes and men of renown, than be themselves crowned in the Capitol, and would rather love and be loved than rule and be feared. These are the women who find it

pleasanter to honour than to humiliate the sex they like to feel is the stronger, the nobler, and the more enlightened. But then they are pagans ; and the new school repudiates them as traitors to the cause of freedom and virtue, though they may be faithful Liberals and honest women.

E. Lynn Linton.

BIMETALLISM: THE FIXED RATIO EXAMINED.

The increasing weight which attaches to the theory that the generally prevailing depression of trade and productive industry is owing to a scarcity of metallic money, makes it worth while to examine the grounds of a scheme for increasing its volume by the re-employment of silver as full value coin in those currencies from which that metal has recently been discarded. This scheme has been before the public for a long time, and is known as bimetallism on the principle of the fixed ratio.

We will avoid dwelling on arguments hitherto used to prove that in practice the application of that system to a mixed currency of gold and silver, circulating in quantities unrestricted by law, must sooner or later break down, and confine this paper to a brief consideration, from a point of view somewhat different to that usually taken, of the economical soundness of the principle, and the historical argument in reliance upon which its supporters predict that under its operation silver money can be made to circulate with gold at an invariable rate of exchange.

There appears not to be a complete agreement among the economists who advocate this system; some, perhaps, do not go so far as others in the extent of their faith, but in general terms they may be stated to be of opinion that the results of the French system of bimetallism, which was in use throughout the Latin Union until about 1876, are conclusive proof of the power *of law* to create and sustain a fixation of value. France, it is asserted,* by means of her bimetallic monetary law, kept gold and silver money at a relative value of $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$ for seventy years, in spite of variations in the proportionate production of the precious metals and other possible causes affecting their relative value. This is the historic round of the doctrine.

A fundamental article of the creed is that which has just been stated, that *law* is effective to fix a *ratio of value* between gold and silver money; while some only go so far as to argue that if that

* Publications of the International Monetary Association, No. 5, p. 10.

which has happened before occurs again, and gold, say, disappears from a currency worked on the principle of the fixed ratio, this eventuality would be of no importance, as the silver coin remaining in circulation would still exchange with gold when any might be forthcoming, on the terms of the fixed ratio; the inference from this argument being that prices would not be affected or confusion be introduced into commerce by the substitution of silver for gold, because coins of the two metals would always and everywhere stand to one another in the relation expressed by the formula of the fixed ratio.

Some professors of the principle believe that the proportion in which gold and silver *jointly* adopted as money shall exchange with one another being fixed by law, or by agreement among nations having the force of law, a double currency so constituted will serve as a standard of value and as an equivalent for use in exchanging commodities. This argument presumes that neither kind of coin would ever be undervalued on the terms of the fixed ratio, and consequently disappear from circulation.

Some, and those not the least eminent of the school, contend that the value of gold and silver money in one another is not regulated by the relative cost of their production or by the law of supply and demand as ordinarily understood among economists, but by a specific "monetary law" * which supersedes these regulating influences. The State,† they say it is which creates the demand for money, and which therefore can fix the price of one kind of money in the other. These seem to be the economical theories by virtue of which bimetallism on the principle of the fixed ratio has obtained so many supporters.

Let us examine the foundation of these opinions.

Quoted from one of M. Michel Chevalier's essays, the following is a description of the French monetary system. Gaudin, who was Minister of Finances to the French Directory in 1803, thus describes his own plan in his first report to the two consuls, containing the *projet de loi* for the contemplated reformation in the currency which has since been in use in France.

"Art. 1.—L'argent sera la base des monnaies de la Republique Française . . . Art. 3.—La pièce de 1 franc sera invariablement du poids de 5 grammes . . . Art. 6.—La proportion de l'or avec l'argent sera de 1 à 15½. Un kilogramme d'or vaudra donc 15 kilogrammes d'argent. Si des circonstances impérieuses forcent à changer cette proportion, les pièces de monnaies d'or seulement seront refondues."

From this account of his own project, two things are clear:

* Publications of the International Monetary Association, No. 5, p. 10.

† *International Bimetallism.* S. P. King, London, 1881.

first, that Gaudin did *not* intend that gold and silver in a fixed proportion jointly adopted as money, should become a measure of value, but that silver alone should hold that office, and this inference is confirmed by a second of these reports on the reformation of the currency, in which Berenger, the reporter, stated that the object of the reform was to place an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the successive diminutions in the weight of metal in either kind of money up to that time issued from the Mints (resulting from futile attempts to adjust the relative weights of the gold and silver coins of France to the fluctuations in their relative intrinsic values), by the establishment of a monetary unit declared by law to be invariable, as a standard. Secondly, that Gaudin, and those who set the French system at work, had no idea of fixing the *value* of the French gold and silver money in one another by law, but that, on the contrary, they contemplated the possibility of those "imperious circumstances" coming into existence (which have since occurred), which would make it necessary to recoin and re-issue all the gold money of France in conformity with any new relation of value which might arise between gold and silver bullion at the market. It was not the "law" which was to fix the ratio of value, but the natural or intrinsic ratio of value which was to fix the legal rate of exchange between gold and silver money. The French system, therefore, so far from providing any sure historical ground for the belief of the fixed rationists in the power of law to fix the value between gold and silver money, repudiates any pretension to do so. The bimetallism of the fixed ratio of 1880–86 differs, therefore, essentially in principle from the bimetallic system of France, which was devised in 1803.

How far also is it true that the French bimetallic system kept the value of gold to silver at $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$ for seventy years, in spite of the productions of either metal being, at different times during that period, excessive and disproportionate to one another? What evidence is there that it was the French law, and not some other cause, which sustained that ratio of value between the two metals? That ratio was often approximately, sometimes actually, the intrinsic ratio prevailing between the two metals, and it was the French legal ratio of exchange for gold and silver money. But *post hoc* is not always *propter hoc*. The evidence seems to be all the other way.

In 1803, by the French law, 1 kilogramme of gold was deemed to be equal to $15\frac{1}{2}$ kilogrammes of silver. The silver kilogramme was coined into 200 francs.

Gaudin, foreseeing that gold would not stay at this proportion, and making silver the standard, assumed that when the standard altered the gold money of France would be recoined.

In 1807, the ratio of 1 : 15½ became 1 : 16·22, then to 1 : 16·19, then 1 : 16, at which point it stood tolerably steady up to 1812; but in consequence of gold becoming undervalued, in terms of the legal rate of exchange, it disappeared from circulation in France, and was only procurable by purchase as merchandise. In 1825 gold began to fall against silver, and continued to do so until 1848, in which year, owing to the increased productiveness of the Russian gold mines, the natural ratio became nearly 1 : 15½, as it had been forty years before. But in 1848 the Californian gold mines began to yield, and in 1857 the Australian also, and gold became, in 1864, as silver had been before, the principal money of France. The Californian silver mines shortly after began to turn out great quantities of silver, and, simultaneously with their largest yield, came the demonetization of silver by Germany, to be followed shortly by France and the United States curtailing their silver coinage.

These movements of the money of France are attributable to causes external to her currency, and show that the French law did not fix the value of one kind of her money in the other. If the law had possessed the power to do this, the necessity at one time for gold, and another time for silver, to disappear and place itself out of reach of the law would never have arisen; whatever the quantity of gold or of silver there might have been in France, the law (on the hypothesis of the fixed rationists) would have availed to sustain the proportionate value of 1 : 15½. It was because the law was unable to do this, that the owners of the undervalued coin withdrew a large part of it from circulation, until, in the process of time, the remainder acquired a scarcity value, and rose to a point which restored its value in the over-valued coin to conformity with that fixed by law for the exchange, or, in other words, the gold and silver in use in those currencies which were amenable to the French monetary law assumed that proportionate value to one another which would be properly expressed by the formula of the fixed ratio.

In this case the coin in use in France may have much increased in quantity, and the weight of either mass of coin compared with that of the other may have been very different to that at which it stood in 1803, and, nevertheless, the two kinds of money may have held to one another the value of 1 : 15½.

Now what was the principle at work from 1803 to 1876, which gave its efficiency to the fixed ratio of exchange for the gold and silver money of France, but the principle of the "Intrinsic Ratio"? It was because that principle was always at work that the coin of one kind which valued 1 : 15½ became redundant, disappeared, and went to foreign countries, where its intrinsic value gave it its full effect in commerce, or was held by its owners until

a turn of the wheel of fortune restored it to its full intrinsic value in the French currency and at the fixed ratio.

We, therefore, venture to maintain that while the law of France fixed a *ratio of exchange* for the gold and silver of its domestic currency, it never did fix and never pretended to fix a *ratio of value* as between gold and silver metal even in France; much less, as is now asserted, did that law fix for seventy years the exchange value of gold and silver in foreign countries lying beyond the scope of the French currency system.

It is a fair inference from the course which the advisers of the French Directory took in 1803, that they acted under the firm conviction that it was the Intrinsic Ratio, and no fixed legal ratio, which would give its real value to French money, although the rate of exchange between them might be fixed by law. Gaudin saw that in the course of ages the natural order of things, the proportionate productions of either metal, and the demand existing for either for use in commerce, had brought a kilogramme of gold to the value of $15\frac{1}{2}$ kilogrammes of silver. This valuation prevailed whenever the interchange of gold and silver was free and unrestricted. He probably argued somewhat thus: "If in our currency we allow gold and silver to be used with similar freedom, the same ratio of value will be maintained within the currency as exists outside it, and for the same reasons. Let us then do this; let all Frenchmen use as much gold and silver as they may require as coin, and (extraordinary and unexpected contingencies apart), our coins will exchange in future at the same valuation as the metals they are made of have hitherto exchanged outside our currency. That valuation would give us a kilogramme of gold as worth $15\frac{1}{2}$ kilogrammes of silver. We will coin either metal at that proportion to one another, and, to provide a standard by which any variation from this proportion may be measured, we will cut up the kilogramme of silver into 200 pieces of a franc each, and when gold assumes, in the course of time, a new and materially different relation of value from that which it now holds to silver, we will recoin our gold currency to bring it into conformity therewith."

This was sound sense, a reasonable expectation, and good political economy; and as the *circonstances imperieuses* which Gaudin foresaw might any day occur, did not occur for seventy years, the history of the French currency during that period of time has proved the wisdom of his counsels. How different are those counsels, their motive and their object, from the counsels of those who profess to follow his guidance at this day! So much for the historical ground of the belief in the power of law to fix the value of gold and silver money in one another.

Next comes the question of the new "monetary law* totally different from the ordinary law of supply and demand." It is stated to consist in this, that if the leading Governments of the world refuse to accept gold or silver as money, the rejected metal must fall in value against the other; that this effect is not the result of the ordinary law of supply and demand, but it is the result of human law; and, the argument proceeds—it follows that if human law agrees to receive gold and silver money at a fixed ratio, they must hold that ratio to one another. The arguments for the existence of this "monetary law" may, perhaps, be found stated in Mons. de Laveleye's book on *International Bimetallism* (London, 1881), with as much clearness as anywhere else. He objects to the axiom that "all money is merchandise,"† citing the case that bank-notes made legal tender have no intrinsic value, and are, therefore, not merchandise, while he overlooks the circumstance that, in a properly-constituted paper currency, a bank-note is a promise to pay money, and is only valid so far as the promise is credited. It still remains to be shown that money is not merchandise. He goes on to say that an irredeemable bank-note is worth precisely as much as a Louis d'or if it enables its holder to buy the same commodities which he could purchase with that piece of money. In the latter case the piece of paper may be, in popular language, described as money because it serves as a medium of exchange and prevents the necessity of resort to barter; but for the purposes of this discussion, which concerns only the question of the power of law to fix the relative value of gold and silver money in one another, no argument either way can be drawn from the greater or less efficiency of a forced and artificially valued paper currency when used as a means of exchanging goods, except one, which is this: if gold money is in circulation, and irredeemable bank-notes for Louis d'or are put into circulation at the same time, the gold money rapidly disappears, and this result arises from the fact that money *is* merchandise, which its owners have obtained in the same manner as they have obtained their watches, horses, or carriages, by giving an equivalent value in some other commodity for it. When the owners of gold find that the law *forces* them to exchange their gold for paper, which is *not* merchandise, they remove the former beyond the reach of the law. The irredeemable bank-note argument, if pushed to its natural conclusion, proves the contrary of the contention which it is cited to support. The condition of the currency of the Austrian Empire at the present day is a proof of this.

* *International Monetary Association Proceedings.* 1883. No. 5, p. 10.

† P. 13.

Mons. de Laveleye goes on to say (p. 12) that the purchasing power of money, its "dominium," depends not on its "substantia," its intrinsic *quality* as a metal, but upon its *quantity*. There is a germ of truth in this statement; nevertheless, the *intrinsic qualities* of one metal make it more useful as money than another—make gold more useful than copper, for instance; these qualities do not constitute, but contribute to its purchasing power. The purchasing power of a pound of precious metal depends, in the long run, on what it cost itself when purchased. The purchasing power of gold does not depend on its quantity, irrespective of the quality above described, derived from the conditions under which it was first produced. If quantity, irrespective of quality, gave its purchasing power to money, then an ounce of copper would purchase anything which an ounce of gold might buy. There must be some reason why this is not the case, and the reason is that, though *quantity* is an element of value, the *quality* of money is the condition which determines the quantity which, in any given case, is the equivalent in value of any given quantity of any other commodity; and that *quality*, let the matter be searched as deep as can be, will prove, in the long run, to depend on the cost of its production. In this respect the precious metals and all other merchandise are on the same footing.

Next, Aristotle is appealed to, to prove that "money has its value only by law, and not by nature, for a change of agreement among those using it can depreciate it entirely," &c. These words are very true, and, so far from refuting, they establish the soundness of the theory that "all money is merchandise"; for what commodity is there in use among mankind which, by agreement among those using it, cannot be depreciated entirely? It is disuse, or cessation of demand, which destroys the value of any merchandise, and this result comes from the operation of the law of supply and demand; the demand ceasing, the supply becomes valueless, and the cost of production is thrown away and brings no return by way of profit. All that the "agreement to cease using" anything, whether gold or butcher's meat, does, is to give a particular direction to the working of the law of supply and demand; it does not supersede that law by any other law. No new or specific "monetary law" comes into existence totally different from the ordinary law of supply and demand, to regulate the value of gold money in commodities, or of gold and silver money in one another. The best proof of this is that the partial disuse of silver metal in its most useful application to human wants has brought demand below supply, and reduced its value proportionately. Not a shred of evidence can be drawn from this circumstance to prove that gold and silver find their relative value in any other conditions

than those which regulate the relative value of other kinds of merchandise.

Mons. de Laveleye writes thus on the regulation of the value of money by action of the State :—

> The value of money-metals is controlled by the continued and obligatory absorption of them at the Mints at the rate fixed by the law. . . . The State creates the greater part of the value both of gold and silver, for it creates a sure market for them. When the coinage is free, when the Mints of France deliver 200 francs for every kilogramme of standard silver, and 3,100 francs for every kilogramme of gold, these metals will not sell for less. Here, therefore, is a market always open at the legal rate, and this is not true of any other merchandise. . . . Now, the demand which rules the market of the precious metals is that which acts at the Mint; as the Minister Gaudin said, in the year XI. (1803), the market value of the precious metals is the Mint price. The State, therefore, which creates the demand can fix the price. . . . The State which fixes the price of the tobacco, of which the "Regie" is the only buyer, can, *a fortiori*, determine at what rates the precious metals shall be admitted at the Mint, and what proportion shall be maintained between silver and gold. . . . The variations in the relative value of the two metals of which history tells us, *have been the result of legislation*, and not of the more or less abundant production of the mines of silver or of gold. The French legislator of 1803, in fixing the ratio of equivalence between the two metals at 1 to $15\frac{1}{2}$, was merely acting in conformity with historical precedents . . . he was not violating economic laws (pp. 15–18).

The conclusion to be drawn from these extracts is that Mons. de Laveleye is of opinion that the French system of bimettalism sustained, if it did not create, a ratio of value between not only the gold and silver money of France, but between the two precious metals wherever the inhabitants of the European world, whether in Europe, Asia, or America, dealt in them, of $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$. This is the formula of the belief of the fixed rationists, which, stated in different ways, is to be found up and down their whole literature; and Mons. de Laveleye is one of the principal advocates of that system of bimetallism.

Let us examine into the facts. To speak accurately, it was the people, not the Government (which I understand the word "State" to imply) who, requiring the precious metals for money, coined as much as they might require for exchanging their commodities. This created the market. What the Government—the State—did, was to coin the gold and silver bullion belonging to its subjects into coin on a given scale. A kilogramme of gold coined into 155 gold pieces, and a kilogramme of silver coined into 200 silver pieces, were a kilogramme of gold and silver still: their substance was the same, their form only was changed. No value was conferred on the coins which they did not already possess as bullion (considerations of alliage and legal tender apart); nothing was fixed or affirmed in respect of this money which the natural order of the commerce in the precious metals had not already fixed and affirmed. The price of a kilogramme of gold was 155 gold pieces, and of a kilogramme of silver 200 silver pieces, because the gold and silver

bullion and the gold and silver coins were (making allowances for the operation of conversion) one and the same thing. As a popular and easy way of describing this result, a kilogramme of gold was said to be priced at 3,100 francs, and of silver at 200 francs. That is all. By what ratiocinative process a man can persuade himself that the French Mint *fixed the value* of gold and silver at those figures, I confess myself unable to understand. It is also impossible to extract from these circumstances any evidence that the French legislature of 1803 did, or intended to, fix any *value* in exchange between gold and silver by this coinage operation.

The opinion of Gaudin on this point is described as being expressed with much clearness in several passages in his papers on the reform of the currency; so far from intending that a fixation of value should arise from the proportions in which gold and silver metal were coined into money, he intended, and said, that from time to time, as the relation between the two precious metals might alter in commerce, the gold money should be recoined, in order to bring the weight of each coin into harmony with the altered relation of value between gold and silver metal at the market. The law of the year XI. only fixed the *rate of exchange* for silver francs and pieces in gold of twenty francs. Gaudin did not seek to fix *their value* in one another, he only hoped to keep the latter in correspondence with the former by allowing unlimited freedom in the coinage and circulation of either kind of money. When did this idea that the French bimetallism fixed the value of gold and silver money in one another, not only in France,* but in England and in India and all over the world for seventy years, first occur to the believers in the fixed ratio? Was not the year of its birth subsequent to 1870? This date would be worth the trouble of ascertaining and recording in the archives of science.

Price being in popular parlance (but not necessarily so in technical use) generally synonymous with value; the fixation of price for the coins of each metal in itself by the weight of metal used in making them, has created a confusion of idea in which value and price have eluded discrimination. The value of a kilogramme of gold, or of silver, was and is determined by what it will buy in merchandise; and so long as a kilogramme of gold could buy fifteen and a half times as much of the same merchandise as a kilogramme of silver could buy, then one kilogramme of gold continued to be the equivalent of fifteen and a half kilogrammes of silver. When in the course of the commerce of the precious metals this ceased to be the case, and the kilogramme of gold bought more goods than fifteen and a half kilogrammes of silver could purchase of the same

* Mr. R. B. Chapman's Memorandum: International Monetary Conference, 1881.

kind, the value of gold was said to have risen against silver, and because it had risen against goods in the silver valuation, it became when rated at 1 : 15½ undervalued, and the owners of the metal withdrew it from circulation, since, if they parted with it at less than its value they could not reasonably hope to recover their loss.

These being the facts of the case, it is clear that no *fixation of value* between gold and silver metal was ever secured under the operation of the French currency law of 1803, and that the so-called fixation of value between the gold and silver money of France was a fixation of the *exchange* rate. In obedience to the natural action of commerce, the undervalued metal left the market created for it by the French currency system in large quantities, while the remainder, from the enhanced value which its scarcity gave it, assumed a relation of value to the other kind of money corresponding with the proportion in which they were rated by law to pass into one another.

The illustration of his argument which the author draws from the tobacco monopoly is not very happy. If the State, under the French system, were to have rigidly excluded the people from the use of any money but that which it might supply them with, as it supplied them with tobacco, it would, of course, have regulated the value of French money, both in respect of commodities and in respect of one kind of money in the other. This is what the Japanese succeeded in doing, both before their islands were discovered by the early navigators, and after they had closed their ports to European commerce. They fixed the ratio of their gold and silver money at one time at 1 : 3, and another time at 1 : 6; and the value in the islands corresponded to the rate of exchange. But nothing of this kind was done in France; on the contrary, the supplies of metal for the fabrication of money open to the French people were unlimited, and their freedom of coinage unrestricted. The relation which the "Regie" held to the tobacco trade, and that which the State held to the trade in the precious metals which was maintained by French commerce, were the exact opposite of one another; and it follows that because, under the conditions existing in each case, the "Regie" could fix the value of tobacco in France, the Government could not, *e converso*, fix the value of French money in commodities, or of one kind of money in the other.

On the economic view of the question there is but one additional point which need now be noticed, and that is the appeal to experience.*

During seventy years the French system worked with tolerable

* International Monetary Association: Occasional papers, No. 5, p. 10.

smoothness, while during the same period the abundance of gold and silver produced from the mines of Australia and California was very great. As the ratio of value between gold and silver money was nevertheless sustained at 1:15½, without excessive variations, it is asserted that it was the power of the French law which maintained that equation of value between gold and silver, and nothing else. One writer, in the course of a review of the situation, written with much ability and great knowledge of the subject, says that, although a rise of prices of short duration occurred in consequence of these additions to the World's store of precious metals, there had been, up to 1880, a marked reaction in prices, which had receded very nearly to the level at which they stood in 1850; that, notwithstanding the vast additions to the stock of the two metals, and their continued great (although then diminishing) production, they had already nearly regained their former value.* This result the writer describes as "unexpected, not to say extraordinary," and he goes on to say that during the same period there had taken place an "unparalleled development" of the general resources of the "human race, and unprecedented material improvements." That so expert an economist and so acute a reasoner should have failed to see that the extraordinary expansion which the commerce of the European world experienced, and the corresponding industrial activity which it excited during the period in question, fully accounts for the phenomenon which he regards as unexpected and extraordinary, is certainly strange.

The people of the West of Europe, especially those of England, who had superior facilities for appropriating the gold of Australia, found employment for it in the extension of their railway system and the substitution of steam-ships chiefly built of iron for wooden sailing vessels in their mercantile marine. At the same time America was adding to her population with unprecedented rapidity, and every kind of industry, especially those which contribute to the improvement of communications, found new and profitable fields for its exercise. Incidentally, whole classes among civilized nations grew rapidly richer and required increased quantities of gold and silver for purposes of luxury and ostentation. As fast as the material of money was unearthed it was employed, either in effecting exchanges of commodities increasing yearly in an almost incalculable progression, or in storing profits already realised in many ways which are unproductive of fresh wealth. The words quoted above exactly describe the natural and ordinary result of discoveries in great abundance of the precious metals and of their

* *Monetary Conference*, 1881, by Mr. A. C. Tupp, pp. 152–57.

simultaneous absorption in an "unparalleled development of human resources and material improvements."

Another writer, discussing the same part of the question with the same prepossession, remarks that a prodigious demand for silver to go to the East during the cotton famine had no effect at all on the ratio fixed by the French bimetallic law. Exactly so. It was because this silver found a field of employment in India, and did not go to France, that the French ratio remained unaffected by it. If then, as since 1870, the enormous quantities of silver excavated from American mines had found no field for use in the activity of human industry, and had, besides, been increased by the ejection of silver money from the currencies of many nations, the silver question would have begun to trouble the world between 1850 and 1860, instead of subsequently to 1870.

What happened was—simply stated—this. Fifteen and a half kilogrammes of silver continued (some temporary perturbations of value apart), to buy the same quantity of commodities after 1850 as they had bought before; and a kilogramme of gold to buy $15\frac{1}{2}$ times as much of the same commodities as could be bought for that weight of silver; and therefore the equation of value existing between 1 kilogramme of gold and $15\frac{1}{2}$ kilogrammes of silver was maintained, since things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another; and the maintenance of this equation of value between the precious metals and commodities the subject of human industry, which was the cause of the sustentation of the previously existing equation of value between the precious metals, was secured by the circumstance that the additions made to the world's store of treasure were not, in the long run, in excess of the increased use to which mankind could put them.

When the ordinary and well-recognized conditions under which the commerce in commodities and the commerce in the precious metals alike are carried on, prove sufficient to account for the maintenance of the ratio of value between gold and silver at about $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$ for seventy years, why should resort be had for an explanation to the violent hypothesis that the French law for exchanging gold and silver money in France fixed that valuation all the world over, knowing, as we well do, that the history of the currencies of nations does not furnish a single instance in which the rulers of any country succeeded, for more than a brief period of time, in forcing on their subjects by law a fixation of value between gold and silver when coined in unlimited quantities, which was at variance with the natural and true ratio of value between the two metals at the market. It was the law of the "intrinsic ratio" working freely throughout the world which maintained the equilibrium of value described as $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$, and not the French law fixing

the proportion in which gold and silver money should be coined and pass in one another.

The historical and the economic basis of the theory that law, and not the free course of commerce, fixes the value of gold and silver in one another, are, I consider, equally unreal and void of foundation, alike in fact and in science.

I have stated with emphasis the distinction between a rate of exchange fixed by law, and a ratio of value fixed by law, because the distinction is very real, and because one cannot read much in the literature of bimetallism without drawing the conclusion that if this distinction were more clearly realised, and more often remembered than is the case, the belief which some fixed rationists so confidently assert in their theory, that law governs the *value* of gold and silver in one another, could not but undergo a considerable abatement.

Let us now examine some of the difficulties which beset the application of a bimetallic system to a currency of gold and silver circulating in unlimited qualities, under which the exchange rate of the two kinds of coin is fixed by law.

Those who designed the French monetary system in 1803, contemplated maintaining the ratio of $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$ by securing for the current gold and silver money of France the same freedom of exchange into one another that the precious metals possessed as bullion at the market. If no violent disturbance of the relative value of the latter occurred, they hoped that none would occur in that of the former. It was expected that the coined money would be just as sensitive, and no more, to alternations of value resulting from the action of commerce as gold and silver bullion might prove to be.

We hold that this expectation was reasonable; that it turned out to be true; and that the alternating stability and instability of the value of gold and silver money in one another, during the seventy years that the French bimetallic system lasted, was due to natural causes; and that the monetary law was only a contributing cause, and one of small influence, on the maintenance of the ratio of value at $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$.

The bimetallists of the present day expect that if all the principal nations of the civilized world agree to give one and the same price in silver for gold, and at the same time admit both metals to unlimited coinage and circulation as money, the currencies so constituted will act on the demand for silver in a peculiar manner, and fix its value in gold at the price that those nations may decide to give. The result, we venture to think, will be to subject the silver coin so circulated to all the alternations

in value against gold which prevail at the bullion market, and that, the original conditions of the French system being revived, and the same causes being set to work, the same effects will follow. The "fixed rationists" are striving to reconcile two irreconcilable conditions: (1) to create a demand for silver by coining and circulating it as money along with gold, and in unlimited quantities, thereby making the value of the one money in the other amenable to all the fluctuations of value which other commodities similarly situated experience; and (2) at the same time to fix the value of the one in the other at a ratio of exchange determined by agreement and enforced by law.

The only case in which such a plan could succeed would be that in which the silver money in use among all the nations of the world, civilized and uncivilized alike, became subject to the influence of the monetary law thus established by convention; then the remainder of the silver in use as money in the world would be too small in amount to support any rival or conflicting system, or to defeat the object of the Convention. But (as I shall endeavour to show) the expectation that the currency system thus set up in Western Europe and the United States of America would have so wide a range as to control the value of all the silver money in the world when exchanged with gold, is illusory. The influence of such a monetary law might extend gradually, with the process of time, to all parts of the world; and, after much conflict of rates, in which its own ratio might succumb, it is possible that it would successfully assert its ascendency. But meantime any currency so constituted would be liable to all the incidents and vicissitudes of the French system established in 1803, among which must be reckoned the risk of such another collapse as occurred between 1873 and 1879, if the occasion which caused it were at any time to recur.

Let it be assumed that the scheme is set to work. The first step which it will be necessary to take will be to settle the proportionate weight of either kind of money; or, in other words, to fix the ratio of exchange at which one is to pass into the other. The ratio most in favour is that which was fixed by the French monetary law of 1803 of $1:15\frac{1}{2}$, because the silver money of Western Europe and of the United States is coined at a standard of weight approximating to that proportion. If $15\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of silver money could be made to exchange for 1 oz. of gold money, it might be possible to work the system without any recoinage of existing silver currencies, because the full-value silver money of some of the associated nations, as well as their token money, has been hitherto in circulation with their gold money at nearly that proportion. But if, on the contrary, any other formula than that

of 1 : 15½ were fixed upon as expressing the actual relative value of gold and silver money, it would be necessary to recoin all the full-value silver money which would be affected by the new monetary law at the new standard of weight. This gigantic operation would choke all the mints of the civilized world for many years to come ; and it is difficult to understand by what means silver money could be circulated at the ratio thus newly fixed until the recoinage were completed.

It may be assumed that the ratio selected would be that which might be expected to subsist as the true and intrinsic ratio of value for gold and silver money in one another at the time of fixation, for it is evident that, were any other ratio chosen, the difficulty of working the scheme would be enormously increased. But how can this ratio be ascertained? It would not be the ratio now found to rule the Exchange—say of 1 : 19 or 1 : 20—for that ratio expresses the depreciated value of silver in an overstocked market, and on its re-employment, as the metal came more and more into use for the fabrication of money, the values of the two metals would daily draw nearer to one another. The fixation of any ratio must immediately give existence to another ratio, and so on, as the demand encroached on the supply of silver bullion.

It may be asserted that, if all the discarded silver of the world is used again as money, the ratio of value formerly obtaining between gold and silver money of 1 : 15½ will be re-established, but this expectation takes no account of the abundant supplies of silver which the American mines have yielded during the last fifteen years, which are in excess of the stock of unused money. So long as any portion of this uncoined silver bullion, which may be assumed to be in excess of the metal required for the currencies which are to be fabricated anew, may be saleable in any part of the world lying beyond the scope of the bimetallic system, its presence in the bullion market would daily act on the intrinsic value of gold and silver in one another, and set up fluctuations in the exchange rate for gold and silver money which the Convention may have fixed upon for use throughout the currencies subject to its monetary laws.

Clearly, some intermediate stage must be found at which it will be possible to ascertain what the ratio of value between gold and silver money will in future be, when silver again takes its proper place in the currencies of those nations which have partially rejected it.

The advocates of the " fixed ratio " believe that, when it is once determined by agreement among the principal nations of the European world, that gold and silver money shall pass into one another at a particular valuation, no person will sell either metal for the

other at any price but that fixed upon by the Convention. They argue that, were the price to vary in different places, the anomaly of two prices prevailing for the same article in the same market would arise, which is not possible. In other words, they believe that the conventional price of gold in silver, and *vice versâ*, which would rule in Western Europe and North America, would govern the value of the two metals in one another all over the world. It is, however, very questionable whether this belief rests on any sound foundation; whether the circumstances of the case are not such as to prevent this bimetallic scheme being so universal in its range as its advocates expect that it will be; and whether the monetary law of the Convention will succeed in coercing the relative value of the precious metals which may prevail in foreign parts into agreement with that valuation which it prescribes for domestic use; whether nations which are no parties to the Convention will find themselves compelled, by the force of circumstances, to respect its valuation of their gold and silver. There would be nothing anomalous in such a situation, for there would not be one market for silver bullion, but two: that in the West, where it would be priced in gold at an arbitrary valuation; and that in the East, where its price would be determined by the ordinary process of trade.

India is a country which, in this respect, may serve as an example of the commercial habits of many semi-civilized countries using a monetary unit of silver, and, in speaking of India as an illustration of the way in which a silver-using country will act in the case under discussion, we must be understood to speak of silver-using countries generally; their treasure of gold and silver is vast, and their populations numerous beyond comparison with those of any nation likely to join in a monetary Union. This consideration is of no small importance when the fiscal laws or usages of these two classes of nations, the European races on the one hand, and those of Asiatic or other foreign origin on the other, come into collision.

If the ratio fixed by the Western nations be not that elicited by the course of commerce in the East at the moment of fixation, a conflict will arise between the two ratios—which is to prevail, which to yield? Will the ratio, say of 1:18, determined by the West carry the day, or will India adhere to her customary ratio of 1:20? To these questions the fixed rationist replies that the ratio of the West will supersede that in use in the East, because the Indian holder of silver will not give more than 18 ozs. of silver for 1 oz. of gold in India while he can get gold at that price in Europe. This hypothesis overlooks the ease with which a trader can buy gold in India for silver, and the comparative difficulty of

procuring it from abroad, and it assumes that the Indian purchases gold in the West. This, indeed, he does, for purposes of his own, and during the last fifty years has accumulated, and now holds, in India a gold treasure valued (by the importations of that period alone) at £157,000,000 sterling. These purchases may, therefore, be indefinitely great, so great that the associated nations may find themselves deprived of their gold by an invasion of silver from Asia.

The advocate of the fixed ratio argues in this way: "The Indian who should send his silver to a bimetallic country in the hope of getting gold for it, would have his labour for his pains. He sends his silver, say, to bimetallic London; what will his correspondent do with it? He must needs take it to the Mint (or to the Bank, which is practically the same), and receive for it £3 17s. 10½d. an ounce in silver. The shipper would draw for the amount, and would receive the rupees with which he began his operation." And—we will extend the hypothesis—this silver money will be spent in buying goods, and these goods will be sold again for silver, and so on. The Indian will get no gold at all. But the principle of the fixed ratio, and the bimetallic system which rests upon it, is expected to maintain an equivalence of value between the gold and silver constituents of the currency. In this case, why should the transaction above described not result in the Indian getting gold for his silver at the Mint? If, under the bimetallic monetary law, he could *not* claim gold either from the Mint or from the merchant to whom he might sell goods, if the choice of the money in which debts are to be paid is to be optional with the debtor, then we encounter the fundamental defect which has lately wrecked the fixed ratio system, viz. that debtors will always use the over-valued coin for making payments and the under-valued coin will disappear. In the case assumed, the inability of the Indian to get gold by the transaction above described, could only arise from silver being over-valued and from there being little or no gold money in circulation. If the contrary were the case, and gold were as plentiful as silver money, why should the Indian not get gold for his silver and take the former away to his own country? It seems to us that the fixed ratio system is on the horns of a dilemma. If silver money only were used in this transaction, it would be because that kind of money was over-valued as against gold money, and the system would fail to maintain an equivalence of value between the gold and silver money in use in the country which had adopted it; and if the system did maintain this parity of value, and both kinds of coin were in circulation on equal terms, then there would be nothing to prevent the Indian taking away as much gold as it

might be his interest to purchase with silver, or with commodities, and hoarding it in his own country, as he does now.

No doubt the conflict of ratios would begin in this way. The owners of gold in the West, finding themselves in danger of losing it by the exchange with silver which, in the case assumed, would be conventionally appreciated while it would be intrinsically depreciated, may be expected to withdraw it from circulation, and the ratio fixed by the Convention would fail with the disappearance of one of the two factors in the equation of value.

Those who argue that the natural or intrinsic ratio existing between gold and silver in the East will immediately coincide with that adopted by the West, because no other ratio than the latter can survive, must show what the process will be by which one will be brought into submission to the other, if it is some other process than that of which we have experience.

That which determines the value of one kind of metallic money in the other is the proportion existing between them in the legal tender currency of the country using them, and the greater or less demand for either kind of money for trade purposes. (We, of course, do not here speak of currencies where either kind of money is restricted in quantity.) Thus, in a country whose people may be habituated to the use of gold, if the currency were suddenly converted into one of mixed gold and silver without limit of quantity, less gold and more silver would be required to purchase any given quantity of the same goods than would be found necessary in a silver monometallic country, when its currency were suddenly reconstructed in a similar manner. In the latter country, silver money being by custom more popular and, presumably, more suited to the peculiarities of its trade than gold money, less silver and more gold would be used (considerations connected with the rate of wages and the value of labour apart) to purchase the same quantity of the same goods than in the former. Is it reasonable to assert that the proportion which the gold and silver money current in the East hold to one another on terms which describe the equilibrium of value, will be assimilated to the proportion fixed by a convention among Western nations instantaneously, in the twinkling of an eye? The ratio of $1 : 15\frac{1}{2}$, which subsisted so many years, has ceased to act; the machinery by which the intrinsic ratio of value which gold and silver money now hold to one another would ordinarily be ascertained, has been thrown out of gear by the extensive rejection of silver money from the currencies of a large part of the European world. Except by the ebb and flow of the precious metals from one side of the world to the other, and by a general resumption of the use of silver money in unlimited quantity, how can a

new adjustment of the ratio be arrived at; and while the operation is in progress what is more certain than that the "fixed ratio," and the monetary law which prescribes it, will remain a dead letter?

The past history of the currencies of the world tells us that, so far from the ratios prevailing in distant parts falling into agreement with one another in any brief period of time, their assimilation has been the work of years, of generations of men, of centuries of time. Between the date of the earliest English Settlements in India and the date when the relative value of gold and silver prevailing in that country coincided, or nearly so, with that found to obtain in Europe at the same time, three hundred years elapsed. Now-a-days rapidity of communications and closer commercial intercourse would doubtless abbreviate the time necessary for the desired assimilation to take effect, but that it would be a short time, even in the case of India, cannot be affirmed with any certainty, and that it would be a long time in the case of other silver-using countries is hardly doubtful. Owners of the precious metals on both sides would find their advantage in holding out as long as possible, each for their own ratio. Why, for instance, with gold selling in silver-using countries at the rate of 1 oz. for 20 ozs. of silver, should gold-owners in Europe and the United States put the metal into circulation in order to sell it within the limits of the Convention at 18 ozs.? If it is argued that no one outside the associated nations will give more than 18 ozs. of silver for 1 oz. of gold, because where the "fixed ratio" prevails that will be its price, it may be asserted with confidence that no one living under the law which fixes the ratio will sell his gold at the lower price when he can get the higher price elsewhere. What reason is there to suppose that this divergence between the natural and conventional value of one metal in the other will disappear the moment that the Bimetallic Union fixes its ratio, or that it will disappear at all, except under the action of those forces which, in every country in the world that trades with its neighbours and uses money, have hitherto been solely efficacious in bringing about that result?

Freedom of international trade, the use of the same metal for the final settlement of trade balances, facilities for the transport of the precious metals, the unrestricted courses of commerce both in the exchange of one of the precious metals for the other, and in the exchange of both for commodities, have hitherto been the means by which the relative value of silver and gold, varying in distant countries, has been reduced to an approximate uniformity throughout the commercial world. A fixation of value by law for the interchange of money in a union of nations, so far from oblite-

rating such divergencies of value, might be expected to have the opposite effect to any extent to which the influence of such a law interfered with the free trade of gold and silver in one another, and with the exchange of both for merchandise.

It is, furthermore, certain that the silver-using countries—which comprise the whole continent of Asia (and Asia includes India and China, two regions densely populated, whose inhabitants possess vast stores of the precious metals), the countries under Turkish rule in Europe, the Mahomedan States in Northern Africa, and nearly all South America—will hold out for their own ratio, because it is, however variable the formula may be which expresses it, that which is fixed by the free action of men exchanging their gold or silver without let or hindrance of the law. The conservatism of the East, and a prescription of thirty centuries, will never yield to the influence of a law fixing a value of the precious metals in one another, because it is that which a Union of Western nations prescribes, so long as it is any other value than that which the daily experience of silver-using people tells them is their true and intrinsic relative value. The two ratios will only adjust themselves to each other when the courses of commerce and the competition between gold and silver money, when used in unlimited quantities for the purchase of merchandise, bring them into harmony.

Having regard to the fact that the stock of silver in silver-using countries bears a much larger proportion to the stock of gold available for money in the same countries than the stock of silver bears to the stock of gold in the West; and that in the East, as in the West, gold is more in request than silver; and that in the East, and in silver-using countries generally, there is a larger stock of silver available for the purchase of gold than exists anywhere else, it is no unreasonable conjecture that the higher price of gold in silver, ruling in the East, will regulate the price of gold in the West; and that, so far from the ratio of value fixed by the Bimetallic Convention superseding the intrinsic ratio prevailing elsewhere, the result will be the reverse of this expectation, and that the ratio of value which gold and silver hold to one another in silver-using countries will govern the ratio in gold-using countries, and that it will be the fixed ratio which will yield to the intrinsic ratio, and not the former which will supersede the latter.

If the bimetallic system on the principle of the fixed ratio were introduced into England, or into continental countries to the exclusion of England, India in either case would have to be reckoned with. Let us consider the former eventuality first—England a bimetallic country, using silver and gold money in unlimited

quantities, our token currency abolished, and full-value silver money circulating in its place.

It would then become necessary to take measures in India to coin and circulate as legal tender money, at the standard of weight prescribed by the monetary law of the Convention, a portion of the vast stock of unused gold which India now holds, £157,000,000 and upwards, probably exceeding £250,000,000 in value. This would necessitate legislation. The people of that country would then see the Government entering on a policy hitherto unknown to their financial system. No Government which has ever existed in India has attempted to fix by law the value of gold and silver money irrespective of the commercial value which they hold to one another. The East India Company up to 1835 (when gold was demonetized in British India) recoined sometimes the one, sometimes the other metal, in order to bring the relative value of its gold and silver money into conformity with the relative value of the precious metals at the market; but the passing a law to fix the value of gold and silver money in one another at an unalterable ratio, the issuing an edict that a gold mohur was always to be worth sixteen rupees instead of twenty, as it is now, would carry dismay into every bazaar in the country. Except the principal bankers and merchants of the great cities, there are none among the native traders who understand the *rationale* of the bimetallic system at all; and it may with certainty be affirmed that even the best informed of the mercantile class would refuse to believe in the ability of the Government of India to enforce such a law. The less educated would argue that if the English can raise the value of silver by law, they can lower it also. They would be at a loss to calculate what might come next. The wildest rumours of the ultimate intentions of Government in legislating on the value of money would obtain credit with people so inconceivably credulous as are the inhabitants of India. Such a law, touching as it would the value of money, would set up a scramble for both silver and gold which would take the form of a withdrawal of currency (both legal and non-legal tender) from circulation. Coin and bullion would be hoarded in increasing quantities. Prices would fall. The revenue would be collected with difficulty. Agriculturists would be compelled to borrow more largely than ever for the purposes of their trade. The rate of interest for loans would rise. The paper currency of India would to a great extent be returned on the hands of Government, and so much as remained in circulation would fall below par. The securities of the Government of India would be depreciated. A panic would prevail in which the financial credit of the country would suffer materially. A check would be put upon the material progress of India wholly pernicious in its effects.

Has the risk of these results ensuing from the adoption by England of a bimetallic system on the principle of the fixed ratio been considered by those who urge its adoption? I think not.

If England were to join in the proposed Convention and leave India out, then she would become exposed to the vicissitudes above discussed, and see her gold currency diminish and perhaps disappear on any occasion when it might be undervalued in the silver currency on the terms of the fixed ratio. This is a risk which neither Parliament nor the people will ever consent to run. It seems clear that neither England nor India, singly or together, can join in supporting a currency system resting on the principle of the exchange of gold and silver money at a fixed and arbitrary ratio.

If the other course were taken, and England refused to join in a Bimetallic Union, she would be asked to give a guarantee that the associated nations should be protected from that which past experience has taught them to expect, viz. the displacement of a large portion of their stock of gold by a corresponding value of Indian or Asiatic silver. England would be asked for a promise that India should not be allowed to change her monetary system, and use legal-tender gold money. How could this country enter into either engagement? The only means by which the drain of gold now going on from West to East can be mitigated is by remonetizing gold in India. If India becomes a gold-using country the gold of Asia may be expected to find its way to Europe and America in the channels of trade; and a reciprocal current will commence to flow from East to West as a set-off against the continuous stream which now only runs in the opposite direction and never returns on its course. But it is open to question whether the bimetallists would desire the remonetizing of gold in India. The silver currency of that country affords a convenient channel into which the surplus silver money of a Bimetallic Union may escape when it becomes redundant, and falls in value against the gold currency along with which it may be in circulation, and the ratio fixed by law for their interchange shows signs of fluctuating; were gold money in use in India, this channel of escape might become much restricted. Could England consent to withhold a gold currency from the use of the Indian people? Is not the great fiscal necessity of India a mixed gold and silver currency, by means of which the taxation now levied to supplement the falling value of a portion of India's silver revenue may be remitted? Is it not of the greatest importance to the world that vast unused stocks of gold should be liberated from their hiding-places in India and restored as money to the commerce of all nations?

Thus we see that, in the first case, if England were to adopt the

fixed ratio system she would imperil the credit and derange the commerce and finance of her great Dependency, or she might expose her own gold currency to a risk of depletion, which risk would be not merely imaginary, but quite certain to arise before long. If, on the other hand, England stands aloof, then the Bimetallic Union would be exposed to a similar danger of losing its gold; but this, however, would be mitigated, and perhaps reduced to unimportant dimensions, by the re-employment of gold as legal-tender money in India. But at the same time such a proceeding on the part of India might not be considered at all desirable in the interests of their system by the members of the Union. In any view of the case, their demand that England should join in a fixed ratio scheme puts the Bimetallic plan on the horns of a dilemma from which it is not clear how it can be extricated.

CLARMONT DANIELL.

THE MORAL AUTHORITY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

To those who had any previous acquaintance with the subject, and are not prepared to accept Carlyle's authority as final, there can have been nothing surprising in the fresh light thrown on the character and conduct of Frederick the Great in two recent works, based on documents hitherto unpublished, by the Duke of Broglie.* The abundant revelations of habitual and studied duplicity contained in some of his authorities—notably in D'Arneth's *Histoire de Marie Thérèse*, and the seven volumes of Frederick's *Politische Correspondenz* issued at Berlin, between 1878 and 1881—are in themselves sufficiently marvellous, but they only confirm the evidence already existing, and that, too, under his own hands, of the real character and principles of Carlyle's ideal "king, who managed *not* to be a liar." And, considering the prominent part played by Frederick in the history of Europe, and the still more prominent place assigned to him, as a typical hero, by a writer who is, or was, revered by a large number of Englishmen as a philosopher, a prophet, almost a saint—whose teaching I have myself heard described by a clerical admirer as second only to that of Christ—it becomes a matter of some importance to gauge carefully the claim asserted for him on the moral homage of mankind. Moreover, the strong hold his memory still retains on German imagination is proved afresh by the centenary observed the other day in his honour at Berlin. A more immediate interest has, meanwhile, been given to the question for Englishmen by the not very felicitous resolve of the official advocates of the "Deceased Wife's Sister Bill" to parade his authority on their side. The Marriage Law Reform Association have thought fit to remind us of his "summary and energetic decision" in setting aside the adverse judgment of the Consistory of Magdeburg on that point. What precise value may attach to the rulings of the Consistory of Magdeburg, I am not here concerned to discuss; it must be slight indeed, if its weight with religious thinkers of any class or creed can be affected by the censure of Frederick II. But when appeal is made to the authority of this Protestant "Pope in jack-boots"—to cite a phrase of Mr. Frederic Harrison's—on the sacred law of marriage, we have a further ground for examining his claim to be accepted as a moral teacher.

* *Frédéric II. et Marie Thérèse d'apres des documents nouveaux*, 2 vols.; *Frédéric II. et Louis XV.*, 1742-44. 2 vols.

It may be admitted at once that, from one point of view, there is a certain *primâ facie* plausibility in the appeal. It suited Frederick to pose as the champion of the Protestant interest in Europe, and his memory is still honoured by his countrymen in that capacity no less than as the virtual founder of the Prussian monarchy. His present venerable successor on the throne, who honestly entertains that zeal for Protestant orthodoxy which Frederick found it convenient publicly to profess, may not improbably share the sentiment. It is now an ascertained fact that Frederick was himself an avowed atheist—*i.e.* that he avowed himself such in private—but he caused his clergy to preach throughout the kingdom that he was fighting for the Protestant religion against the Catholics, and the declaration was believed. In one sense it was true; up to his time, the hope of a reunion of the divided Confessions, on some sort of Catholic basis which both parties might be induced to accept, had never been abandoned on either side. At the Diet of Augsburg, the Peace of Religion, the Treaty of Münster, and in the schemes of reconciliation promoted by the Emperor Leopold, this principle had always been assumed. In Döllinger's words, "the notion of a permanent separation from the ancient Church had not occurred to the men of the Reformation era in Germany . . . the old dwelling-house was thought to need repairing and cleansing, but there was no intention of pulling it down and building a new one in its place."* Early in the seventeenth century conferences with a view to healing the schism were held at Ratisbon and Prague; meanwhile men of mark on both sides, such as Bossuet and Cardinal Spinola—the latter acting with the full approval of Innocent XI.—and among Protestants, Calixtus, Grotius, Leibnitz, and Molanus had, at different times, laboured for the same end. The policy of Frederick put a stop to all such efforts, once for all. It suited his purpose to identify Prussia with the spirit of anti-Catholic fanaticism, which he was careful to invoke in the Silesian and again in the Seven Years' War. He even stooped to actual forgery for the purpose, and composed a letter from the Pope to Marshal Daun, which he made D'Argens translate into Latin, and produced as an intercepted despatch.† This artifice also proved successful, not only with his contemporaries but in history.

Yet no one could be further removed than Frederick from the reproach or the credit of religious enthusiasm. While making political capital out of his assumed position as the leader of Protestant Europe, he had as little faith in the Protestant or any other form of religion, as in the first principles of morality. He

* *Lectures on Reunion of the Churches*, p. 74.

† *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand*, vol. xv. p. 122.

was a sensualist of the lowest type, not from passion but by deliberate choice, as well as a cynic, a materialist, and an atheist. But his true character had not at first been generally suspected. In his earlier days he had written a book against Machiavelli, and men were rejoiced to hear the voice of justice and mercy and the condemnation of unrighteous conquest proceeding from the throne. They little dreamed then that the author would show himself in his own conduct and convictions a representative, not to say a caricature, of Machiavelli's *Prince*. They built great hopes, as Valori tells us, on his generosity, affability, and goodness of heart, and the famous epigram by Tacitus on Galba might almost be applied to him, with the variation of a critical word, "Omnium consensu" *dignus* "imperii, nisi imperâsset." Yet even from the first, those who watched him more closely had their doubts. "With the exception of his dissimulation," writes Valori two months before his accession, "he seems to have the same disposition as his father," which was certainly not an amiable one. "I speak," he adds, "of his dissimulation from what I have heard from those who know him best, and pride themselves on their attachment to him." The philosopher, Hamann, said afterwards: "Instead of his goodwill to be an *anti-Machiavelli*, fate and misunderstanding made him a *meta-Machiavelli*." But the Marshal of Belle-Isle came much nearer the truth in saying that "the King of Prussia was by nature a Machiavelli."

Carlyle indeed, as we know, has pronounced a verdict the very opposite of this. He assures us that Frederick "in his way is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions too on what he recognises for the truth, and in short has nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm . . . a King withal, and managed *not* to be a Liar." Yet even Carlyle is obliged to admit, as regards the justice of his claim on Silesia, that "his eye is set on the practical merely. 'Just Rights? What are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights, and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing.'" The sentiment here put into Frederick's mouth by his great panegyrist is quite in harmony with his own avowal, in a passage which Voltaire tells us he induced him to strike out of the original draft of the *Histoire de mon Temps*: "Troops always ready to act, my well-filled treasury, and the vivacity of my disposition—these were my reasons for making war upon Maria Theresa." It is equally consistent with his language in a letter to Podewils: "I give you a problem to solve. When one is in a good position, should one take advantage of it or not? My troops and I are quite ready for anything; if I do not make use of this good fortune, I fail to use an instrument which is

actually in my hand, but if I do use it, people will say [as they certainly have said] that I have taken a shabby advantage of my superiority over my neighbours." * But it is more consistent with Rob Roy's "simple plan" than with the character of "reality" which Carlyle ascribes to his hero.† Even Carlyle himself betrays some dim consciousness of the portentous hypocrisy of Frederick's dealings with Valori, the French ambassador, which will be manifest to all readers of the Duke of Broglie's works already named: "Magnanimous I can by no means call Frederick to his allies and neighbours, nor even superstitiously (!) veracious in this business"; but he goes on to excuse him on the plea—an entirely mistaken one—that the French with whom he was dealing were also "sharpers," and were playing with "cogged dice." De Broglie's comment is at once more adequate and more emphatic: "Never were such conjuring tricks played by any mountebank." Of his treacherous raid on Silesia I spoke just now. Of his dealings at a later period with the Emperor Charles VII., the same writer observes: "The two plans put forward by Frederick on the same day directly contradict each other. For it was indeed a strange way of entering on a campaign for the defence of the Empire to begin by sacrificing with a stroke of the pen, in the persons of the Prince Bishops and citizens of the Imperial cities, the less powerful but not less interesting of its members. This cavalier manner of disposing of other people's property to pay an embarrassing account, this abuse of force against the small and the feeble, recall too vividly the character and conduct of the betrayer of Silesia to allow of our assigning to him the *rôle* of the protector and champion of right." ‡ In one sense, no doubt, Frederick was a portentous "reality." He was one of the most gigantic impersonations of not simply *un*moral but *im*moral force recorded in history; and force as force was, at bottom, Carlyle's heroic ideal. He keenly realised that "it is excellent to have a giant's strength," but failed to distinguish accurately between the excellence of possessing it, and the tyranny of using it "like a giant," as both Frederick and Napoleon habitually did. He meant something better than this, of course; he had managed to persuade himself that his hero was "real" in a sense in which he can be too abundantly convicted out of his own mouth of being the veriest and most shameless of "Shams."

* In a second autograph note, he adds: "I decide that we ought to take possession of Silesia. . . . By acting otherwise we lose our advantages."—*Politische Correspondenz*, vol. i. pp. 64, 91.

† It was Frederick who, in conversation with Belle-Isle, first gave currency to the phrase, which has since become classical, *Beati possidentes*.—*Ibid.*, vol ii. p. 181.

‡ *Frederick II. et Louis XV.*, vol. i. p. 282.

In saying this, I refer especially, though not by any means—as will have already appeared—exclusively, to the marvellous manual of ethical and political instruction composed by Frederick in his later years for the guidance of his nephew and heir, Prince Frederick William, and published under the title of *Les Matinées Royales, ou l'Art de Régner*. Its authenticity is, of course, vehemently contested by his admirers, and by none more indignantly than by Carlyle, who will not however condescend to argue about it—"argument on this subject would have been too unendurable" to him—though he eventually acquiesces, without argument, as "a kind of moral certainty," in the hypothesis, for which there is less than no shadow of evidence, of the authorship of Bonneville. He really rejects it, as it is in fact rejected by the compilers of the great official edition of the King's works published at Berlin in 1857,* on the fatally suicidal plea of internal evidence alone, as "an impudent pamphlet of forgeries." He tells us that, "as to the theory" of the author of the book, "nothing can be falser, more heretical, or more damnable," and that, "if Beelzebub made this world," he is right; "if God made the world," he is fatally wrong; whence he infers that Frederick—who most assuredly did not believe in any Divine creation of the world—cannot have written it. On the lurid self-revelations of the darkest side of Frederick's private life, contained in the *Matinées*, it is unnecessary, and indeed for obvious reasons impossible, to enlarge in detail here. But as his moral authority has been invoked, *inter alia*, on the subject of Christian marriage, and as the stain which would thus be indelibly branded on his character appeared to Carlyle, as also to the Berlin editors, a decisive ground for rejecting his authorship of the work, a word must be said in passing on the overwhelming weight of proof for it. Carlyle summarily dismisses the charge, *more suo*, as the base invention of a "demon news-writer"; but, as regards Frederick's manner of life, he admits that "beyond all question there did a thrice abominable rumour run whispering audibly over all the world, gaining credence from those who had appetite. A most melancholy business." He further admits that he cannot disprove what has been thus widely credited, but then "it is impossible to prove a negative," and he

* Thus the editorial note, explaining the omission of the treatise, quotes with approval M. Téchener's comment: "Ces *Matinées Royales n'ont pu être composées* que par une des ennemies de Frédéric. *Il ne faut pour s'en convaincre* que de lire dans la *Quatrième Matinée*, au paragraphe sur *les Plaisirs*, la manière dont on lui fait faire l'aveu de la plus avilissante faiblesse." The article on him, however, in Michaud's *Biog. Univers.*, by a warm panegyrist, who scornfully repudiates the *Matinées* as "a bad romance," observes that Frederick was not careful to rebut imputations of this kind, and was very fond of being compared to the Emperor Hadrian, with more to the same effect.

has met with no positive evidence that satisfies him, though he allows that other and more trustworthy authorities than Voltaire—whose painfully explicit testimony we can well afford to dispense with—have referred to the matter as notorious. But the clenching argument against these imputations on his hero, as well as against the authenticity of the *Matinées*, runs smoothly enough on the high *à priori* road: "Taking into view the otherwise known qualities of this high Fellow-Creature, the present editor does not, for his own share, value the rumour at a pin's fee." Granting the premisses the logic is incontrovertible. But unfortunately, when read in the light of his own correspondence, now for the first time brought before the world in a complete form,* and of what is known from other sources both of the public and private life of "this high Fellow-Creature," the revelations of the *Matinées* serve not to discredit but to confirm in every respect the estimate which all available evidence, from whatever quarter derived, conspires to suggest of the character and cherished convictions of the royal author.

It must not, however, be supposed that the authenticity of the treatise rests on internal evidence, though the internal evidence tends altogether to support it. There is also external proof for it, direct and decisive, and none worth mentioning against it. To enter at length into the argument, which has been pretty well threshed out already, would be superfluous, even if there were room for it. It must suffice to indicate the salient points very briefly, for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the controversy.† The work is addressed to Prince Frederick William, who was born in 1745, and must have been written after the close of the Seven Years' War. It was printed in 1766, from a copy surreptitiously obtained, probably by Bonneville, and was of course denounced and disclaimed by the King; if only for its insulting description of the Prussian people it would have been worse than impolitic to acknowledge it, and his disclaimer therefore proves nothing, nor is there any shred of evidence for crediting Bonneville

* The collection of his letters in the Berlin edition of 1857 is very incomplete, partly, no doubt, for the same reason which prompted the exclusion of the *Matinées*. Hence Broglie observes that in the seven volumes of political correspondence now published "we have the whole Frederick, no longer the Frederick who has depicted himself in his *Histoire de mon Temps* with apparent frankness, not devoid of art . . . but a Frederick without mask or make-up, who issues his commands to his servants with a cynical freedom which proves his sincerity." He adds—and this is a sufficient answer to Carlyle's line of argument—that "the harshest of his censors would have held himself guilty of calumny, had he said of the King of Prussia what Frederick says."

† The question is discussed in an article on the "Confessions of Frederick the Great," in the *Home and Foreign Review* for January 1863, commonly attributed to the pen of its accomplished editor, Lord Acton, to which I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations.

with the authorship. In 1806 Méneval, Private Secretary of Napoleon, discovered a manuscript of the work at Sans-Souci, which he believed to be an autograph, and the copy he took of it supplied the text of the London edition of 1862. Meanwhile, another and apparently somewhat expurgated edition had appeared, two or three years earlier, in the *Correspondance inédite de Buffon*, based on a manuscript the history of which leaves no room for any doubt as to the authorship of the book. In 1782 the younger Buffon, son of the famous naturalist, twice visited Berlin, on his way to and from Russia, at his father's desire, in order to pay his respects to the King. On the second occasion Frederick himself presented him with a manuscript copy of the *Matinées*, to take to his father. Of this we have direct proof. In 1863 were published the *Mémoires* of M. Humbert-Bazile, secretary to Buffon, annotated and enriched with supplementary documents by his son, M. Nadault de Buffon. In an account given in the *Mémoires* (p. 198) of the younger de Buffon's second interview with Frederick at Potsdam, on his return from Russia at the end of 1782, occurs the following passage: "Il l'engagea à prolonger son séjour à Berlin, le fit assister à de grandes manœuvres des troupes, et lui remit, au moment du départ, un manuscrit au sujet duquel il voulait avoir, disait-il, l'opinion de son illustre père; ce manuscrit avait pour titre: *Les Matinées de Frederic II., Roi de Prusse, à son neveu, Frédéric-Guillaume, son successeur à la couronne.*" And M. Humbert distinctly asserts the manuscript in his possession to be the identical copy brought from the King by young Count Buffon to his father. Unless, therefore, we choose to fall back on the impossible and purely gratuitous hypothesis—which was indeed gravely propounded by Samwer, one of the ablest of Frederick's apologists—that the young Count invented the whole story, and persuaded his father to accept the forged manuscript he brought as a present sent from the King of Prussia, with a message desiring his opinion on it, no loop-hole is left for any dispute as to the authenticity of the work.

Let me proceed, then, without further apology, to illustrate from the contents of this manual of secret instructions addressed to his heir, not the personal life and character of the royal author—enough has already been said on that unsavoury theme—but the principles of honour, justice, and veracity in public dealings, avowed with a cynical frankness in his more familiar letters and conversations, and consistently exemplified in the policy he pursued throughout his reign from first to last. The key-note is struck boldly in the opening precept, which too faithfully reflects the earliest achievement of his reign: "Ne vous avisez plus de faire l'enfant, et sachez pour toujours qu'en fait de royaume on

prend quand on peut, et qu'on n'a jamais tort quand on n'est pas obligé de rendre." It must be allowed that Frederick had lost no time in reducing to practice the brutal simplicity of this advice to put away childish things, in a sense the reverse of Pauline. In Broglie's words, "a Sovereign who, as his first act, enters a peaceful province in arms, without a pretext, and under favour of a quibble, to despoil a defenceless woman, the daughter of his benefactor, has surely himself fixed the standard of the value to be attached to his word," or, we may add, to his sense of right and wrong. And the general principle laid down at the commencement of the treatise is carried out into detail with an inexorable consistency which leaves nothing to be desired. Thus, as regards religion, Frederick avowed himself an atheist, but he understood its power both as a support to civil government and a check upon it, and he wished to secure its aid while excluding all danger of rivalry. We have seen already that it was part of his political programme to pose as the champion of Protestantism, but moreover Catholicism, as the most definite and uncompromising form of historical Christianity, was in itself obnoxious to him. With Lutheranism, as a dogmatic system, he had as little sympathy as with the Church, but it seemed to him capable of becoming a more flexible instrument in his hands. He desired for his subjects an undogmatic religion, because dogmatic creeds and Churches tend to foster an enthusiasm which acts independently of the State, and limits the sphere of civil allegiance. He admired what appeared to him the politic zeal of his Protestant ancestors, "who made a reform which gave them the air of apostles, while it filled their purses," but, under the changed circumstances of the age, he did not care to emulate it: "As there is nothing to gain, and as it would be dangerous just now to follow their example, we must practise toleration." And, accordingly, he "caused to be disseminated in everything written in his kingdom a contempt for the Reformers, while losing no opportunity of exposing the ambition of Rome, and of both priests and ministers." His object in short was to promote a spirit of theological indifference, while still utilising religion as a moral police force, much as Collins, the Deist, insisted on his servants going to church, "that they might not rob or murder him." He knew indeed that some form of worship was requisite for this end, and he told his nephew that if he lived, he should "cause somebody to arise and preach a new one, which he should at first pretend to persecute, but should eventually adopt. A wise prince will avoid persecution, not from religion, but from indifference to it. The best way to banish fanaticism from one's dominions is to manifest the coldest indifference to religion. There is no need to advertize impiety and atheism, but one must

conform one's thoughts to the position one occupies. The true religion of a prince upholds human interests and his own glory; his condition dispenses him from any other. If we remind ourselves that we are Christians, all is lost, and we shall be always duped." There is much in all this, as well as in what follows, to remind one of Napoleon, who once told O'Meara "he was a Mahometan in Egypt, a Catholic in France; he did not believe in religions." Unlike Frederick, however, if we may credit Bourienne's story of his answer to his atheistic *savans*, he did believe in God. And Napoleon may of course have studied the manuscript found by his secretary, Méneval; but he has not himself left us any written record of the ethical code of systematized selfishness on which his policy was shaped.

If we turn from religion to the administration of justice, the same Machiavellian spirit reappears. It is essential that the law should be, or should seem to be, justly and impartially administered, because then the sovereign will be adored by his subjects, but he is under no law himself; "There can be no equality between the right of the monarch and the right of the subject or the slave." Justice is an arbitrary notion, differently understood in different countries, and a wise ruler will know how to regulate it for his own advantage: "I am too ambitious to tolerate anything in my State which hampers me, and it is certainly that which has obliged me to make a new code." For similar reasons he wished to rid himself of the troublesome control of an independent body of jurists: "What caused me much concern was the sure and constant course of the law, that spirit of liberty inseparable from its principles, and the skill of jurists in pressing their advantages and crushing their opponents under the appearance of the severest equity. I determined, therefore, to sap the foundations of this mighty power, and by simplifying the law as far as possible I reduced it to the point I desired." He had weighed again the comparative merits of constitutional and despotic sovereignty, and had decided for the latter: "I have often considered the advantages which a kingdom derives from a body which represents the nation, and is the guardian of the laws. I think a king is more secure on his throne when he is placed or retained on it by such a body. *But he must be an honest man to allow his actions to be closely examined;* if you are ambitious, you must abandon the idea." Despotic government is therefore to be preferred, though it is allowed to be a misfortune for the people to live under even an enlightened despotism.* The *Matinées* in fact was designed to

* Here, again, one is reminded of Napoleon's observations to Sir H. Keating at St. Helena, recorded in Forsyth's *Captivity of Napoleon* (vol. i. pp. 194, 195): "The less kings want to grant liberty to their subjects, the more they must speak to them

provide for a cultured and sceptical age what the *Principe* offered to the despots of the fifteenth century—a code of masked absolutism.

The same ethical rules are applied to the conduct of foreign policy. Frederick contributed mainly to the overthrow of the existing system of the balance of power in Europe, and he explains frankly to his nephew why he had done so. "They are bad politicians who imagine that a State which has grown to a certain point must not think of increasing, because the balance of power assigns its place to each. The balance of power is a phrase which has dominated the world, because people believed that it secured permanent possession; but it is really a phrase only. When Prussia has achieved her destinies she may give herself an air of good faith and moderation, which suits only great States and very small ones." On this principle he acted throughout, and it is not too much to say that he was chiefly responsible for the misery and bloodshed inflicted on Germany during his long reign. He exemplified the teaching of the *Matinées* alike in the Silesian war and the partition of Poland. But he doubled the size of the kingdom he had inherited, and left behind him as a living monument of his ruthless strategy the State which he had constructed by treachery and falsehood. His method of operation is expounded, for the instruction of his successor, in his political testament.

One of Frederick's principal devices for entrapping the world into an exaggerated estimate of his greatness deserves notice here; it was the dexterous enlistment of literary men of mark as his penegyrists. Immediately after his accession he had sent his friend Camos to visit Voltaire at Brussels, in order, as Broglie expresses it, "to show to the whole of Europe that the crowned poet paid his homage to literary royalty before any other." Yet he assures his nephew, "between ourselves," that these same literary men "are a cursed race, intolerably proud, vain, full of contempt of the great and thirst for greatness, tyrannical in their opposition, implacable enemies and inconstant friends, hard to deal with, and often satirists and sycophants on the same day. *But they are necessary for a prince who means to reign despotically and is fond of glory.*" And therefore, he adds, he always took care that their pensions should be punctually paid, especially Voltaire's,

about it. I do not wish it any more than they, you may be sure. I know well that now-a-days it requires a rod of iron to rule men, but *it must be gilded*, and we must make them believe, when we strike them, that they direct the blow themselves. It is necessary always to talk of liberty, equality, justice, and disinterestedness, and never to grant any liberty whatever. No change of system is required, but only a change of language; and, provided we talk to the people of liberty and equality, I answer for it that they may be easily oppressed, and made to pay down to their last farthing, without being tempted to rise in insurrection or feeling really any discontent."

for whom he professed the warmest friendship: "In truth I feared him, for I was not sure of always treating him equally well, and I knew that one crown less would bring two blows." Voltaire's *Vie Privée* certainly justified the suspicion.

And now, perhaps, enough has been said to exhibit the ethical standpoint of the author of the *Matinées Royales*, which is fairly enough summed up in its closing maxim: "Voulez-vous passer pour un héros? Approchez hardiment du crime. Voulez-vous passer pour un sage? Contrefaites-vous avec art." He aspired himself to the reputation of both a hero and a sage. Most assuredly, as it has been justly observed, no pretext is left for those who have made him their idol to attribute to Frederick moral respectability, honour, or public spirit; least of all, what to Carlyle's apprehension constitutes his distinguishing merit, veracity. And it must be repeated that there is no lack of passages in his private correspondence, which illustrate and apply in detail the formal teaching of the manual he bequeathed to his successor. The harshest of his censors, as Broglie insists, can say nothing worse of the King of Prussia than he there says of himself, and the extracts which abound throughout his own recent works amply suffice to establish the justice of the criticism. It will be enough here to give an example from an intercepted letter of Frederick's to Podewils, which reads very like an aphorism from the *Matinées*: "S'il y a à gagner à être honnête homme, nous le serons; et s'il faut duper, soyons donc fourbes."* His general estimate of mankind, as handy material to be manipulated for his own selfish ends, is not obscurely signified in his remark to Valori, to whom he had just been detailing his plan for hoodwinking the English Government: "Is it my fault if they are such fools?"† On the whole, whatever else may be urged in praise or dispraise of Frederick—and I am far indeed myself from meaning to dispute that the *Matinées*, as well as the scheme of policy which its author both taught and translated into successful action, is in its way a masterpiece of genius—his admirers will probably be well advised if they refrain for the future from citing their hero as an authority on Christian ethics.

* D'Arneth's *Hist. de Marie-Thérèse*, vol. i. p. 415.

† On another occasion he spoke of mankind generally, to his friend Sulzer, as *diese verdammte Rase.*

H. N. Oxenham.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

I.

"OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION."

The phrase that stands at the head of this paper was, once upon a time, it must be acknowledged, in more frequent use than it is at present. A few years back, no speech, at least at a Conservative gathering, would have been considered complete without it; and the bare mention of "Our Glorious Constitution," by even the most unskilled of orators, was sure to bring down the house and evoke a round of robust British cheering. Certain unfortunate circumstances have served, in recent times, to throw some discredit on this time-honoured phrase; and crude dissectors of our political condition, by tracing the origin of those circumstances to their principal source, viz. our singular Constitutional machinery, have, in some degree, undermined the native reverence for an ancient toast. Even the most confirmed old Tory began to suspect that there must be something wrong in a Constitution that admitted of Mr. Gladstone being Prime Minister for an indefinite number of years, and enabled an agricultural labourer to oust a titled country gentleman from a county constituency. Nevertheless, it will be found, if we look into the matter closely, that not Tory country gentlemen only, but that Whig Party leaders, that politicians generally, that speakers on public platforms, that writers in the daily and periodical press, in a word that the bulk of the community at large, still at bottom assume that the British Constitution is the best piece of political organism in the world, and still deserves to be regarded as our glorious and noble Constitution. As for Conservative politicians, who, I suppose, form the majority of the readers of the *National Review*, and to whom, therefore, I shall in this paper be for the most part addressing myself, I entertain little doubt that the recent rout and ruin of Mr. Gladstone, the momentary disruption of the Liberal Party, and the instalment of Lord Salisbury in office, will again have satisfied them that we live under the best of all possible Constitutions in the best of all possible worlds.

To those who look a little deeper into things and pry a little further ahead into their probable working and results, this agreeable conclusion, based upon nothing more substantial than the

victory of the hour, does not afford all the comfort which those who hastily accept it, no doubt, enjoy. The present writer does not think he is a pessimist, and he certainly feels no little admiration for the many noble qualities of his countrymen. But he cannot help fearing that our Constitution, far from being a glorious, is a very inglorious one indeed, and that it has, for some time, been exercising, and still continues to exercise, a deteriorating effect on the national character as well as a damaging influence on national affairs.

If we discard the technicalities of historical and constitutional pedants, we shall find that the operative machinery of the English Constitution consists of, 1st, the Crown; 2nd, the Cabinet; 3rd, the House of Lords; 4th, the House of Commons; 5th, the Electoral Body.

Let us examine carefully, but without unnecessary minuteness, and, above all things, without pedantry, conventional phrases, or technical jargon, the position of these various members of the Body Politic, in the order in which I have recited them.

I.

The Crown.

One of Carlyle's favourite etymological arguments, as everybody knows, was that the original and fundamental meaning of King was, One Who Can; in other words, a Can-ning or Able-man. I believe the derivation was a little fanciful; and I have always been surprised that it did not occur to the great hater of shams to pounce upon an etymological root for Kingship which, besides being unimpeachable, would have served his argumentative purpose far better.

The present writer is rather an ignorant person for these exceedingly erudite days. But he can turn to his dictionary, like anybody else, and looking out the word "Real," in an ordinary lexicon, he finds—

1st. Real, n. *re'-al* (Sp. *real*—from L. *regalis* royal), a Spanish coin of small value.
2nd. Real (from L. *res*, a thing), not fictitious or imaginary; true, genuine.

Which derivation shall we take? Either will serve to point my moral; but full instruction, perhaps, is to be had only from the two combined. For they both indicate, in the clearest manner, that the fundamental idea of Royalty, or Kingship, is that it is *real*; not fictitious or imaginary, but true and genuine.*

* A friend of mine, by way of assisting me in my lack of erudition, sends me the following interesting comment on the above somewhat simple etymological derivations:—

"The word *real*, from *res*, Lat., is traceable to the Sanskrit *riktha*, "wealth," "possessions"; and this last is a derivative of *rich*, "praise," "commendation," expressing that which distinguishes a person, causing him to be *praised*. On the other

Now, if we make application of this original instinct of human intelligence and opinion, as represented by human speech, to Royalty in this country, or our Crown, we can hardly fail to be staggered. Is the Crown real, not fictitious and imaginary, but true, genuine, and a veritable thing? A satirist might, perhaps, go on to ask if it has not become a coin of small value.

What is it that, not technically and nominally, but really and genuinely, the Crown can do? It cannot declare war. It cannot conclude peace. It cannot determine the size, or influence the constitution, of the Army or the Navy. It cannot dissolve Parliament. It cannot dismiss a Minister. It cannot nominate a Minister. It cannot make a Peer. It cannot select a Bishop. It is powerless to direct or control Foreign Policy; and over domestic policy it exercises less influence even than the King or the people of some other State, whose excesses or follies may, indirectly, exert a salutary influence in shaping our own conduct. It cannot even address Parliament, or the nation; and, if it have an opinion upon some question of supreme moment, it must take good care to conceal or dissemble its views. Yet while, as a fact, it can do none of the things we have enumerated, it is theoretically able to do all of them. Have we not, therefore, got our answer to the question whether the Crown, or Royalty, in England be *regalis*, real, a true and genuine thing, or fictitious and imaginary.

What, then, can the Crown do? It can give Balls, it can give Concerts, it can open Hospitals, tender its hand to be kissed, and give large crowds the opportunity of showing their devotion to it by loud cheers. It can hold Drawing-rooms and Levees. It can "open" Parliament in much the sense that the most infirm couple in the room can open a Ball, and then go off to bed, leaving the younger and more active members of the community to kick their heels for the rest of the evening.

But, it will doubtless be asked, what, in a free community, would I have the Crown be and do? I would have the Sovereign not merely the nominal, but the real, Head of the Army. By that I do not mean—so let nobody be prematurely alarmed—that I should like to see the Sovereign having just as large an army as he thought proper, and using it, without let or hindrance, in the manner he thought proper. Fortunately, it is quite easy to show, by a living example, what I mean. The King of Italy—and it

hand, *royal*, a corruption of *regal*, from *rex*, *regere*, Lat., is from the Sanskrit *râj*, "to shine," "be resplendent," and from it are derived such words as *râjan*, "a king," *vi-râja*, "splendour," *rakshâ*, "protection," and even *râga*, "passion," "the flaming condition." Thus the word *real* is connected with ideas of *substance* occasioning *laudation*; and *royal* with ideas of *splendour* and *brilliancy*. The Sanskrit word for *real* is *satya*, "true," "genuine," and this comes from *sat*, the present participle of *as*, "to be"; and it means "that which (emphatically) is," "the actually existent."

was equally true of his predecessor, the first King of Italy—is no Military Tyrant, but a Constitutional Sovereign, bound hand and foot by the terms and clauses of the Constitution; and, if anyone thinks the Italians are not a free people, he had better cross the Alps and cure himself of his misconception. Yet the King of Italy, though he has a Minister of War who is responsible to Parliament, is not the nominal, but the real, Head of the Army. He has more to say to its organization, which is his constant and principal care, than any other person; and, if war broke out, he would command it, if competent. If not, he would certainly accompany it in the field. In fact, he would do what his father did before him.

It is no use blinking the matter. A King who is not a soldier is not a King at all. The reason of this is very simple. Whether Force be the foundation of Right or not, concerning which it is not necessary to argue here, it is unquestionably the foundation of Authority; and the idea of a person Ruling, or being supposed to Rule, who is not prepared, in the ultimate resort, to fight and die, could be silently accepted only in an age which has accepted likewise the contemptible and enervating notion that the proper persons to rule a nation are the best talkers. But, even beneath this absurd and abject notion there lurks the deeper and fundamental theory, and not only the fundamental theory but the fundamental fact, that it is only because the talkers contrive to get a preponderance of voters, otherwise of physical force, on their side, are they permitted quietly by non-talkers to go on ruling, or misruling, as the case may be.

But, again it will be objected, how about the Crown when it is worn by a female Sovereign? How about the Queen? The answer obviously is that, so long as we persist in making Royalty not real, but fictitious, a woman is not only a fit and proper person for the office but the only fit and proper person for it. That this is so is admirably illustrated by the fact that the Queen is the only Sovereign, since the Sovereigns of England have been deprived of Kingly attributes, who has given perfect satisfaction to the nation. Therefore, if we deliberately determine that Royalty ought not to be *regalis* or real, or *res*, a veritable thing, then we ought, in order to be "consistent in our inconsistency," to arrange henceforth that the King shall be always a woman. There is nothing inglorious or unsuitable in a woman occupying such a position. If I am asked if I think it inglorious or unsuitable for a man to occupy it, I must answer that I do so think.

Another thing the Crown ought to be able to do, if it is to be *regalis*, or real, is to dismiss a Cabinet and dissolve Parliament; in other words, appeal to the opinion of the country against a Minister

and a House of Commons it considers to be playing havoc with the interests of the nation. It ought also to be able to address the nation directly, in order to explain to the country why it holds that opinion. The power is one which it would be sure to exercise sparingly, through fear of exercising it unsuccessfully; for it would, as a matter of course, yield with grace if its opinion was not shared by the constituencies.

In all these proposals, therefore, to make the Crown real and genuine, not fictitious and imaginary, there lurks no danger whatever to our liberties. For our Empire they would provide a safeguard which it sadly needs; for the real and genuine participation of the Crown in the direction of our Foreign Policy would give to it that steadfast and continuous character without which it is idle to suppose that any State, however strong, can confound its enemies.

If we want a striking illustration of the inglorious impotence to which the Crown has been reduced by our glorious Constitution, there is one ready to our hands provided by the history of the last few weeks. It is no secret that the Crown was most anxious, in view of the declaration of opinion in favour of the Parliamentary Separation of Ireland from Great Britain obtained by Mr. Gladstone from nearly two million voters, that Lord Hartington should enter the same Cabinet as Lord Salisbury, in order to impress the country with the determination of Conservatives and Unionist Liberals alike not to allow Mr. Parnell and his disloyal satellites to wreck our fortunes. What effect the earnest and conscientious wishes of the Sovereign had upon the noble lord we all know. I am not reproaching Lord Hartington. In the best speech he made upon the Statutory Parliament Bill, he argued, with unanswerable force, that Sovereignty in these Islands resides in the House of Commons. It is not surprising, therefore, that the wishes of a "fictitious or imaginary" Sovereign do not much weigh with him.

II.

The Cabinet.

Pedants will tell us that the Cabinet has no place in the English Constitution. We need not concern ourselves with this flimsy erudition. I treat the Cabinet as I find it, and as its functions are known to the whole world. If we are to consider ours a Glorious Constitution, the Cabinet is a very important factor in it. Yet, have we any particular reason to be proud of Cabinets, as far as we know them? and can they truly be regarded as glorious, in the sense that they confer glory either on the members who compose them or on the Realm?

The composition of a Cabinet is generally due to a compromise

between personal ambitions, personal grudges, and personal intrigues, and its policy is the resultant of conflicting passions and opinions, tempered by a calculation as to what the House of Commons will tolerate and the electoral body will ratify. No man is fit to sit in a Cabinet, or could long continue to sit in it, who considered solely, or even mainly, what he thought to be best for England, or for the Department over which he presides. A Cabinet Minister is compounded of four distinct personalities: a man of the world, with tact enough to "get on with" colleagues with whom he is not in sympathy; an administrator who has to read and write a great many minutes and letters; an advocate who has to argue in favour of what he himself does, and of everything his colleagues do, before Parliament; and, lastly, an electioneering agent. Of these four personalities, the electioneering agent is the most important and the most active.

Is it astonishing if, in these circumstances, Cabinet Ministers generally end by becoming either insignificant or discredited; either entirely overshadowed by their more active and unscrupulous colleagues, or prominent for a series of blunders, escapades, and tergiversations, that afford abundant material for Party satire? Where is the Minister of whom it is said, at the end of his career, "He gave England an Army," "He made England paramount at sea," "He pacified Ireland"? What happens to him is that he gets a peerage or a pension for having done a good deal of dirty work in Parliament and on the platform in defence of his chief, the Prime Minister; or he himself becomes Prime Minister, and is worshipped, through thick and thin, by those he has led to electoral victory, and hated and decried, through thick and thin, by those whom he has defeated. Why should a man trouble himself to serve the Crown or the State faithfully, when neither the Crown nor the State has the smallest power to reward him? The person who alone has power to reward him is a Party Minister, who will reward him for Party services, and for Party services only. One can understand a Bismarck being rewarded by his Sovereign because he served his Sovereign, and being rewarded by the State because he served the State, and because he stood between his Sovereign and the State on the one hand, and the stupidity and Party passions of the Legislature and the electoral body on the other; risking not his place, but his head, in the cause of his country, which has since recognized him to have been right. But when Sir William Harcourt gets his reward, will any one feel that it is the Sovereign or the State that rewards him for having "stewed in Parnellite juice"? This may seem an extreme instance. But is not that only because some men manage their want of political principle more awkwardly than others?

What a Cabinet, of course, should, in a real and reasonable Constitution, consist of, is a number of Heads of Departments, deemed the best for the purpose, who should devote themselves almost exclusively, and certainly for the most part, to the business of their Department; not being removed from it except by the Sovereign, or at the express demand of a majority of the Legislature representing a majority of the nation. Then it would indeed be "glorious" to be a member of a Cabinet; for it would be to have the opportunity of serving your country to the best of your ability, with a clear conscience.

III.

The House of Lords.

In a Constitution, in which every member of the constitutional organism had its proper place and functions, the House of Lords would be one of the most valuable of institutions. As matters stand in our glorious unwritten Constitution, it can be easily shown that the House of Lords is not so much useless as mischievous. The mischief its existence causes is produced by its being, like the Crown, not a *res* or real thing, not genuine, but fictitious and imaginary. It is supposed to possess powers which it does not possess. So long as the House of Lords agrees with the House of Commons, its existence is perfectly safe and perfectly superfluous. The moment it disagrees on a question of real moment, with the House of Commons, its existence is threatened; and as, should such a dispute arise, the question really put before the country would not be the merits of the dispute itself, but whether a body of hereditary legislators shall override the decision of the Representatives of the People, the issue would be certain from the outset. Thus, in order not to be denounced as an institution incompatible with the rights of a free people, the House of Lords is induced to pass Measures which probably the very people themselves would reject, if they could be consulted upon the subject without the House of Lords first rejecting the Measures. It is not too much to say that the House of Lords is an institution for depriving the country of the services of some of its ablest men. Even, outside the House of Lords, the opinions of a peer, unless they be expressed on what happens to be the popular side at the moment, carry little or no weight, though they might have carried immense weight had he been a commoner or a self-made man. A peer still alive is reported to have said, "It 's so nice to be a lord"; and I daresay it is. But I do not think anyone will allege that it is "glorious" to be a peer, from the political and constitutional point of view. If he happens to

be a "capable citizen," his peerage incapacitates him from using his capacity.

What the House of Lords ought to be, may easily be learnt by anyone who turns to the Constitutions of foreign Governments, whether Monarchies or Republics, in which a Senate, or Second Chamber, plays a real part.

IV.

The House of Commons.

When we turn from a consideration of the actual functions of the Crown, the Cabinet, and the House of Lords, to a consideration of the actual functions of the House of Commons, criticism has to shift its ground. It cannot be said that the House of Commons is supposed to have powers which in reality it does not possess or does not exercise. On the contrary, while the functions of the Crown and of the House of Lords are faulty from defect of area and energy, and the functions of the Cabinet are faulty both from defect and excess, the functions of the House of Commons provoke observation by reason of their being excessive, and only excessive. In so far as we can be said, in any accurate sense, to have a Government, the House of Commons at any given moment is that Government. I do not overlook the fact that with the Cabinet rests, for the most part, the initiative in matters of legislation, and that in the Ministry is lodged the work of administration. But legislation and administration alike are shaped with a view to securing the approval of the House of Commons; and, for all practical purposes, there is nothing in the sphere of Government which the House of Commons cannot challenge, condemn, alter, or determine.

Now, what sort of a Body is this in which there is lodged such enormous power? It consists of 670 persons, of varying degrees of ability and conscientiousness; but, if we grant the conscientiousness, its average or corporate ability would amply suffice to perform the work of government, legislation, and administration, if its ability could be focussed, so to speak, and applied with regularity and consistency. The work of government is a much simpler matter than persons accustomed to see it carried on by our complex and cumbrous machinery imagine; for it requires no higher gifts than common sense, knowledge of human nature, and a steadfast belief, which experience forces upon the mind of every impartial and non-theorizing person, in the universality and permanence of certain elementary human passions. Therefore, though the ability perceptible in the House of Commons may not be very striking, it is in itself quite equal to the tasks to which it has to dedicate itself.

But in what manner does it dedicate and apply the ability it possesses? It employs its ability, not in concentration, but in conflict; and resembles the famous Kilkenny cats to this extent, that it is not its head which survives the conflict. Its tendency at present is to lapse from the duellistic into the free-fight condition; to pass from well-defined conflict into a sort of combative chaos. But even if we assume that it will right itself in this respect, and will eliminate third and fourth Parties, and return to its pristine condition of Liberal Ayes and Conservative Noes, what a machine for the purposes of Government! Men have grieved or made merry, according to their humour, over what is called the Dual Control in Egypt. Yet the Government of England, the Government of the British Empire, is a standing Dual Control of a more acute and persistent kind than any ever seen at work on the banks of the Nile.

Looked at from the most favourable point of view, the House of Commons, which is practically the Sovereignty and Government of England, is a House divided against itself: therefore a Sovereignty or Government divided against itself. One half of it is engaged in trying to put the other half in the wrong, to reduce it to impotence, and to discredit it in the eyes of the nation. When it has succeeded in this glorious endeavour, which it invariably does in the end, the operation then recommences afresh; with only this difference, that the lately assailed and defeated side become the assailants, and naturally enough proceed to the attack in turn with all the vigour and venom engendered by the mortification of having been vanquished.

Of course each half or side of the Government has its war-cries, which, for the sake of seemliness, are called principles. How far they deserve the latter designation may be inferred from the fact that, just as Hamlet and Laertes exchange rapiers in the scuffle, so our two Parties are perpetually, in the Political scuffle, exchanging principles. Not so very long ago, it might have been asserted with tolerable accuracy that the leading or fundamental principle of one side was what is known as the principle of *laisser-aller*, or trusting to individual effort rather than to State assistance to promote the welfare of the community; while the principle of the other side was the principle expressed by the phrase Paternal Government, or constant assistance and guidance of the individual by the State. Which side holds which principle now? I defy anyone to say. One or the other principle is advocated by one or the other side indifferently, according to the exigencies of the hour; in other words, according to the necessity of advocating what alone it is supposed the majority will sanction.

There can be no greater mistake than to imagine that, in our

Glorious Constitution, the Government consists only of those who are technically called the Government. It consists of what is called the Opposition as well; the nominal Government yielding to or borrowing from the nominal Opposition just so much of its policy as it thinks will enable it to prevent the nominal Opposition from becoming the nominal Government. As a matter of fact and reality, the nominal Government is a portion of the real Opposition, and the nominal Opposition is a portion of the real Government; the Government being the House of Commons in its entirety. But we have got so completely into the habit of, as the French say, paying ourselves with words that, in talking of the Government and the Opposition, people altogether overlook this, and ignore what is, if we are to talk of realities, the fundamental fact of our Constitution.

When anyone has grasped the fact, he can then judge for himself what sort of Government a Government so composed is likely to be, and what will probably be its results. If we saw a man systematically consulting two doctors who openly proclaimed that their methods of treatment were not only different, but diametrically opposed, following their prescriptions and swallowing their boluses alternately, what should we think of him? We should probably set him down as insane. Yet this is the hygiene of politics regularly observed by the English people, whose reputation for sense is supposed to stand so high.

No one who knows anything of human nature can fail to be aware that people invariably end by inventing theories to justify conduct they are aware is unwise, but which they have no intention of abandoning. A striking illustration of this may be seen in the combination of Coercion and Conciliation which has been vaunted as the true and right policy to pursue towards the refractory portion of the population of Ireland. Everybody knows that it is as absurd as all contradictions are; as absurd, and as hopeless, as to threaten and wheedle a person at the same time. The conciliatory attitude naturally convinces him that we are afraid really to coerce; and the coercive attitude indisposes him to regard us as conciliatory. But a theory was wanted to justify the two opposite courses advocated by the two halves of the Government, the nominal Opposition and the nominal Government; and so it was erected into a principle of Statecraft that the way to make disloyal people loyal, and violent people orderly, is to try to coerce them with one hand and to conciliate them with the other. The result has been what might have been expected from so notable a device of Government. They have refused to be governed in any such way, and have set up a Government of their own, the National League, which avowedly reposes upon coercion alone.

This is what the House of Commons or our Glorious Constitution has effected in Ireland. It will infallibly effect something similar in England, if ever the doctrine that there are "classes" and "masses," and that the two are fundamentally opposed to each other, be accepted by the people at large. For this is the doctrine that already prevails in Ireland; the landlords being the "classes," and the tenants the "masses."

So far I have dealt only with the effect of Government by the Sovereignty of the House of Commons on our domestic fortunes. But the 670 gentlemen who compose the House of Commons are not only Sovereign as regards our domestic policy; they are Sovereign likewise as regards our Foreign Policy, since no Foreign Policy must be adopted that cannot be explained to these 670 gentlemen, and does not obtain their approval. And when it has obtained the approval of the House of Commons, how long will it retain that approval? What one House of Commons approves, another House of Commons may condemn. Nay, the same House of Commons may first approve, and then condemn, the same policy. What necessarily follows? That England can have no Foreign Policy at all. Thus our Glorious Constitution, which pensions the Crown and reduces the House of Lords to impotence, paralyses that portion of the Government which is concerned with the general management of the British Empire, the most extensive Empire in the world.

At this moment, it is a matter of common notoriety that Russia is striving with indefatigable perseverance to injure the English Empire at every point where it is capable of being injured. There are two great Military Empires contiguous to Russia which she also desires to injure, and which accordingly would not be sorry to constitute a Defensive League to baffle her in time of peace, and an Offensive League to destroy her in time of war. A League consisting of England, Germany, and Austria-Hungary would effect that object. But the Government and Sovereignty of England being the House of Commons, and the House of Commons having no definite nor settled policy concerning any subject under the sun, no such League can be formed. Accordingly, Germany and Austria shift for themselves as best they may, and not unsuccessfully; remaining on as good terms as are possible with Russia, and diverting Russia's ambition from themselves in Europe against England in Asia. Thus, thanks to our Glorious Constitution, we compel those who would like to be our allies to be the allies of our enemy, at least to the extent of persuading him to leave them unmolested and to direct all his energy and malignity against ourselves.

As Englishmen in this generation are so singularly ignorant of

their own history, and as such false representations respecting it are habitually disseminated by a certain school of politicians, it may be well briefly to recall the fact, which no one can controvert save from complete ignorance or a deliberate spirit of falsehood, that the power, greatness, and wealth of England, as they at present exist, are due to judicious alliances in the past, and for the most part to alliances with the very Powers who would only too gladly be our allies again, were it not that our present Glorious Constitution renders it impossible. It may also be worth while to suggest that people should ask themselves what addition has been made to the greatness, the glory, and the power of England, since our present method of conducting our Foreign Policy came into operation.

Dealing with the House of Commons as I have dealt with the Crown, the Cabinet, and the House of Lords, I conclude my observations regarding its place in the Constitution, by observing that its proper place in a wise and reasonable Constitution would be something very different from what it now is. Its functions would be curtailed at both ends. It would have less to say to Imperial Affairs, and it would have less to say to Local Affairs. The House of Commons is willing, indeed anxious, to part in great measure with its control over Local Affairs; for they cause it much work and trouble, and confer on it no glory. It is not willing to part with its control over Imperial Affairs, because these cause it no work and no trouble, and confer on it, if not what people who know the real value of things would call glory, at any rate a considerable amount of what ordinary persons regard as much the same thing, viz. consequence and importance. As long as an adventurous individual can in a few years arrive at a position of notoriety and emolument by the cheap art of public speaking, and by an expenditure of ability and labour which, in any other walk of life, would have left him in a position of ill-paid insignificance, I fear there is no hope of the House of Commons committing "Happy Dispatch," and surrendering the powers it has gradually usurped, in order to give peace to the Realm and security to the Empire.

If, therefore, anyone considers the House of Commons, or a seat, or even a prominent position, in the House of Commons, as something "glorious," it would be idle to quarrel with his taste.

It is permissible, however, to observe that the glory is unhappily not shared by the nation or the Empire.

V.

The Electoral Body.

It will perhaps be thought that I have said so much ill respecting our Glorious Constitution, that there can be nothing more, and

surely nothing worse, to say respecting it. I regret to say that is not the case. We have yet to consider the place and power in the Constitution of our Five Million "capable citizens," the Electoral Body. Concerning the Electors themselves I have no observation to make, except that some of them are necessarily very ignorant, but that the bulk of them, as far as intelligence and information are concerned, would be quite equal to the function of electing the members of the House of Commons, if the functions of the House of Commons were properly limited, and if the issues put before them were put in such a manner as to enlighten, not to perplex and confuse them.

At the General Election held this summer, a single issue, and that manifestly an important one, was placed before the Electors; and, on the whole, it was put before them with tolerable definiteness. As a rule, however, at a General Election, it is not one single or definite issue that is put before the electors, unless we are to regard as such the question whether the Conservatives or the Liberals shall be in office. To a certain number of Electors, no doubt, that is the only issue, and issue enough; and they vote with the blind steadfastness of the adherents of the "Two-year-Olds" as against the adherents of the "Three-year-Olds." Numbers of electors, however, cannot persuade themselves that what they regard as a difference between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee is so important, after all, and certainly not so important as whether they may marry their deceased wife's sisters, whether they are to be compelled to have their children vaccinated, whether a special class in the community shall be allowed to spread disease unchecked, whether they shall be enabled to compel their neighbours who prefer beer to drink water, or whether Arthur Orton is a Wapping butcher or a Baronet kept out of his title and estate. It is obvious that the supposed importance of these subjects may cause a considerable amount of cross and confused voting, and that it may very well be that, in consequence of it, a Liberal Ministry is installed in power though the majority of the Electors are Conservatives, or a Conservative Cabinet accedes to office, though the majority of the Electors are Liberals.

Now, if the functions of the House of Commons were confined to arbitrating on such minor questions as those I have enumerated, the point might not be a very material one. But it is surely a remarkable feature in a Constitution that it should permit the policy and conduct of a great Empire to depend upon votes given with a view to enabling men to marry their deceased wife's sisters, and not to have their children vaccinated. There is nothing very "glorious," I submit, in this part of our Constitution, but, on the contrary, something very inglorious and absurd.

But even if the issue placed before the Electors were always a definite and intelligible one, the manner in which they are consulted renders sober and just judgment on their part impossible. We pride ourselves on having been delivered from the bribery, the orgies, and the disorder that prevailed in former days at the period of a General Election. But I confess that to a person who remembers there are more kinds of bribery than is represented by a five-pound note passing from the candidate to the voter, and other forms of disorder besides tippling and singing bacchanalian choruses, the spectacle of a General Election is still a remarkably unedifying one. In every corner of the Kingdom, orators, skilled and unskilled, are engaged for weeks in labouring, by every unscrupulous art known to them, to represent their political opponents as incapable tricksters. To put the matter briefly, at a General Election one-half the nation is exerting all its energy in order to discredit the other half. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of those who are worsted in so keen and acrimonious a struggle. It is no exaggeration to assert that when a new Government is installed in office, after a General Election or any other bitter Party fight, the strongest wish entertained by the Party that has been defeated is that the Party which has won shall make a mess of everything it touches, and plunge the affairs of the country into visible confusion.

How is the sentiment of patriotism, how is real and serious love of one's country, to be cultivated and fostered under such conditions? Is it wonderful that patriotism should have become an almost obsolete feeling? The wit of man could not devise a system better calculated to demoralize a nation and the individuals who compose it. The demoralization of communities is not so obvious as the demoralization of individuals; but will anyone doubt that the latter process can go on, on any considerable scale, without the former likewise taking place? If anyone wants to see how our Glorious Constitution can work the demoralization of the individual, he has only to observe the effect it has had upon the late Prime Minister, who may fairly be regarded as its highest product. As far as I can make out, Mr. Gladstone entered political life, a singularly honest man, with a singularly sensitive conscience. If any person be of opinion that his recent alliance with Mr. Parnell on the morrow of imploring the constituencies to give him a majority strong enough to enable him to defy Mr. Parnell, is compatible with honesty and a sensitive conscience, I can only reply that such a person must himself have been demoralized by politics, or he must hold the theory that in politics there is no such thing as honesty or morality at all. Nor would there be any difficulty in citing the names of Conserva-

tive politicians who have obtained prominence by acts that can by no possibility recommend themselves or be satisfactory to honest men. Indeed, I gravely doubt whether it now be possible for any man to push his way to the front in our political arena save by the exercise of arts from which the uncorrupted conscience shrinks with instinctive repugnance. Everything, however, is pardoned to the politician who wins victories, and smites the enemy hip and thigh; and this enthusiastic condonation of the want of high principle, straightforward conduct, and good manners in the individual, serves to demoralize, in time, the entire Party that follows him.

Still adhering to my method of inquiry, and asking what, in a wise and reasonable Constitution, should be the functions of the Electoral Body, I reply that, when once the functions of the House of Commons were duly limited, the functions of the Electoral Body would thereby become duly limited also. The electors would be consulted only on those matters upon which the House of Commons could pronounce an absolute decision. The questions that no longer were discussed, or discussed but rarely, and only for some special and exceptional reason, in the House of Commons, would no longer be submitted periodically to the Electoral Body. The Foreign Policy of the Realm, and the General Policy of the Empire, would be fixed, unchanging, and continuous, and would require but little discussion, and certainly no Party discussion. There would be no Great Party Leaders, bound to provide the country with new sensations, their followers with constant sport, and themselves with fresh instalments of popularity and "glory." The Servants of the Crown and the State would be really servants of the State, not political pugilists striving to knock other political pugilists out of time. There would be a real Crown, a real Cabinet of Administrators, a real Second Chamber, as well as a real House of Commons. There would be a Balance of Power, without which nothing in this world can long go aright. A man who most properly refuses to entrust absolute power to a Monarch, or to an Oligarchy, and then proposes to entrust absolute power to the multitude and its flatterers, must be utterly deficient either in principle or in the very rudiments of logic and common-sense.

People are so accustomed to live from hand to mouth in this world that the present disruption of the Liberal Party, the instalment in office of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, and the partial co-operation with it of the Unionist Liberals, satisfy them that Party spirit is not so keen as they feared, that patriotism is not dead or on the decline, and that our condition is not such a perilous one, after all. Very well. I am accustomed to see waves of political optimism. We were equally supposed to be saved in

1874, when Lord Beaconsfield was carried into power, and was supported by an imposing majority. In six years that pleasant dream had vanished, and a good deal of damage had been done in the interim—damage from which we are still suffering—by that portion of the Government which is called the Opposition moving heaven and earth in order to reduce the Foreign Policy of the country to impotence. Let who will wrap himself in the comfortable cloak of political optimism, I cannot. Our Glorious Constitution, reduced to its simplest elements, consists merely of one unwritten Article. If it were written, it would run thus:—

"*The majority of the English Electoral Body, having proved themselves to be a majority after a fierce electoral fight, in which every personal ambition, every selfish interest, and every malignant passion has been let loose, may do exactly what they like, without let or hindrance, with the organization of English Society, and with the resources and fortunes of the British Empire.*"

That, succinctly stated, is our "Glorious Constitution." Not even the fact of the Conservative Party being in office can blind me to the fact that it is the road to perdition.

X.

II.

THE CONFEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

The Confederation of the Empire has become an almost universal aspiration among British subjects. But although the desire has grown in strength and universality of late, the utterances of statesmen on the subject, both at home and in the Colonies, have been confined to aspirations, and no one has yet formally dealt with the question in a practical way. It is obviously idle to continue uttering an aspiration for a given result, if the means for achieving it are beyond our reach, or, if within our reach, are of a nature which it would be injurious to apply. It is easy to construct a scheme of confederation perfect in all its parts, and quite consistent with the genius of the Constitution theoretically, but which would break down the moment it was applied, probably from some trivial cause that could not have been foreseen. The conviction, however, is growing that the consolidation, and even preservation, of the wealth of the mother country, no less than of the Colonies, depends upon the realisation of a scheme of actual confederation, not a sentimental understanding that we are of one race, whose interests are in the main identical, but a properly regulated and clearly formulated working arrangement, that would ensure anxiety on the part of each colony to remain within the confederation. To what extent this can be achieved, and what has to be done to permit the first steps to be taken, can be ascertained by stating what is desirable, and by a process of rejection we may see what can be done to-day.

The British Constitution has been a growth, and it is necessary, in any step that may be taken in the direction of the Confederation of the Empire, that the new shall be a natural evolution from the old, disturbing what exists as little as possible, and adding only what is absolutely necessary for the gradual achievement of the object in view. This is an essential condition of any successful movement in the direction of confederation. Rather than this principle be violated, it would be advisable to take only the most trivial step by way of experiment in the first instance; but it is not impossible that a scheme may be devised both comprehensive and efficient, and capable of gradual development at the will of the Colonies.

It is obvious that any complete confederation scheme must confer upon the Colonies real power in the Imperial Legislature; and it is also clear that the privilege of power must be associated with responsibility. Neither the one nor the other need be large, but both must be included, to however small a degree, and no colony should have the one without accepting the other. Reduced to simple issues, "power" means spending power, and "responsibility" means providing the money to be spent, or, in Parliamentary language, "the Ways and Means." The spending departments in the administration of which the Colonies are interested are the Admiralty and War Office, the Colonial, Foreign, and India offices. All other departments of the Administration are matters of as little concern to the Colonies as the proceedings of Colonial Legislatures are to residents in the United Kingdom. There are two exceptions to this general proposition—the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, and that department of the Privy Council which concerns itself with the importation of cattle, deal with matters of special interest to colonists.

Colonists, then, are not concerned in our domestic expenditure, the cost of our Home Office, the administration of justice, the Imperial contribution to the police of the country, the supervision of our local government, our railways and our poor law supervision; but they are very deeply concerned in the administration of our foreign affairs, the efficiency of our navy, the disposal of our army, and the character of our fiscal arrangements. What, then, should be the nature of the control the Colonies should have in these matters? by what process should that control be felt? and to what extent, if any, should the Colonies contribute to the cost of the departments they exercise control in?

The effort to answer these questions obliges us to discriminate between the essentially Imperial and the essentially Parochial; and before we can move a step in the direction of admitting the Colonies to a share in the deliberations of the Imperial Parliament, we must eliminate the parochial element from its constitution and functions. In default of this, the alternative would be the revision of all matters of Imperial interest by a new Chamber, distinctly Imperial in its character, composed of members elected and returned to it by all the several Chambers of the Colonial Legislatures, sitting together with representatives of our own Houses of Parliament, and forming, in reality, a Third Chamber, having powers such as those theoretically possessed by the Privy Council, as well as others of a legislative character.

Having reviewed the general considerations affecting the question, suppose we now take the schemes in detail, and see what would have to be done to realise them. The boldest scheme would

be the establishment of a third Imperial Chamber, entitled the Federal Council; and in sketching its constitution we shall be able to proceed without much difficulty until we come to two serious obstacles that practically put a veto upon it, at least for to-day.

Shutting our eyes to all obstacles for the present, let us decree that the Federal Council of the British Empire shall consist of members delegated by the Colonial Legislatures and from the British House of Lords and House of Commons, with powers to regulate all matters connected with the national defences of every description, including the navy, the army, the dockyard establishments, the coast defences both here and in the Colonies; to determine all matters with which the Foreign Office deals, including all consular matters, and all expenditure connected with our foreign relations. The Federal Council would, in fact, be the deliberative assembly for regulating all matters connected with the departments of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Foreign Office, their constitution, their expenditure, and their policy. The Ministers charged with the administration of these departments would sit in this Federal Council, together with the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary of State for India. With full powers to tax both in the home country and the Colonies for the purposes of offence, defence, and diplomatic service, this Assembly would practically assume the full authority of the Empire. To make its Imperial character complete, it would be necessary to create a new office of Minister of Marine, and separate the Marine Department from the Board of Trade, which would then deal only with insular subjects, the railways and harbours of the United Kingdom.

The constitution of the Federal Council of the British Empire on these lines would be followed by two important results. The Houses of Parliament, as at present constituted, would be left with the work of domestic legislation only for the United Kingdom, and imposing taxation only for the administration of justice and the Civil Service so far as these related to domestic affairs. The House of Commons would thus become essentially parochial; and, inviting as the scheme may be, this result would condemn it. Minor difficulties might be overcome, such as the appropriation of the cost of debt, the proportion of taxation between the weak and the strong, and the remission of all taxation in the case of young colonies; but the consequent depreciation of the present Imperial Parliament would still remain.

The proposal to constitute a third Legislative Chamber for the purpose of confederation would in any case be too drastic for immediate adoption. Although it may be held to be a less violent change in the Constitution than the creation of the India Office,

and an exact counterpart of the separation of the Witenagemote into the two separate Houses of the Lords and Commons, the House of Commons especially would be jealous of creating an Imperial representative body endowed with the power of revising its decisions. This, at least, would have been the case in the past, when the instincts of the House of Commons were Imperial rather than Parochial. The struggle between the Imperial and the Parochial interest which has been going on in the House of Commons during the last twenty years has ended, for the present, by a distinct gain for the former. The Democracy has awakened to the dangers of the crisis, and, as has happened before, the Democracy has saved the Empire. Whether that valuable safeguard for the integrity of the Empire, an intelligent appreciation of political responsibility, will exist in future Houses, or whether it will predominate even in the present, is a question that should excite anxious reflection.

The proposal to create a third and truly Imperial Chamber is, it must be admitted, a proposal to depreciate the House of Commons; but the fact that the idea suggests itself is also evidence that the House has already depreciated in *personnel.* Few dispassionate critics will fail to admit that the quality of statesmanship has been less apparent in the Houses that have been elected since the death of Lord Palmerston than in those elected before his time, although they have probably been more fully representative of the several classes of the community. It is obvious that diversity of representation may be carried to such an extent as to result in general depreciation of those higher qualities, which we look for in an Imperial Legislature. If, for instance, we extended the principle of actual representation to the point of representing ignorance, and even error, we shall so depreciate the House of Commons as to make it wholly incapable of discharging Imperial Functions, and the creation of a third and truly Imperial Chamber, which the House would at present resent, would, in the case supposed, become the expedient of impotence.

Everyone capable of estimating the various considerations involved in dealing with the Constitution is, however, strongly impressed with the desirability of increasing and strengthening those characteristics of the House of Commons which entitle it to the description "Imperial"; and, notwithstanding all that has occurred during the last twelve years, there is good reason to hope that the calibre of the House will, after the present epidemic, improve to something like its old standard, when gentlemanly courtesy did all and more than the new rules are designed to accomplish, but without success. The history and tradition of the House of Commons are too magnificent a heritage to be

dealt with lightly. Statesmanship recognizes the value of the national sentiment of reverence for the popular assembly, and the mind is involuntarily brought to the conclusion that the process of confederation must be linked around the traditions of the Parliamentary institution from which Colonial enterprise evolved, to which Colonists have always looked for their Constitutional models, and to which they would return representatives with a sense of satisfied ambition.

The alternate scheme is the representation of the Colonies in the House of Commons itself, the elimination from Parliamentary concern of all that is parochial, and the concentration of its energies on what is Imperial. To do this it will be necessary for Parliament to divest itself, in the first instance, of its parochial work; to create Provincial Assemblies, say five in Ireland, seven in Scotland, two in Wales, one in the extreme North of England, six in the Midlands, and four or five in the South and East of England. To these Provincial Assemblies would be delegated the work of authorizing the construction of railways, canals, and bridges, of managing the roads, and imposing taxes for these and all other local purposes, including the local administration of justice under the Home Office. These assemblies would also regulate the granting of licences, and Parliament would, in all these respects, delegate its authority, reserving only by statute the scope of the powers to be exercised. To prevent a too great divergence in the form of bye-law enacted by these several Provincial Assemblies, it might be advisable to require them to be endorsed by the Home Secretary or Board of Trade, in the same way as Provisional Orders are at present dealt with by the latter department. It should be steadily borne in mind that these Provincial Assemblies would have no legislative power beyond the circumscribed authority given by statute to enact bye-laws; an authority similar to that possessed by municipal authorities under general and special Acts, and in no respect more extensive. The number of these Assemblies would not be a matter of concern. There could, if it were thought best, be one for each county. It would certainly be advisable to make the boundary of the area of election and control conterminous with the present county boundaries, and to abolish all conflicting boundaries for purposes of local government.

The local affairs of the provinces being thus relegated to the Provincial Assemblies acting under the control of the Home Office, the Local Government Board, and the Board of Trade, Parliament would be left comparatively free to deal with the larger interests of the Empire, and the presence of representatives of the Colonies within the walls of the House of Commons would be no longer

incongruous, because the duties to be undertaken would be exclusively Imperial, and the interests of the Colonies would not be in conflict with petty provincial concerns. The Colonies are at present represented in Parliament only by accident. Retired Colonial Governors may happen to be Peers, or if Commoners they may be returned by some borough or county to the House of Commons. Travellers, merchants, wealthy colonists returned to the old country, or others who have made the interests of a special colony a subject of study, find their way into the House of Commons, and, being there, contribute as occasion offers to sounder conclusions on Colonial questions than would otherwise be the case. The presence in Parliament of such men is a subject for congratulation, but forms no tangible bond between the Colonies and the Home country. What is needed in this view of the case to give completeness and finish to the scheme is direct representation of the Colonies in the House of Commons. Retired governors, eminent commissioners, and diplomatists would find their way into the House of Lords as the Sovereign from time to time might determine, as in the past. But the thing desired is direct representation, so constituted as to give a direct interest on the part of the Colonies in the Imperial administration of the affairs of the Empire; and, however restricted in the first instance, the scheme should be capable of expansion to ample proportions.

The geographical difficulty need no longer be an objection to representation of the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament. The distance between Canada and London in point of time is less than that between Caithness and London in the Stuart period; and the Antipodes is now brought within forty days of London with systematic regularity. Moreover, the time has arrived for recognizing the telegraph as a means of transmitting the Crown writ to the returning officer, and, with this established, a member from New Zealand might be in his place before the actual business of a new Parliament was commenced.

Numerous questions of detail would have to be settled before realising this ideal state of things. The first point needing settlement would be the question as to what should dictate the admission of a colony to direct representation, whether writs should issue to all colonies and dependencies alike, and in what numbers; what the suffrage should be, whether universal, manhood, or household suffrage, and whether voting should be by attendance at local polling stations or by voting papers sent to the Crown Office of the Colonial Government; whether the member should be returned for districts by single votes or by voting for the several representatives of the entire colony; or whether, as another alternative, the Colonial assemblies should delegate by the

vote of the assembly a representative to sit in the Imperial Parliament. This last method of delegation is not only the simplest, but would be likely to produce the best man, especially as compared with a delegate elected by a poll of the entire colony.

Let us now assume that direct representation has been agreed upon, and let us make an honest endeavour to sketch how a Parliament so constituted would work. In the first place, on the calling of a Parliament writs would issue from the Crown Office by the Lord Chancellor to the Governors of the several colonies, calling upon them to return by the vote of the assembly of the colony, in such manner as the assembly may direct, one or two representatives to serve as members in the British House of Commons. Whether the representatives should have been first elected to the Colonial assemblies or not is a matter that should be settled by the colony itself. Special care should be taken to leave all details such as this to the colony. The one essential principle should be to procure a representative, not dictate the method of election in such a way as to interfere with the perfect freedom of the Colonial legislature; because it will be found on close examination that the differences in Colonial customs, as well as differences in the several Constitutions, forbid dictation in this respect. So also it would be found advisable to let the Colonial legislation determine whether the British representative should continue to have a seat in the Colonial legislature, whether he should vacate that seat by reason of his selection for the Imperial Parliament, or whether, if he should be allowed to sit in the Colonial assembly and speak, he should also be allowed to vote. These, and the question whether he should be paid for his services, are all matters outside the control of the Imperial Parliament, which has merely to legislate for the admission of Colonial representatives.

Up to this point no insurmountable obstacle presents itself. Nor would it be difficult to define the number of representatives each colony should return, whether one or two for each, or one for every 100,000 of population. The crucial difficulty arises when the House of Commons has assembled and business commences. Early in the proceedings Supply would stand upon the order book, and the Committee of Ways and Means would be sitting. Representation, as I have pointed out, would be useless unless associated with real power; and inasmuch as the Colonies are interested in our Imperial administration only in respect of our navy, our army, our fiscal policy, and our diplomacy, the Colonial representatives would be vastly anxious that these departments should be efficient for all purposes. But would they be

disposed to vote for the taxation of their constituents for these purposes, and, if not, why should they be there, or, at least, why should they join in levying taxes upon the people of the United Kingdom for Imperial purposes, and object to tax themselves?

We are now treading on dangerous ground. No one anxious for the growth and the consolidation of the Empire is desirous of pressing this question, primarily because we do not want history to repeat itself. Consolidation being the purpose in view, we do not wish to drive in the financial wedge. Besides, the Colonies are not all alike in respect of defence and diplomacy. It would probably be found that those colonies having an army of their own would be desirous of promoting a scheme by which their forces could be joined with the Imperial, and by which they could always count on a given proportion of the Queen's army being quartered in their midst, with the surety that the entire British army, as well as the navy, was at their service in case of need. Rising colonies having no army or navy, and needing them, would be strongly tempted to contribute for a like service; and, inasmuch as the British army would naturally recruit in the Colonies, in the same way as it does in the mother country, the bonds of union would be strengthened still further by the fact that Colonists were serving in the Imperial army. The taxation difficulty could be easily surmounted, in the case of colonies having warlike forces of their own or desiring them, and a solution would probably be found in a vote of the Colonial legislature contributing a given sum to the Imperial exchequer for the purpose of ensuring the attendance of a ship-of-war on a given Colonial station as an ordinary part of the duty of the British navy. The amount of the contribution would be a matter for bargain between the Colonial and Crown representatives; but it would be obviously necessary that, if the Imperial Government became purveyors of naval and military defence, the ships would have to be something better than we at present possess, and there would, of course, be a guarantee required by the Colonists that the guns would not burst, and the swords would not double up.

Colonies believing themselves in no need of warlike paraphernalia should, of course, not be taxed or expected to contribute; but, if this were conceded, on what grounds should those colonies be admitted to representation in Parliament, and, especially, on what grounds should those representatives be allowed to participate in the functions of taxing others? In strict justice, all colonies should contribute, because it is obvious that the bare existence of the British forces is to them a protection, and without some such support they would be constantly in danger of interference from foreign Powers ambitious of Colonial exploits. Confederation should, how-

ever, never be considered as a matter of the division of burdens on strict lines, and yet it is not easy to see how representatives could be allowed within the House of Commons whose power to join in taxing the people of the United Kingdom was associated with complete immunity from taxation on the part of those who returned them. The proposal that Colonial representatives should be debarred from voting in specified cases I dismiss as an impossibility. A member with restricted authority is a member with a grievance, and the grievance would be reflected with special force whenever an important negotiation was pending.

Having regard to the difference in status between colony and colony, and the fact that the parochial element has not yet been eliminated from the Imperial Parliament, it is doubtful whether we are yet ripe for direct representation of the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament. But, regarding this as the objective point, let us see whether it can be achieved in some other way, or, assuming there is no better way, what can be done to-day as a stepping-stone to the ultimate end in view.

It may be suggested that, inasmuch as the main difficulty in the way is that of taxation, the Colonial representatives might sit and vote in the House of Lords. The proposal is a startling one, but not more so than the admission of Judges, not being peers, to sit as a Court of Appeal. If the projected reform of the House of Lords were achieved in the direction of selecting a given number of the order, and associating them with the Judges and the Colonial representatives for all purposes of legislation, the arrangement would be freer from anomalies than any other. The House of Lords can reject Money Bills now, but cannot initiate or amend them. There would be no objection to Colonial representatives joining in the exercise of this limited authority. The House of Lords would be materially strengthened in popular estimation by including within its walls the voice of the Colonies; and if Colonial legislation were passed through the House of Lords, so constituted, before receiving the Royal Assent, one great object would be achieved in the tendency this would create to promote the assimilation of Colonial and Imperial legislation. It is a theory of Colonial administration that the Colonies shall pass no law repugnant to the enactments of the Imperial Legislature. The theory, however, has never been enforced, and in the fiscal arrangements of the Colonies we have the most flagrant violation of the principles of Free Trade, which, although distinct from statutory law, is yet an accepted principle of Imperial policy. The statutory law is also frequently at variance, as, for instance, in the case of the Marriage Laws, and, although these differences would be allowed to continue to some extent, it is obvious that the tendency to uniformity would

be constant, and would in time prevail. The representation of the Colonies in the House of Lords is an alternative deserving of much consideration.

There is, however, a step that may be taken as a prelude to this or any other process of confederation, or let us say Imperial and Colonial co-operation. While it is true that Representation of the Colonies in the House of Lords may be enacted to-day without infringing the principle that taxation and representation must go together, and without waiting for the House of Commons to divest itself of parochial administration, yet it would be more in accordance with the practice of sound statesmanship if a preliminary step were taken; and there is one that could be initiated at once, which would be peculiarly gratifying to the Colonies and distinctly in the nature of a foundation for the realisation of some one or other of the schemes sketched in this article.

The proposal is this. Let the Colonies return representatives to a Colonial Assembly sitting in London, under the Presidency of the Secretary of State for the Colonies for the time being, and let them take into consideration Imperial questions and deliver their opinion upon them. It is true their deliverance would have no legislative authority, and might be disregarded by the Government and by Parliament; but it is more probable that an expression of opinion by such a body, sitting in consultation with the Secretary of State, would have great weight, and would command as much, if not more, respect than is given to the deliberations of other less distinguished councils. There is a Constitutional precedent for such a body. The Lords of the Admiralty have no more authority than the intrinsic value of their counsel gives them; and, while they may influence the policy of the First Lord, they are as a body impotent unless they can persuade him to their view and oblige the Cabinet also to adopt their conclusions. The Council of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, having no statutory authority, and, in most cases, proceeding from self-elected bodies, has had material influence on the course of legislation; and even those fortuitous congregations of theorists known as the Social Science and other Congresses, have crystallized thought and familiarized the public with the necessity for otherwise unwelcome legislation. An assembly of Colonial delegates, convened by Statute to consult with and advise the Queen's Ministers, could not fail to excite the greatest interest in the Colonies. Its influence upon the course of legislation would be great, and in some cases commanding; and its simple existence would be a cause of enlightenment, both here and in the Colonies, by the public discussion from a Colonial standpoint of Imperial questions.

It is inevitable that an assembly such as this would, in a very

few years, assume a new shape and acquire more definite powers. Its existence in an embryo form should not be discountenanced because its influence would be founded on sentiment, nor should its development be checked because its later stages of growth may be associated with anomalies. Time and practical working will solve all the difficulties here presented, and many more that experience will discover; and when the solution of the great question of Colonial Confederation has been formulated, in practice the scheme will still be found to be as full of anomalies as the constitution of the Imperial Legislature is at present. Our Constitution is, and always has been, a congeries of anomalies, but the result has been an object of universal envy. It is easy to draw on paper a theoretically consistent and accurately balanced Constitution, but the balance is always less steady and the friction always greater in these mechanical contrivances than in the working of our own heterogeneous combination of indefensible influences. The value of the British Constitution has always been shown in the ease with which it gives play to unexpected forces, evolved from the community by the events of the hour. It is naturally artistic and capable of infinite variety. It differs as much from the modern constructions as do rectangular diagrams of vegetable morphology from the variegated growth of a tree in full vigour. We need not, therefore, be alarmed at anomalies. They should be avoided wherever possible, but no scheme should be dismissed because it is not free from them. The Confederation of the Empire, if it is ever to be achieved, must be developed out of some such assembly as I have described. Whether it should be constituted by an Act of Parliament which would make financial provision for its meeting-place and officials, or by an Order in Council, leaving the cost to be provided in the votes for the Colonial Office, are not points of much concern; but it is obvious that the creation of a Colonial Council should be associated with as much authority as the circumstances will permit. If not called into being by the Imperial Parliament, or the Queen in Council, it may meet at the instance of the Colonies themselves, or be wholly self-constituted, with no charter other than the earnestness of its own convictions, and no voice beyond that which finds expression in the exercise of the Right to Petition. But such a body, whose corporate existence would in no degree detract from, and assuredly would not provoke the jealousy of, any other constituted assembly, would, if sustained in the first instance by statutory authority, satisfy the aspirations of the hour, and, as time and opportunity permitted, realise the larger hopes of the Imperial colonist.

FREDERICK WICKS.

SUNNY DAYS IN MALTA.

In glancing at the ground plan of the great Indian and Colonial Exhibition, we note, close by the large expanses allotted to Australia and Canada, one tiny block bearing the name of Malta. Turning our steps thither, we arrive at a miniature court, strangely in contrast with the great courts and long galleries wherein are displayed all the trophies of wheat, wool and wine, timber and minerals, arts and manufactures, of our gigantic young relations—so young in the age of nations, but already so great and so powerful.

A finely sculptured portal of the beautiful white stone which is one of Malta's most valued products, marks the entrance to the court representing the rocky isle, which, for upwards of two thousand years, has held no mean place in the world's history. Its interest, however, centres around that period when it was the home of the chivalrous Knights of St. John, whose memory is here recalled by the life-like image of one of their noblest Grand Masters, duly guarded by men in armour, transported thither from their usual post in their own grand palace at Valetta.

So small is the space allotted to the little isle, that she has been obliged to divide her exhibits—her tapestry, photographs, and pictures being banished to the gallery of the Albert Hall. To one of the latter, "The Death of St. Joseph," some of us are indebted for a new and touching impression of a probable incident in the home-life of the Holy Trinity—the Son supporting the head of the dying Father, and speaking words of comfort, the grief-stricken Mother standing by—a picture pathetic in its simple humanity.

The great photographs of the Cathedral of St. John must have vividly recalled to many their own memories of the sunny isle—always supposing they had the luck to see it under such a pleasant aspect; for, in reading books of travel I constantly observe how varied is the colouring, of sunlight or of gloom, in which the same scene is depicted by divers authors, their impressions being invariably tinged by their own personal circumstances at the moment. One has seen it in the rosy light of dawn; another in the glare of noonday; a third, dark with the purple shadows of the

evening. So each writes truthfully; but how different is the picture thus produced!

I fancy that there are few places which vary more in the impressions thus produced than the island of Malta. Some who visit it but for a few days, are so unfortunate as to come in for a blast of the hateful hot wind known as the Scirocco, which, blowing from the south-east across the arid plains of Africa, brings with it all manner of ills. While it is so damp that the very pavement of the streets is wet, and metals tarnish, and things painted during its influence never set properly, it is nevertheless so dry that furniture warps, the covers of books crack, the human skin becomes hard and dry, headaches, lassitude, debility, dyspepsia abound, and a hot haze—some say an unfragrant miasma—hangs like a veil over the isle. Naturally, such visitors as these carry away no pleasant memory of Malta.

Others experience the tempestuous Grégalé—the north-easterly blasts which, blowing right into the mouth of the Grand Harbour, are sometimes so boisterous as to drive the largest vessels from their moorings, doing sore damage to lesser craft, and sometimes making sad havoc among the yachts which deemed themselves in such a secure haven.

Probably the happiest impression is retained by those who visit the isle in the early spring, when vegetation is at its best, the orange season not over, and the fields gay with narcissus, orchids, and many other wild flowers. I had the good fortune to visit Malta (the *Fior del Mondo*, as its children call it) at this pleasant season, and under the happiest auspices. But my first impressions, though received in winter, were equally delightful—a vision of light and life and colour strangely in contrast with the dull grey London street which I had so recently left in all the dreariness of chill November.

It was after midnight ere we anchored in the beautiful Grand Harbour, but from the earliest dawn we were surrounded with picturesque boats of all brilliant colours, pointed both at stern and prow, so as to allow of their rowing backwards or forwards, and having the keel curled right up at each end, in an ornamental curve, a couple of feet higher than the boat itself. Some had hoisted lateen sails, like white wings, while others had the quaintest butterfly-shaped rigging. These were the Speronari, from the isle of Gozo, which fly before the breeze.

Ere we were half weary of watching this ever-moving scene, all reflected in the clear green water, the Governor's barge came to bid us welcome. And then came the walk up those curious narrow streets of stairs, with overhanging balconies, and shrines of life-sized saints at every corner; where music and flowers and

picturesque foreign life in every phase, all lying in clear light and shadow, made up a scene of enchantment never to be forgotten.

Then, as we realised how strangely hot that winter sun could be, how pleasant to find refuge and cool shade within the beautiful old Palace of the Grand Masters, and (after toiling up the long spiral stairs, with the wide shallow steps, constructed to enable the knights to ride their mules to the top, and so save themselves unnecessary fatigue) to loiter in the grand corridor, inlaid with coloured marbles, and guarded by long lines of men in armour, while we looked into the delicious cool court, where beautiful Eastern shrubs, laden with blossom, cluster round the fountains, making the air heavy with their fragrance; gorgeous scarlet pointsetia, large white detura with vivid green leaves, and pink oleanders standing in dazzling relief against white stone walls or intensely blue sky.

After a while we adjourned to a balcony overlooking town and sea. In the square, fronting the Palace, an inspection of troops was going on, and band playing—all very commonplace to the accustomed eye; but six months of comparative solitude in the grey Western Isles had not tended to leave eye or ear *blasé*, so we thought the whole scene lovely—just like a scene in an opera! The chief difficulty was to remember that it was all real, and the picturesque figures in their brilliant clothes not actors, but ordinary human beings pursuing their daily avocation. The countless padres and monks in all varieties of sombre robes, with broad-brimmed felt hats or cowls; the women in their invariable black silk skirt and faldette of the same material, veiling head and shoulders, like a curious petticoat made with all the gathers on one side; countless beggars and *gamins*, sellers of fruit and flowers, not like the squalid beggars and flower-girls of our streets, but reminders of Murillo, and each a study for all lovers of rich colour. Then the flocks of goats going from house to house, their tinkling bells inviting all customers to superintend their milking; and the quaint little carts, and mules laden with water-casks or water-melons, toiling up the steep streets.

For the old Knights built their palace on the brow of the hill (which bears its name of Valetta in memory of La Valette, the grandest of the grand old masters), so that from their high tower they could overlook land and sea in every direction; and a very striking view they had of harbours, and creeks, and fortifications, and the broad blue sea, with Mount Etna on the horizon. From this same tower a look-out is still constantly kept, and the approach of every vessel, from the biggest man-o'-war down to the tiniest yacht, is straightway notified to the Governor.

Along the crest of the hill runs the Strada Reale, the Bond Street of Malta; and on either side of it, like the feet of some long-legged centipede, these steep narrow streets run down to the sea, of which you catch glimpses, twinkling in the sunshine, streets of stairs, each bearing the name of the patron saint whose image watches over it—Strada Santa Lucia, San Giovani, and San Domenicho being perhaps the most picturesque—with their shops opening on to the steps, and all manner of striking figures grouped around them.

The majority of the shops deal in the celebrated gold filagree work and coral; others in lace from the isle of Gozo, sponges, leather and basket work, and all manner of stuffs. Here we very quickly learnt the necessity of the custom (so foreign to British feeling) of demurring at prices first asked by all tradesmen, and the consequent waste of time in making the simplest purchases. Certainly it does seem curious that, after so much intercourse with the English, this wearisome system should still be carried on, especially as most foreigners seem to admire the fact that the British have only one price among themselves. Probably the readiness with which we adopt the creed that they positively despise the man who offers more than half what is first asked, may help to keep up the custom. I think it is Lane who mentions an Armenian jeweller in Cairo so truthful that his friends nicknamed him "the Englishman," for his prices never altered. In fact, many long years ago, among the Egyptians, "the word of the English" had become proverbial for that which is unchangeable. Very flattering to our national character, and a saying to which we would fain preserve our national right.

As to the Maltese, they are said to be such sharp traders that the very Jews retire from the contest, unable to get a living. Consequently, Malta is the only place where literally none are found. The people talk Schmeitz, which is a *patois* of Arabic, mixed with a little Italian; and very few of them understand any other language, except, of course, the upper classes, who talk Italian.

If you wish to hear Schmeitz in perfection, you must go down Strada Santa Lucia, or any of its parallels, till you reach "Nix Mangiare," * words which, as a plaintive appeal, varied by "Miserabile," will reach your ears at every turn (like the cry for *backsheesh* further east); though why that name has been given to the spot chiefly haunted by laborious, frugal boatmen, I cannot tell, unless it be that the work is too scanty for the hands that would fain find occupation. Here, at every hour of rest, they congregate, and lie basking in the sun, sleeping the sleep of the weary, or dining on the coarsest black bread and onions, with, perhaps, a

* Nothing to eat.

slice of a huge water-melon or a few pine-cones, such as only squirrels could digest in this country.

They are said to be excellent seamen, as, indeed, they would need to be; for though "the tempestuous wind called Euroclydon" is now described as a Grégalé, it has not forgotten its old trick, and sudden storms arise, when the blue sea and sky turn to the dullest leaden hue, and the calm Mediterranean is lashed into wild waves, and dashes its white foam over the rocky shores and forts.

These forts are, of course, the main features of the island, for they are many and prominent, guarding every rocky headland, each creek and harbour. Valetta lies in the centre, protected by Fort St. Elmo, which, together with Fort Ricasoli at the entrance to the Grand Harbour, and Fort Tigné on Quarantine Harbour, effectually guard the basins where the biggest ships of the line may safely float alongside of the quay. Quarantine Harbour, as its name implies, has proved a centre of misery to a good many, and Fort Manuel, which guards the Lazaretto Island, is described in bitter jest as "Le Manuel des Voyageurs." Then within the Grand Harbour, the Dockyard Creek and the headland of Vittoriosa are guarded by Fort St. Angelo, and the French Creek and Senglea by Fort St. Michael.

Valetta is altogether fortified. All its walls are curtains and bastions, bristling with cannon and mortars, and guarded by vigilant sentinels. As you drive from Valetta to Florian you cross a wide drawbridge, and, looking back, you perceive with what mighty walls the old knights surrounded their dwellings. Just beyond lie the underground granaries, excavated in the solid rock, where sufficient corn to last during a seven years' siege is always stored.

Hard by is the Church of San Publio. Whether or not he was the identical Publius who here showed kindness to St. Paul, I know not; but the church, like its multitudinous brethren, is full of altars and pictures, and images of saints, each surrounded by a multitude of miniature arms, legs, eyes, ears, modelled in wax or silver, as the case may be, and hung up round these shrines as thank-offerings for cures attributed to their intercession.

It is curious to find how widespread is this custom of hanging up models of the limb restored. We find it in the long-isolated temples of Japan. We know that it existed in Ancient Egypt. Hands, arms, ears, eyes, and other members, modelled in terra cotta, or carved in ivory, have been found at Thebes and elsewhere, with a thanksgiving dedication to whichever deity received credit for the cure effected.

Precisely similar are the thank-offerings of the devil-worshippers

in Ceylon. There is one temple in Kandy held especially sacred, namely that of Katragam or Mahasen; one of the demons worshipped by the aborigines, and afterwards adopted by the Brahmins, who identify him with Siva. Contrary, however to the custom of the Sivites, this temple contains no image: only a mysterious curtain, before which kneel crowds of pilgrims from every part of India, sometimes even high-caste Brahmins from remote Hurdwar (the holy city near the source of the Ganges, distant well nigh two thousand miles), who visit this shrine, seeking cures for divers diseases, and who present silver models of their various limbs, as votive offerings to Mahasen.

Among the Grecian antiquities in the British Museum there are two hands of this class made in bronze. The votive hands and feet of Egypt are generally entwined with figures of serpents, emblematic of recovered health, while divers symbols are represented on the palm of the hand; sometimes the sacred pine-cone rests on the thumb.

Most remarkable of all is the fact that in many of these heathen offerings the hand is modelled with the third and fourth fingers closed, while the first and second (the fingers of benediction, as a ritualist would call them), are upraised in the orthodox attitude of ecclesiastical benediction. Thus we perceive that not only the presentation of votive hands to the Church, but this peculiar priestly attitude, are directly borrowed from Paganism: probably introduced into the Alexandrian Church by some Egyptian convert.

To return to Malta in the nineteenth century. Leaving San Publio, we drove on and on, past more and more stone churches, stone villages, stone walls, rising tier above tier, till it seems as if the whole island were one bleak expanse of dazzling yellow stone and arid rock, with white, dusty roads. And as no green thing is visible, save the dark caruba and olive trees, you begin to marvel where all the rich corn-land lies, and where the flower-girls find their fragrant treasures. Only the prickly pear stretches its weird arms and red fruit over those wearisome, unlovely walls; and anyone who has once been so rash as to attempt, with inexperienced hand, to peel that pear (or fig) with its myriad invisible thorns, will probably have learnt to suffer any thirst sooner than repeat the experiment.

The island, however, only appears arid when thus seen from the lower roads. Once you gain the high ground, and look down, you see no walls, only a succession of small, rich green fields, with here and there masses of grey rock, overshadowed by the aforesaid olive trees, with their silvery lining; and dark caruba, that is, locust trees—the fruit of which is a bean: a staple article of food,

and much used in the manufacture of Turkish sweetmeats. The people here say that St. John's scanty diet of locusts and wild honey, was probably the bean; further east, they claim that honour for the living swarms. So, animal or vegetable, this point remains undecided.

There is no natural brushwood or forest on the island, and the rich vegetation we now see is wholly due to human toil; infinite labour having been expended to level this rocky soil into terraces; the smaller masses were pulverized, the larger employed to build up those unsightly protecting walls, but for which, the rains would wash away all the soil; which is said to have been brought as ballast by ships coming from Gozo and Sicily, by command of the Knights. They also made large cisterns and built great aqueducts, for the irrigation of the land, and so, in due time, the rocky island, became fertile as a garden.

Our drive lay alongside of De Vignacourt's great aqueduct, an endless succession of arches; then on and on between dusty, stony, walls, in hot, glaring sunlight, till we reached San Antonio, one of the royal summer palaces, where (surrounded by walls, so high as to give not merely an Eastern feeling of seclusion, but something that might become oppressively like imprisonment) we revelled in cool, delicious shade of pleasant gardens; of flowering shrubs, laden with fragrant blossom: and, above all, those orange gardens, whence the Queen's regular supply goes home by each mail.

Remember that ten days previously we were shivering in England: everything dull and colourless, and blurred with mists and fogs; and to-day we were gathering ripe golden fruits, half hidden by their own green leaves, and snowy blossoms whose delicate aroma perfumed the sunny air.

We felt that we had never before realised what oranges were; for anything more unlike our English substitute can hardly be imagined—ours, of course, being gathered half-ripe. Here every variety grows in perfection, from the common large fruit down to the tiniest Tangerine, or the oblong egg orange. None so delicious as the little mandarin, or mandolin, which lies so loosely inside of its skin that one touch leaves it ready to be eaten. The blood orange (the juice of which really is almost as red as blood) is produced by grafting the common orange bud on a pomegranate stock.

As we drove back to Valetta we met crowds of workmen returning to their homes in far distant villages. Long weary walks they have, to and from their work, but many of them beguile the time by telling their beads as they go. To a casual observer, like myself, the effect was pretty much the same as when, in the Himalayas, we used to meet parties of Buddhist "navvies" returning

from work on the borders of Thibet, many of them spinning their prayer-wheels, while they chatted and laughed together—though, of course, they, too, ought to have been giving devout thought to the matter on hand!

These Maltese workmen have given some splendid proofs of their willingness to dedicate time and talents to the service of their faith. The magnificent church at Musta is one of the most striking objects in the island, with its vast dome and towers, and has been built entirely by the voluntary labour of the poor; though, of course, materials were bought by subscription. It is asserted that this dome (which is larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome) was built without any scaffolding, a statement which, to the uninitiated, sounds miraculous; but it seems that the old dome of a former church, built on the same site, afforded the necessary support, and was not demolished till this was complete. So, at least, we were informed.

Of course, one of the chief attractions in Malta is the grand old Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, and I must confess that, as with other things of which we have heard high praise before seeing them, the first impression was disappointing.

I entered St. John's at the hour of vespers, and felt chilled. There was a very small, inattentive congregation. Two men who sat close in front of me (poor tradesmen) were discussing their worldly affairs so audibly, that an acolyte was sent down from the altar steps to silence them. The architecture seemed to me stiff and cold.

It was not till I returned to Malta, on my homeward route, and had spent delightful weeks under the stone roof of the old Grand Masters, that, overshadowed by their spirit, I could realise something of the poetic beauty of their old Cathedral, and learn to tread with more reverence on that sacred pavement, because each stone is emblazoned with heraldic devices, or other memorial, of some brave warrior who knelt here at his devotions, and now sleeps in the crypt below.

But for this association, the pavement of Pietra Dura in oblong compartments (in memory of divers knights) is very like a great piece of patchwork, and the effect of those inlaid marbles lacks repose. All round the great church are side chapels, where the knights of each nation worshipped together. These, like their eight palaces, or rather auberges, were set apart for the knights of France, Provence, Auvergne, Arragon, Castille, Italy, Germany, and Anglo-Bavaria. Each chapel, of course, has its great altar and crucifix, before which some worshippers are always kneeling, heedless of passers-by. There are second-rate pictures and heavy monuments without number. Of these last, by far the most at-

tractive to me is the beautiful statue of Comte Beaujolais, a name endeared to me by old family ties.

The Cathedral is said to have been formerly very wealthy; but the French stole great quantities of gold and silver plate, and jewels, from its treasury. Amongst other thefts was that of a most precious relic, namely, the right hand of St. John, which had been presented to the Grand Master by the Church of Santa Sophia at Constantinople. A magnificent diamond ring was transferred by Napoleon from the skeleton hand to his own, and the relic was then restored to the Grand Master, who, being no longer able to give it honour due, sent it to Paul, Emperor of Russia, who built a church over it at St. Petersburg. Nothing escaped the rapacious invaders.

All the precious stones were picked out of the reliquaries, and the twelve silver statues of the Apostles were among the treasures seized. In vain did the Maltese pray to be allowed to redeem them for their full value in money. Napoleon is reported to have replied that, as the Apostolic mission was to "go forth into all the world," and these had lain in one spot for two hundred years, he would see that they did now go forth, as good coin of the realm. However, as the same impious reply is attributed to Tilly, with reference to twelve similar statues which he plundered from Padderborne, in Westphalia, perhaps Napoleon may have the benefit of the doubt, the more so as the priests at Citta Vecchia show twelve silver statues in their Cathedral, which are said to have been ransomed, for their full weight in silver, by a Maltese prelate.

Be that as it may, the rest of the plunder was despatched to France. The ship, however, with its sacrilegious cargo, met the same fate as attended the Wolf of Badenoch's theft of lead from the roof of Elgin Cathedral—it foundered at sea. The only things that escaped the rapacious robbers were the beautiful silver altar-rails, which a wise old priest had the wit to paint like common metal before the thieves broke into the sanctuary.

Beneath the high altar it is said that the keys of Acre, Rhodes, and Jerusalem are treasured, as precious relics of brave old days and of gallant blood shed in the holy wars.

The most beautiful object in the Church is a marble altar-piece of the Baptism of our Lord; but it is so veiled by silver candlesticks and candles that it is a matter of some difficulty to see it, and impossible to get a photograph of it, though all other parts of the Church are thus offered for sale.

On ordinary Festas the whole Church is hung with crimson curtains, which scarcely seemed an improvement. Once or twice a year some very fine old tapestry is substituted. This we did not see, but were content to believe that none could possibly be more

beautiful than that which decorates the Council-Chamber in the Palace, representing scenes in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with their respective flora and fauna, exquisitely drawn and shaded in natural colours of exceeding brilliancy. We marvelled what patient, artistic hands had designed and stitched such elaborate offerings for knightly sons or brothers. The workers could not have included sweethearts or wives, for the knights were celibates, being members of a religious brotherhood; their sacred Order was marked by the black robe and white cross worn over their armour. They bore the name of Knights Hospitallers, because, in addition to the ordinary vows of knighthood, they were bound to protect pilgrims, and, in case of need, to devote themselves to the care of the sick in hospitals.

Thus it came to pass that so late as 1783, in their days of "peace, splendour, and decay," the tidings of the fearful earthquake in Sicily roused them to one last knightly act, and, mindful of their vows, they up and manned their galleys and sailed over the salt sea foam with good store of flesh and wine and hospital stores. Then, in that widespread devastation, they sought out the sick and dying, and ministered to them, as priest and nurse combined.

Among the curious chivalric laws of this knightly community were those which restricted, while they legalized, duelling. One street in the city was devoted to all such combats. Those who fought elsewhere were liable to the utmost rigour of the law. Moreover, the duellists were commanded, under the most severe penalties, to put up their swords at the bidding of *any woman*, *priest*, or *knight*.

One would have imagined that such prohibition would have checked all possibility of bloodshed; but this does not seem to have been the case, for in the year 1770 Mr. Brydone counted twenty of the crosses which were always painted on the wall to commemorate the spot where any knight was killed. He adds that while he was in Malta two knights quarrelled at the billiard-table, and one struck the other. The aggressor received a challenge, but absolutely refused to fight; for which offence he was condemned to make the *amende honorable* in the Cathedral of St. John for forty-five days successively, then to be confined in a dungeon, without light, for five years, after which he was to remain a prisoner in the castle for life. The unfortunate knight who received the blow was also held to be under a cloud, not having had an opportunity to wipe out the insult. Such is Mr. Brydone's statement. M. Sonnini, a French scientific traveller, who visited Malta about twenty years later, discredits the facts, though there appears no ground for supposing him to have been more accurately

informed than his predecessor, who wrote of contemporary events.

Strange, indeed, it is to think of all the changes which this little island has witnessed as successive nations have striven for its possession. Few corners of the earth have been the theatre of so many bloody conflicts as this apparently insignificant sea-girt rock. In point of size it is only about seventeen miles in length, and nine in width, but its excellent harbours, and its central position in the Mediterranean Sea, have always made its possession an object to be desired by the great nations around.

Looking back to classic fable, it is said to have been the isle referred to by Homer, in the *Odyssey*, as that where Calypso welcomed the son of Ulysses to her Court. Being a goddess, she doubtless was able to cast a glamour over the isle which was by nature so uninviting, and to Telemachus it may have appeared a Paradise.

But, as an arid home for hard-working mortals, we first hear of it when Tyre and Sidon sent forth their superfluous sons to establish themselves wherever they could find room, and so Malta became a Phœnician colony. Some ruined tombs and temples and huge stones, once sacred, and a few coins, now alone remain to tell of their having so long retained possession of the isle.

Five centuries before Christ, Malta was captured by Carthage, and in long struggles with Rome (the Punic wars, which commenced B.C. 264, and were protracted till B.C. 146), poor Malta naturally proved a bone for bitter contention. Many a deathly contest was fought on her shores. Twice captured by the Romans, twice recaptured by the Carthaginians, she was finally seized a third time by the Romans, B.C. 220, and remained in their hands.

Thus it was that, when St. Paul was wrecked at Melita, he was received by a Roman citizen, Publius, the Pro-Consul and chief man of the island, to whom the company of the great Apostle must have been a glad change from that of "the barbarous people"; yet to these he was destined to assume a new relation, for during St. Paul's three months' detention on the isle many were converted, and, according to tradition, Publius became the first bishop of the Christian Church in Malta.

For a little season the isle enjoyed peace under the shadow of mighty Rome, but when this new mistress tottered to her fall fresh pirates swooped down on the coveted rock which Rome could no longer protect. First it fell into the hands of the Byzantine sovereigns. From them it was snatched by the Vandals, who held it for about a hundred years. In A.D. 533 it was re-conquered by Belisarius, and then the land had rest for about three hundred years.

But evil days were in store. The victorious Mahomedan armies

overspread the land, and, having established the Crescent in wide tracts of Asia and Europe, they reached the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Even little Malta did not escape them. The Greek and Roman colonists were murdered, and the natives were only spared to endure a lot of cruel slavery. For upwards of two centuries Arabian emirs ruled over them, and no persecution was spared to compel them to abjure the Christian faith and accept that of Mahomet. But, with marvellous constancy, the Maltese stood firm in their allegiance to the Cross, and the fierce preachers of Islam failed to shake their courage. Again and again the Byzantine Emperors endeavoured to rescue Malta from the hands of the infidels, but their efforts proved vain.

At length came the hour of deliverance. The gallant Knights of Normandy resolved to rescue these persecuted Christians, or to perish in the attempt. Count Roger, son of Tancred de Hauteville, having succeeded in driving out the Arabs from Sicily, followed up this success by a similar triumph in Malta, and gladly were he and his warriors hailed by the oppressed islanders. Under his wise and just rule, and that of his successors, prosperity was quickly restored. The churches were rebuilt, the persecuted Christian pastors once more ventured to resume their public ministrations, and the island found itself endowed with a constitutional government and representative legislature.

After some generations the united isles of Sicily and Malta were absorbed in the German Empire. Thence they passed into the possession of France, and eventually fell into the hands of the Kings of Aragon, the last of whom, better known to us as the Emperor Charles V., combined wisdom with generosity, and, by presenting Malta in perpetuity to the Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem, both provided a home for these brave knights, and a powerful garrison for this strong military station.

Five hundred years had already elapsed since the foundation of this famous Order of mediæval chivalry. It originated in a humble religious brotherhood devoted to the care of poor sick pilgrims at Jerusalem. Gradually they developed into a wealthy fraternity of priestly warrior-physicians; and while still distinguished for their charitable care of the sick, and their chivalrous devotion to all good works, their white-cross banner floated over many a hard-fought battle-field, where the soldiers of the Cross carried on their crusades against the infidels.

From Jerusalem the Knights Templars removed to Acre, and successively established their head-quarters at Cyprus and Rhodes. In the latter they struck deep roots, and seemed to have obtained a permanent settlement. In the course of two hundred years, nineteen Grand Masters ruled in succession; and under their wise

government Rhodes enjoyed a term of unparalleled peace and prosperity. It was by nature a lovely isle of rich verdure, and now became a perfect rose-garden of matchless beauty.

Ere long its fame awakened the covetous longings of the Sultan Solyman the Magnificent, who swore by the twenty-six thousand prophets and the God who made the earth and heavens, that unless the Knights forthwith gave it up, he would bring the whole Turkish fleet to drive them out. As they did not obey his summons he assembled a vast force, and, A.D. 1523, laid siege to the isle.

For six months the Knights held their ground against desperate odds; but, being utterly unprepared to resist so mighty a foe, the venerable Grand Master led forth his little band, in sadness and in tears, and for seven years they wandered homeless, till, as we have seen, the rocky isle of Malta was allotted to them; an island arid and forbidding: a grievous contrast to their dear terrestrial Paradise from which they had been so cruelly expelled.

So sterile was the soil that they were compelled to import their very bread from Sicily. The wretched inhabitants, numbering in all about twelve thousand, had so long been miserably oppressed by Moors and Turks, and so harried by pirates of all nations, that they had almost given up the attempt to cultivate the land. For none cared to toil, not knowing at what moment ruthless invaders would descend upon them, to burn their homes, rob them of the stores of food imported from Sicily, and carry themselves and their children into captivity.

Now a new era commenced. The Knights erected strong fortifications, so that the people no longer felt themselves at the mercy of every pirate. They imported good soil from Sicily, and by dint of persevering toil they so far conquered nature that this once barren rock now supports a population greater in proportion than that of almost any fertile land, averaging twelve thousand souls to every square mile. In addition to this, it produces so large a surplus that a considerable portion of the early vegetables in the London and Paris markets are brought thither from this sunny isle.

The cupidity of the Sultan was not long satisfied with the acquisition of Rhodes. Though now an old man, seventy years of age, his greed had not lessened with years, and he soon discovered that Malta was also a highly desirable possession; so the poor Knights were again forced to choose between fight and flight.

After several preliminary efforts to dispossess them of their new home, the Sultan mustered a force of thirty thousand men, and a fleet of well nigh a hundred and sixty ships, and despatched this army to drive out the seven hundred Knights with their little garrison of eight thousand Maltese men-at-arms. The siege was commenced in May 1565, and continued till December; during

which time no less than two hundred and sixty Knights and seven thousand of their men were slain; not, however, without a fair equivalent, for the loss of the Turks was estimated at twenty-five thousand.

For it was no mere blockade, but a long protracted series of battles and hand-to-hand fighting, renewed day by day, and giving ample scope for deeds of extraordinary valour on both sides. Bravely did the garrison hold out, but their town and most of the fortifications were little more than a heap of ruins ere the enemy finally retired.

The Grand Master at this period was the heroic Jean de la Valette, whose knightly fame was commemorated in the name given to the new city which uprose on the ruins—the Valetta of the present day. Even he, however, could not altogether resist the temptation of sometimes repaying the barbarity of the besiegers in their own coin. Thus, when after a month's close siege, and many desperate assaults, the Turks succeeded in capturing the Fort of St. Elmo (not, however, till every knight and every soldier lay dead at his post), Mustapha Pasha, their general, showed his appreciation of valour by causing his soldiers to rip open the dead bodies of their foes, and tear out their hearts, bestowing on the Christian knights what they held to be a deeper insult still, namely, a great gash in form of a cross. Then he tied them on planks and threw them into the sea, that the wind and tide might carry them to their brethren in Fort St. Angelo.

When the Grand Master beheld his brave Knights thus barbarously mangled, he burst into tears, and, in the excess of his grief, sought an unworthy revenge by massacring all his prisoners, and, using their heads as cannon-balls, he fired them into the Turkish camp. A more serviceable missile consisted of wooden hoops covered with wool steeped in boiling oil, gunpowder, and nitre. These were set on fire and thrown flaming into the midst of the foe whenever they pressed forward at an assault. Thus two or three Turks were frequently hooked together, and considerably injured, while the ranks were thrown into confusion. So much for the projectiles of three hundred years ago.

Roused by the loss of St. Elmo to a more desperate resistance, the Knights succeeded in holding Fort St. Angelo and the town for three months, at the end of which a handful of Spaniards came to their assistance; and the Turks, ignorant of their numbers, were seized with a panic and retired.

There is a curious and very old picture of this siege, in the possession of Mr. Christian of Malta, representing the Turkish tents pitched on barren ground, all over the present sites of forts and streets, and the beleaguered Knights shut up in so small a

space, that the marvel is how they could have held their ground at all. But there was magic in the old war-cry, "Beauseant," and their banner was not wont to give way before the foe. It was one-third black, two-thirds white; the former symbolising destruction to the enemy, the latter, peace to friends.

For a hundred and fifty years the conflict with the Ottoman power was carried on at intervals, but at last a truce was concluded, and the Knights left in undisturbed possession. This peace proved fatal to the old knightly spirit. Luxury and pleasure took the place of brave deeds of arms, and the Knights came to be looked upon chiefly as the patrons and guardians of commerce. This continued till the French Revolution, which deprived them of their property on the mainland, and thus of their principal revenues. Then Napoleon laid siege to Malta, and it is supposed that the French brethren were treacherous to their Order; for shortly after the arrival of his besieging fleet, A.D. 1798, the island capitulated.

The French soon made themselves objectionable to the Maltese, who, on the departure of Buonaparte, broke into open insurrection, and, having massacred several of the treacherous French Knights, they besieged the forts to which the French troops had retreated.

Just then the English fleet came to the aid of the Maltese, hot from the victory of Aboukir (whence they brought the remains of gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby, and found for them a worthy tomb in a bastion of Fort St. Elmo, washed by the green sea waves. A few years ago they were removed thence to another vault in the same Fort, in consequence of certain alterations necessary for the placing of heavy guns. Not only was the lead coffin with its inscription found intact, but even the spirit-casks in which the body was brought to Malta, and which had been carefully preserved. A strange treasure indeed!)

On the arrival of the English, a rigorous blockade was established. The French garrison held out with a bravery and endurance worthy of the knights of earlier days; and the siege had lasted for two years, ere famine compelled them to yield. Thus in the year 1800 the English took formal possession of the island, which they have since retained, and which was formally guaranteed to them by the Treaty of Paris in 1814.

The palaces of the good knights of Castile, France, and Austria, are now barracks or store-houses.

The Auberge de Provence is a place of pleasant social gatherings; and the long corridors of the Governor's Palace echo the voices of women and children. Brilliant balls are held in the very presence of old Grand Masters, whose beautifully inlaid armour is present to grace the scene.

It is curious to notice what a very small proportion of knightly gear remains, the armoury being full of such weapons as belonged only to men-at-arms; and very small men they must have been, judging from the difficulty an average Briton finds in donning their suits, yet very strong to carry such a weight. There are halberts and pikes, swords and daggers, cuirasses and gloves of steel, helmets, muskets, boarding-pikes, queer little cannon, blunder-busses, and all manner of weapons, offensive and defensive. Here, also, are preserved many quaint specimens of old pottery. The long corridors, also, are guarded by rows of men in armour, and portraits of knights and battle-scenes; very mysterious and ghostly they look, in the dreamy moonlight, with motionless reflections on the polished marble floors.

And very beautiful, too, I thought them, when in the early sunlight I used to steal out, with the faithful Guiseppe as my escort, to sketch some favourite street of stairs or orange stall, or group of many-coloured boats, with their brilliant devices, and the almost invariable Eye (of Providence) watching at the prow, or else the double dolphin coiled into a circle.

The picturesque life of Malta lies chiefly along the quays, where, besides the usual shipping materials, there are stalls of huge water-melons, gourds, pine-cones; ropes, and netting, old barrels, and old cannon, rusty iron of every description; and mingled groups of swarthy boatmen and bearded capuchins; trig blue-jackets with their large collars and straw hats.

Perhaps a ship-load of Moors, Arabs, and other pilgrims (Hadji) bound for Palestine or Mecca, has just landed for a few hours, thankful to find breathing space, after being crowded to excess in their terribly confined quarters. They get sadly bullied by the Maltese, though they are such fine stately-looking fellows, in their thick cloaks of white material with broad brown stripes and peaked hoods; some wear a fringed shawl of scarlet or yellow silk, with little tassels hanging over their shoulders, or veiling the face. Majestic-looking mortals, whom you can scarcely fancy apart from their camels, and strangely in contrast with a party of laughing girls, in latest Parisian fashions, who are packed into that most rapid and economical of conveyances, a Maltese go-cart—a vehicle which in Britain we should call an Irish car.

The sight of these grave, sad-looking men, stalking along so imperturbably amid the jeers of the idlers, awakens just such a feeling as comes over one in presence of some stately ruin of bygone ages, now mouldering and despised. You cannot forget that these poor pilgrims are the descendants of that "brave, graceful, intelligent people," which, more than eight hundred years ago, held so noble a place among the nations, carrying the

wisdom and learning of the East even to the heart of Spain; so that while Christian Europe was still in the darkness of ignorance, Moorish Spain had her seventy public libraries, her free schools, and academies, and all other means of spreading that learning which was so dear to those grand old Arabs. A people devoted to the sciences; keen mathematicians, astronomers, logicians; foremost in the pursuit of wisdom; the first to manufacture paper, the first to apply gunpowder to military purposes, the first to devise military brotherhoods.

Prescott tells us that even the Knights of St. John were only an imitation of the Moorish Crusaders against Christian infidels; an Order established by the Arabs one hundred years before the first Christian Brotherhood of Knights was founded.

Just imagine that while we in Britain were still in a semi-barbaric stage—our very palaces strewn with rushes—these old Moors had established a focus of oriental splendour in Western Europe, of which Seville and Cordova still whisper to our amazed ears. They had devised the Alhambra, and a thousand things besides. Wherever they settled, there beautiful life sprang up; curious and costly works of art, ingenious toys, rich hangings, mosaics of precious woods and pearl, raiment of fine linen, gold-wrought velvets, and silks and gems.

And yet, like some gorgeous exotic, flowering in an ungenial soil, this beautiful Moorish blossom was destined too quickly to fade. Wherever the Arabs once held sway, we now find only crumbling palaces and forts so ruinous that (as Ford once said) you might batter them down with the fruit of their own orange-gardens. Small marvel, then, that these pilgrims seem to have shared the fate of their empire, and stand before us as living embodiments of calm resignation to an uncontrollable fate.

It is strange how differently Malta strikes the eye of the outward and homeward bound. To the former, all Mauresque characteristics are so prominent; to the latter (accustomed to richer and more graceful orientalism), the architecture and people seem alike commonplace.

I shall never forget the strangeness of first awakening on the morning of my return from Benares. From dreams of Brahmin and Bhudhist processions, with gaudy priests and images and ringing of countless Hindoo bells, I started up to hear that the bells were no echoes from dreamland, but a clanging, incessant jangle, which from earliest dawn had been ringing from every steeple in the town, in honour of some great festa; and as I looked down on the street I saw one procession after another winding along. Friars of orders grey, black, brown or white. A

"plethora of priests"—young priests and old priests, robed in every variety of rich vestment and rare lace, bearing images of saints under gorgeous canopies, many-coloured flags and devices, crosses, crucifixes, candles.

Then came one procession so ghastly that it needed all the brightness of morning sunlight to check the gruesome impression it left on the mind. It was the Order of St. Michael—penitents—consisting of laymen of all ranks who, in their humiliation, avoid alike the praise or scorn of men by wearing a white or grey cowl, with only tiny holes for the eyes, so that no man may know who stands beside him. There is something indescribably horrible in the fascination of those unknown eyes. These men, I believe, undertake to bury all the poorest of the poor. On the present occasion they were going the round of every church in Valetta, worshipping the Host.

If they did visit every church, they had a very good morning's work before them, for the churches are legion—I think at least one in every street, and always open, so that every passer-by, rich or poor, may enter, and find rest alike for soul and body in their cool shade.

Is it not strange that, whereas every foreign church, Mahomedan mosque, or heathen temple, thus invite worship at all hours and seasons, we Britons (who talk so much of the overcrowded dwellings of the poor, where whole families, perhaps of several generations, live night and day in one small room, and where a moment of quiet is a luxury unknown) should alone continue to keep the majority of our churches closed at all seasons save *just* the hours of public worship, after which the doors must immediately be locked again. So that the toil-worn and heavy-laden, who have neither time nor inclination to join in a long set service, can never know the luxury of kneeling in silence for just so long as their own heart needs, and then going on their way refreshed and strengthened for the day's work. Imagine the consternation of beadle or pew-opener, should a labouring-man enter with his working tools, or a fruit or flower seller with her little stock-in-trade! I think they would not be allowed the option of even "the lowest place"!

One trifle, which nevertheless does add greatly to the solemnity of these dim, silent churches, is the custom of every Maltese woman, from the highest to the lowest, wearing the same dress out of doors. No matter how gay her indoor raiment, she must wear over it a black silk skirt, and must cover her head and shoulders with a mantle of the same sombre hue and material, the mantle being, as I before said, made with full gathers on one side so as to be drawn at pleasure right across the face.

This instinct of concealment, which we are wont to consider so purely Eastern, seems to have occasionally cropped up even among the women of our own isles, but it found small favour with the lords of the creation, who even brought the strong arm of the law to check a practice which they affirmed could only be induced by evil motives. Thus among the sumptuary laws of James II. in the year 1457, we not only find that women are prohibited from "wearing tailes unfit in length," but it is further stipulated that "No woman shall cum to kirk nor to mercat with her face mussalled or covered that she may not be kenned." Evidently King James had no sympathy with those Jewish teachers who declare that an unveiled woman is vile in the sight of the angels, and that evil angels will assuredly come and sit on her uncovered head—a legend so widely believed in Judea, that "because of the angels" was the reason assigned why Christian converts should retain their modest head-gear!

In spite of King James' arbitrary law, the same fashion came in again with a later generation; and so late as one hundred years ago we hear how "ladies in church did enwrap their heads and shoulders in plaids of black silk."

So in these solemn Maltese churches the gayest dames can display no "*piquantes toilettes*," no "*coiffures ravissantes*," to distract attention and disturb the devotions of those around. No one can stay away from church on plea of being too ill-dressed, nor go there merely to display new finery. All are on one level, and all the bundles of black silk look precisely alike as they kneel on the marble pavement alone, or with husbands and brothers, in presence of some great crucifix, while a faint murmur from some distant altar scarcely disturbs the solemn stillness of morning or evening twilight.

One such church especially struck me—that of the Jesuits, in the Strada Vescovo. You enter by a small side door, which would scarcely attract your notice but for the stream of working men and women, who pour in at matins and vespers, while others kneel at the doorstep for a few moments as they pass. That in the Strada Forni was, however, the more fashionable, and had the advantage of the best music. (Not that our own English church was behindhand in this respect.)

The Convent of the Capuchin Friars is one of the attractions of Malta, inasmuch as its crypt contains rows of deceased friars artificially dried. The hard shrunken bodies are dressed in cowl and gown. They stand, each in his own niche, till he crumbles to pieces; then the bones are collected and deposited elsewhere, while a more recent brother takes the niche of the dear departed. At the time we saw them they were still keeping Christmas, and

seemed more ghastly than ever, as they peered from among the glossy evergreens.

In the church beneath which these dried monks hold their dismal watch, we saw a very fine marble of Job, and a side chapel built on the model of the "Holy House at Loretta." There is also a very striking picture of the Crucifixion, with Adam worshipping at the foot of the Cross. It illustrates the legend that the Cross was made of the wood of the very tree whose fruit tempted Eve, and that the Crucifixion occurred on the same spot.

We saw such complicated decorations made of the bones of many saints, that I could not resist suggesting to one jolly friar that hereafter the saints might be annoyed at finding their bones so scattered; but he replied so very reverently and earnestly that I felt abashed, and quite ashamed of having doubted the excellence of the decorations.

Perhaps the most curious specimen of this sort of thing is a Chapelle des Morts, underneath the Hospital for Incurables, where countless skeletons were heaped up, said to be those slain at the siege of Malta. The bleached skulls and bones of every sort are arranged so tastefully on the grey walls and arches that they are really a work of art, and look like curiously-carved ivory. In this strange company of the forgotten dead I spent two long days in silence and twilight.

Then (to dispel grim visions before returning to the men in armour) it was a pleasant contrast to run up to the Baracca, and from its tall white arches look up to the serene blue overhead, or on the busy harbour below, with the joyous sense of an atmosphere full of sunlight and the language of silent happiness passing everywhere between earth and sky; the play of light on land and water bringing out a thousand beauties, while all nature sent its answer back to the sunbeams.

On that quiet water-street float the ships of many nations. Merchant steamers from far countries, with many-coloured flags, men-of-war, bristling with big guns and flying the pennant which symbolizes so much, though, as Thackeray once said, it is merely "a strip of bunting, considerably under the value of a farthing." It is said that a thousand sail-of-the-line could ride in this grand harbour, which is already so well defended with its lines of strong bulwarks and mighty forts.

In every direction float fairy latine sails, like the wings of some huge white bird, just touching the water, and trig men-of-war-boats full of blue-jackets, perhaps just returning from some review of the Marine Brigade; crowds of picturesque Maltese boats are waiting for fares to cross the ferry, or returning from the other side of the

harbour; and perhaps one or two English yachts have just arrived, promising pleasant additions to the already most agreeable society.

For nothing could be pleasanter and more easy than social life in Malta—riding and driving-parties to various scenes of interest; afternoons on board ship, among the big guns, with music and dancing under canopies of flags; and in the evening a few minutes' walk in the warm moonlight landed us at the Opera, perhaps to hear *I Lombardi*, as being most suitable to the memory of the Knights.

Sometimes our evening's engagements lay on the other side of the harbour, and it seemed like a vision of Venice to step from a friend's door into the barge, and row silently away into that mysterious dream-world which moonlight invariably creates out of such materials, leaving a curtain of dark shadow over glaring rocks and forts, tenderly veiling whatever might by daylight seem unsightly, and marking only the pinnacles of earth or its own gleaming reflection in the pale white light on the water.

Some of our pleasantest expeditions were on the Saturdays (Captain's holiday, as they call it), when all the party was bound to be nautical. Sometimes both admirals, half a dozen captains, and lieutenants and cadets in due proportion, would meet for a long sunny day at some such place as Imtakhlip—a fine piece of coast, where high cliffs overshadow the orange-groves, beneath which the greenest grass is watered by tiny streamlets and strewn with golden fruit. The blue sea lies below, and in the clefts of the rocks are delicate maidenhair ferns and abundance of pink heath.

On our return we might halt at Citta Vecchia, which is built on very high ground, overlooking the whole island, and, though seven miles distant from Valetta, is one of the principal objects on the horizon. The rock on which it stands is excavated into great catacombs. Like most other places in Malta, it looks best when the purple shadows of twilight mass the yellow rock, and walls, and buildings, and leave only a clear outline cutting against a golden sky.

One of our Saturday expeditions was to Macluba, a deep circular pit, just like a punch-bowl—once, perhaps, a quarry. Here we landed, under shadow of dark caruba trees, and afterwards drove and scrambled to Hagiar Keem and Crendi, two masses of Cyclopian buildings, the Maltese equivalent of Stonehenge, and equally mysterious.

Of course, the Phœnicians get the credit for these, as for all other unknown stones; but in the present instance, with good reason, as they are supposed to have held the island till the Carthaginians took possession of it.

As to the extraordinary piles of huge, upright blocks, which lie heaped together in irregular masses, at first sight scarcely to be distinguished from the grey weather-beaten boulders so thickly strewn around—their very existence had been forgotten till, in 1839, Sir H. Bouverie, then Governor of Malta, struck by such portions as were still visible, determined to excavate the rocky bank, and so discovered this strange ghastly skeleton of some primeval faith.

Some of the chambers were sepulchral, and urns and coarse pottery were found in the tombs, together with the skulls and bones of a forgotten people. Some very rude carvings were also found, quaint little Phœnician idols of stone, about six inches long, like fat Chinese Josses. Somewhere in the neighbourhood was also found a mummy-case made of terra-cotta. Also several stone balls, like those spheres which were made to represent the form and motion of the sun, among so many of his worshippers.

The general form of these ruins is not easy to describe; there are irregular circles with recesses; great portals lead from one chamber to another, formed by immense upright slabs, supporting heavy transverse blocks, some measuring from fourteen to twenty feet in length. Here and there are flights of steps; then niches in the rock; rude altars with rough carving; then more circles and oblongs of colossal stones, making a strangely intricate ground-plan.

We scrambled through every nook of those mysterious old tombs and temples, marvelling what grim rites (perhaps human sacrifices) these grey ruins had witnessed in bygone ages, while Phœnician galleys floated on the changeless yet ever varying blue ocean that to-day lay so calm and sunny at our feet. Only the chirp of the hidden grasshopper disturbed the stillness of the walls that once had echoed to the voice of solemn worship, and no living thing stirred, save some little lizards darting in and out of the cracks in the rocks, sometimes hidden by a tuft of maiden-hair ferns; then peeping, with glittering eyes, from the clustering roots of fragrant narcissus which scented the balmy air.

Another excavation, very similar in character, and known as the "Giant's Tower," is to be seen in the Isle of Gozo, an island whose dyers are celebrated for the rich purple which they extract from the orchilla, and which some affirm to be the original Tyrian dye, the people of the isle having been taught by the Phœnicians to prepare that precious colour, an art since handed down from one generation to another.

Of course one drive of never-failing interest was to St. Paul's Bay, where, after a scramble along the rocks, we could look down

on those strong conflicting currents, which are supposed to be the very place described as that "where two seas met." Whatever doubts may be suggested elsewhere as to the exact scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, none exist in Malta; nor was our faith anywise clouded as we sat by that blue bay, and read the old, old story, under shadow of a tower so curious and so venerable that we dubbed it the "house of Publius."

One reminiscence of that day was scarcely in keeping with the scene. One of our companions selected as his sketching ground a spot among some ruins, and there discovered—no mare's nest, but a veritable fleas' nest. He was literally covered, and then and there bagged ninety-five! I am bound to add, for the credit of St. Paul's Bay, that our unlucky artist had a monopoly of his active small game.

His day's sport was, however, very poor compared with that of two of our friends, who once rashly sat down to sketch in the Forum, not knowing that some Roman peasants had been airing their bedding on the same spot. They returned home with the conviction of having caught some frightful disease, but it proved to be only three hundred fleas, which were safely captured, while a few more escaped. Somewhat similar advantages are apt to attend a visit to the schools at Cairo!

On our homeward drive, we were struck by a geological feature of considerable interest to the learned. It is what is called "a fault," where part of the land, in far back ages, seems to have settled down in cooling, and to have left the corresponding strata exposed like the side of a long cliff.

I found various very perfect fossil shells at different points of the coast, more especially near Fort Tigne, where the rocks and shore below high-water mark are honeycombed into salt-pans—curious in themselves. The fossil sharks' teeth found on the island are held in great estimation as charms. Part of their value as such depends on their being the gift of three friends to a fourth. They are supposed to bring great luck to the receiver, and in this hope I have carefully preserved those which were bestowed on me. As luck-bringers I confess that I have not found them efficacious; nevertheless, I continue to cherish them as reminiscences of many happy days in Malta.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

AN EPISODE IN HISTORY.*

Few lives have more strikingly exemplified the instability of human affairs and worldly splendour than that of Marie Louise, and the volume the title of which is given in the foot-note cannot be read without interest. Born in 1791, the daughter of the Emperor Francis of Austria and Maria Theresa (daughter of Maria Caroline, Queen of Naples), Marie Louise was educated in the greatest horror of the French Revolution, and the tortures to which her aunt, the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, had been subjected. The humiliation of Austria after the disastrous battles of Austerlitz and Wagram can ill have prepared her to give her hand to Napoleon, and accordingly, when, from motives of State policy and in order to prevent a closer alliance between France and Russia, the question of Marie Louise's marriage was intimated to her, can it be a matter of surprise that her first feeling was that she was being sacrificed, but must obey her father's wish?

Austria at that time was ruined. The hospitals were overflowing with sick and wounded, and the ears of the Viennese were still resounding with the echoes of the cannon of Wagram, when salvoes of artillery announced, not another battle, but a nuptial! Among all the humiliations to which the Emperor Francis was subjected, the greatest was when he, a Roman Catholic Sovereign, gave away his eldest child to Josephine's divorced husband! And who, in 1810, could have predicted the catastrophes which were in store for a man who was then the arbitrator of the world, the invincible hero, and that he would end his days in exile on the solitary shores of St. Helena, whilst his wife was living as the morganatic spouse of the Austrian general, Count Neipperg?

When Napoleon, on the eve of leaving Schönbrunn for Paris on the 12th of October 1809, was about to hold a Review, a young German of the name of Staaps, endeavouring to approach the Emperor, was arrested. A well-sharpened knife was found under his great-coat, and he declared, without hesitation, that it had been his intention to assassinate Napoleon and thus deliver Germany of her greatest enemy. The cool and determined answers he made

* *Les Beaux Jours de l'Impératrice Marie Louise*, par Imbert de Saint Arnaud. E. Dentu, Paris, 1885.

to Napoleon's interrogations produced a profound impression on the Emperor.

Was not that young German the forerunner of those innumerable volunteers who organized the war against France, which they considered in the light of a holy war ?

What so unwelcome to the successful and victorious as the thought of death : death which alone is invincible ! Is it possible that an ignorant madman or vulgar fanatic could, with a common knife, put an end to the greatest hero, the most illustrious warrior, and the most powerful Sovereign of his day ?

Death haunted his path, without, however, reaching him, yet seemed to whisper, Beware ! And the all-powerful Emperor realised that, if he died without a direct heir, his gigantic Empire, the result of his superhuman labours, would speedily crumble away like the empire of Alexander the Great.

Perhaps, when Napoleon slept for the last time at Schönbrunn, he already dreamt of asking for the hand of the young Archduchess ; and when he returned victorious to Fontainebleau, on the 26th of October 1809, the Empress Josephine's sentence was decided, and the immediate result of the battle of Wagram was her divorce.

On the 22nd of November 1809 the Duc de Cadore, then Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris, wrote to the Duc de Vicence, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, to ask whether Napoleon's proposal for the hand of the Emperor Alexander's sister, the Grand Duchess Anne, would be favourably received. An immediate answer was required. At that date messengers took a fortnight to reach St. Petersburg from Paris ; the answer to the despatch of the 22nd had not, consequently, arrived when, on the 30th of November, Napoleon's divorce was finally settled. On the 16th of December Josephine held her last reception at the Tuileries, which she was about to quit for ever. Whilst waiting for their carriages a remarkable conversation took place between Monsieur de Semonville, who was then high in favour at Court, and Monsieur de Floret, one of the secretaries of the Austrian Embassy, in which it transpired that the hand of the Archduchess Marie Louise would not be refused should Napoleon ask for it. This news was at once communicated to the Emperor, and, as the answer from St. Petersburg was delayed, negotiations were broken off, and on the 7th of February 1810 Prince Schwarzenberg signed the contract of marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise at the Tuileries, and a messenger was at once despatched to Vienna. Marie Louise consented with resignation rather than pleasure, and when Count Metternich, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, came to ask her consent, her first question was, "What does my father desire ?"

"The Emperor," answered Metternich, "has ordered me to ask your Imperial Highness's opinion with regard to an event upon which the future of his very existence depends; but do not inquire what the Emperor wishes, tell me frankly what you wish yourself." "I only wish what my duty commands," answered Marie Louise. "When it is a question regarding the welfare of the Empire, you must consult that, and not my will. Beg my father to obey his duties as a Sovereign, without consideration for my personal feelings." When this answer was brought to the Emperor he showed no surprise, but said, "My consent to this marriage will at least secure a few years of peace and prosperity to my unhappy country, which I must employ in endeavouring to heal its wounds. I owe myself wholly to the welfare of my people, and therefore I must not hesitate."

After the serious religious difficulties connected with Napoleon's divorce had been overcome, on the very questionable grounds that the legal formalities of his marriage with Josephine had not been complied with, he was married by procuration to Marie Louise on the 11th March, her uncle, the famous Archduke Charles, representing Napoleon; and the 13th of the same month the new Empress left Vienna for Paris, where she was to join her husband.

The series of magnificent *fêtes* given at Paris on the occasion of the Emperor's marriage terminated by a ball at the Austrian Embassy on the 1st of July, which was to be a marvel of luxury and splendour.

The Embassy was situated in the Chaussée d'Autin, and had formerly been the residence of the Marquise de Montesson, the widow of the Duc d'Orleans, to whom she had been morganatically married.

The preparations for the ball were made with extraordinary magnificence. The ground floor not being spacious enough, a ball-room had been constructed of wood, which was connected to the house by a gallery, also of wood. The ceilings of this gallery were elaborately painted, and both the ball-room and gallery were raised on piles to the height of the ground-floor apartments. An enormous candelabrum was suspended from the ceiling of the ball-room, the sides of which were lighted by lustres attached to the walls. A raised platform was reserved for the members of the Imperial family in the centre of the right-hand side of the ball-room, and opposite the platform a large entrance led to the garden. Behind the platform there was a small room reserved especially for Their Imperial Majesties.

The Ambassador, Prince Schwarzenburg, had staying with him, besides his wife, his brother Joseph and his sister-in-law, Princess

Pauline Schwarzenberg, who came to help him to do the honours of that eventful evening.

Napoleon and Marie Louise arrived at the Gates of Paris from St. Cloud at 9.45 P.M. There they changed carriages, and shortly after 10 o'clock Their Imperial Majesties reached the Embassy, where they were received in due form by the Ambassador, Napoleon wearing the Star and Ribbon of St. Stephen.

The *fête* began. Their Majesties first crossed the concert-room and passed into the garden, where they stopped before the Temple of Apollo. Some singers, representing the Muses, sang a joyous chorus. Napoleon and the Empress then walked on to a cascade; harmonious sounds issued from a subterraneous grotto which led to a vine-clad arbour, ornamented with mirrors, monograms, flowers and wreaths. Then a concert partly German and partly French took place, and Their Imperial Majesties continued to wander about the garden till they came to a Temple of Victory and the muse Clio and Fame, where trumpets pealed, followed by songs of triumph; the whole air was loaded with perfumes burning on golden tripods, and a beautiful ballet was danced on the lawn, which was intended to recall Luxemburg, that favourite resort of Marie Louise's. Their Majesties then returned by the wooden gallery to the ball-room, which by that time contained 1,500 persons.

Midnight struck! Till then all had prospered. The Sovereigns seemed enchanted, the Ambassador was radiant, everyone was extolling the magic scene. The ball opened by a quadrille, which the Queen of Naples danced with Prince Esterhazy, and Prince Eugene Beauharnais with the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg. When the quadrille finished, the Emperor descended from his throne to take a turn in the ball-room, whilst the Empress, the Queen of Westphalia, the Queen of Naples, and the Vice-Queen of Italy remained on the platform. Napoleon was in the act of speaking to the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, who was presenting her daughter to His Imperial Majesty, when all of a sudden the curtains of a window caught fire. Count Dumanoir, one of the Emperor's chamberlains, and several officers tried to pull down the curtain; but in a moment the flames spread, and in less than three minutes the fire, like a train of gunpowder, had reached the ceilings and all the combustible decorations. Count Metternich, who was standing at the foot of the platform, at once informed the Empress of what had occurred, and entreated her to follow him as soon as possible; but the Emperor, who showed as much presence of mind as he did on a field of battle, joined the Empress on the platform and retired with her through the garden, advising everyone to keep calm in order to avoid a crush. Fortunately the

entrances to the ball-room were spacious, and so the greatest number of the guests were able to escape; but, alas! not all. At the moment when the fire burst out a country dance was going on; many young girls were separated from their mothers, who endeavoured to find them, and they their mothers. The air rang with the most awful screams; the tumult was at its height; wives calling their husbands, parents their children.

The officers of the Imperial Guard pressed round Napoleon, and drew their swords; for, at the first moment they suspected treachery, and thought there would be some terrible explosion. Prince Schwarzenberg, who never left the Emperor's side, exclaimed: "I know the construction of the ball-room, and nothing can save that; but the entrances are so numerous there need not be any danger"; adding, "Sire," I would risk my life for you." Napoleon, always followed by the Ambassador, gave no sign of alarm, and, reaching the platform, took the Empress's hand and left with her. The pair crossed the garden, reached their carriage, and drove to the Place Louis XV. There they separated, and, whilst the Empress returned to St. Cloud, the Emperor went back to the Austrian Embassy, where he hoped to arrest the progress of the fire.

The Ambassador, after accompanying Their Imperial Majesties to their carriage, returned to his house, and there what a picture of desolation met his eye! What a heartrending scene, and what an abyss of anguish and horror! The weather had changed, and the sky was charged with electricity. The wind howled in the fragile wooden edifice, which, in a few instants, was completely gutted. The Queen of Westphalia, who had fainted, was saved by Monsieur de Metternich.

The Queen of Naples, Prince Eugene, and his wife remained on the platform. The Queen wished to leave by the principal entrance, through which the Emperor and Empress had taken their departure, but she was so quickly mobbed, she would infallibly have succumbed to the flames, like several other people, but for the assistance of the Grand Duke of Wurzburg, and Marshal Moncay, who seized Her Majesty and made way for her. Prince Eugene, seeing the candelabras fall, and being unable to cross the ball-room, observed a small side door which led to the house, through which he and his wife escaped.

The Ambassador contemplated the havoc, almost stupefied by despair. His wife was brought to him unconscious, but safe; he then perceived his brother, Prince Joseph Schwarzenberg, running like one demented with terror and anxiety, looking everywhere for his wife, the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, whom he was unable to find. What had happened to the unfortunate

mother? At the commencement of the fire her eldest daughter, Eleonor, being out of danger, the Princess ran to save her second girl, Princess Pauline, who was dancing the country dance. They had rapidly reached the steps of the entrance, where the guests were crowded, surrounded by the flames: one instant more and both mother and child would have been saved. All of a sudden a falling beam separated them; the stairs gave way under the pressure of the crowd endeavouring to escape. Perceiving that her child was no longer at her side, the courageous Princess rushed back to the ball-room. What happened then no one knew, but oh, what cruel suspense, what dread and horror! . . The Ambassador's face was bathed in tears.

Napoleon, in the meanwhile, had returned to the Embassy. Directing everything, as he did in time of war, he remained there above two hours, sometimes exposed to pouring rain and sometimes to scorching heat and stifling smoke. Alone, without any of his suite, he tried to prevent the spread of sinister rumours as to the origin of the catastrophe, which might give rise to false reports; and he exhibited the greatest intrepidity and coolness. He did not return to Saint Cloud till towards 4 o'clock in the morning.

After the Empress's arrival [as stated by the valet Constant in his Memoirs] we were all in the greatest alarm. Not a soul in the Palace but was most anxious about the Emperor. At last he arrived in safety, but very much fatigued, his clothes in disorder, and his face scorched; his hands and dress burned and blackened. He went straight to the Empress's apartment, to make sure that she was not the worse for the fright she had had. He then went to his room, and, throwing his hat upon the bed, he threw himself into an arm-chair, exclaiming: "O my God! what a fête!" I remarked that his hands were scorched; he had lost his gloves in the flames. He was profoundly sad, and spoke with an amount of emotion I only saw him evince on two or three occasions in his life, and which he did not display in his own misfortunes. He expressed a fear that the terrible catastrophe that night was a presage of impending misfortunes.

Three years afterwards, during the deplorable Russian campaign, the Emperor was told that the division under Prince Schwarzenberg had been annihilated, and that the Prince himself had perished. The news was false, but when it was brought to the Emperor he exclaimed, as if giving vent to an idea which had preoccupied him for a length of time: "Then it was he who was menaced by the bad omen."

The morning after the ball Napoleon sent his pages early for further particulars. They were disastrous. The Princess de la Leyne had died of her wounds. The life of General Touzart was despaired of, as well as that of his wife and daughter, who actually died in the course of the day. Prince Kourakin, the Russian Ambassador, was seriously injured. Having unfortunately slipped on the stairs which led from the ball-room to the garden

he fell senseless into the flames, which, however, fortunately took no hold of his gold-embroidered uniform, covered with orders, which acted as a cuirass, but he was seriously ill for several months.

The *Moniteur* of the 3rd of July 1810 stated that—

Prince Joseph Schwarzenberg spent the night in looking for his wife, whom he was unable to find either at the Embassy or at Madame de Metternich's. He still hoped against hope, when, at break of day, a body was discovered in the ball-room, which Dr. Gall identified as that of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg. All doubt was ended when her jewels, and a locket she always wore round her neck, were recognized. The Princess was the daughter of the Senator d'Aremberg. She was the mother of eight children, and was as much distinguished by the grace of her person as by the eminent qualities of her mind and heart. The act of heroism and devotion which cost her her life, proved how worthy she was of esteem and admiration; for, as the flames were pouring forth, death stared her in the face, and only a mother would have encountered such a risk.

The *Moniteur* added to this pathetic story that the Austrian Ambassador showed, during the whole of that eventful night, the calmness, activity, and presence of mind which might have been expected by those who knew him. The members of the Embassy and their fellow-countrymen also gave the most signal proofs of courage and devotion. The public fully recognized the Ambassador's merits in accompanying the Emperor and Empress to their carriage whilst his own family was in such imminent danger. The Emperor only retired at 3 in the morning, and sent several times to inquire the fate of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg. It was not till 5 o'clock that the sad news of her death reached St. Cloud. The Empress showed great courage during the night, but when, on awaking, she learnt the lamentable news, she wept bitterly.

The day after the ball Marie Louise wrote a letter to her father, the Emperor Francis, in which she said:—

I did not lose my presence of mind. Prince Schwarzenberg conducted the Emperor and me out of the house, and through the garden. We are the more grateful, as he had left his wife and child in the midst of the burning room. The panic and confusion were awful. If the Grand Duke of Wurzburg had not carried off the Queen of Naples she would have been burnt alive. The Viceroy led away the Vice-queen. None of my ladies were near me, or any of my household. General Lauriston, who adored his wife, was screaming terribly, and interrupted our flight. I was calmer at that moment than when I saw the Emperor return. Caroline (Queen of Naples) and I sat up till 4 in the morning, when he came back, wet through. The Duchesse de Rovigo, my lady-in-waiting, is much shaken, also the Countesses Bucholz and Löwenstein, ladies to the Queen of Westphalia. Lauriston, in saving his wife, who is also a lady-in-waiting, burnt his forehead and hair. Prince Kourakin fainted, and in the general panic he was trodden under foot and carried off half dead. Princess Charles Schwarzenburg, who would not leave till she had seen everyone safe, was much burnt. The poor Ambassador was quite beside himself, although in no way responsible for the catastrophe."

Marie Louise was interrupted whilst writing, and added:—

I have just left the Emperor's room, where I heard the terrible news that Princess Pauline's body has been recovered, calcined. . . . Her diamonds were upon her, and

she wore a locket with the initials of her two daughters, Eleonor and Pauline. . . . I am so upset I can write no more.

The ball at the Austrian Embassy made a sad impression! The remembrance of a calamity which had attended the fêtes at the marriage of Marie Antoinette, forty years previously, was called to mind; and people wondered whether that ball which terminated so sadly, that magnificent room in ruins, and those flaming walls, were not ominous. The Great Empire itself, was it not destined to crumble also? And that fire which burst out so unexpectedly in the middle of a night of joy and triumph, was it not a prediction of a still more terrible fire, the burning of Moscow?

But sad events are soon obliterated, presentiments vanish rapidly. The French Empire was then at such a summit of prosperity and splendour that a passing cloud could not long dim the radiance of the Imperial star. A few days after the catastrophe had occurred it was forgotten. The whole world, even the enemies of France, were dazzled by the extraordinary good fortune of a man whose whole life was stranger and more wonderful than the strangest tale of fiction. So true is it "que le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable!"

The next important event in the life of Marie Louise was the birth of her son, the King of Rome. After some hours of great suffering, the Empress's life being in imminent danger, Dr. Dubois, the physician in attendance, called the Emperor, who was in his bath, and told him he feared he could not save both mother and child. The Emperor then exclaimed, "Do not lose your head—save the mother, think only of her."

After a time of intense suspense and anxiety, the child was born at twenty minutes past 9 on the 20th of March 1811, and at that moment Napoleon reached the zenith of his prosperity. Twenty-one years after, the child whose birth had called forth such pæans of joy and triumph died in exile, 22nd of July 1832, deprived of his kingly title, and was buried, in an Austrian uniform, in the vault of the Capuchin church at Vienna.

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star.

G. Bloomfield.

RURAL TUSCANY.

Among the countries which are the most interesting and celebrated for their agriculture, Tuscany occupies the foremost rank. By reason of the fertility of its soil, the number and nature of its population, and the quality of its products, this highly-favoured land has often attracted the attention and called forth the praise of political economists. As regards the outer aspect of the country, Tuscany has been endowed by Nature with extraordinary multiformity. Few districts of so small an extent have been so unevenly formed. In the north and east are the Apennines, in the interior the narrow valleys and innumerable wooded hills, and in the west and south extensive plains and marshes—three regions which, as regards their exterior, have very little in common. With regard to production, organization of labour, and manners and ideas of the several populations, they are likewise essentially different. It will be interesting, therefore, to examine the agricultural physiognomy of each of these three regions, and afterwards to point out the influence it has exercised on the ethnographical nature of their respective inhabitants.

I.—*The Mountain Region.*

The summits of the Apennines are covered with snow during the greater part of the year, and firs, pines, and larches grow on their uppermost slopes. Further down are huge forests of aspen, beech, and chestnut trees. To the mountaineer the chestnut tree is an object of supreme importance, as it is useful both for timber and vines. Besides, in many districts its fruit, which is partly roasted and partly made into *polenta*, forms one of the chief sources of nourishment. Oaks and cork trees are amongst the principal products of these regions. The swine, vast numbers of which are kept by the great landed proprietors, are fed upon the acorns. The inhabitants of these higher regions are mostly large landed proprietors. The introduction of mining, and the erection of ironworks in several mountain districts, have caused immense injury to the forests, because, for want of coal, it was necessary to consume vegetable fuel for industrial operations. This necessitated

replanting, and, although great pains have been taken to repair the havoc which has been done, the attempt has not succeeded.

The contracts for getting wood are not unlike the system of joint tenure, of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. The contract is a mutual one between the owner of the wood on the one hand and the workmen on the other, the latter of whom have to fell and cut the timber, and construct charcoal piles for burning it. Thousands of people spend the whole of the year in the forest, in the winter occupied with the wood, and in the summer with the preparation of the charcoal, in which they earn daily from two shillings to half-a-crown.

The further we descend, the more land we find under cultivation —more of human labour and less of unsophisticated nature. In the middle portions of the mountain there is more agricultural wealth, more industry, and consequently there are more well-to-do people, and, as there is no limit to the partition of the soil, more small landowners and cultivators. Most of the inhabitants possess a small dwelling and a piece of arable land; and although it is often not much larger than an acre, it is an object of the tenderest solicitude, on which no expense is spared. It is a touching sight to behold these tiny, modest patches, which even Arthur Young, that most ardent upholder of a large landed proprietary, could not regard without admiration. He tells us that the passion for farming is so strong and irresistible that it has sufficed to surmount every obstacle, and to clothe even the rocks with verdure. But this can only be done, he adds, when the rock is the property of the cultivator. Secure him the undisputed possession of a bare stone, and he will convert it into a garden. It was in the Cevennes that Young observed this; and it is the same in all mountain regions where there are small proprietors, as, for instance, in Wurtemberg and Lombardy; but nowhere is it seen to the same extent as in Tuscany. In all that concerns his small enclosure, the peasant will exert himself to the uttermost, and will submit to any privations. These small farms are continually on the increase. They take in a portion of the forest lands year by year, and contribute towards the clearing of the woods.

The hills contain valuable mineral wealth. We find there quarries and mines which were known and explored in the time of the ancients, which lay idle during the first centuries of the Middle Ages, were resumed under the Medici, and again discontinued; and finally, in modern times, have come to be appreciated as they deserve. There we find the marble of Carrara and Scarravezza, the slate of Pomezzana, and the precious stones of Cardoso. Then there are the metals—argentiferous lead, ore of iron, zinc and

antimony, and even mercury mines. Only few of these treasures are now brought to light, but every year new undertakings are being formed with Italian and foreign capital for procuring them. The paper manufacture likewise thrives in these regions; there are about sixty factories, which carry on a large wholesale export trade, and new ones are continually springing up. Numerous streams provide the various industries with impelling power, almost free of cost. All these, it will be seen, are excellent conditions for the prosperity of the country, the elevation of the people, and the progress of enlightenment.

The industries using hydraulic power indirectly afford advantages to the small cultivator. It has its constantly recurring stoppages as well as its regular annual *saison morte*; and the mining and factory operative devotes these seasons to agricultural pursuits, in which all his family take part, inasmuch as the cultivation of their field is with them an affair of state, an honour, and a luxury. The wife frequently wields the spade and scythe, the children collect and carry the manure, each according to his strength and ability furnishing his contingent of zeal and application.

It is a common saying that a small landed proprietary attracts less capital than a large one. In Tuscany this may be understood in a less absolute sense. There the peasant spends a great part of his wages either in enlarging or in beautifying his estate. Everything else is held in subordination to this. Instead of investing his money in savings' banks, the peasant confides it to the fertile earth. The relatively high rate of wages, consequently, is favourable to a small proprietary, which makes the labourer active, industrious, and indefatigable. These are the blessed results of the fortunate alliance of agricultural and industrial labour, which steam is about to drive altogether out of Europe.

II.—*The Hills and Valleys.*

In the interior of the land we have a totally different aspect of nature, a different people, and different agricultural and industrial arrangements. The environs of Florence, Siena, the valley of the Arno, and the Nievole and Chiana valleys, form the heart of Tuscany. There the agricultural institutions, customs, and contracts are most characteristic. Few districts are so naturally fertile and, at the same time, so enriched by human industry and economy. We see there thousands of enclosures covered with the olive and the vine, in the middle of which is a house built of bricks and limestone, lime-washed either yellow or pure white, in which the family reside. The land is divided into innumerable parcels,

and every enclosure forms a square, which, as a rule, is encompassed by poplar or mulberry trees. The olives and vines are scattered here and there about the field. The fields are sown with corn and vegetables, and thus, thanks to the prodigal bounteousness of Nature, the same soil brings forth wheat, wine, and oil.

But, however fertile the soil of Tuscany may be, it is mainly indebted to the hand of man for the rich harvest it yields, to his industry, his indomitable labour, his intelligence and thrift. Its hills and valleys, now so full of gladness, were once wasted by roaring torrents, carrying with them in their headlong course not only the soil, but the detritus of rocks, and, in consequence of the floods, culture was continually rendered more difficult and ungrateful. But the peasantry were taught wisdom by sad experience, and, their faculty of invention having once been awakened, they were not long in devising a remedy against these devastations. Not only did they change the current of the streams, but they so disciplined and subdued them as to transform them into beneficent agents. They built massive walls, they excavated dykes, laid drains, and, in short, applied all the remedies which the state of engineering science, as it existed previous to the time of the Medici, placed within their reach. This immense labyrinth of protective bulwarks and dams, it is true, swallowed up a large amount of capital, but Tuscany was then probably the richest country in Europe, and all the profit which the inhabitants derived from industry and commerce was literally invested in the land.

But although the amount of capital thus invested is so considerable, the physical labour of the Tuscan peasant is anything but light. He profits, no doubt, by the institutions of his ancestors, but he must not only be careful to preserve them intact, he must continually endeavour to improve them. The least want of vigilance on his part might cause the ruin of the entire fabric of hydraulic appliances. Besides, the peasant has a great many other calamities to contend against. The Tuscan wines are the best in Italy, and both the people and the Government have ever made a point of maintaining and increasing their reputation; but the grape disease has for a long time diminished their quantity and deteriorated their quality, the consequence of which is, they have become so dear that only well-to-do people can afford to enjoy them. The olive-tree, also, which forms another valuable resource of the Tuscan peasant, has been threatened with danger for a number of years, which Léonce de Lavergne ascribes to the cooling of the temperature caused by the clearing of the forests, and to the violence of the north winds. Doubts are still enter-

tained respecting the correctness of this view, but Peruzzi and Beaulieu confirm it, and we also incline to the same opinion. On the other hand, it may be regarded as some compensation for this evil that the mulberry-tree, which formerly was little cultivated in Tuscany, is vastly on the increase, and this, by promoting the production of silk, furnishes another source of labour and income to the agricultural and industrial population employed in the manipulation of this valuable textile material.

The interior of Tuscany is the classical land of the *métayage*, or reciprocal tenure, to which we have already alluded. Small proprietors who cultivate their own land are scarcer there than in the mountains, and the few there are can hardly be considered prosperous. We also find a certain number of small proprietors who hold their lands in virtue of an inheritable lease (emphyteusis), or, as it is there called, *contratto di livello*. This kind of fief was formerly very common, and was encouraged by succeeding Governments with a view of checking the territorial enlargement of estates in mortmain. These *livellari*, as such landholders are called, stand in a very precarious position. The minute and uncertain issues of the inferior tillage of the South impose a difficult task upon the peasant, who has neither money nor credit, and who, moreover, requires the produce of the harvest to supply the necessaries of life for himself and his family.

The harvest frequently proves a failure for years in succession, so that the *livellaro* is either driven to desperate expedients, or falls a prey to destitution. In the mountains, where field labour forms only part of the income, and his wages enable the peasant to wait for a favourable harvest, the case is otherwise. But, besides these poor peasants whose sole occupation is agriculture, there is another and a more fortunate class, consisting of those small owners who do not cultivate their own land. As a rule, they are either tradespeople or small merchants carrying on business in towns, who have invested their savings in the purchase of a plot of land, which they let out on the half-produce system. The middle class of Florence prefer this method of investing their money to any other, as they have no confidence in anything but real estate.

The half-profit system—*métayage*, or *mezzeria*—has been in vogue in Tuscany for several centuries. It arose out of the *colonia parziaria* of the ancient Roman Empire. The land was parcelled out for State purposes into a multitude of small plots, and handed over to agricultural families, who received a certain share of the produce, and whose interest it consequently was to make it as productive as possible. The *colonia parziaria* and the *mezzeria*

formerly existed in several European countries, but have now almost disappeared. The latter still preserves a lingering existence in some of the southern districts we have named, but is fast dying out there. It is in Tuscany, as we have already said, that it has taken the deepest root, and where it flourishes most.

The plot of land cultivated by a family on the *mezzeria* system is called a *podere*. As a rule, several *poderi* form a *fattoria*, in the centre of which there is a building containing a warehouse for the produce; rooms for the preparation of oil, flax, wine, and brandy; and the dwelling of the manager (*fattore*). In this way from five or six to sixty or eighty, but more generally about twenty, *poderi* are connected. As a single *podere* consists of from five to twenty acres, a *fattoria* may, as a rule, comprise from 100 to 250 acres.

The *mezzeria* contract is made for a year, and is terminated by giving three months' notice; but such terminations are very rare, as the contracting parties generally remain associated all their lives. The fundamental principle—equal division of products—is generally kept up, but in many places the contract contains a clause which sometimes binds the peasant to defray the entire cost of some particular branch of the farm, and at other times secures to the owner the whole of the crops belonging to some other branch. The cost of the seed is generally on joint account, and the purchase of the cattle, which, according to ancient tradition, devolves entirely upon the owner, is, in many places, equally incumbent on the farmer. All the wages of labour are paid by the farmer, and extraordinary expenses only are defrayed by the owner.

The head of the family which farms a *podere* is called a *cappoccio*, and the wife a *massaja*. The husband superintends the field labour, and the wife looks after the stable and the poultry-yard. The children assist in the work, and on leaving the parental roof, either to get married or to engage in some other occupation, they receive a "partnership portion." All business is transacted in the name of the *cappoccio*, who is in close communication with the landowner, or *padrone*, and *fattore*, or manager.

Down to a recent period the relations between the owner of the land and his partner were exceedingly simple and patriarchal. An account current was kept, showing a balance sometimes in favour of the one, and sometimes in favour of the other. The *padrone* was the banker, no matter whether he had to make advances to the farmer, or simply to act as the custodian of his money. On neither side was the balance subject to interest. The farmer, who disdained to invest his money in anything but real estate, willingly

handed over his savings to the landowner, in return for which he received advances whenever he stood in need of them. The settlements were annual. When one of these joint-farmers died, and left a wife and young children behind him, the family were scarcely ever deprived of the farm; they were allowed to carry it on with the aid of hired farm-labourers (*garzoni*), the owner defraying all the necessary expenses, besides supporting the family and crediting his account with the outlay, which the sons, when grown up, paid off by instalments.

This simple and honest dealing is in great danger of disappearing, partly because the farmer is often unable to repay what he owes to the landlord, and partly also because he is getting more enlightened, and prefers to invest his savings in a way that will bring him interest. Frequent quarrels also now occur in regard to matters connected with the economy of the farm, the farmer, for instance, often opposing the introduction of innovations. In this way, one nail after another is continually being driven into the coffin of the joint farming system. As already shown, the equitable apportionment of the expenses and the profits is not now adhered to with the same regularity as formerly, for not only is the farmer saddled with more labour and more expenses, but he is unable to calculate, as formerly, upon receiving advances from the *padrone*. The system is partly degenerating and partly losing ground, and, as in the district of Lucca, for example, it is being gradually supplanted by a kind of natural tenure, between which and a rent-charge the distance is not very great.

Another circumstance, also, which is contributing to the change that is taking place in agricultural economy is this, that for years back large estates have been constantly springing up where corn and cattle are produced in immense quantities.

Not only is the classical tradition of the *mezzeria* fast disappearing, but the cohesion which formerly existed amongst the rural population is gradually giving way. Formerly it was no uncommon thing to see several families banding themselves together for farming on joint account, a sight which is seldom seen now-a-days. Neither do we see the widows and orphans of the peasantry remaining on the farm, as they used to do. The bond which formerly existed between families of associated farmers, is in process of being broken, also, by the two new classes which are continually increasing in number, viz. the farm-servants (*garzoni*), and the agricultural labourers (*pigionali*).

The hills and valleys of Tuscany are densely populated. Every family counts, on an average, five or six children, and if more than half the children that are born did not die in infancy, the popu-

lation would be enormous. This density of population is easily accounted for. As already shown, the excellent Tuscan agriculture requires great care and perseverance, and demands the constant attention of the whole family, be it ever so numerous, without affording much leisure. Besides keeping the dams and drains in proper repair, there are an immense number of farm duties which require successively to be performed throughout the year, so that a farm of fifteen to twenty acres is sufficient to keep a family in constant occupation. But the intervals of repose are likewise profitably employed, as the men generally occupy them in some handicraft, such as masonry, joiner's work, &c., and the women in the pursuit of domestic industries. There the latter still play an important part, and create a certain degree of well-to-do comfort. The most important branch of domestic industry is the straw hat manufacture. Who is there that is not acquainted with those elegant covers for the head, the so-called "Florentine straw hats"? Even as early as 1812, Lullin de Chateauvieux, an author then residing there, estimated the production at £145,000 to £150,000, since which time these figures have more that quintupled. In recent years the exports have averaged £375,000, and the home consumption amounts at least to as large a sum. The wages of labour absorb 80 per cent. of the price, so that in this article alone the domestic workpeople earn about £600,000 per annum. Generally, the workwoman purchases the raw material herself, and sells the ready-made hats to a dealer, in the same way as the domestic flower-makers sell their flowers ready-made. In this way she can easily earn from seventeen to twenty-two pence a day, and this, be it remarked, is only a subsidiary occupation. The greater part of the straw goods is exported to England and America. A large English house has established itself in Prato which employs several thousand hands in this kind of work the whole year through.

Since the cultivation of the mulberry tree became general in Tuscany, the breeding of silkworms, the winding and weaving of the silk, and all the other manipulations necessary to the manufacture of this valuable textile material form a copious source of income for the women and girls in the country districts. Flax and hemp are likewise woven and spun in the cottages. More than thirty million pounds of flax and a hundred million pounds of hemp are annually produced there. As there are only three mechanical spinning factories occupied with these materials, the manufacture is almost exclusively confined to private hands, and the people have consequently much greater facilities for adding to their income, than in Bohemia, for instance, where mechanical

industry is much more widely extended. Every family makes its own clothes. A country girl, working in hemp and flax, earns, it is true, only about threepence a day; but, under the circumstances existing there, considering the fewness of the wants of an agricultural labourer, and the temperance he carries into all the relations of life, this comparatively small resource is not a thing to be despised.

But nothing is eternal. Even this state of things is undergoing a change. Many large establishments for the manufacture of textile fabrics have already sprung up, against which it is impossible for domestic industry to compete much longer. Thus, impelled by the irresistible spirit of the age, social and industrial transformations combine to alter the position, and to modify the agrarian contracts, of the rural population.

III.—*The Maremmes.*

The third region of Tuscany consists of those wide plains which extend from the south to the sea and the Roman frontier. They are called Maremmes (from the Latin word *maritima*), and present the appearance of an immense desert. The ground is intersected by large undulating elevations. Nature, here left to herself, presents only impenetrable pine, oak, and cork-tree forests, interrupted either by ponds and marshes, or by large open spaces. Further, immense prairies, partly under water, which serve as pasture grounds for sheep, horses, and cattle. These animals, which roam about the desert in a semi-wild state, are under the care of some hundreds of shepherds, who spend only the winter amongst them—this season being the least dangerous, as we shall presently see—whilst in summer they migrate northwards towards the mountains. It is seldom that the herds belong to the owners of the land; as a rule, they are the property of foreigners who contract with them for the right of pasturage.

The climate of the Maremmes, as far as the weather is concerned, is one of the finest in Italy. The heat of summer, as well as the cold of winter, is tempered by the situation of the coast, and a shower of rain suffices to cause the magnificent grass for the cattle to spring up out of the earth as if by magic. The natural fertility of the soil is enormous. Mountain treasures also exist in abundance. The Maremmes may justly lay claim to be numbered amongst those districts which Nature has most munificently endowed with mineral wealth. Some data in reference to this subject will not be out of place here.

Already the Etruscans of ancient Italy opened out a large number of mines which were explored during the first half of the Middle

Ages, and were only given up in the thirteenth century. Amongst the strata opened out in ancient times we may name, for example, the iron, copper, and argentiferous lead mines of Massa Maritima (formerly called Massa Metallorum), the silver veins of Montieri, and the copper mines of Campiglia and Monte Catini. In the Middle Ages Massa was in great repute on account of its copper, which was taken even to the Flanders market, and also on account of its argentiferous leads, from which nearly all the silver for the Tuscan mint was procured. Many of these mines have been restored during the present century, and especially during the last twenty years, and several new ones have been discovered and explored, as, for example, the copper beds of Caponne Vecchi and Valastrucci, the coal mines of Monte Bamboli, and the argentiferous lead mines of Castellaccia. The most brilliant results are obtained in the exploration of copper at La Cava, near Monte Catini, which, for the last forty years, has been carried on by an English company, in whose hands it has developed to an enormous extent, and who export large quantities to England.

But, besides metals, the earth here yields other valuable materials which are of great service to modern industry, such, for instance, as boracic acid, which is converted into borax, and is well known to be of vast importance in the manufacture of glass and earthenware. According to Beaulieu, it was a person named Carderel who first erected several large works in Tuscany, for the production of this material, which have since been much enlarged. From 1818 to 1860 more than 40,000 tons of boracic acid were obtained, and since then its exploration has greatly increased. The entire produce is sent to England, where the demand for it is so great that three times the quantity would be insufficient to supply it. There are also a large number of sulphur beds in the Maremmes, especially at Radicondoli and Scanzano.

If, in spite of all these advantages, this province is now, or was formerly, avoided, the fault is solely to be attributed to the *malaria* so prevalent there.

In ancient times the Maremmes were undoubtedly the most flourishing part of Italy. When the land began to be cultivated by slave labour, the small farmers were driven out, the country was depopulated, and the drainage neglected. Foreign invasions also contributed towards the destruction of the plains. Thus towards the beginning of the Christian era the prosperity of the Maremmes was greatly diminished. The Middle Ages gave them the *coup de grâce*. Civil wars, condottieri, and "grim death" turned them into a desert in the fourteenth century. The frag-

ments detached from the mountains, and the dunes formed by the sea at the mouths of rivers, caused an accumulation and an obstruction of the water, which inundated the land and turned it into a bog. From these, and from other causes which it is not our task here to investigate, but to which we may add the clearing away of the timber from the mountains, arose the deadly and pestilent miasmata and malaria.

As early as the sixteenth century efforts were made to drain the plains. The clever Italian engineers who took part in this work invented the well-known Colmatage system, now become so general. The works began under Cosmos I.: canals were dug and dams erected; but succeeding rulers left the matter in abeyance, and it was only in the latter part of the last century that it was resumed. It was seen that the amelioration must commence with the draining of the lake of Castiglione, and this was done by connecting it with the river Ombrone. By employing the colmatage in this way a series of drainages was accomplished, which rendered many a vitiated plot of land either wholly or for the greater part innocuous, and these drainages are still being continued.

If, on the one hand, the Government either undertook these labours on its own account, or subsidized them, private people, on the other, did not lag behind. On all sides they have opened up new lands, and established immense farms, many of which, especially those between the lake of Castiglione and the river Ombrone, excite astonishment on account of their extent and judicious management. Here the small landowner is unknown; farming on a large scale is the order of the day, and testifies to the truth of what Hippolyte Passy and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu said of them—that it quickly and easily transforms neglected districts into smiling landscapes. The labour season begins on the disappearance of the malaria, that is, after the first autumn showers. Very few of the people who have the management of the farms are permanently settled there, but multitudes of labourers who spend the summer in the Apennines go there and occupy themselves with agriculture during the winter. The industrial labourers and those employed on the mountains in the numerous mines and manufactories of the Maremmes, assisted by their wives and children, get in the harvest, leaving, for the time being, their establishments for that purpose. Their daily pay, which amounts to between two and three shillings, is looked upon as a godsend; but after the harvest, the hospitals of the neighbouring towns are filled with fever-stricken patients. But, generally speaking, the unhealthiness disappears in proportion as culture advances. The permanent staff employed on the various farms also increases

gradually, and a great number of those who only go to the Maremmes during the cold season settle there altogether. It may be said that the increase of population and of opulence go hand in hand.

Mining and manufactures, which are a powerful aid to agriculture, have for the greater part contributed to this state of things. We have already spoken of the mineral wealth ; the most important of the industrial occupations is the borax manufacture, which disposes of its whole produce to England, and the alabaster manufactories of Volterra, which furnish employment to more than 1,200 hands, and export their produce to Russia, India, China, and the United States. The rise of manufactures is rapid, and is destined to alter entirely the appearance of the country, and to impress upon it a new and specific physiognomy. At the same time there is no more effectual support for agriculture than that which is furnished by large industrial operations. They people the deserts with inhabitants, and take away from them their insalubrity. They attract the immigrant by the wages they pay, and by that means create a large demand and a home market for agricultural produce, whilst at the same time, when needful, the staff employed in them renders great assistance in field labours. However neglected a district may be, and however much behindhand in its cultivation, no sooner does manufacturing industry make its appearance there, but its beneficent effects are immediately made manifest in increased culture and production. As regards the Maremmes more especially, their future is assured, and is destined to become important. Malaria is unable to maintain its ground in the presence of industrial and agricultural civilization, and nature is being rehabilitated in all its pristine beauty and luxuriance.

IV.—*Ethnographical.*

Notwithstanding the difference in language and costume, the mountain inhabitants of most countries, in consequence of the identity of climate and occupation, appear to bear the same stamp of customs and ideas, and universally to resemble each other in the principal features of their social physiognomy. Therefore, in order to determine the national character of the people of Tuscany, we must leave the higher regions and betake ourselves to the hills and valleys, where we can best study the influence which the organization of labour exercises on the national character.

What strikes us most in the rural population of the interior of Tuscany is the uniformity of their lot, and of their lives. Elsewhere in the country there are various degrees amongst the

peasantry; there are rich, poor, and well-to-do. But here we find no such gradations. The agricultural class is equally removed from wealth and poverty; it occupies the medium position of a modest and industrious competency. The prevalence of small holdings, and the existence of the system of joint tenure are incompatible with any other state of things. With a piece of land of such small dimensions it would be difficult to save any considerable sum, and no less difficult to invest what might be saved in such a way as to become rich. Financial speculations are out of the question, for the peasant has neither time, nor intelligence, nor ability to enable him to engage in them. He is so wanting in enterprise, as we have already seen, that he has not even the spirit to place his money out at interest, but if he is a small holder he employs it in improving his farm, or, if he is a joint occupier, he hands it over to his *padrone*. The material stagnation, therefore, in which he is sunk is inherent in the nature of the agricultural system, and is easily explained.

But if the system has this disadvantage, that under it the peasant is unable to raise himself above a certain level, it possesses, on the other hand, the merit of affording him great security, satisfaction, and freedom from anxiety. Generation succeeds generation on the same estate. The people are neither ambitious nor troubled about the future. They live in the present, without giving themselves a thought beyond. Their physiognomy and their habits and customs bear the stamp of contentment, which neither fears to fall nor hopes to rise. They are industrious and temperate. All that they require in the way of food is wheaten bread; in the higher regions substituted by polenta of chestnuts, or maize, onions, vegetables, fruit, cheese of sheeps or goat's milk, and *minestra* (a kind of soup consisting of salt and water containing either vermicelli or oatmeal balls). Except on festive occasions they never taste animal food (except milk or cheese), and as to wine, they rarely drink it, more especially as the native wines, as we have already said, are rather dear at present. They are a little more particular as regards dress. The women, even of the humblest households, would consider themselves badly off without their silk dress, their jewellery, and their fine straw hats. As regards their morality, it may be said that they are not over straightlaced; nevertheless they are not unchaste. Their outer life is intimately bound up with the Church. The holidays furnish opportunities for meetings and amusements. In every house we meet with pictures of saints, and at the entrance to every stable there is an image of St. Anthony. Without including Sundays, there are thirteen special festivals in the year, which are celebrated

by High Mass and a total cessation from labour; and twenty-five half-holidays on which only Mass is said, and work is continued as usual. These festivals, along with the Sundays, make ninety days which are more or less devoted to religion; to which have to be added the "nine-day devotions," and the processions, which are often held even on work-day evenings. Families also assemble after meals in order to say their prayers and count their beads.

But manufacturing industry, and the alterations in the organization of agricultural labour, begin sadly to interfere with these patriarchal customs. The manufactories are unable to stand so many holidays. Another disturbing element is furnished by the continually increasing class of the *pigionali*, who have other customs, aims, and ideas; they sell their services to occupiers who are beginning to farm on a large scale, or who want to put more land under cultivation, to the State, and to municipal bodies for the furtherance of public works. The remissness of former times in matters of this kind is amply made up for now. Streets and roads are being made, canals dug, forests cleared and brought under cultivation, drains laid and waterworks erected, in accomplishing which the services of the *pigionali* are especially valuable. This class, which possesses neither stability nor cohesion, is a decomposing element in the midst of a hereditary rural population. It interferes with its habits and inclinations, and propagates pauperism and demoralization, although Peruzzi's complaints on this subject appear to us to be exaggerated. The religious customs and political views and family traditions which have hitherto prevailed, have no doubt been endangered by the sudden development of this class of labourers.

Another circumstance calculated to disturb the equality which has hitherto prevailed amongst the Tuscan peasantry, is furnished by a number of the joint occupiers of the valley region, who have united their savings in order to invest them in trade. They purchase corn, oil, wine, and other articles, which they sell again when there is a rise in the prices. Enterprise, jobbing, and speculation have penetrated even into these once peaceful abodes. Peasants are becoming rich; a thing which never happened of yore. The once compact body of the agricultural population is being gradually dissolved. The first to detach themselves were the *pigionali*, with their uncertain and precarious existence, and to them succeed the trading, speculating peasants, who, as they become rich, gradually throw off their native simplicity, and rid themselves of their stagnant ideas.

The political occurrences in which Italy has played her part during the present century, have not less contributed to its

material and social transformation. Many of the institutions which exercised great influence on the ethnographical physiognomy of the people have disappeared. The institution of the *Code Napoléon*, for instance, has completely altered the laws relating to inheritance, and made it more difficult to uphold the integrity of ancestral property than it was before. The relations between the people and the clergy have been modified, the functions of the latter appertaining to civil registration having devolved into secular hands, so that the rural population, although they may be more than ever attached to their priests, are much less dependent upon them. The grants of public money made to girls on the occasion of their marriage by governments and communes, and other venerable and poetical customs which have been handed down, are sacrificed to the levelling spirit of the age. Until within a very recent period things were not over bright in the country with respect to education. There were few schools, and the few there were were generally too remote to be of service; and, besides, there was no taste for learning on the part of the peasantry. Private teachers went from house to house, giving instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a very cheap rate (1d. to 1½d. per hour). These "teachers" were mostly hawkers, who disposed of their wares at the same time as they gave their lessons, so that we can easily imagine what the instruction they gave was worth. Now there is a large number of district schools in which instruction is given gratis; and the parents are all the more eager to send their children there as, with the progress of manufacturing industry, a sense of the advantages of knowledge is awakened in their minds.

Let us shift the scene to the Maremmes where, as we have seen, there are neither small holdings nor economy. The great majority of the inhabitants consists of industrial workmen and agricultural labourers, and often, according to the season of the year, the functions of both are united in the same person. There we find nothing either picturesque or patriarchal. Poetical customs and old traditions have no place there. Religious sentiment is weaker, political convictions are stronger, the bond between the various classes is not nearly so firm, and the social relations are stiffer. The people dwell in villages or hamlets, and their habits are less stable. They have more independent notions. The contrasts of wealth and rank are sharper and of more frequent occurrence. The intercourse with towns is livelier. The thirst for knowledge is more ardent, and both industrial and agricultural employers manifest a more laudable endeavour to cultivate the minds of their workpeople. They have made large sacrifices in erecting schools

for both sexes, in which reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, music, and the arts are taught. They establish savings banks and give wedding portions to the daughters of their employés.

Thus we have seen that the ethnographical condition of the Tuscan rural population is intimately connected with the agricultural and industrial physiognomy of that province. The ancient primitive relations are changing. Everywhere in Europe the same industrial and agricultural processes, the same civil laws, the same distribution of products, and the same agrarian contracts are coming into repute. As Beaulieu remarks: "The rural population, which appeared to be the most strongly fortified against the invasion of modern manners and customs, is now besieged by them on all sides."

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

THE FUTURE OF IRELAND.

The Government of Lord Salisbury has betaken itself, with praiseworthy promptness, to the task of dealing with social disorder in Ireland. The labour is no slight one, and will not be crowned with success all at once. In parts of the island the instruments of our power have been almost completely destroyed; the landed gentry have been well-nigh ruined, and the law-abiding classes have lost their authority; and a tendency in this direction may be generally seen, except in certain districts of Ulster and Leinster. Concurrently with this, the National League has become, so to speak, the recognized organ of the large majority of the Irish people; it has gathered within its sphere, and made active, the immense masses of disaffection and treason, of lawlessness, social discontent, and disorder always to be found in the Irish community, and it is, at present, sustained by a collection of forces more formidable than have ever been mustered in the cause of Irish disloyalty and dislike of our rule. Originally springing from the hatred felt by the peasantry towards the settlement of the land, it has become the creature of the Parnellite faction, and, upheld as it is by large aids from abroad, backed by the immense influence of the Catholic priesthood, supreme in many centres of local authority, with ramifications in almost every parish, and subsidizing a Press of the true Jacobin type, it wields despotic power over a large part of Ireland, and, in fact, forms a kind of illegal Government, superseding or weakening that of the Queen. It domineers over Irish politics, and makes its presence felt in many social relations, and it promises the spoils of Communistic anarchy to the different classes which obey its mandates, while it terrorises those who oppose its tyranny. The land, however, remains the chief sphere of its action, and, in its avowed purpose to destroy landlords, it carries out a system of vile appeals to greed, combined with revolting and subtle oppression. The payment of rent is proscribed or discouraged; attempts are made to fix the rate of rent, and to regulate contracts connected with land; and the peasant is informed that, if he will persevere, he will obtain his farm at the "prairie value," and ultimately acquire the freehold for nothing. In order, however, to injure his landlord, and to keep up a discontented class, he is forbidden to sell the goodwill of his holding, however desirous he may be to do so; he

is enjoined not to avail himself of the protection given by the recent Land Act; he is told not to venture to purchase his land under Lord Ashbourne's Act of 1885; and woe betide him if he should attempt to occupy the vacant place of an evicted tenant! Courts are regularly held throughout the country to carry out this barbarous "unwritten law," of which the tendency obviously is to destroy property in land, and to keep it out of commerce; and they enforce their decrees by what is called "boycotting," a social ostracism of the most fearful kind. Nor is this the only sanction of the commands of the League; its power is now so complete that it scarcely needs to resort to its secret pains and penalties, but, as is well known, it keeps in reserve the terrible machinery of violence and crime, of widespread outrage and savage mob rule which marked the Reign of Terror of 1880–81.

Such is the existing state of Ireland; and the Southern Provinces, it must be added, are tainted with disaffection to the core, while the "Irish Party" in the House of Commons are, in Mr. Bright's language, a "party of rebels." Grave, nevertheless, as the situation is, it may be improved, if not wholly changed, by patient, firm, and judicious statesmanship. Something may be effected by simply eschewing the policy of weakness with which Mr. Gladstone has debauched the nation. Let Irishmen be distinctly told that England will not repeal the Union, that agitation will not serve their turn, and that Englishmen refuse to abandon provinces to barbarians, like the degenerate Romans, and a change will pass over Irish opinion: the Parnellite following will, doubtless, clamour; but the mass of the people will become quiescent. Resolute administration, too, will accomplish much; if the magistracy are encouraged to vindicate the law, if the police are upheld in their arduous duties, if Government is determined to rule, disorder and lawlessness will be kept down; and the Irish Celt, as is always the case, will readily yield to unbending power. As we shall endeavour to show hereafter, the landed gentry—the leading class, to which we must look for support in Ireland—may have their position greatly bettered, without the least encroachment on their dependants' rights; and this single change will give full confidence to the whole body of loyal men in Ireland. The first task of a statesmen, however, at present, must be to cripple the power of the National League, an *Imperium in Imperio*, which defies the State, and thwarts the influences of order, of law, and of Government. This confederacy, we assert, is distinctly illegal, whatever technical pedants may say; it is a general conspiracy against our rule in Ireland, and against the whole order of owners of land; it would have been summarily suppressed in the days of Pitt: and Lord Salisbury would have

the same right to suppress it, as Mr. Gladstone had to suppress the Land League. But the National League has been recognized by Mr. Gladstone as a legitimate power; it has become dominant in large parts of Ireland; it abstains, for the present, from deeds of blood; to put it down by an act of the Government would, in these times, savour of a *coup d'état*; to arrest its leaders and to bring them to trial, would probably end in a failure of justice; and, for these reasons, we deprecate an attempt to overthrow it by any single effort.

A less daring but a wiser policy ought, we think, to be carried out in this matter. The National League should be attacked in detail; where its proceedings are clearly breaches of the law, they should be prosecuted with unflinching sternness; and as its ordinary practices are, no doubt, offences, the law would certainly triumph after a patient struggle, and the monster would be either scotched or killed. The holding, therefore, of local League Courts —an act bordering on high treason—attempts to regulate landed agreements by terror, the intimidation of landlords and tenants, the defamation of the "Nationalist" Press, and, above all, "boycotting," in its various forms, should be dealt with as what they are—crimes; and the adjudication of these should, in the first instance, be entrusted to the ordinary tribunals of the land. If Irish juries, however, through fear or sympathy, should disregard their duty and refuse to convict, in circumstances where there was proof of guilt, the substantive law should not, indeed, be altered, but courts invested with summary powers should be substituted for those which had betrayed their trust; and the result would be that, before very long, the League would be struck in its vital parts, and would be reduced to comparative impotence. It is unnecessary to point out that a mere change in procedure, like that suggested by us, would not be, in any sense, "coercion"—that much-abused term which, however, raises questions, if possible not to be at present raised. The strengthening the operation of the common law is not an exceptional repressive measure, and cannot be so deemed by the most scrupulous Radical. Should, however, the League, in what, we believe, would be its death struggle with the power of the State, have recourse to its methods of anarchic violence; should it encourage outrages, and declare for "no rent," a case for a renewed Crimes Act would be plainly made out, though no one is more opposed than we are to making "the medicine of the Constitution its daily bread."

The restoration of the supremacy of law in Ireland should be the first aim of our policy. This should be accompanied, however, by remedial measures, where a real necessity exists for these, especially if remedial measures will probably conduce to the para-

mount object; and this, we submit, is true statesmanship, spite of Gladstonian sneers at the "judicious mixture." Though not so defective as it seems to theorists, the system of Local Government which prevails in Ireland is restricted and rests on a narrow basis; and there is a general opinion among moderate men that it ought to be extended and made more popular. Distinctions, however, must here be drawn, sometimes overlooked by those who forget the true limits of local and central authority. It is absolutely essential, in our judgment, that everywhere, and, above all, in Ireland, the Central Government should control the administration of law and justice; it should appoint judicial officers and magistrates; it should rule such a force as the Irish police, a national army in all but the name; and it should possess a directing and restraining power over the great majority of local bodies. A change in its composition is the only remedy, if there be a real grievance, under these conditions; and certainly in Ireland the Central Government ought to be more largely in the hands of Irishmen, though we doubt if the change would make it less disliked. In Ireland, however, the Central Government has occupied, to a very great extent, what ought to be, in a well-ordered State, the natural domain of local authority; and in this matter reform is needed, even though, at first, it should lead to abuses. The Central Government—that is, the Castle or the Treasury—through a series of Boards, directs the whole system of Primary Education, of Fisheries, and of Public Works in Ireland; a narrow and bureaucratic *régime*, composed largely of non-Irish elements, is absolute in these great Departments; and the people have literally no voice, or influence, in concerns of the first importance to them, which especially belong to local authority. That authority, too, is much circumscribed, and is wholly deprived of a popular aspect, in another matter of the highest interest. With the one exception of Poor Law business the administration of the affairs of counties is, in the main, in the hands of Grand Juries, that is, of the single class of landlords; and here, too, the middle and humbler classes are unrepresented, and possess no power. We might add that the franchise of corporate towns is more limited in Ireland than it is with us, though this grievance is of a very minor kind.

These anomalies are held up to the world as proofs of the misgovernment of Ireland by England. They are due, however, to very different causes; to the absence of a middle class in Ireland trained in administration and habits of business, and to the large subventions made by the Treasury in aid of the local wants of the country, which gives the Central Government a right of interference. A reform, however, has become necessary; and the

management of Irish local affairs must be placed on a more popular footing, though we contemplate the proposed change with misgivings. The administration of Primary Education in Ireland —the present system having been remodelled on principles we shall point out afterwards—of the Board of Works, and of the Fishery Board, will have to be transferred from the Central Government Boards to Local Bodies in each county; and a similar transfer from the Grand Juries will have to take place in County Government. The Local Bodies, which we shall designate as County Boards, should be largely elective, and nominated by the ratepayers in each county; and, as the affairs which they would manage would, in many instances, extend beyond the narrow areas of separate counties, a Central Council, composed of delegates from the County Boards, should be formed in Dublin, to regulate matters of this general kind. As this reform, however, would place nearly all the local administration of the country in the hands of Local Bodies of a popular type, effectual precautions must be taken to prevent abuses like those which have made Irish Poor Law management of late years a by-word; and the whole system should be under the control and superintendence of the Central Government. As securities we propose that the local rates to be levied by the County Boards should fall on the whole body of the ratepayers, and not, as now, on one part only; that the Treasury should be empowered, under certain conditions, to withhold subventions from a County Board convicted of waste or neglect of duty; and, above all, that in every County Board, and in the Chief Metropolitan Council, there should be a just representation of the owners of Property. As for the rights reserved for the Central Government, the Local Government Board should, as at present, have a general power of supervising the system of local administration in its various parts; and it should have a check on the proceedings of the County Boards, and even, we think, of the National Council, as it now has on that of Poor Law Boards of Guardians. As the Local Government Board, however, under this arrangement, would become a body of extreme importance, it should be differently constituted from what it is now; it should be in part elective, this division of it being appointed by the National Council, and in part nominated by the Central Government; and its President, we suggest, should be a distinguished lawyer, for its legal business would be immense and difficult. An appeal from the Local Government Board, on all legal questions, ought, we believe, to run to the High Court of Appeal, and from thence, as usual, to the House of Lords. For the rest, and as a kind of supplement, legislation on Private Bills in Ireland might be entrusted to the Irish Privy Council, subject to confirmation by the

Imperial Parliament, a change which would avoid expense; and Irish municipal franchise might be assimilated to our own, though this, we have said, is a trifling matter.

The reform of which we have traced the outline, would remove the defects which at present exist in the system of Irish Local Government; would give the people of Ireland a very large share in the management of their local affairs; and would provide, to a considerable extent at least, against jobbery, mal-administration, and attacks on Property. That the new system would not at first work smoothly, that there would be some confusion, disorder, waste, we think in the highest degree probable; and, unquestionably, it would be denounced and scoffed at, as illusory, by the Parnellite Party. But it would confer an immense benefit on the middle and lower classes in Ireland, by enabling them to take an important part in the matters in which they are most concerned; it would, in some measure, allay popular feeling irritated and made sore by their being excluded from a just privilege; and a sense of responsibility, and judicious conduct, would, we trust, follow the acquisition of power. As for Parnellite protests, we need not mind them; the very best measure will be certainly condemned by a party which thrives on disorder and strife; and if the reform be wise, we ought to adopt it. It will be, however, urged that no concession of mere local government, however popular, will satisfy the "National" feeling of Ireland, this being a main argument for a separate Parliament. But the feeling of Protestant and Teutonic Ireland, and of a large minority of Irish Catholics, is decisively for close relations with England, and that of Catholic and Celtic Ireland is not "National" in any real sense; it is clannish, and prone to personal rule; it is rather that of the tribesman towards his chief, than that of the citizen towards the State and the Law. To gratify this sentiment—and it should not be despised—the Sovereign, or at least a Prince of the Blood, should reside a part of each year in Ireland; and Parliament, we think, should hold a session in Dublin at certain intervals of time. We are not blind to the difficulties of this; but more than one statesman has approved the project; and the advantages would be many and fruitful. We cordially agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith, one of our wisest thinkers on the Irish Question:—

"One great political grievance the Irish have, and they will not be satisfied until it is redressed. Craving, most of all people, for objects of personal attachment, they have never seen those by whom they were governed. Constitutional liberties and privileges, to their hearts, are cold comforts in the absence of a chief; they ought to see both the Sovereign and the Parliament. To hold one or two short sessions of Parliament at Dublin would be

very inconvenient, no doubt, but it would satisfy, as nothing else will satisfy, the craving for a Parliament in College Green. The Parliament in College Green before the Union is a strange object of wistful regret for Catholic Ireland. It was a Parliament of exclusion as well as of corruption and factious violence. It did nothing for the people; yet there is a not unnatural longing for something in its place. Let the Parliament of the Union present itself to the eyes of the Irish people; then, and not till then, they will understand that boons bestowed on them are the gifts of Parliament, and not the gifts of Mr. Parnell."

A large and bold reform is expedient, too, in another department of the affairs of Ireland. A change in Primary Irish Education, we have said, and in its principles, ought to be made; and the whole system of Irish education, in truth, awaits the amending hand of the statesman. The Duke of Argyll has justly said that, in this province, we have not considered the most treasured sympathies of the Irish people; and the results are, in many respects, unfortunate. Irish Primary Education, or as it is called, the National System, has passed through all kinds of changes in the last fifty years; and it is now a denominational system, in fact, with a conscience clause of a very injurious tendency. After long, and vain, efforts to combine within them the young of the different creeds of Ireland, the National Schools have become sectarian; they are simply Protestant or Catholic schools; and the hope of an intermixture may be dismissed as idle. But the conscience clause forbids the teaching in them of the doctrines of any peculiar Church; a school of Protestant children cannot be brought up in the tenets of the Protestant faith; a school of Catholic children must not see a Catholic emblem within their room, or listen to a word of Catholic ritual; and the deepest aspirations of the Irish heart are thus treated with contempt in order to maintain a theory opposed to the national sentiment. The consequences have been exceedingly bad: the National Schools, indeed, spread over the country, but they do not possess the confidence of Irish parents, or of the clergy of a single Church; a spirit of religion does not pervade them; and, notwithstanding prodigal grants by the State, they have failed to bring up the young of Ireland in the fear of God, and in social duty, or even to impart sound and thorough learning. The system, in fact, is partly responsible for the socialistic and most immoral views which prevail throughout many parts of the island; and the National School teachers, it is notorious, are Parnellites, and even Fenians, in numerous instances. A system like this should be transformed; and, in any case, it could not be maintained under a scheme of popular Local Government, such as that of which we

have traced the lines. Irish Primary Education, we contend, ought to be denominational to all intents; in schools practically of different creeds, it should be made lawful to teach the doctrines of the religion to which the pupils belong; and the clergy of all the Churches should be encouraged to join in a work especially incumbent on them. Were this change made, the National System would be brought into accord with Irish sympathies; it would become, what it is not at present, a popular, flourishing, and a Christian system; and Irish parents would contribute to the charge of schools, with respect to which, under existing conditions, the State could not venture to levy a rate. As for Intermediate Education in Ireland, the system due in the main to Lord Cairns, and in force for some years, works reasonably well; but it ought, we think, to receive larger support than it actually does from Imperial funds. The subject of Higher Education remains; and we shall not attempt to conceal our opinion that having regard to Catholic needs, and to the existence of Trinity College—an institution, whatever may be said, essentially of a Protestant type—the Catholic University ought to be established, and to obtain a sufficient endowment from the State. It may be impossible to accomplish this; but a measure of the kind would be only justice; it would be consonant with the Irish policy of Pitt; and it would probably, in some degree, weaken the evil alliance of the Catholic Church of Ireland with the Parnellite faction—an alliance unnatural and really hollow, which statesmen should spare no pains to break up.

We turn to the important question of the land, the deepest source of disorder in Ireland, the vantage-ground from which attacks are made by a rebellious set of men against our rule and our power. The Irish land system is fairly sound in a great part of Ulster, and even of Leinster; rents in these districts are reasonably well paid, and, despite the efforts of the National League, the relation of landlord and tenant is not hostile. Undoubtedly, however, in many counties, especially in the south and west, the landed classes are almost at war; the National League is supreme in them, and there is a strike against rent and landed contracts. Nor will anyone deny that evil memories of ancient conquest, confiscation, and wrong cling round the Irish land system, as a whole; and these were aggravated, until quite recently, by grave and deep-seated economic mischiefs. But all that was most distinctly peccant in Irish land tenure has been removed by the great Land Act of 1881, and, though we are not blind to the many evils which have flowed from that remarkable measure, it was, we think, a wise and most useful reform. That law cannot, indeed, eradicate the feeling against the settlement of the land, an

inherited tradition of the Celtic peasantry fanned of late by agitation to a flame, nor can it bring relief to indigent masses squatted on patches of soil in hopeless poverty. But it effectually protects the tenant right of Ulster; it prevents the three great wrongs of the old mode of tenure, insecurity, rack-rents, raising rent on improvements, and confiscating the property of tenants in this way; and though we believe it requires amendment, and it is severely tried in these times of depression, it has conferred benefits on the Irish tenant-farmer unknown to his class in England and Scotland. In these circumstances, it is simply monstrous to listen to the cry against Irish landlords malevolently raised for the worst purposes by the Parnellites and the National League, and our policy should be to take our stand on the recent settlement of 1881, to improve the law, where there is room for improvement, but firmly to uphold the just rights of Property, and to make the position of the Irish landlords—the best friends we possess in Ireland—more secure and tolerable than it is at present. Under certain conditions, we think leaseholders ought to obtain the benefits of the recent Statute; like yearly tenants, they ought to have a right to apply to the Land Courts to adjust their rents; and it is, in truth, unjust in the highest degree to draw distinctions between these classes of tenants. By this amendment a grievance felt by a large body of tenants would be redressed; and as it is advisable, on many grounds, to make tenures in Ireland more stable than they are, encouragement should be given to fine down rents, and, subject to them, to create perpetual tenures. In short, an effort should be made to bring all tenancies within the new law, and care should be taken to extend its privileges of fair rent, fixed tenure, and free sale of the land, by every means that can be called legitimate. In consideration, however, of concessions like these, the power of the landlord to recover his rent and to enforce his contracts should be greatly increased; his present remedies are feeble, costly, tedious; and the result would be gained by extending the law of bankruptcy, worked by cheap local tribunals, to defaulting tenants of all kinds. We are convinced, too, that the State should consider the question of charges on Irish land; it has largely reduced rents through the Act of 1881, and, as a matter of justice, and still more of policy, it ought to make advances to Irish landlords to pay off incumbrances at a low rate of interest—the security being, of course, approved—and thus it would assist a class the preservation of which is of no small importance to our highest interests.

Measures of this kind would promote the interests of the Irish landlords and tenants alike. We have reached another branch of this Land Question, which has scarcely received the attention it

requires. The Home Rule Bill, as is well known, was supplemented by a wild project, declared to be "inseparable" from it, which pledged at once the credit of the State to the extent of £50,000,000, in the first instance, in order to buy out Irish landlords, and to place tenants in their stead as owners. An equally mischievous and absurd scheme has been seldom presented to the House of Commons. It was not only that the Bill offered a gigantic bribe, with a veiled menace; that it would have shaken the Funds and the Money Market; and that, as, under an Irish Parliament, the landlords could not have retained their estates, the £50,000,000 must have been enlarged to £250,000,000 at least, if justice was to be done to the class, the general taxpayer being made liable for this portentous and almost certain charge. The measure would have had an even worse result; it would have broken the backbone of the Irish loyalists by driving from the country their natural leaders; it would have been an act of flagrant moral wrong; and it would have been, and have been recognized as, England's surrender to a mere rebel faction. For several reasons, however, it has become advisable to create a class of tenant landowners in Ireland, though the change should not have the "magical effect" anticipated by Mill and writers of his type. Many incumbered landlords will be compelled to sell; just now tenants alone will buy, though the restoration of order and law will doubtless reopen the market for land; and the conversion of occupiers into proprietors may establish a Conservative power in Ireland, as has been the case in other parts of Europe. The process, however, ought to be slow and tentative: all that should be done is to extend gradually the operation of the Act of 1885, which enables tenants to buy their farms, the State advancing the whole fund needed, at the rate of £5,000,000 as a first instalment, and landlords and tenants should be left to adjust the terms of purchase, in the natural way, by agreement, not through the agency of the State. Nevertheless, improve as we may the system of Irish tenure, we remain confronted by the worst difficulty of the land question. A million, at least, of the people of Ireland are miserable cottagers, clinging to the soil, yet scarcely able to eke out existence, even though their plots of land were rent free. How to deal with this mass is a most serious problem. Should the country improve, some good will result; but we shall not withhold our own opinion, that emigration, conducted by the State, affords the wisest and best solution. Such a measure, doubtless, would be denounced by the "Irish Party," for the National League recruits from this class its forces of crime; and it would be opposed, on other grounds, by a majority of the Catholic priesthood. The experiment, however, might, we think, be made; and, notwith-

standing Mr. Morley's phrase of "manacles and Manitoba," a bad jingle of words, we believe it would prove a blessing to Ireland. For the rest, Irish landlords would do well to deal with these poor peasants in a considerate way; the frequent evictions of this wretched class have made many Englishmen forget the wrong and dishonesty of the movement against rent in Ireland.

The policy we have advocated with respect to Ireland is not heroic, and may appear timid; but it fulfils, we believe, the demands of justice. It offers to Irishmen as large a measure of liberty as they can fairly claim; it would remove some defects in government and administration; and it would deal thoroughly and generously with the land question. Pass measures like these, and the Irish people would have at least as ample Constitutional rights as England and Scotland enjoy at present; and in some respects they would possess privileges, especially as regards the settlement of the land, which exist in no other part of the kingdom. The restoration, however, of order and law is, we repeat, the first need of Ireland. Nothing will have been done, nothing can be attempted, in the way of reform, until we shall have reached this end; and things will proceed from bad to worse, and the country will drift into a hopeless state, should anarchy and lawlessness continue to prevail. The happy result may, we trust, be attained by patient and kindly, but strong, government, unyielding to faction, and superior to fear; and when Ireland shall have been freed from evils, as "terrible as those of famine and pestilence," in Lord Beaconsfield's memorable words, a liberal and statesman-like policy for her will bear rich and beneficent fruit. The improvement of the country must be, however, slow; the people have been so spoiled and demoralized by mischievous agitation only too successful, by feeble concession to terror and clamour, and by vacillation in the very seat of our power, that time is required to effect a change, and years must elapse before we can hope to see a contented and prosperous Ireland. Nevertheless, what is well begun is already half done. Lord Salisbury has a great opportunity, and his Government, we trust, will accomplish much in the noble work of pacifying a land connected with us by the closest ties, and which must always remain a part of the Empire.

An Irishman.

CORRESPONDENCE.

What Ireland Needs.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Will you allow me to demur as to one of the cures recommended in a "Candid Conservative's" most admirable article in your August number?

The writer says, "It is high time that English statesmanship should treat the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, as elsewhere, with perfect fairness." To this all men agree. But he goes on: "If the Roman Catholics of Ireland wish to have a Roman Catholic University, let them have it—for have we not Anglican and Nonconformist Universities?—under due guarantees, it is unnecessary to say, for its secular efficiency." Now we have, in Dublin, Trinity College, in which every advantage, emolument, and station are open to all. In it our judges, and eminent barristers and physicians of the Romish Communion have been educated. For their own advantage Trinity College, Dublin, should be open to them. There they are educated in common with others, and receive the best instruction that the age affords. If there was a Roman Catholic University their youth would be compelled to resort to it. What its training would be, being in the hands of ecclesiastics alone, may well be imagined. Oscott and other schools in England must not be referred to. The cases are not alike. Whilst Fenianism and bitterness against England are inculcated here, loyalty is taught in the English Schools. The *Tablet* shows this; whereas the *Nation*, *United Ireland*, and the *Weekly News*, as well as the *Freeman's Journal*, teach us what youth would learn in an Irish Roman Catholic University. Whoever would see how diametrically opposed are English and Irish clerics as to politics, has but to read the diatribes which *United Ireland* launches against the *Tablet*, whose owner is Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, and which is the organ of the Cardinals and the Episcopate in England. If you would have all the sons of our better classes of that Communion brought up in the narrowness and political prejudices of Irish Romanism, all you have to do is to encourage the setting up a University, in which

their clergy will compel them to reside, and receive their mental and political, as well as their religious, training. But—

2. He says: "If the Roman Catholics of Ireland desire to have a system of Denominational Primary Education, again, I say, let them have it; for have we not got it in Great Britain?" Now, Gentlemen, I thought that your endowed education in England was undenominational. Of course, a "Candid Conservative" speaks of State schools, and not of those supported by subscribers. I have no objection to State schools being denominational in large cities, where each communion would have its own; but, in country parts, where Church children are few, there would be a difficulty in finding the requisite number to entitle a school to a grant. In such cases, the Priests' school would be the only one. Other children must go there to learn Romanism, or they must grow up wholly uneducated, and, therefore, unable to compete for situations in the Police, the Excise, and other branches of State employment. At present we have National Schools in all parts of the kingdom, wherein conscience is respected and proselytizing prevented. If such schools as a "Candid Conservative" recommends were set up as the only places of education, all the children in our remote parts would be brought up in the principles of Fenianism, hostility to England, and boycotting. Things are bad enough now; but this change would open the floodgates, and American Republicanism would swallow all the youth of the rising generation. These schools would do, for the poor of all communions, what the proposed University would do for the better ranks of the Romish population.

To those who remember the promises and stipulations, when each relaxation was made in the Composition, Emancipation, the National System of Education, the Irish Church Spoliation, the various Land Bills, it is sad to read what the writer says, comparing it with facts. "It is mortifying," he says, "beyond words to have to feel, more especially for those to whom it is no new discovery, that disaffection in Ireland would long since have perished of inanition had we, by a just and generous treatment, encouraged in the Irish Priesthood that sentiment of loyalty which is so congenial to all Roman Catholics." All I can do is to compare this with what is the feeling of the Irish Priesthood, that nothing will go right here till every heretic is swept out of the country. This is my experience. The writer only speaks of what he sees in England.

3. The writer would have one of the Royal Family reside here. He must be content to wait till "God save the Queen" ceases to be hissed as a party tune. At present the presence of a Prince would lead only to such scenes as were witnessed when the Prince of Wales was in Cork. Wholesome food must be deferred till the constitution is in a state to receive it. A Royal Prince would now be welcomed much as the

Duke of Cumberland would have been if he had gone down to live in Holyrood House after the battle of Culloden.

4. One word more. The state of Belfast affords a good opportunity for a firm, impartial enforcement of the law—let it be called coercion, or by any other name that faction can invent.

I regret that I have had to point out one or two blemishes in as admirable an article, and as seasonable, as any that I have ever met with.

Charles Corsthwaite, Can. and V. G. of Kildare.

P.S.—As black flags were put up when the Prince of Wales went to Cork, so, when Lord Aberdeen made his triumphal departure, the streets were full of American, French, and disloyal Irish flags, but not a single Union Jack or ensign of England was to be seen! Had the Priesthood no hand in this? Do they encourage treason? If they are powerless to prevent it, what would be gained by making them the sole directors of the nation's education?

Irish Industrial Schools.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

I wish to offer some remarks on this subject in connection with an article in a former number. I write from personal observation, having visited many of the Industrial schools in Ireland, both those for boys and for girls. In some of my visits I had the great advantage of the personal guidance of Sir John Lentoigne, the Chief Inspector of the department.

I am strongly convinced that these schools confer great benefits upon Ireland, and I think that any alterations which may be desirable in their operations should be in the way of extension and not of curtailment. We must not judge of the operations of these schools by the standards which we apply in England to similar institutions. The conditions of the two portions of the kingdom are so different that the same rules will not apply.

In Ireland no system of compulsory education exists, and the proportion of untaught and destitute children is much greater than in England. By the last census 53 per cent. of the children of Ireland were not attending any school, and there are always more than ten thousand children in the Irish workhouses, besides a very large number outside of them who are on the verge of destitution.

It is true (as stated by Mr. Liddell) that these schools are regarded as "State-aided homes" for destitute children rather than as penitentiaries

for the reformation of criminals, and that a sharp line of demarcation exists between the Reformatories and the Industrial Schools, the former being used for the reformation of juvenile offenders against the law, the latter carefully preserved from criminal taint. Sad, indeed, would it be for the destitute poor, if these institutions did not exist, and if this distinction were not observed. If evasions of the strict letter of the law do occur sometimes in granting admittance to the schools, it is happy for the country that the spirit of charity can and does allow such evasions. They are not sufficiently numerous to become an abuse, and they often open the door of rescue to children doomed by various causes to misery or death, besides providing a home for those who are suffering from acute poverty or parental neglect.

The statement of Mr. Liddell, that these schools benefit largely by the "energy and organization of the Roman Catholic Church," is correct, and, I may add, these powerful motives are capable of being used to a greater extent, under proper regulations, than at present. The idea that these schools are, or may be, used for proselytizing purposes may be dismissed as ground up. I made careful inquiries on this head, and found that no such practice prevails in the Roman Catholic Schools; and I am not aware that it does in those conducted by the Protestants.

If, then, we regard these schools not as institutions for the reformation of crime (though they form a powerful agency for its prevention) but as homes for the destitute, in which are combined sound moral training in their own creed, good scholastic education, and, last but not least, skilful industrial and technical teaching (and, let me add, these are the only technical schools for the poor which exist in Ireland), we shall see what an important bearing they have upon the question now about to assume the greatest importance among remedies for Irish grievances, the development of the industries of the country, and the industrial training of the people. The question really to be solved is this: How can the system of training pursued at these schools be extended so as to bring all the destitute poor within reach of its benefits, without being an excessive strain upon the national exchequer or the local rates?

The work which these schools are effecting in Ireland is but little known in England. Mr. Liddell's article deals with many points of detail in their treatment, and of some necessary alterations, but does not go far into the spirit of charity, on the one hand, which has called them into existence, nor into the sound judgment and practical skill by which their operations are directed and their great success secured. To my mind, these schools are among the most hopeful signs of civilization and progress in Ireland, and, though at present they are few and far between, the results which (in their limited sphere) they achieve are harbingers of renewed prosperity for the country, and certain proofs

that the poorest, most destitute, and most neglected children of the country may, by a proper system of instruction, become worthy and useful members of society.

To those who visit them they open up a vista of self-denying zeal and arduous work in the cause of instruction and reformation. Ladies of gentle birth, who have renounced the pleasures of the world, are found devoting their lives to the training and instruction of thousands of poor girls, who would otherwise be outcasts. Men of high ability give themselves up to the same work among the boys. They pass through a course of training to fit themselves for the employment, and devote their talents and their lives to the noble work. To some it is a work of supervision and guidance, to others of scholastic teaching; to some of hard manual labour, domestic industry, or technical skill.

At the great school of Artane, near Dublin, you will find a brother with his shirt-sleeves turned up, covered with flour like a miller, kneading bread for the household, and imparting a knowledge of the baking craft to a score of young boys, who will certainly go off to be bakers when he has done with them. Another brother, with his posse of boys, will be off to the farm, and others to the workshops, where, with the aid of steam power, twenty or more useful trades are taught. The whole place is alive with industry; work and instruction everywhere; and the most perfect discipline and willing obedience to their teachers on the part of the 800 boys. And so in many other schools throughout the country, in which (if not so large or so highly organized as Artane) the same system of training is pursued.

With regard to the schools for girls, a similar system prevails, adapted to female wants and industries, such as laundry work, cooking, confectionery, lace-making, embroidery, &c. I recommend travellers interested in the welfare of Ireland to visit some of these schools. They will find a hearty welcome, whether among the Christian brothers or the reverend mothers and sisters, and, after seeing the good work done at such schools as Artane (for boys), and Merrion (for girls), both close to Dublin, they will cease to wonder at the desire of parents to place their children within these precincts.

I have seen miserable outcasts taken from the streets of Dublin and committed to one or other of these schools, and I could not but feel that it must be a "heaven upon earth" to them to pass from the wretchedness of gutter life to the bright and cheerful homes prepared for them by the charity and self-denial of the managers of the industrial schools.

Mr. Liddell alludes to the "spacious play-rooms for the children, sometimes constructed for the possibility of theatricals," "marble lavatories," &c. He might have added the musical performances of the blind inmates at Merrion, who play concerted pieces to the destitute

children whilst at their daily work in the schoolrooms, these in their turn waiting upon and tending the blind; the brass and stringed bands at the boys' schools, from which have issued experienced musicians; the excellent sanitary arrangements of the schoolrooms and dormitories; the lofty and commodious workshops at Artane and other schools; the washhouses and laundries of some of the convent schools; and to the attempts (not hitherto very successful) of the managers to obtain a market in Ireland for the surplus products of their industries.

From these allusions to a few features of the schools, it will, I hope, be clear to my readers that we must regard them as something in advance of our English ideas of industrial schools, and that it would be a cruel thing to Ireland to lower the standard to our level.

By all means (if necessary) have another grade of schools for young criminals, such as that at Kilmore, but let us recognize in what has been effected in the industrial schools a higher work, viz. the establishment of a basis for a sound system of industrial training for the poor of Ireland, a large proportion of whom now receive no education whatever, unless it be that scanty and precarious instruction which they get when necessity compels them to become inmates of that hated institution the workhouse.

No notice of these schools is complete without awarding to Sir John Lentoigne an acknowledgment for the part he has taken in bringing them and the reformatories to their present state of efficiency. At a time of life when most men seek repose from work, he is ever at his post—whether at his office in Dublin or at some remote school in the wilds of Connemara—aiding every effort of the managers to increase the efficiency of the schools, and to raise the standard of practical instruction in the system. There is no man in Ireland who has done a better work for the poor than he has, and to him is due a large share of the praise which must be given for the results which have been achieved by the reformatories and industrial schools of Ireland—results which, I believe, are destined to be more fully appreciated when more widely known than they are at present.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

ALFRED HARRIS.

Kirkby Lonsdale,

August 1886.

The Tiree Crofters.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

The Highland crofter, from some curiously inherent element of romance, is very apt to be lifted out of the prosaic treatment accorded to those in like circumstances. The land of mountain and flood probably gives him part of her witchery. He has been dowered, too, with a certain aptitude for long-suffering, if much of what his friends say is to be believed. Thus it is that his story has been sung with more than the perfervid sagacity of his race, and the same principle actuated the marks of sympathy shown at Glasgow to the prisoners in the recent disturbances at Tiree. In the throb of sentiment, it is a good deal overlooked that these men are the prisoners of the law, and that they should be treated as subjects of its justice.

Any demonstration of the kind seems particularly erratic in connection with the Tiree crofter; in regard to the whole question, which draws notice at present to the Scottish Highlands, this island may be taken as an effective example of how far the crofter is in the wrong in these unmannerly outbursts. In the present instance, of course, an attack has not been made on the landlord's property, but on the possessions of one of themselves. But what fragment of excuse is there for any such movement? What support, indeed, except the tedious history of alleged oppression, for the appreciation the crofter's case sometimes receives? The facts of the position seen throughout undoubtedly show that the crofter has an eye to business, and that he lacks not the sophistry whereby to make the most out of his circumstances. It is scarcely needful to point out that his entire contention on the subject of land is based on misrepresentation. Apart from the imbecility of land agitators, there is no support for his plea against the landlords. The croft is a modern institution, as modern in its character as any other tenant-farm; it dates only from the end of last century, and had no place in the feudal system. Then there are the much-cherished horrors of the evictions. Have these one tithe of the enormity with which they are burdened by the crofter's advocates? Have they, moreover, any bearing on the aspect of affairs? They belong chronologically, and in part actually, to the kindred of the "bogey," and have no right to be admitted into decent argument. The crofter has certainly suffered, but he has chiefly his circumstances and himself to blame; the landlord has had more than his share of rebuke.

In Tiree this unfairness is distinctly proved. The crofting, at a very early stage, fell into the grievous quagmire of subdivisions; as an instance of this, sixty-nine crofters rented a farm which had formerly but

one tenant. A report in the year 1802 shows that there were 319 crofts so small that, even under better management, they were inadequate to support a family; the wretched husbandry made it still less possible. Emigration was then successfully tried. Till 1812 the kelp trade was sufficiently remunerative, but in another ten years it had almost vanished, and the produce of the island scarcely sufficed for the maintenance of the increased population. From that time till now the history of the island has centred in the landlord's endeavours for the improvement of the crofters' condition, and the present Duke of Argyll has played his part with signal energy and judiciousness. The task has been, without doubt, expensive, as well as hard. The actual state of the crofting at the present moment, however, testifies to the great service done. The croft of infinitesimal value has been done away with to a wide extent. In 1881 there were only 34 crofts below £5, whereas in 1846 there were 218; and, with the existence of a rational scale of farming, the small tenant has not been unjustly used. Much is also done in subsidiary ways for the encouragement of the tenants. In short, the unvarnished evidence in regard to the crofter question, as seen in Tiree, points unmistakably to the unselfish excellence of the Highland proprietor. Sentimentalism is especially unjust and uncalled for in the pampering of the recent rioters; however great the difficulties of the whole question, it is an unusually illogical feature of the land agitation.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

A Scotchman.

The Indian Civil Service.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Among subjects calling for early inquiry by a Royal or Parliamentary Commission on Indian Administration, is the system of appointment to what is known as "the Covenanted Civil Service." Thrown open to competition some thirty years ago, and then intended to supply almost all the officials but those selected from among the commissioned ranks of the army, the service has altered its character without losing its importance. Many of the posts once reserved, by law or custom, for its members, are now open to native Indians; and the process can hardly be supposed to have reached its utmost limit. Nevertheless, the qualifications of the reduced number ought to be higher, if anything, than when all administration was open to the imported service. In those days it hardly mattered if there were a minority of incompetent men; the best would rise; but to those who

did not rise would remain the work that demanded no great ability, the humble path of district routine. In future, it may be, the few Covenanted Civilians who are sent out to India from this country will be exclusively reserved for the higher sphere of duty, in which diplomatic skill and statesmanly habits of mind will be essential to success. It would be well to know how far the rules and practices obtaining in H.M.'s Commission Office are calculated to produce such men.

In the "special instructions," issued by the Commissioners for the current year, is a list of subjects of examination against which serious objections have been brought. Take the undue prominence, for instance, which is assigned to Oriental languages. The study of the classical tongues of the East is probably held, by those whose theories have given shape to the curriculum, to be a valuable element in the formation of sympathetic characters, prone to share the feelings and pursuits of the people. Has this ever been tested in practice; has it been ascertained who are the most useful, the most justly distinguished, the most respected and influential, of Anglo-Indian rulers? It would, perhaps, be found that such men scarcely knew a line of the "Black Classics," proficiency in which was confined to a set of dilettante specialists, who either never came out of "the ruck," or who, if they did, were often flung aside after a short trial. Who—beyond the charmed circle of scholarship—has ever heard of John Muir? who considers William Hay Macnaghten a great Indian statesman? On the other hand, small were the linguistic accomplishments of a Lawrence, a Metcalfe, or a Frere. As to the vernaculars, here is what the Commissioners proclaim as their motto and guiding doctrine: "We consider that, at the 'final examination' no amount of proficiency in other subjects should be accepted as compensating for deficiency in this essential qualification." Whereas this extract from the Thirteenth Report will be found in practice an obvious fallacy; modern languages are better learned in six months of life among the people who use them than in two years of theoretical study in England. All that the future Indian statesman can possible need, in that direction, is a good grounding in the principal spoken tongue of his province, with Sanskrit and Arabic optional alternative subjects for those whose tastes led them to that field of scholarship. On the contrary, the "other subjects" so cavalierly disposed of include mathematics, law, history, geography, and political economy, indispensable, or nearly so; for a due study of which two years must be all too short, and which, if not learned in youth, and before leaving Europe, are never likely to be properly acquired afterwards.

Many other flaws in the programme could be pointed out. The young men are very unlikely to be judicially employed; here and there one may become a judge, but will never have to administer Nisi Prius law or

charge a civil jury; yet among the obligatory subjects occur reports of civil causes tried by special and common juries. On the other hand, no reference is made to moral or athletic training during the decisive two years.

Lord Salisbury, when, under another title, he presided over the India Office, complained that the service produced many administrators but few statesmen. From Sir Louis Jackson (*National Review*, Vol. ii. No. 3) we learn that the service has deteriorated, rather than improved, in recent times. Is it any wonder, when the preparation is thus mismanaged by the Commissioners?

When one comes to the question, How all this is to be corrected, one is met with great difficulty. Since the new system was introduced a generation has passed, and in that lapse of time vested interests have grown up, which have begun to affect the question; and a sort of educational machinery and, as it were, intellectual "plant," has been created, which it will be hard to clear away so as to make room for any substitutes. Nothing, probably, will do this but an unbiassed and intelligent collection of facts, and a healthy excitement of public opinion. All that can be now done is to indicate the subject as one awaiting official investigation.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

H. G. Keene.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 44.—OCTOBER, 1886.

ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN POWERS.

That running political sore, known to the world as the Eastern Question, has of late opened afresh; and, unless the application of old or new styptics should avail to close it, it threatens once again to involve the European body politic in the gravest dangers. Though no new peril, it seems to have found the public mind imperfectly informed as to its real nature, and utterly at sea as to the precautions a wise statesmanship should adopt to avert or confront it. Possibly, the very industry of the public press, and of the press of England more especially, in striving to keep its readers duly informed as to the last ostensible phase of opinion in foreign Cabinets and foreign communities, tends to confuse the public judgment, which, thus overburthened with shifting details, loses sight of the permanent and unchanging elements of the problem. It will, therefore, not be amiss to recall what these permanent and unchangeable elements are; since, in the long run, the nature of things always proves stronger than artificial arrangements or the most ingenious speculations.

Only eight years separate us from the date of the Congress of Berlin; yet many persons approach the Eastern Question to-day in complete forgetfulness of its occurrence, its origin, and its results. The Congress of Berlin was summoned for the purpose of preserving the equilibrium of Europe, imperilled by the Preliminaries of San Stefano. Had these Preliminaries been matured into a Treaty of Peace between Russia and Turkey, there would have existed, south of the Danube, a large Slavonic State under the immediate tutelage of Russia, that would have menaced what little the Preliminaries proposed to leave intact of the Ottoman Empire in Europe. There would have been called into existence what was then familiarly spoken of as a Big Bulgaria; and within this Big Bulgaria, as far as the least timid and least fanciful statesmanship could foresee, the influence of Russia would have been paramount.

It was this consideration that caused England and Austria to insist on a complete revision of the territorial arrangements sketched by the Preliminaries of San Stefano, and on the separation of Bulgaria proper from Eastern Roumelia. Whether England had any real and solid interest in pursuing that course, or whether it was a gratuitous and foolish adoption of responsibility that ought to have devolved on others if on anyone, we shall see more clearly before we get to the end of our enquiry. But it is necessary to recall the fact that, only eight years ago, Lord Beaconsfield, whom most Englishmen now regard as a Statesman of much penetration, assisted by Lord Salisbury, who appears to be regarded by his countrymen as the best judge and ablest defender of their Foreign interests, were prepared to pledge England, in conjunction with Austria, to a war with Russia, rather than allow a Bulgaria to be created whose southern limits should extend down to Adrianople, and which would almost infallibly have been under the domination, direct or indirect, of Russia. When Lord Beaconsfield drew a line with his finger along the Balkan range, and saying, "England draws the line there," rose from his chair and quitted the room in which the Congress was being held, Prince Bismarck characteristically observed, "There goes a Man!" The observation did not necessarily involve any approval of the policy. But it implied that England had a Prime Minister who could make up his mind clearly and resolutely regarding a great issue, and commit his country to the dread arbitrament of war, unless by peaceful firmness he could carry his point.

Many persons have seen in the attitude maintained by the English Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin not an instance of far-seeing resolution but a piece of whimsical obstinacy; and they find confirmation of this view in the singularly elastic and, as they allege, unreal character of the provision made for the separation of the two Provinces. Most of all, the stipulation assigning to Turkey the right to fortify the Balkan Passes, has been regarded as a proof of the hollowness of the arrangement in defence of which England and Austria were prepared to incur the cost and risks of war.

The persons who have urged these objections to the work of the Congress of Berlin would be less disposed to do so if they were better acquainted with the chief object and the habitual methods of diplomacy. Diplomatists, at least, those who understand their business, are models of patience, and attach the greatest importance to gaining time, and to putting off as long as possible the logical and violent solution of perilous controversies. At the date of the Preliminaries of San Stefano, the question they had to ask

themselves was how a European War was to be avoided, yet how Russia was to be got out of the Balkan Peninsula, in which her victories had for the moment established her. In order to attain these two objects, the best plan seemed to be to withdraw all the territory south of the Balkans entirely from her influence, and lest, possibly, north of the Balkans Russian influence should be firmly and permanently established as the result of Turkey's ineffectual resistance during the war then just concluded, to stipulate that the Sultan should, in case of necessity, have the right of fortifying and defending the Balkan Passes against any assailant. It does not at all follow, because Turkey has never to this day exercised the right thus reserved to her, that the reservation was insincere or worthless. England and Austria were well content to wait and see what happened in Bulgaria; and, as a fact, within three years of the ratification of the Treaty of Berlin, affairs in Bulgaria began to assume a complexion which rendered it unnecessary to urge on the Sultan the exercise of his treaty rights in the Balkans. The Russian Occupation had been brought to a close within the period stipulated for its termination; and a Prince was seated on the throne of Bulgaria who, notwithstanding the fact that he was at that date a *persona gratissima* to the Russian Government, might conceivably educate both the Bulgarians and himself to feel that the best thing which could happen to Bulgaria would be an independent career of its own.

If I have briefly recalled these circumstances, it is in order to remind people of what they are at present somewhat disposed to forget, that the separation of Eastern Roumelia from Bulgaria, and the reservation of the right to the Sultan of fortifying the Balkan Passes, were conceived by England and Austria with the object of providing the best barrier then possible against the future approach of Russia to Constantinople, consistently with the immediate preservation of peace; and that these arrangements had the sanction and support of the "Honest Broker" of Berlin, and likewise of France and Italy.

How, then, was it, many people have asked, that when, on the 18th of September 1885, a Revolution broke out in Philippopolis having for its object the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria, no active opposition was offered by any of the Powers, except Russia, and that England, to all appearance, lent a warm diplomatic countenance to the movement? Recent events have somewhat discredited the action of English diplomacy on that occasion; but the motives that must have underlain it are not unintelligible. To press for the separation of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia at a time when Russian troops were still in both Provinces, and when no man could say to what extent they would be brought permanently under

Russian influence, and to encourage their union when the Russian army had departed, and when both Provinces had manifested an independent and national spirit, are courses neither incompatible nor inconsistent with each other. The object in each case is obviously the same, viz. to bar Russia's road southward; it is only the means that differ. Could a Bulgaria that included Eastern Roumelia be erected into a practically independent State, with its own Civil Administration, its own Army, and its own instinct of national existence, the best imaginable barrier would have been erected against the standing menace of Russia's designs, as far as Europe is concerned.

The opportunity of bringing about that situation was unquestionably offered to the European Powers after the attack of Servia upon Bulgaria at the close of last year had so ignominiously failed, and the Bulgarians and Roumelians felt with pride that their Nationality had been baptized in blood on the victorious field of Slivnitza. Raised in their own esteem by a triumphant campaign, in which the whole world expected them to be worsted, they became peculiarly proud, moreover, of the Ruler who had taught them the secret of victory.

How is it that the chance of finding a solution for the long-standing Eastern Question which would have protected Turkey and contented the aspirations of the Bulgarians, has been thrown away, and that the situation is now again little better than it was on the morrow of the withdrawal of the Russian Army of Occupation? The answer to that question will be found in an enquiry into the relation of the European Powers to each other, and into the main object which each of them has in view, independently of the secondary objects they may bear in mind as best calculated to further their central purpose.

The Imperial Unification of Germany, under the Sceptre of the House of Hohenzollern, was one of the most natural, the most legitimate, and most satisfactory events in the modern history of Europe. But just as was the cause, and great as was the triumph, of Prussia and her allies in the struggle so unscrupulously provoked by France, it is not credible that Prince Bismarck did not foresee that the Unity of the Fatherland thus secured would remain precarious unless Germany was prepared to endure for an indefinite period even something more than the ordinary burden and penalties of greatness. The position of Germany geographically and politically is singularly vulnerable. On one side of her is France, on the other side of her is Russia. Even in ordinary circumstances such a situation would be full of danger; but the rooted hostility and rancour of one of these formidable neighbours, never to be appeased save by the reversal

of the verdict of 1870, necessarily add enormously to the peril. Upon this point Prince Bismarck never deceived himself. The fine inflicted on France at the conclusion of the war would have been heavier still had his views prevailed without qualification, and Count Moltke rather understated than exaggerated the position when he reminded his countrymen that they would have to live for fifty years with their hands on their sword-hilts. It is probable, however, that not even Prince Bismarck foresaw that France would, in a military sense, recover so rapidly from her disasters; and had the Imperial Chancellor had his own way unchecked, he would have summoned France in 1875 either to disarm, or to confront the consequences of refusal. It is significant that the Emperor of Russia, the father of the present Czar, should have wished the world in general, and France in particular, to believe that Russia had no little to do with averting from France the threatened stroke.

Since 1875 France has made gigantic strides in the development and organization of her military strength; and though the best judges entertain no doubt that France would not yet prove a match for Germany in an exclusive duel, she is a sufficiently powerful rival to trouble the calculations and materially to influence German policy. Indeed, the one main pre-occupation of German statesmanship, as far as foreign policy is concerned, is so to arrange its relations with other Powers that none of them shall ever join hands with France in a campaign against Germany, and that, if possible, one or other of them shall be found at Germany's side, should France ever think herself strong enough to strike a blow for the recovery of Elsass and Lothringen and the humiliation of the Fatherland.

Bearing these facts steadily in mind, we have to ask what has Prince Bismarck done to avert from Germany the dangers here indicated. It was open to him to enter into a close Alliance with Russia; but had he done so, he would have alienated Austria, England, Italy, and Turkey; and while Russia pursued her own selfish schemes, Germany would have been exposed to the enmity of a host of powerful foes. Such a course was not to be thought of; and most statesmen, having recognized its impossibility, would have passed on to the conclusion that he need not concern himself to cultivate peculiarly amiable relations with that Power. But Prince Bismarck is far too dexterous a diplomatist to be caught in the toils of two such alternatives, and without contracting an alliance with Russia, he has conducted himself so as to render its policy innocuous to Germany. The task is a difficult one; but, so far, it has not proved too great for his resources. Hitherto, the Alliance between Germany and

Austria, which is explicit and definite, has enabled him to bridle the impatience of Russian ambition by pointing out, at each critical moment, that excellent as are the relations of Germany and Russia, Germany cannot in decency countenance, much less second, schemes that would be detrimental to Austria; and thus Prince Bismarck protects Germany against Muscovite ambition, while pretending that it is only Austria that is being protected. In a word, the policy of Germany, as regards Russia, is to give Russia as much freedom of action as is indispensable for the maintenance of good relations with that Power, but no more freedom of action than is necessary for the welfare of Germany, and of those States on whose permanent friendship Germany can rely more closely and more confidently.

The main object of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, though it seems to have caused perplexity to many observers, is simple and fixed. It may be expressed in the simple formula, to keep things as they are, *quieta non movere*, or, as Englishmen say, to let sleeping dogs lie. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is so complex, so artificially composed, and kept together with so much difficulty—it is only fair to add, likewise, with so much ability—that any shock that can be avoided must necessarily be deprecated by the Cabinet of Vienna. It has so far found, and still hopes to find, adequate protection against sudden convulsions in its close alliance with the Cabinet of Berlin. But for the moderating influence exercised by Germany over Russia, Russia would long since have embarked in adventures that would have compelled Austria to draw the sword; and it is long since Austria has drawn the sword with advantage to itself. But, in order to reap the requisite benefit from the moderating influence exercised by Germany over Russia, Austrian Statesmen must be prepared ever and anon to make concessions to Russian restlessness that are not in themselves altogether palatable. From time to time we hear that Austria would be content to see Russia firmly established in Bulgaria, if she herself could advance to Salonica, after incorporating in her Empire, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Novi-Bazar. But this is not the policy of Austria, but rather the policy some persons suggest to Austria, in order to ascertain whether Austria can be persuaded to adopt it. I have too profound a respect for the sagacity of Austrian statesmanship to believe that the course proposed would ever be embraced by them, save in the last instance, and as a desperate resource. The policy of Austria, the main object of Austria, is to do nothing, and to induce others to desist from doing anything that might compel her to deviate from her own masterly inactivity. But there are limits beyond which the passive attitude of Austria-Hungary could not be relied on.

Though willing, at the instigation of Germany, to be exceedingly patient and forbearing towards Russia, the Government of Francis Joseph II. could not, and would not, suffer peaceably the solid and lasting establishment of Russian authority south of the Danube, much less a direct Russian attack upon Constantinople. It certainly would not do so, if it found allies in resisting either of those dangers. It might conceivably act alone rather than allow them to pass unchallenged. But that is a contingency too improbable to be worth dwelling on.

If we ask ourselves what is the central purpose of the policy of France, there is no one who can experience any difficulty in answering the question. It is to resume her military and political primacy on the Continent of Europe, forfeited by the disastrous conflict with Germany; to establish herself more firmly in Madagascar; to retain her footing in Cochin-China; and, still more, to compel England to evacuate Egypt: these are aims to which France is not indifferent, and to which she devotes a certain amount of her attention. But as wounded self-love, no less than material self-interest, enters into her desire to extend her frontiers to the Rhine and to compel Germany to recognize once more her military superiority, France would eagerly forget those somewhat fantastic claims, if thereby the recollection of Sedan and its sequel could be obliterated from her mind.

It might have been thought that a powerful nation, with a single-minded purpose, would have advanced in some degree, during the space of fifteen years, towards its fulfilment. It is a proof of the extraordinary absence of ability with which France has been governed during that period, that, if we except the efforts made to provide herself with an imposing army, no progress whatever has been made towards improving her position in the world. French statesmen seem to have vied with each other in making enemies for their country, and in alienating from France the goodwill of other Powers. Each French Government in turn has laboured, though with absolute want of success, to traverse the aims and embarrass the policy of England; and were England a less long-suffering Power than it is, the relations between the two countries might have been very seriously affected. The idiotic adventure in Tunis, which has not in the smallest degree increased either the offensive or the defensive power of France, aroused the suspicions of Turkey, and has permanently embittered the feelings of Italy. The reception given in Paris to King Alfonso, and the protection now afforded to Spanish Republican refugees, have caused Spaniards to look upon France as the worst of neighbours. Towards Russia, the attitude of France has been too uncertain to be of any value or significance; and whenever it

seemed as though the statesmen of Paris and St. Petersburg were getting too intimate, a breath from Berlin has been enough to blow down the fantastic structure of a Franco-Russian Alliance. Had the French State Republic devoted itself quietly but consistently to acquiring the confidence and goodwill of England, Italy, Spain, and Turkey, France would at this moment have had warm friends that might conceivably, in time, have become her allies. I am not regretting that this result has not been brought about. I am merely indicating the perverse incapacity with which France has for many years conducted her foreign policy. It has been a spasmodic policy, inspired by mortified and restless vanity. But he would be greatly deceiving himself who fancied that, underneath all this folly, there does not exist in the minds of the French people a fixed and irrevocable determination to be avenged on Germany.

If ever a nation ought to have been satisfied with its good fortune, ought to have lived on its past success, and to have desisted from foreign enterprises of pith and moment, that nation is Italy. From the moment Rome became its Capital, Italy had nothing either to desire or to fear outside its territorial boundaries. Unhappily for the Italians, their Rulers listened to the promptings of ambition and to the suggestions of Prince Bismarck, and resolved to have an Army and a Navy worthy of a Great Power. What they hope to gain by them, it is not easy to say. It is all very well for Germany to hint that it does not care for friends or allies who are not strong. But why should Italy be the friend and ally of Germany? Is it in order that it may thereby be debarred from trying to snatch from Austria the Alpine territories it professes to regard as naturally belonging to it? Neither Austria nor France has the faintest desire to attack Italy; Austria because it desires to attack no one; France, because it desires to attack Germany, not Italy. The Foreign Policy of Italy must still be described as a "*pour-boire*" policy. Italy will side, in the event of a European War, with those Powers from which it thinks it will obtain the handsomest *buonamano*. But surely the Italians must perceive that their good understanding with Germany, so long as it lasts, must prevent them from attacking Austria, Germany's ally. Perhaps their calculation is that the moment will arrive when, by offering to fight side by side with Germany and Austria, the latter will be induced to surrender them the Trentino, or that, by offering to fight side by side with France, France will restore to them Savoy and Nice. This last is a most unlikely occurrence; and as for Austria giving up Trieste, that is out of the question. But the fact remains that the central aim of the Foreign Policy of Italy, in so far as can be understood by

anyone, is to maintain a large Army and a large Navy in order that, at an auspicious moment, their services may be sold to the highest bidder.

There remain the policy and aims of Russia to be considered ; and these can be stated in very few words, since they are notorious and they never change. Russia continues to aspire to the possession of Constantinople, together with the advantages such possession would confer on her; and, meanwhile, she seeks to keep open every road that may conduct her thither. Her activity in Central Asia is maintained chiefly with the object of inducing England to turn its undivided attention to the defence of its Indian Empire, and to desist from co-operating with any European Power in covering Constantinople. It is only fair to say that the policy of Russia is masterly in conception, and is pursued with persistency and boldness.

Having thus ascertained the central object of each of the Great Continental Powers, English statesmen have to ask themselves three questions.

1st. Is the possession of Constantinople by Russia of any consequence to England ?

2nd. Is it of sufficient consequence to make England undertake to keep Russia out of Constantinople, with no other help than Turkey itself would supply ?

3rd. If the second question be answered in the negative, can England reasonably expect to find other Powers to co-operate with her ; and if any, which of them ?

I do not propose to discuss the first question. No one has ever doubted, till quite recently, that it is of no little importance to England that no First-Class Power, and certainly no Power hostile to England, should possess Constantinople, with all that the possession of Constantinople signifies; and a nation that could suddenly alter its mind on such a subject would lay itself open to the reproach of unparalleled levity.

I have no hesitation, however, in saying that, in the event of England finding no other ally than Turkey for the purpose of protecting Constantinople from a Russian attack, the better course would be to offer no direct resistance to the Muscovite advance, but to take such steps as, without bringing her into immediate contact with Russia, would render the possession of Constantinople entirely worthless to that Power, as far as entrance from the Sea of Marmora into the Mediterranean is concerned. Other compensations, that will occur to everyone, could also be secured.

But I am far from believing, whatever appearances may say to the contrary, that no other Power would be found to strike a blow for the purpose of barring Russia's road southward. France

would not do so, for, as we have seen, France will keep her powder dry for other objects; and difficult as may be the conclusion of an actual alliance between France and Russia, it is the only alliance open to France for aggressive purposes. Italy would not do so, unless promised territorial compensation, and no such promise could proceed from England.

There remain Germany and Austria; and, in naming them, we come back to the point from which we started, viz. an expression of surprise that those Powers should not have sided with England in strengthening the position of Prince Alexander in Bulgaria, in order that thereby a natural and efficient barrier might be erected between Russia and the perennial object of her ambition.

The sacrifice of Prince Alexander, and the disregard of the wish of the Bulgarians to retain him as their Ruler, have inflicted a dark stain on public morality, and even administered a sharp shock to international law. People may rest assured that the Abduction and final Abdication of Prince Alexander were incidents anything but palatable to Prince Bismarck, for they unquestionably wounded the dignity of Germany, as well as of other Powers, and struck a blow at the principles of Government he cherishes. But Prince Bismarck is not the man to involve Germany in war for a sentiment, or even for a principle; and, from the very moment he discerned that Russia might conceivably proceed to extremities against Prince Alexander, he ostentatiously divested Germany of all interest in the fortunes of His Highness. To have done otherwise would have encouraged Austria and England to uphold the Prince; and, had the Czar persisted in his hostility, Germany would then have been obliged to act with those Powers in defending him. Now, I think any impartial person will allow that Prince Bismarck was justified, as the guardian of German interests, in giving the cold shoulder to Prince Alexander and the Bulgarians, rather than commit Germany to absolute alienation from Russia, and possibly to active measures against her. What, in all probability, Prince Bismarck would have liked best was, after he had thus disengaged Germany from all responsibility as to what occurred in Bulgaria, to find Austria and England standing firmly by Prince Alexander, and a conflict ensuing between those Powers and Turkey on the one hand, and Russia on the other. In such a struggle Russia would hardly have been victorious, and would, in any case, have been greatly weakened; and Germany would have been left free to deal with France, possibly with the assistance of Italy, or, on the worst supposition, Italy remaining neutral.

Indeed, there are the best reasons for believing such to have been, and yet to be, the calculations of Prince Bismarck, and this view finds considerable confirmation in the spirited controversy

maintained between his official organs and the press of other countries respecting the alleged subservience of Germany to Russia, and the alleged faithlessness of England to Turkey. In point of fact, Germany would be glad to see Russia engaged in a fresh war, Germany maintaining absolute neutrality. Austria is reluctant to involve itself in war with Russia, without some support from Germany; and England is resolved on no account to resist Russia in Europe, without some better ally than Turkey, seeing that England can adopt other expedients for safeguarding its own interests, in case of necessity. This explains the hesitation that has prevailed on all sides. Each Power would be delighted to see some other Power commit itself to a conflict with Russia; and the growls and taunts of the semi-official organs of Berlin merely represent the disappointment entertained in that Capital at the cautious proceedings of England. No doubt Prince Bismarck calculated that the warm diplomatic support given by England to Prince Alexander after the closer drawing together of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia might conceivably lead the Cabinet of St. James's to advance too far in its opposition to Russia to retire from the controversy with dignity. But the second Government of Lord Salisbury has apparently shown itself as dexterous in retiring from a momentary danger as his first Government showed itself bold in trying to discern a permanent path of safety; and England has taken refuge once more behind the Treaty of Berlin, which unquestionably it treated with some latitude of interpretation when it favoured the movement in Eastern Roumelia for union with Bulgaria.

It follows from what has been said, supposing what has been said to be correct, that it is an entire mistake to suppose that Germany has lent Russia material diplomatic support in the Balkan Peninsula on any question of cardinal importance, or is at all likely to do so in the future. No doubt the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia under Prince Alexander would have been a capital arrangement from the point of view of every Power save Russia; and Germany has enabled Russia—England, Austria, and Turkey not offering adequate resistance—to prevent that arrangement. But, as the organs of Prince Bismarck have justly pointed out, all that has occurred is to leave matters where they were originally; and if no arrangement has been arrived at adverse to Russia, no arrangement has been arrived at favourable to Russia. It is still open to the Bulgarians and Eastern Roumelians, with the connivance of Turkey, Austria, and England, to continue to draw more closely together at the same time that they develop for themselves an independent existence. But Germany cannot and will not openly participate in the promotion of this uncertain end,

because to do so would be to render her relations with Russia other than Prince Bismarck considers they ought to be.

Another mistake people make is to suppose that the Austro-German Alliance was contracted for the purpose of protecting Germany against France. They have only to reflect a moment to perceive that nothing could be more absurd than to imagine that Austria should be called upon to fight Germany's battles with France. The real object of the Austro-German Alliance was to protect both, as far as possible, against Russian restlessness. But this can only be done so long as Germany remains on friendly and intimate terms with Russia, or if Germany resolves to side with Austria in openly resisting Russia. This last course Germany does not intend to pursue; for it must husband its fighting resources against France.

The conclusion, therefore, seems to be that, as far as England is concerned, intimate relations with France are impossible, France wanting several things England does not want, and desiring nothing which England desires; and that active co-operation with Italy for any great purpose is not possible, as Italy would require, in return for her co-operation, a certain price it is not in England's power to pay. The relation of England to Russia must perforce be one of permanent hostility, because Russia wants Constantinople, and with that object, and now probably independently of that object, does her best to menace the security of our Indian Empire.

The allies of England, therefore, if England is to have any, must be Germany, Austria, and Turkey. But, as I have explained, the alliance Germany can offer must be a limited one, on account of Germany having yet to settle an account with France, which France refuses to close. It is for Austria, therefore, chiefly, to decide how and when Russia is to be withstood, either by diplomacy or by war, in Europe; and England will do well to cultivate the closest understanding with Austria, knowing that, whatever may appear to the contrary, the good-will of Germany will go with them, and, at a pinch, might serve them in good stead. Finally, it is for England to consider whether, a struggle between England and Russia somewhere and at some time being inevitable, it would not be to the advantage of England to meet Russia in Europe and Asia Minor, where England would have allies, rather than in Central Asia alone, where the conflict would be confined to the two Powers.

PHILO-TEUTON.

WOMEN OF INDIAN HISTORY.

The Indian Tableaux that were exhibited in Piccadilly last year, at Prince's Hall, together with the exertions of the National Indian Association, have been the means of calling our attention to one side of female life in the East; the subordination, seclusion, and half-effaced individuality of the sex. But there is another side of the shield which presents a contrast, almost startling in its completeness, caused no doubt by the reaction of human nature against the artificial repression to which the crude supremacy of masculine strength is not ashamed to resort. The paradoxical result has been that in Western lands, where woman (though she will not perhaps allow it) has really been able to take her own part, the sex has kept to its own natural sphere, while in the East it has been otherwise. The times and places where women have been most hidden and their claims most ignored have produced the most vigorous of the sex. Semiramis and Deborah are only familiar types of female humanity which has been not uncommon in all parts of the Oriental world and in all stages of its history. And this, in spite of the position assigned to physical disadvantage by the cynical frankness of apparent superiority.

Most of all—but this part of the matter is less surprising—have remarkable women been produced among the Aryan races. The dawn of Indian social history is the invasion of the country by Bactrians who honoured women, and it has followed that the Peninsula has always been the home of strong female characters.

Before the British nation was dreamed of, before the Arabian Prophet had imposed on the Eastern world his strange travesty of Christianity, there lived in Northern India a grand race of white people who resembled the ancient Germans as described by Tacitus. Originating—like them—from a common source in Central Asia, the Vedic Aryans had spread over the fertile plains of the land now known as "Hindustan," and had imposed upon the savage aborigines their pure and wholesome usages. Whether in towns or in rural hamlets, they set up their homesteads—which they called by the still familiar name of "dama," *domus*—and lighted on their hearths and altars the sacred fire—"agni," *ignis*—generated (like the Celtic need-fire) by the friction of a wooden churn. Over this home presided two beings; the father, king and priest in his family, and the mother, his vice-gerent while he went abroad on his daily duties. In the dawn of this society (as revealed in

the oldest songs of the *Veda*) we find the wife free, equal in rights and capacity—though with a separate sphere of her own, like Lucretia—the help-mate of man. As in ancient Germany and in ancient Rome, monogamy was the original rule: if a second wife was introduced, it was only in deference to the imperious necessity for an heir, and when the first wife was childless. Even so, the first remained "the housewife," the associate being regarded as Hagar was elsewhere. When the husband died the housewife was not, in those days, expected to throw herself on his pyre and perish in the flames that consumed his body. The chief ceremonies—in early Vedic times—were the washing and dressing of the corpse, and its adornment with arms and armour. When the last moment approached these decorations were withdrawn; a barrier was raised between the living and the dead, the dead being abandoned by all his surviving friends, of whom the widow was the last to leave. After her offerings had been laid upon the bier it was lowered reverently into the grave, by those on whom the duty devolved, amid pious wishes that the earth might lie upon it lightly. The grave was then covered in, and the dead left in peace with a last farewell prayer. The widow went back to her old home to be tended by her son, its new lord.

These were the honours due to woman in ancient Hindustan. But the Aryans mingled with the heathen and learned their ways. As in the case of their cousins, in ancient Greece, the wife degenerated into a household drudge, doomed to toil for her lord in life, and perish on his funeral pile. The softening influences that man craves at the hands of enlightened woman had to be sought away from home in the haunts of unshackled adventuresses, as was the case in the Athens of Aspasia. In one of the earliest, and best, of the Hindu dramas, the *Toy Cart*, we have an instance of this kind. Charudatta, a Timon of the Brahmins, having spent his substance in hospitality and munificence, has (unlike the Greek spendthrift) maintained the gentle frankness of his original disposition. His virtues have endeared him to a beauty of the city; and he, though a family man, openly returns the disinterested admiration. Vasanta—such is the lady's name—has another lover, the brother-in-law of the Raja. The mingled art and originality of the author are exhausted on this truly comic character, a combination of the pedant, the libertine, and the dandy; Don Juan made ludicrous; a man at once egotistic, cowardly, cruel, and for ever vainly aiming at the distinctions of a scholar and a wit. Flying from the unwelcome pursuit of this frivolous woer, Vasanta finds herself misled into a garden where she falls into his arms. In a frenzy at her steady rejection of his addresses he strangles the poor girl, and then goes to the police and falsely charges the hero with the

murder. But when the police go to the garden the body is not to be found. For all that, the helpless Charudatta is found guilty of the murder; but on his way to execution he is rescued by his supposed victim, who has recovered from the murderous attack, and who hurries to the spot accompanied by her lover's wife and child. The absurd villain is dismissed with a word of contempt; and the curtain falls on the two ladies encircling Charudatta in an ecstasy of Mormonistic sisterhood. The situation may be strange, but the pathos is true.

Such was woman in the early and middle history of Hindustan. But in the twelfth century the Muslims appeared. The old gay freedom fled; the faithful female friend who, in spite of an equivocal position, was sweet and womanly, had to fall behind the oppressive shade of the *parda*.

In a drama of that day we find none but male characters; the ladies all concealed from the pursuit of the conqueror. "A little boy of five," reports the agent of a Minister, "ran out into the Banker's court-yard while I was talking. Cries of 'He is gone out,' in female tones proceeded from within; and a woman came to the door, laid hold of the child, and drew him in. She showed herself with caution, so that little more of her could be seen but a pair of lovely arms." That is all that is seen of woman in the whole drama.

Accordingly, the next Hindu beauty of whom we have to take notice is found in a Musulman household: I mean the celebrated poetess, Rupmati, the favourite consort of Báz Bahádur, governor of Málwa. When besieged in Sárangpur by a bastard of the Imperial family, Adham Khán, the chief sallied forth, leaving Rupmati and the rest of his family in the palace under the charge of a trusted servant. To this man he is said to have given strict orders that, if news came of his death or flight, all the ladies were to be immediately put to death, in order to prevent their falling into the power of the Mughals. The battle going against him, Bahádur fled southward. As soon as the tidings were brought to the servant he began with cruel fidelity to carry out his master's stern behest. As he was still at his grim work of blood the enemy arrived and interrupted the unfinished massacre. Rupmati, being informed of Adham Khán's arrival, caused him to be admitted to her presence. But when he entered the apartment she had taken a quick and potent drug, and was already stretched on her couch, faithful in death* to him who had been unable to protect her.

Heroic energy, however, was not confined to the Hindus. Among Muslim ladies, we may notice Sultána Razia, the daughter of the Turkish King of Dehli, Shamsuddin Altimsh. She succeeded her

* See *Peepul Leaves*; poems written in India. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1879 Also *KaiserAkbar*, von Noer (Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein). Leiden. 1880.

elder brother on his death, in A.D. 1236, but was deposed and imprisoned after a reign of just three years. She made her escape from the fort where she had been placed; and, raising a force, advanced upon Dehli. Her brother, Bahrám encountered her, and she was slain in the engagement that ensued.

Another royal lady was Sultána Ruquia, of whom there would be very little to record but for her connection with one of the best known of all the women of Indian history. Ruquia was the granddaughter of the celebrated Mughal hero, Sultán Bábar, and married to her first cousin, the Emperor Akbar. As a member of the family, and the earliest in point of time, she was the chief of the Imperial consorts; and in that capacity it fell to her lot to protect and provide for the famous Mihr-un-Nissa, known to readers of history as the Empress Nur-Jahán. It is to this lady's extraordinary adventures that we must now turn.

Mirza Ghaiás, her father, was a Mughal—or Persian Turk—who came to India in search of fortune, bringing with him a beautiful female child. Obtaining a post at Court—where men of his race were usually welcomed by Akbar when they had anything in them—Ghaiás was enabled to place his daughter under the Empress's immediate protection in the Palace at Lahore. Here her budding charms and talents did not fail to attract the attention of the Heir Apparent (then known as Sultán Selim, afterwards Emperor by the title of Jahángir), a purple-born idler, unaccustomed to be denied. The Empress—who was not the young man's mother—persuaded the Emperor that it would be to his credit to withdraw the girl from probable danger. Akbar accordingly gave her in marriage to a young Turkman noble, of high lineage and great renown, named Ali Quli Beg, but better known as "Sher Afgan" (Lion-killer), from his having encountered and slain a lion in single combat. The young couple then took their departure to Bengal, where a post of honour and profit awaited the bridegroom. Years rolled on; and on Akbar's death the heir succeeded with the title of Jahángir. What ensued has been dressed up by tradition as a tale of the nature of that of Uriah the Hittite; but a little analysis seems to show that the suspicious events only amount to a coincidence. Jahángir was not the kind of man to brood for years over a hopeless passion; but it so happened that, soon after his accession, it became necessary to send an agent from the Court to inquire into alleged maladministration on the part of Sher Afgan. On the arrival of this man Sher Afgan rode forth to meet him, and, losing his temper, assassinated him in the first interview. He was cut down by the escort, and his widow went back to her august friend the Empress-Mother. Here she remained for some years, living a retired and a quiet life.

The ladies of that court were an exception to all preconceived notions of Eastern ladies. They were not "black," nor even, as a rule, brunettes. Nor did they observe the complete seclusion usual among Muhamadan ladies. Sir Thomas Roe, the Ambassador of James I. of England, encountered the Empress Nur Jahán in Durbar. The Spanish friar Manrique, in the following reign, met a number of the Princesses at a dinner-party, and found them blonde and "rutilous."* It may, therefore, be understood that members of the Imperial family would have many opportunities of being smitten by the fair ladies of the Haram, meeting them on what would almost be a European footing. Especially might this happen with a woman like Mihr-un-Nissa; no longer young, but lovely, intelligent, well-educated, ambitious, and mindful of days when she had caused confusion in Imperial bosoms. "On a New Year's festival," says a native historian, "she attracted the desire and affection of the Emperor, and was soon made his favourite consort, by the title of Nur Jahán Begam. For some time she sate in the *jharauka* (audience-balcony), where the officers came to receive her orders. Coins were struck bearing her name, as did also the great seal fixed to imperial patents. By degrees she became supreme in the Empire; the Emperor used to say that she was capable of conducting all affairs, and that all that he wanted was a joint and a bottle of wine to keep himself merry."

This extraordinary woman was an artist and a patron of the arts of poetry, painting, and embroidery. Having attained the mature age of thirty-four when she was espoused by the Emperor, she was evidently indebted to other than merely physical attractions for her good fortune. Nor did she, on the whole, abuse it. "In the hour of her greatness," goes on the same historian (writing many years after the death of the royal couple), "she won golden opinions from all sorts of people, being just and beneficent to all. She is believed to have provided, out of her private purse, dowries for the marriage of as many as five hundred portionless damsels. She likewise brought forward in the public service her very able brother, Asaf Khán, and also the brilliant Pathán general, Muhábat Khán, by both of whom, however, her patronage was but ill-requited."

The Empress appeared in a somewhat less favourable light to an Englishman. Sir T. Roe, the envoy already mentioned, appears to have had a good deal of trouble in satisfying her love of political intriguing and of having presents made her. But these are faults for which a lady, and an Eastern lady especially, ought not to be too severely blamed. What is, on the contrary, to be entered to her credit is her consideration for others (as shown in our second

* See translation of his curious description in *Turks in India*, p 128ff.

extract) and her extraordinary personal courage. A time came when the increasing infirmity and indolence of the never very energetic monarch had thrown a monopoly of administration into the hands of the Empress. This was viewed with dislike by Muhábat Khán, the warlike Pathán; and he succeeded in overthrowing the system by force. In a battle in the Punjab he obtained possession of the person of the Empress, though not before the heroic woman had led her guards against him. An eye-witness relates that a person sitting in her howdah was wounded, and that the elephant she rode received several sabre-cuts on its trunk in this action. The Emperor had already been captured; and the successful soldier—in an unlucky hour for himself—let the royal couple live in the same tent. The Empress soon availed herself of her opportunities. She appealed to the loyalty of a Rajput guard by whom her husband was surrounded; and ultimately succeeded in bringing him off in triumph, while Muhábat fled in disgrace to the Deccan.

The end—as often happens in the most successful lives—was gloomy. In 1627 the Emperor died. Nur Jahán had married her daughter (by her former husband) to one of the Princes, and endeavoured to put her son-in-law on the vacant throne. But Muhábat, marching up from the Deccan with the eldest Prince—afterwards the Emperor Sháh Jahán—Asaf Khán turned against his sister and her *protégé*. The latter was forthwith slain, and Nur Jahán sent into honourable confinement. She accepted her position, wore weeds—the white robes of a Mughal widow—for nineteen years, and died in A.D. 1646, when she was buried by the side of her husband at Lahore. Their monument is still to be seen. Her life as wife of the Emperor had lasted about sixteen years; and as she was thirty-four at its commencement she must have died in her seventieth year: which showed a strong vitality in view of the events she had witnessed and the labours she had endured. Among other instances of her personal courage, we may note that the Emperor records in his Memoirs that once, when he took her out tiger-hunting, their elephant was charged by a tiger whom she shot with one discharge of her husband's arquebuss. No simple feat with the fire-arms of those days.

Another heroic lady of those days was the Sultána of Ahmadnagar, named Chánd Bibi, who defended that city with heroic resolution against the Mughals, under Mirza Murád, son of the great Akbar, and obtained favourable terms. In a second siege she was less fortunate; and, failing to inspire her followers with a portion of her own undaunted spirit, was murdered by them in the year 1599 as a preliminary to the surrender of the place, to which she would not agree.

Nor were the Hindu ladies of the Middle Ages inferior in courage to their Muslim sisters. Durgavati, daughter of the Prince of Mahoba, made a love-match with a neighbouring Rája; and, on his death, undertook the regency of the State, on behalf of her infant son, and administered with success for fifteen years. Asaf Khán, the Imperial Viceroy of the adjoining provinces of Allahabad, invaded her dominions in A.D. 1564, with 12,000 regular infantry, a train of artillery, and 6,000 mounted men-at-arms. He was met by Durgavati at the head of her troops; and an action ensued in which she was defeated. She was wounded in the eye by an arrow, and her son—a youth of eighteen by this time—was severely wounded and sent to the rear. At this moment the heroine received another wound as she directed the retreat from her elephant, with her face to the foe. Seeing her troops giving way on all sides before the pressure of the conquerors, she—in the spirit of Saul with his armour-bearer—snatched a dagger from her attendant and stabbed herself to death. The strange structure near Jabalpur, known as the *Madan Mahal*, is her monument to this day; it stands on a single gigantic boulder on the Narbada bank, and is a familiar object to visitors to the celebrated "Marble Rocks," of whom few, probably, are aware of her romantic story.

In modern times there have been many other distinguished Indian ladies, the best known being, perhaps, Joanna Nobilis, commonly called "Begam Samru," or Sombre. Everyone knows something of this lady, from the accounts of Heber, Sleeman, Baillie Fraser, and other travellers. She was of Arab extraction, and succeeded to the little principality of Sardhana on the death of Walter Reinhardt, in May 1778. The story of this man would bear relating, but not in this place. Suffice it here to say that he was entitled to the designation of the Last of the Condottieri, being a soldier of fortune of the school of the Middle Ages of Europe, who rose from the ranks to be a general and a prince. The Begam was his slave, not his wife, as is plain from the fact that his lawful wife, and the mother of his children, long survived him. Being a Christian, he could not have got a priest to consecrate a bigamous union with the Church's rites. The territory, being a military fief, did not in such lawless times necessarily devolve on the heirs-at-law. Reinhardt left a son, but the slave-girl was able and astute; and having obtained recognition from the Emperor at Dehli, she assumed command of the brigade and administered the affairs of the fief. Three years later she availed herself of the occasion of the baptism of Aloysius, her step-son, to be herself baptised. The first scene in which she appeared conspicuously as a public character was in the spring of 1788, when she accompanied the Emperor Sháh Alam in an expedition into

Rájputána, taking with her a contingent of troops under the well-known Irish adventurer, George Thomas. On the 5th of April the Sardhana force was the means of saving the Emperor from a very critical position before the walls of Gokalgarh, a fort in the Rewári country. This place was occupied by a contumacious chief, whom it was considered requisite to coerce, but who made a vigorous sortie against the Imperialists on the morning in question. The besiegers were thrown into utter confusion, the attack upon them being a complete surprise. The rebels had penetrated to the very tents of the Sovereign, when the Begam and Thomas appeared at the head of three battalions and a field-piece, manned by European gunners. Deploying, with the gun in his centre, Thomas opened fire with grape and musketry, and with such immediate effect that the attack was arrested and time afforded for the Mughal cavalry to form and charge. The result was the repulse of the garrison and the capture of the fort. In the Durbar that ensued the Emperor embraced the Begam as his daughter, and bestowed on her a patent, with the title of "Zebunnissa" (the Glory of the Sex). Colonel Skinner related that he had often seen her leading her troops through the tumult and carnage of battle.

At this time she was—according to Thomas—a plump and lively brunette, fair for a native, and with large and sparkling eyes. She spoke Persian as well as Hindustáni, and conducted her business with assiduity, receiving reports and issuing her orders behind a curtain, as long as her native employés were present. In social intercourse with Christians, however, she assumed her place at table, only taking care to be served by maid-servants, and to have all male native attendants excluded from the room.

Four years later Thomas had left the service and gone to shift for himself. The Begam, who by this time was over thirty-five years of age, had entrusted her forces to a new commander, a Frenchman named Levassoult, whom she afterwards married. Unfortunately for the husband the wedding was private, only witnessed by two of his countrymen, MM. Bernier and Saleur. Scandal arose, of which the stepson, Aloysius, took advantage; and a mutiny arose in his interest before which the Begam and Colonel Levassoult were obliged to fly. They left Sardhana on an October morning in 1795, intending to seek refuge with the British brigade under General McGowan then quartered at Anupshahr on the Ganges. The lady was in her palanquin, the husband armed rode by her on horseback; and they had with them their portable property, cash and jewels, to the value of some twenty thousand pounds. This being known determined the course of events. Some of the soldiers started to pursue and plunder the fugitives.

They were soon overtaken ; the Begam was wounded—or, as some suppose, wounded herself—and the unhappy Levassoult, believing that she was slain, put a pistol to his temple and shot himself dead. The Begam, who had escaped with a flesh-wound, was taken back to Sardhana and kept three days bound under a gun-carriage, where she was kept alive by the care of a faithful female servant. A reign of terror ensued, but it was swiftly suppressed by Thomas, who came gallantly to the aid of his old mistress. The restoration was complete and final, nor did the Begam ever again yield to the weakness of a *Grande Duchesse*. Colonel Saleur was placed at the head of the Brigade, which he kept in good fighting order until it was rudely abolished by Wellesley and Lake.

On the fall of Dehli in 1803, the Begam at once submitted and repaired to the camp of the victor. As her palanquin was deposited at the door of Lake's tent, the General (who was at dinner) hastened out to receive his distinguished visitor. In a flush of hospitality and post-prandial excitement Lake caught her in his arms as she got out, and gave her a hearty kiss. But the astute lady was equal to the occasion. "See! my children," said she, turning to her astonished attendants, "see how a father receives his repentant daughter."

She was confirmed in her possessions, on both sides of the Jumna: and for the next thirty-three years maintained a mediatised rule in her little capital. Here she kept up great state. Every night there was a dinner-party, at which, besides her brigadier, her chaplain, and her land-steward, she entertained officers of the neighbouring garrison of Meerut. A military band played during the banquet, and the best wines of France and the Peninsula circulated in the unstinted fashion of those days.

The simple-hearted Heber relates a sensational story of her having buried a slave-girl alive in these times. The true fact out of which this tradition arose is believed to have been that some of her servants having attempted to burn down her house in aid of a scheme of intended plunder, concocted by some of the soldiery, she inflicted corporal punishment upon them from the effects of which one of them died, and was thrown into a dry well. This is Sleeman's account, who knew the place and people well. He testifies that "the Begam's object was to make a strong example. . . . Had she failed she would have lost that respect without which it would have been impossible for her to retain command a month."

In 1834, finding her end approaching, she made preliminary dispositions in regard to her property. By deed-of-gift she transferred the bulk to David Dyce, the son of her manager by a daughter of the late Walter Reinhardt, or "General Sombre" as

he was usually called. She sent the Pope a letter, covering a remittance of £13,700, and informing His Holiness that she had built and endowed a Church, of which "she was proud to say that it was admitted to be the finest in India." She added that she had bequeathed a *lakh* of rupees (say, £10,000) for the support of a college at Sardhana, and a similar sum for the support of an Episcopal see which she prayed the Holy Father to constitute there. Another *lakh* was left to the general purposes of the Catholic Church in India; thirty-thousand rupees were bestowed on the Cathedral Church at Agra, the interest of half a *lakh* was settled for the relief of the local poor, and the same to the poor of Calcutta, while a third sum of like amount was devoted to charitable purposes in England.

After her death, which occurred two years later, the heir confirmed all these dispositions, and found himself possessed of a residuary estate yielding nearly £20,000 a year. With this fortune he visited England, where he married and died, under circumstances which need not be further stated here. His widow ultimately married again, and is now the wife of Lord Forester. In addition to the Church, Convent, and College, the Begam left a handsome monument of herself in the shape of a Palace which, like them, is still extant in good preservation.

Such were the extraordinary fortunes of this lady, once a friendless slave-girl. In a less precarious state of society we may notice the Baija Bai, wife, and afterwards for many years the relict, of Daulat Rao Sindhia, mentioned by several English ladies of this century, including the Hon. Emily Eden, whose letters have been published under the title of *Up the Country*, and form one of the most readable and amusing books ever written about India.

Still more examples crowd upon us. There was the celebrated Sikandar Begam, of Bhopál, well-known for her unswerving loyalty to the Government during the dark days of Fifty-Seven, and now worthily represented by her daughter and successor, Shah Jahán Begam.

Of another complexion was the famous Ráni of Jhánsi. Whether or no she actually betrayed to slaughter the unhappy British officers and their families there is no conclusive evidence. But she heartily threw herself into the rebel cause, and was killed in a lost fight. Her epitaph was pronounced by her conqueror, Lord Strathnairn, who publicly declared her to have been "the best and bravest of the rebel leaders."

H. G. Keene.

BIMETALLISM.

A Reply to Mr. Daniell.

Mr. Clarmont Daniell has chosen a somewhat inauspicious moment for the attack on Bimetallism that appears in the *National Review* for September. We have had of late, I venture to think, many indications of a remarkable change in the attitude of most English economists of repute towards the theory of the Fixed Ratio. It is no longer regarded as a mere idle heresy, even by those who are not prepared as yet to accept all or any of its conclusions. One or two of the questions put in Parliament last session by the greatest of living authorities on currency and foreign exchanges, Mr. Goschen, seemed to point to what might at least be termed an open mind on the subject. Some 250 members of the new Parliament have addressed a memorial to the Prime Minister, asking for a public inquiry; and the Government has nominated a Royal Commission of extraordinary strength to deal with the question. The Bimetallist school in England, ten years ago inconsiderable alike in numbers and in weight, has seen its ranks openly joined by many distinguished converts, Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, Mr. Grenfell, Professor Nicholson, and others whose names now adorn the muster-roll of the League; while the Government of India is bimetallist to a man. The voluminous correspondence that has recently appeared on the subject in the columns of the *Times* and other leading journals, though it shows that a very wide divergence still exists among economists in regard to many points of the highest importance, does, nevertheless, manifest a very general appreciation of the urgency of the case. And even the *Times*—traditionally the last to surrender any position of undoubted orthodoxy—has not only ceased to pour contempt on the exponents of Bimetallism as ignorant charlatans, but has condescended to devote a leading article to speculations as to the probability of the adoption of the system by the chief commercial States of the world, and in a subsequent issue has given a long and elaborate exposition of the arguments *pro* and *con*, in a thoroughly judicial and impartial tone.

It is, therefore, all the more disappointing, at this time of day, to find a writer of Mr. Daniell's acuteness harking back to the old shibboleths about the "impossibility" of establishing a Fixed Ratio. I shall endeavour, in the very limited space at my disposal, to show that, though undoubtedly writing in thorough good faith, he has inadequately represented the contention of the believers in Bimetallism, and that his conclusions are not to be trusted. I can assure him that my own belief, whether right or wrong, has grown up in the course of careful and prolonged study of the question; for, as Professor of Political Economy in the State Colleges of the University of Calcutta—where, of all places in the world, the Silver question possesses the most real and vital interest—it was for many years, and during the whole period of the rise of the present controversy, my lot to have to lecture almost daily on this and cognate subjects.

I think it may be convenient if I first briefly state, in a series of definite propositions, the position I take up, as a Bimetallist, in opposition to Mr. Daniell's views. I hold—

(1.) That the growing tendency, among the great commercial nations of the world, to demonetise silver, to restrict or debase its use in internal exchange, and to render it altogether useless for purposes of international exchange, has already produced great evils, and is likely to produce more, with hardly a single compensating advantage. In support of this position, I would point to the chaotic condition of the commerce between England and the East, and generally between all gold-using countries on the one side and silver-using countries on the other, which is admitted to be mainly due to the impossibility of even approximately calculating the fluctuations of exchange. I would point to the present difficulties, and probable future bankruptcy, of the Indian Government, and generally of all those whose incomes are paid in silver, and whose contracts (if they are to make any contracts at all) must necessarily be largely made payable in gold. So far, the evils are allowed by all, and undeniable. I would also point to other considerations which, I fully acknowledge, may fairly be made subjects of controversy, and in regard to which I look for the most valuable results from the inquiries of Mr. Arthur Balfour's Commission. For instance, I would point to the existing depression of trade, as largely due to the artificial pressure on the gold currency produced by the demonetisation of silver, and the consequent fall of prices in all gold-using countries. I would point to the handicapping of English labour, by the burden laid on the export of its produce to silver-using countries—a burden that is inadequately compensated by low prices at home, and that is aggravated by every fall in the rate of exchange. I would point, on the other

hand, to the burden that is laid on Indian labour, by the artificially low prices obtainable in England and other gold-using countries—a burden that is inadequately (and at best only ephemerally) compensated by favourable rates of exchange. And other similar considerations may be urged, which may profitably engage the attention of the Currency Commission, but which I cannot even refer to here.

(2.) That the above-named tendency is growing, and must grow with hardly any assignable limit, unless checked by international agreement. In support of this, I would point to the consideration that America cannot possibly go on much longer coining silver dollars under the Bland Act, merely to hoard them in the vaults of the State. I would point to the consideration that France and Germany, and other countries, that now hold huge hoards of unused silver coin, will not continue to hold those hoards when all hope of their coming into use again has passed away. I would point to the consideration that the capacity of India to absorb silver, even at any low price, must have a limit when it is no longer possible on any terms to use that metal in international payments; and that, though the vast extent and population of the country may make the process of depreciation slow, that process must be certain, continuous, and, in the end, absolutely ruinous. And, finally, I would point to the consideration that the value of silver—whether calculated in gold or in any other commodity—is almost entirely determined by the extent of its use as money; for, when compared with the vast mass of silver actually existent in the world, its utmost possible use in the arts is so infinitesimal that, if it were generally or largely discarded from use as money, it may be doubted whether—at least for centuries to come, for the wear and tear would be slow, and the demand insignificant as compared with the supply—it would be valued much above pewter.

(3.) That the above-named tendency can be checked, readily, permanently, and without serious inconvenience or disadvantage, by an international agreement among the chief commercial nations of the world to coin gold and silver at a fixed ratio. Here I point to the history of the French monetary system from 1803 to 1875, not as a *proof*, but as an *illustration*, of the reasonableness of the belief that this method is both feasible and economically advantageous; but I maintain that there are sufficient *à priori* grounds to demonstrate that it is both feasible and advantageous. On the other hand, we must postulate certain conditions; and it is in ignoring these conditions that Mr. Daniell inaccurately represents the Bimetallist case. We admit that the inconveniences or disadvantages of the method will depend very largely on the amount of

unanimity that may be found among the great commercial nations of the world on the subject. We believe that universal agreement, if it were attainable, would remove those inconveniences altogether; and we admit that there is a limit, and that no very extended one, to the amount of disagreement that would be otherwise than absolutely fatal to the success of the method—for instance, the holding-aloof of England alone, or France alone, or Germany alone, would probably render any international convention impossible. Further, it must be admitted that the inconveniences of the method during the period of transition would largely depend on the wisdom and impartiality of the choice to be made of a particular ratio for the conventional fixed ratio. Later on, the working of gold and silver mines would, of course, be carried on in strict conformity with this fixed ratio. For instance, if it were fixed at 20 to 1, the silver mines "on the margin of cultivation"—to use a familiar and convenient technicality—would be those which yielded 20 oz. at exactly the same "cost of production" as that at which the gold mines "on the margin of cultivation" yielded 1 oz., and *vice versâ*. Less productive mines, whether of gold or of silver, would go out of working. And the precise line at which would be drawn "the margin of cultivation" would depend on exactly the same considerations as at present. And in determining the fixed ratio, the aim of the International convention would, of course, be, so to fix it as to cause the least possible displacement of existing mine-working.

(4.) That the general adoption of the bimetallic standard by the great commercial nations of the world (besides having the above advantage of fixing absolutely the relative value of gold and silver *inter se*) will have the further effect, not of fixing absolutely the purchasing power of money, as our views are sometimes absurdly caricatured by our opponents, but of steadying and rendering less violent the fluctuations of prices, so far as those fluctuations are produced by changes in the volume or efficiency of the currency. In support of this, we point to the following considerations: (1) that, with a bimetallic standard, there will be no longer any possibility of those violent oscillations in the *demand* for the standard currency, which are now produced by a great act of demonetisation such as the demonetisation of silver by Germany in 1873; and (2), the *supply* of the standard currency, so far as it is derived from the actual production of the mines, will now be a function of two variables, viz. the supply from the gold-mines and the supply from the silver-mines. These supplies will seldom increase or decrease together. Even if they were to increase or decrease together, if we were to have such events as the Australian gold discoveries happening simultaneously with the opening up

of the Colorado and Nevada silver-bonanzas, or, in the other direction, a simultaneous drying-up of these two sources of supply—we should be no worse off than we were before; for at present the variation of prices caused by the variation in the supply of gold is measured by the ratio between the supply and the existent stocks of gold; and in the extreme case I have supposed, the variation of prices caused by the variation in the aggregate supply of gold and silver would be measured by the ratio between that aggregate supply and the aggregated existent stocks of gold and silver *taken together*. But usually, it may fairly be taken for granted, abnormal gold discoveries will *not* occur simultaneously with abnormal silver discoveries; and it may often happen that abnormal discoveries of one metal may be simultaneous with, and therefore serve *pro tanto* to neutralize the perturbing effect on prices of, a serious falling off in the production of the other metal. And therefore, *usually*, the increment or decrement in the total supply of the two metals will be far smaller, in proportion to the aggregate existent stocks of the two metals, than the increment or decrement in the supply of gold alone in proportion to the existent stock of gold. That is to say, under a bimetallic standard, prices (so far as they are affected by considerations of currency) would be far more stable, far less liable to violent or extreme fluctuations, than under a monometallic standard, whether gold or silver. The *Daily News*, in a recent issue, well observes that "The cry for a currency the value of which shall be steady in relation to goods and other property is not of that unprincipled kind; all must allow that a steady standard of values is highly desirable." This is an important economic truth. But the same writer only utters a half-truth when he goes on to say that "to strive for it (a steady standard of values) is to strive for the unattainable"; for, of course, an *absolutely* steady standard is unattainable, but one standard may be (and indeed must be) more or less steady than another, and the bimetallic standard is far more steady than either a gold standard or a silver standard.

I venture to think the above is a fair statement of the views of most of those economists who support the bimetallist theory. It will be seen that Mr. Daniell traverses our contention on nearly every point; but in most cases he does so in a misconception of our argument.

For instance, he seems to have a hazy notion that we hope to affix an artificial and arbitrary value to silver by the mere virtue of a legal enactment; and having set up this absurdity as one of our dogmas, he naturally finds it easy enough to demonstrate its folly. Now, no one ever supposed it possible to fix by law an un-

varying value for gold, or for silver, or for both together; we only seek to reduce the fluctuations to the extent that it may be possible to do so by wise currency laws. With this object in view, we say—

(1.) It is clear that if, by any device or agreement, we can indissolubly attach the value of silver to that of gold—if we can cause silver and gold to become, for currency purposes, mere varieties of the same commodity, having a fixed difference of quality, but in value varying together—we shall largely reduce the fluctuations of value. For (as already pointed out) a considerable discovery of gold, or of silver (sufficient to seriously affect the value of the gold alone, or the silver alone, already in use), would have a much less serious effect on the value of the aggregate of gold *and* silver already in use taken together.

(2.) It is equally clear that we *can* so attach the values of gold and silver, and cause them to vary together at a fixed ratio, if we set up institutions able and willing always to exchange gold for silver, or silver for gold, at this fixed ratio on demand—so long as these institutions are undoubtedly solvent, that is, able to fulfil their obligations.

(3.) It is equally clear, that if the chief commercial nations of the world (say England, India, Australia, Canada, Germany, Austria, the United States, and the countries of the old Latin Union), agreed to coin gold and silver freely, at a fixed ratio, the mints of those nations would be institutions having the above power, so long as they fulfilled the obligation of the international agreement.

(4.) And, lastly, we believe—I will not say it is equally clear—that there would be no difficulty about the maintenance of this last all-important condition. No single nation would have any inducement to break the agreement; on the contrary, the result of a breach would be first of all disastrous to the breaker, in the ruin of its foreign trade. If all the nations above-named were parties to the agreement, the much-feared action of Gresham's Law (with which we are threatened by monometallists, and which did render bimetallism impossible in France, as it must always render it impossible in any single country), would never come into play, for there would be no country able, by reason of its large foreign trade, even to set up another ratio between gold and silver, still less to absorb the metal under-valued according to that other ratio. And when once the conventional fixed ratio has become established within the Union, the automatic action of the mines will clearly tend further to maintain and stereotype it throughout the world.

Of course this last position (4) is subject to conditions and

limits which will, *inter alia*, be proper subjects for the investigations of the Currency Commission. Some of these conditions and limits can be well illustrated by the monetary history of France under the bimetallic system, from 1803 to 1875. Mr. Daniell deals with that history at some length; and comes to the extraordinary conclusion that "while the law of France fixed a *ratio of exchange* for the gold and silver of its domestic currency, it never did fix, and never intended to fix, a *ratio of value* as between gold and silver metal even in France; much less, as is now asserted, did that law fix for seventy years the exchange value of gold and silver in foreign countries lying beyond the scope of the French currency system."

Now, surely there can be no manner of doubt either as to the working of the French bimetallic law of 1803, or as to its economic effects, or as to the limits of that working and those effects?

How did this law work? It enacted that the French mint should coin gold and silver freely; and that in all payments in France, two gold pieces of a certain weight should be held to be equivalent to thirty-one silver pieces of the same weight.

What were the economic effects of this last law, so long as it lasted? First, for all domestic payments; a person having 31 oz. of silver in his pocket, could use it to obtain exactly what 2 oz. of gold would obtain; and, therefore, he would not exchange 31 oz. of silver for less than 2 oz. of gold. Secondly, for French payments to foreign countries on the balance of trade; it might happen that, in the foreign country, 2 oz. of gold would exchange for 32 oz. of silver, in which case the Frenchman would obviously send thither the 2 oz. of gold in payment (equal, in France, to 31 oz.), rather than the 32 oz. of silver. Thirdly, for foreign payments to France; if, in the foreign country, as before, 2 oz. of gold exchanged for 32 oz. of silver, the Frenchman would obviously take the 32 oz. of silver, rather that the 2 oz. of gold in payment. This, I needly hardly say, is the ordinary operation of Gresham's Law, and France was as subject to its action with a bimetallic currency as without it, for it is a law of nature. Under the conditions I have supposed, a drain of gold from France, and an influx of silver into France would be, and must be, set up—to the full extent of the cash balances on the international trade between France and the supposed foreign countries. Within certain limits there need be no inconvenient results from this drain of gold and this influx of silver; but obviously, if carried on indefinitely, there would ultimately be left no gold in the country wherewith to make the necessary international payments, and France might have been practically "cornered," in respect of its payments to the

particular countries where its silver was valued in gold at less than its conventional gold value in France. This was, of course, actually threatened in 1873, when Germany demonetised silver at the very moment when the silver mines of Nevada and Colorada were beginning to produce abundantly; and France was immediately forced to abandon bimetallism, even at the cost of locking up vast hoards of depreciated silver coin.

These considerations, I venture to think, enable us clearly to discern the limits within which Bimetallism is possible. Suppose that, in 1873, a Bimetallic Convention had existed between the countries I have named above, where would have been the possibility of a drain of gold from France? No Frenchman would have had any inducement, in payments to England, or Germany, or America, or Italy, or India, to pay in gold rather than in silver. Nor would there be any inducement to receive payments thence in silver rather than in gold. Nor would there be any danger, or even possibility, of France being "cornered" in respect of gold payments.

It might be objected—"Suppose, after the establishment of the Bimetallic Union, there were to be vast discoveries of silver (or of gold); this would drive the gold (or silver) out of circulation in the countries of the Union." The reply is—"No, the only effect of such discoveries would be the stoppage, for the time, of the working of some of the more costly and less productive mines of *both* metals, silver and gold." Let us examine this objection in a little further detail. Let us suppose (what the gold monometallists are fond of assuming, without shadow of foundation, to be likely to happen) that the vast discoveries are of silver, while the gold mines remain at their former cost of production. At first, during the transition-stage before the necessary readjustment of the working of the mines, the accretions of silver would doubtless be carried to the countries of the Union, where they could be coined at the fixed ratio, in preference to countries outside the Union where the silver would be simply merchandize. And, equally of course, during this period, payments from Union countries to non-Union countries would be preferably made in gold, thereby setting up the much-dreaded "drain." But surely it is clear that the only result of this drain would be to hasten *pro tanto* the readjustment of the mining operations? And what, it may be asked, would be the extent of the drain? It would be strictly limited to the amount of the international balances on the trade between Union countries on the one side and non-Union countries on the other. It would not affect, in the smallest degree, the trade between England and France and Italy and Austria and America and India and Australia and Canada. It would be measured, not

by the gross value of the trade, but by the international balances payable on the trade between those countries on the one side, and such countries (let us say, Holland) as might choose to risk the inconvenience and economic dangers of remaining outside the currency Union! It would be an ephemeral phenomenon, tending every day to right itself; and yet it is the fear of this drain—I have supposed the worst possible to happen—that is put forward as one of the chief reasons for refusing bimetallism.

But the real opposition to bimetallism arises, not from the fear of the drain of gold, so much as from the reasonable dread, on the part of the holders of gold, of a check being imposed on the rapid and continuous appreciation of gold. It is asserted by gold-monometallists that the result of this check, or rather its manifestation, will be a heavy rise of prices—some go so far as to speak of a "disastrous inflation." No doubt, the result of a considerable addition to the standard currency must be a rise of prices. No doubt, the holders of gold, and the recipients of fixed incomes in gold, largely benefit by the continuous appreciation of that metal. But I think this benefit is obtained to the prejudice, not only of those interests directly injured (such as the trade with silver-using countries), but of the general prosperity of the country; and especially to the detriment of the working-classes, and indeed of all classes connected with production. I entirely recognize the dangers of inflation, and I admit that this portion of the question is one eminently deserving the most careful consideration of the Currency Commissioners. But I am very confident that their investigations will show, that any rise of prices in England which may result from the adoption of bimetallism, will be neither violent nor continuous; that, while it lasts, it will afford a much-needed stimulus to our trade, and largely and permanently benefit our working-classes; and, above all, that it will leave us with the prospect of far greater steadiness in the general range of prices than is possible with a single gold standard.

I have now replied to most of Mr. Daniell's specific objections to bimetallism. It is difficult to deal seriously with his prediction of what would happen in India if the double standard were introduced. He says: "The wildest rumours of the ultimate intentions of Government in legislating on the *value of money*"—reader, please note the fallacy—"would obtain credit with people so inconceivably credulous as are the inhabitants of India." But surely he is not unaware of the fact that there is no country in the world where exchange is more sensitive than in India; there is no country where the theory of foreign exchanges is better understood; there is no country where even the uneducated classes are so familiar with the fluctuations between gold and silver values. I

fancy he is misled by the slowness with which the depreciation of silver elsewhere has hitherto been reflected in any loss of purchasing power in India. But this slowness, as I have already indicated, is mainly due to the vast extent and population of the country, and the consequent disparity between the magnitude of its foreign transactions as compared with its domestic. Further, this slowness of depreciation in internal purchasing power has hitherto been largely increased by temporary causes, such as railway extension and the like; and (it may be admitted on our side) it may probably be exaggerated by the hoarding propensities of the people. But it is absurd to suppose that there are no limits to this slowness of depreciation; and it may confidently be predicted that there will be a downward rush, the moment it becomes clear that silver is never again to take its old place in the currencies of the civilized world, and is, therefore, to be excluded from use in international payments.

Mr. Daniell says: "Prices would fall." Why? Is it because the facilities for gold coinage might bring into use some of the Indian hoards of gold, and thereby largely increase the volume of the currency? Is it because the Indian producer will obtain more gold in London—I suppose this will be allowed, if we bimetallists are to be flouted with the "inflation" theory noticed above—for all his exported produce?

But Mr. Daniell's most astounding prediction about the result of bimetallism in India is this: "The revenue would be collected with difficulty." Can Mr. Daniell be unaware that, of all facts connected with this question, the one fact that is beyond all doubt is, that the maintenance of the existing system means a choice between the certain and early bankruptcy of the Government of India, or the imposition of such a grinding taxation as the world has never seen?

The one solitary set-off in favour of India, against this terrible taxation, and all the other evils of a debased currency useless for foreign payments, with the maintenance of the existing system, would be the temporary protection accorded to Indian manufactures, and the temporary stimulus to the Indian export trade, due to the rate of exchange. As the Calcutta *Englishman* of May 8th, 1886, observed:—

> The heavy decline in silver and in exchange which has taken place during the last few years has thus acted as a decided stimulus to the export of Indian-made goods to countries using a silver standard currency; while at the same time it has helped to restrict the exports of gold-standard England to all these countries. In fact, the great increase in the exports of cloth and yarn from India to China and Japan is almost without a parallel in the history of commerce. Although there was a falling off in 1884–5, the exports are still more than double what they were seven years ago, and there is every reason to believe that they will go on steadily increasing. The recent

heavy fall in exchange has, therefore, acted in favour of Indian as against English manufactures, and has been of the greatest possible assistance to the weaving and spinning mills in India, enabling them to compete with Lancashire not only in the Indian markets, but also in the large and growing markets of China, Japan, and Rangoon. This is a phase of the silver question which must not be overlooked.

I admit that Mr. Daniell is entitled to all the benefit of this consideration, so far as it goes. But the stimulus of low exchange can only operate so long as the purchasing power of silver in India is maintained. Even while it lasts, so far as regards Indian exports to gold-using countries, it is only a poor set-off against the general low prices in those countries; and it is worth remembering that, so far as regards Indian exports to China and other silver-using countries, any gain that India may derive from this protection is a direct loss to England; and further, like many other protective gains, it tends to create an unsound trade, to injure the general commerce of the country, and only temporarily to protect a particular class and industry at the expense of the community at large.

Mr. Daniell, though he objects to bimetallism, desires a gold currency for India; but he does not clearly show how he proposes to effect this. He can scarcely mean to propose bimetallism for India without a Bimetallic Convention; I claim to have abundantly shown that bimetallism is an absolute impossibility in any one State acting alone—and it is much more so in one possessing a vast silver currency. He can scarcely mean to propose a gold coinage with the retention of the present silver standard, the gold coins circulating at their market value; for at this moment both sovereigns and gold mohurs circulate and are obtainable in this way, and any further coinage of the kind would be absolutely useless and superfluous. He can scarcely mean to propose the demonetisation of silver in India and the adoption of a gold standard, the exaction of the revenues in gold, and the payment of the whole of the public expenditure in gold or on a gold basis. I am prepared to admit that this stupendous experiment may, and probably will, be forced on the Government of India as the only alternative to national bankruptcy, if the gold-holders of England prove sufficiently powerful and sufficiently selfish to make a Bimetallic Union impossible. But I believe that all those who have any practical acquaintance with the economic and social circumstances of India, and who have devoted any attention to this subject, are agreed that this heroic remedy would be a remedy of despair, possible perhaps, but not to be contemplated without the gravest anxiety and reluctance, and certain to be attended by terrible loss and suffering. What, then, does Mr. Daniell propose?

The political difficulty in the way of bimetallism remains to be noticed. Many of those who acknowledge the advantages of bimetallism fear that it would be impossible to obtain the adhesion

to a Bimetallic Convention of a sufficient number of the great commercial nations; and some see a danger in the fact that any member of the Union, even when it is formed, must be at liberty to withdraw from it. With regard to the latter point, I think it is sufficient to point out that the difficulties of withdrawal from such a Union, if it were once established on a wide basis, would be very great indeed. The withdrawal would utterly disorganize the whole of the foreign trade of the withdrawing State; and would be so inconvenient, and even disastrous, that it is difficult to conceive of any adequate motive for withdrawal, on the part of any State that had once found it convenient to join the Union. With regard to the former point, all that can be said is that it is impossible to speak with certainty as to the international unanimity that could be obtained, until a reasonable attempt to ascertain it has been made. Hitherto, it will not be denied, England has been the great stumbling-block in the way. At each of the International Monetary Conferences, where the delegates of France, of Germany, of America, have been friendly to bimetallism, England has invariably interposed a frank and decided *non possumus*, rendering it clearly futile to pursue the discussion further. England, too, is the only country where the power of the small knot of gold-holders, and recipients of fixed incomes in gold, is at all considerable. In Australia the gold interest is strong; but the institutions of the various Australian colonies are too democratic to allow that interest to over-ride the general convenience of trade. In America, interests are very evenly balanced. In most other countries trade interests and national preferences would alike be gratified, in all probability, by an agreement that would once more restore to silver its old utility. At any rate, the question is hardly worth arguing; for it would be definitely answered, one way or the other, in the course of a few weeks, if England were to invite the other commercial Powers to another Monetary Conference.

ROPER LETHBRIDGE.

PICTURES AT EDINBURGH.

A visit to the exhibition which has been open this summer at Edinburgh is not all pleasure to the believer in British art. Of nine galleries hung with pictures and water-colour drawings, eight give more pain than enjoyment, by their strong contrasts between the very good and the very bad; while the ninth, which is filled with a well-arranged selection of works by the men on whom the real fame of the modern schools of France and Holland depends, makes the other eight look worse than ever by its own entire peace with itself. If the object of an international exhibition be to provide material for a right judgment as to the position of arts and industries in the various countries contributing, then the arts section of the Edinburgh show must be pronounced only a qualified success; and the same verdict may almost be passed upon it even from the more usual standpoint, which would make of an exhibition a stimulus to fresh exertion. For the width of the gap between the foreign pictures at Edinburgh and those of native birth, taking them in the mass, would discourage effort, supposing it to represent the fact. Fortunately, it does nothing of the kind. The relative positions of the English, French, Dutch, and even Scottish schools, are by no means what these rooms would make them. In every international show, the country in which it takes place is at a disadvantage with its neighbours in one respect. It is obliged to admit things such as they would never be asked to send. To a show at his doors a man will offer things which only great encouragement would induce him to pack up and expedite into a foreign country. The English pictures at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 made an extraordinary impression, because they were carefully selected, and their number regulated, with a strictness which led to feuds which are not healed even yet. For the same reason the French and Dutch collection in Edinburgh is a great success. Scarcely a bad picture has found a place in it. It is restricted practically to those few men whom the future will most surely place at the very head of their time. It is hung with care, and even excellence which would interfere with its unity has been excluded. The result is that the miscellaneous gathering in the other rooms is simply knocked out of time. Some-

thing might have been done by more careful hanging, in the British galleries, to make the transition from one section to the other less precipitous; but nothing could ever have made collections brought together on such different principles truly reflect the status of the schools to which they belong.

Perhaps the best way to arrange a collection like this would be to take it not by national schools, but by schools in the wider and more logical sense forced upon the word by modern cosmopolitanism. In that case we should find Constable and Mason hanging with Rousseau, Troyon, and Corot; George Paul Chalmers, Hugh Cameron, and a few others, with Israels, Blommers, and Artz; and so on. Such a system would now, I think, be fairer and more instructive than the one to which we are accustomed. At any rate, there will be no harm in following it in this short summary of what is to be gathered from the pictures at Edinburgh.

The early schools of England and Scotland, if they can be mentioned apart, are illustrated in such a fragmentary way that it is difficult to write coherently about them at all. Among many which are more than doubtful there are a few good examples of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Morland, Stothard, Wilson, and Hogarth; but of those whose activity was mainly in the last century none are present in enough strength to afford an excuse for a paragraph. Of those, however, whose work was mainly done in the present century, three are represented by pictures which permit an attempt to be made to remove some of the uncertainty which has lately gathered about their respective places in modern art. These three are Wilkie, Etty, and Bonington. By Sir David Wilkie there are five etchings, two portraits, or portrait-groups, and four genre pictures, among the latter the two large panels from the Royal Collection, the "Blind Man's Buff" and "The Penny Wedding." During the eighty years which have elapsed since he won his first great success, at the age of nineteen, with his "Village Politicians," few reputations have fluctuated less than that of Scott's "inimitable Wilkie." His conception of art has grown obsolete; in a modern exhibition a picture of his would be more anachronistic than a Fra Angelico. Greater men, too, than himself have arisen, and their names have overshadowed his, but his fame has been neither destroyed nor greatly lessened, and it is worth while to ask why. The fact is that in Wilkie we find exactly the same combination as that on which the greatness of the Dutchmen depends. He painted a life he knew intimately, a life with which he had a genuine sympathy, and which, moreover, was picturesque in itself; and, in painting it, he gave proof of a strong sense of line and colour. In short, he had a genuine artistic gift, and he used it to express real human affection. Among all those who attempted to

rival his success, there was not one in whom this combination occurred. They either portrayed a life of which they had never formed a part, like the genre painters of about 1830, or they had no special faculty for expression in colour, like the now forgotten Edward Bird, who was once looked upon as a dangerous rival to the author of "Village Politicians." Of Wilkie's insight and fidelity no better example can be pointed to than the "Penny Wedding" from Buckingham Palace. In spite of the peculiar mannerism which renders his heads unmistakable wherever we see them, it teems with individuality, and with the expression of that deep-seated, half-articulate humour which is peculiar to the Scottish peasantry. Of Wilkie's strongest purely artistic gift, his gift of colour, there is no good example here; but in the London National Gallery hangs a sketch for the Queen's second picture, the "Blind Man's Buff," which is, perhaps, the warmest and most luminous little panel he has left us, with the possible exception of the "Boys Digging for Rats," in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. In this sketch his faculty for suggestive drawing, and for the management of careless groups, is to be seen at its best. In Teniers, Steen, and Ostade, who at this time were Wilkie's masters, we find a crispness of handling and a sense of local tint far superior to that of their Scotch disciple; but, on the other hand, Wilkie composes better than they, and the sympathy with line this implies is to be traced again in the greater length and elegance of his figures. About the time this sketch, and the picture from it, were painted, Wilkie's admiration of Ostade's deep-brown tones was rapidly coming to a crisis, but he had not yet gone the length of spreading a coat of asphaltum over his work and painting into it, as he did two years later, in the "Duncan Grey" of the Sheepshanks Collection. With a little more decision of hand, and a little less tendency to manner in his choice of forms, Wilkie would run no risk of losing the high place he won with the pictures of his first ten years.

As for Bonington, his position in art is only to be paralleled by that of one or two of the early Italians who died in their first youth. The number of really good pictures he has left behind him is very small. The great bulk of his work is no better than that of several men in the second rank who do not enjoy a fourth of his fame. In his pictures, moreover, we find a looseness of hand and a want of preparatory thought which have seldom, if ever, accompanied great powers to improve. I doubt, therefore, whether the world has lost so much as is commonly supposed by Bonington's early death. But among the few really fine things he has left, the small genre picture lent to Edinburgh by Mr. Orrock is one of the finest. The subject is one that he repeated at least three times, with

variations. It is Francis I. and the Duchesse d'Estampes. In the Louvre picture the figure of Charles V. is also introduced. In another, in Sir Richard Wallace's gallery, the King and his mistress are alone, as here, but their pose is different. In all three the famous epigram,

Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol qui s'y fie ;

is to be read on a window-pane, and suffices to account for the scene. The picture has Bonington's usual faults of careless drawing, ill-judged impasto, and deficient characterization; but for these its splendid colour and exquisite rhythm in arrangement do more than make up. Two examples lent by Mr. Woolner illustrate another side of the painter's talent, but help to confirm me in my belief that nothing short of a different character and a more robust physique, would ever have enabled Bonington to fulfil the promise of those better works on which the world has generously chosen to judge his powers.

At the present moment Edinburgh supplies plenty of material for a final verdict on William Etty. Six of his best pictures of the nude have been lent to the Exhibition, while the five great historical compositions on which the painter himself chiefly built his hopes of fame have long hung in the Scottish National Gallery. Etty's career affords a curious example of how slight the material gap may be which divides a good from a very mediocre artist. Until he was about five-and-thirty, he never succeeded, with all his devotion, in drawing an admiring eye to his work. Night and day he toiled in the life school of the Academy, and year after year he exhibited on its walls, only to be looked upon as a "worthy plodder who would never make a painter." Then all at once he discovered the secret of transparency in colour; discovered what it meant and how to get it; and thenceforward his pictures had a value of their own, and he was sure of a place in our school. For in the future his reputation will rest on nothing but his peculiar power of suggesting the quality of flesh. As a colourist, pure and simple, he has been surpassed often enough, even in our own time; but in his best work the texture and transparency of flesh are given with a startling truth that we find in no one else. In his "Judith" series there is none of the power to organize line and to preserve "value," which is required for success in such ambitious things; but even there we find his peculiar power to render skin and muscle, and to suggest what they cover.

The time has scarcely yet arrived for the *œuvre* of these three men to be sifted in the ruthless way in which we sift that of men of similar rank who have been dead for centuries. Years may pass before we see two Wilkies, or two Boningtons, or two Ettys, of

something like equal "importance" put up at Christie's and knocked down, the one for as many pounds as the other brings shillings. But the time for that will come at last, and then, when the fame of each rests upon the pure residuum, it will, I believe, be found that, while Wilkie will keep his level, Bonington will fall below, and Etty rise above their present places.

Among the portrait-painters of the century there are two with whom the present visitor to Edinburgh should take the opportunity to become better acquainted. One of these, of course, is Raeburn; the other the little-known Andrew Geddes. Both are represented fairly in the Exhibition, and very well in the Scottish National Gallery. In London Raeburn is known only by two or three good but scarcely first-class examples in the national collection of portraits, and by a poor performance from his early years in the National Gallery. A clever but unimportant work of his has lately been bought for the Louvre, and we may hope the sign such a purchase gives of a growing fame may be noted by our own authorities. Nothing but the stimulus of a sterner rivalry was required to lift Raeburn into the very first rank of portrait-painters. So far as they go, his portraits will bear comparison with those of any other man. His grasp of character was complete; his mechanism was as broad, sure, and simple as that of Hals or Velazquez; his sense of line and mass unerring. What he wants is reality. By this I do not in the least mean that making out of illusive detail which is called finish. I mean simply that he forgets, and has no one to remind him, that a real solid body should loom behind the artistic conception. In a word, he wants force, force and depth; and these he would not have missed had he worked among his equals.

In England Geddes is still less to be seen than Raeburn. Since a small picture in which he had libelled himself was taken down from the walls of the National Gallery, the only accessible work of his in London has been his altar-piece in the Church of St. James, Garlick Hill (behind Cannon Street Station), which was painted when James Burnet, brother to John Burnet, the painter and engraver of Wilkie's pictures, was curate there. To many people, who have never seen his work, Geddes is known, however, as the author of a series of etchings which rank among the best of the century. One of these is a plate, partly etched, partly in dry point, after a portrait by himself of his mother. This portrait is now in the Scottish National Gallery, and, on the whole, may be looked on as the best thing he has left. It is well conceived, and painted with great force and decision. Its fault is a want of transparency, which may, perhaps, be the result of imprudent means taken to secure that very quality. The examples of Geddes

in the exhibition tell the same story as the portrait of his mother, and hint that, under better conditions, he might have won a high place among the painters of the century.

Of the five artists at whose work we have been glancing, none are richly, and only one is fairly, represented in our London National Gallery; a fact which is enough by itself to justify those who demand a more systematic buying of English pictures. With the exception of a life study and a picture which has been banished to Oldham, the Ettys bought by Mr. Vernon were all of the more gaudy and less truthful kind; the only Raeburn is non-characteristic; the only Bonington insignificant; Geddes is absent altogether; of Wilkie alone can a fair idea be formed, but even he is not so well exampled as many artists of similar rank in foreign schools.

But, without doubt, the great art of the schools—in the sense in which I have been using the word—to be studied at Edinburgh, is that founded upon the example of Constable. It was in 1824–5 that Constable's "Hay-wain" and "White Horse" were exhibited in Paris and Lille. At that time Corot was a young man, and Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré, Troyon and Daubigny little more than boys. So far as they had gone, the practice of them all had been founded on Claude and the Dutchmen. It was the sensation made by the English pictures which drove them to nature, and opened to them a new world and a new channel for the expression of their own individuality. One of the best known of living French critics has lately published a volume of studies* on the men of 1830, the men who will in the future be looked upon as the chief glory of the French school, and from first to last, with characteristic reluctance to acknowledge help from without, he never mentions the name of Constable. He allows, indeed, that England took the new departure in landscape before France, but he declares that, "séparés par l'ocean, ne sachant rien les uns des autres," the French and the English marched on different roads to the same goal. We have only to turn, however, to French newspapers and reviews of the time to see how wide was the interest, and how deep the admiration excited by Constable, whose name has ever since enjoyed a prestige in France which it has only gathered within the last decade or two in his native country. But even in the absence of such evidence, any doubts as to the course things took must disappear before the lesson taught by the pictures at Edinburgh. Here, every one of the men concerned is well represented. Here are six Constables, among them the sketch for the "Hay-wain" and the "Jumping Horse," twenty Corots,

* *La Capitale de l'Art*, by Albert Wolff (Paris: Victor-Havard).

three Courbets, thirteen Daubignys, fourteen Diaz, five Duprés, seven Rousseaus, three Troyons, eight Monticellis, and so on. Now, it appears to me that no one who is familiar with the course art has taken, can examine these men's works without being impressed by the fact that the two great original minds among them were those of Constable and Corot, and that of these two originalities Constable's was the more prolific. All Corot's better work was done after about 1830, and the change which may then be traced in his art is due to that greater freedom of hand and closer insight into nature which the English pictures were so likely to inspire. But the example of Corot has borne little fruit. His art, indeed, is too personal, too strongly the outcome of individual feeling, to be of much help to the activity of others. In its way it is not less artificial than that of Watteau, to which, indeed, in sentiment, it bears curious affinity. Constable's great feat, on the other hand, was at once to clear away all conventions, to lay bare the one true foundation of nature, and to show how a fair and solid building could be reared upon it. That the invitation thus given was mainly accepted in a foreign country is a matter for real regret.

The Corots at Edinburgh show all the better sides of his art. There are none of those large canvases, peopled with strangely modelled beings, in which he sometimes indulged. But there are delicate landscapes, in which the tender light of dawn floats through the feathery trees, glances on the backs of the meditative kine, and leaves every detail of distance and foreground to be divined by those whose sympathies are touched. There are, too, pictures of the hour when the sun sinks to the horizon, when the rising mists have not yet drawn their veils along the valleys, or obscured the figures of the village girls who dance in the light which gilds the close of another day of toil. No artist has set his dreams before us like Corot. In his best creations the means disappear in the beauty of the vision. Seldom, if ever, did he paint a picture in which there was not some material blemish which would come near to being fatal in the work of any other man. His colour is often too black; his tree trunks are nearly always heavy and deformed, his foregrounds often shapeless and impossible, and his figures of man and cattle as a rule absurd; but, in spite of it all, he contrives to let us enjoy the beauty that appeals with such power to himself, and that will be enough to keep him almost at the head of his school.

Rousseau is only to be seen at his best in his larger works, and of these there is but one at Edinburgh. In his smaller pictures he is apt to give way so far to his fondness for low tones that, as we look at them, we are conscious of uneasy doubts as to whether

they will be visible at all when the darkening effects of time have been fifty years at work. Even some of the best of his large pictures, such as the famous "Givre" and "Le Pommier," are likely to suffer from this cause. On the whole, I think the finest Rousseau I have ever seen is one in the collection of M. Secretan, in Paris, in which he has made full use of his unrivalled power to model trees. Its subject is a group of oaks, on a rocky soil, in the full light of mid-day. Beside it the trees of Constable would look flat; but in frankness of colour Rousseau falls below the English painter.

Beside Constable, Corot and Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré and Daubigny are almost mediocrities, but each of them is well represented at Edinburgh, though mostly by small pictures. In what the claim of Diaz's large figure pieces to be accepted as aught but tawdry rubbish consists, I am free to confess I don't understand. But his glades at Fontainebleau are often delightful, and his bathing nymphs full of charm, despite a certain hotness of colour that he never quite escapes. All the force and balance of Dupré, too, are required to make up for the lurid falseness of his colour. This is rampant in one of the most strongly-painted pictures in these rooms, a marine piece from the gallery of a Scotch collector. Dupré, the only survivor of the great band of Frenchmen who have now come into their own, has, perhaps, a less secure hold on the future than any of his rivals, not excepting Daubigny. Not only is his colour false: he has a manner in execution which comes near to affectation. By Daubigny, whose individuality is the least forcible of them all, there is, at Edinburgh, one of the very best things he ever did. This is a large landscape, a river with cows. It is comparatively free from that peculiar ropiness of brushing which makes so many of his foregrounds look as if they were painted from the canvas landscapes of the stage. Troyon, Delacroix, Decamps, Millet, and Courbet are a little out of the path I have been following, and I must be content to note that each is represented by characteristic work, Delacroix especially, who is to be seen in his sketch for the famous "Barque de Don Juan," now in the Louvre. The sketch is from the collection of Mr. Constantine Ionides, who also lends, among other things, Millet's "Sawyers," and a graceful nude by Ingres.

The last "school" to which I must refer is that in which I shall put George Paul Chalmers, W. Q. Orchardson, Matthew Maris, Josef Israels, and an Anglo-Scottish painter who has always contrived, somehow, to miss the notice he deserves; I mean Mr. T. Graham. No doubt many, if not most of those who condescend to read this page, will here wonder what Matthew Maris, at least, is doing in this *galère*. They may say that his affinities are rather

with Millet; and in some respects no doubt that is so. But both in his technical methods and in the spirit which informs his art, there is much in Maris so utterly foreign to the Gallic temperament that I would rather put things right by drawing Millet across the border into his school than by sending Maris to Barbizon. Millet's art is essentially northern. He was a Norman, and might have been an Englishman; he could never have been a Provençal or a Gascon. His deep spiritual humanity, like that of Méryon—who was half English by blood and wholly by temperament—and of Matthew Maris, is all that is most non-French. Maris falls short of Millet in the lesser dignity of his aim, and, technically, in his inferior drawing. As a colourist, while he is without the occasional splendour of the Frenchman, he reaches every now and then a subtle harmony the other never approached. In this respect two small pictures at Edinburgh show him at his best. One is "Le Ménage," the other "A Souvenir of Amsterdam." In the first—the subject is a young woman at laundry-work among quasi-mediæval surroundings—he is bolder in his choice of tints than usual; in the second, a street and canal-scene in the Dutch Capital, he restricts himself to a camaieu of grey reds and yellows. But each is a master-piece of colour, and in each a sensibility to the value of the smallest details of form is carried to the creative pitch. Fromentin says that a Dutchman who cannot draw is beneath contempt. Matthew Maris certainly cannot, or will not, draw; in every one of his pictures there is some flagrant error of form to remind us that art is long; but probably the French critic would allow that in this modern shoot from the ancient stem there is much to blind us to the defect.

Neither Israels, nor the lesser lights of his immediate school, are as well represented as they would have been a few years ago in an English exhibition. Their heyday is past, and the fact is to be rejoiced at. Our native painters are quite loose enough in hand; their faith in the power of "feeling" to cover a multitude of sins is quite strong enough already, without any longer parading of the most formless of schools before their eyes as the most successful. The effect of Israels' example is to be seen in the destruction of a fine colourist like Paul Chalmers, the young Scottish artist the mystery of whose violent death in 1878 has never been cleared up. Twelve pictures by him are here. The best, from a technical point of view, is, perhaps, the interior of an old house at Montrose, which is well-arranged and extremely fine in colour. But the whole twelve, as well as the picture in which Chalmers is represented in the Scottish National Gallery, are spoilt to a great extent by that deliberate looseness of hand which, in subjects like these, serves no useful purpose and suggests

no natural fact. With certain exceptions, this fault runs through the whole of the Scottish school, and never seems more conspicuous than in the cases of those by no means unfrequent men who are blessed with a fine gift of colour. In Mr. Thomas Graham it is modified by English influence, but it often runs to excess even with him. As a colourist, Mr. Graham now and then rises to heights where few can follow him. He has a special facility for the management of high tones in which there is much yellow, and in his handling there is a subtlety which appeals strongly to our sympathies. His best work here is "The Wanderers"—a strolling fiddler and his wife resting on a wayside bank. It is delicious in colour, and in the rendering of textures. By Mr. Orchardson, the brother in art to all these men, there is, among other things, the famous "Queen of the Swords," which had such a success at the last Paris *Exposition*. If anything could justify the broken handling of the Scottish school, it would be such a picture as this, in which the artist's mind shines from the canvas with a force and purity almost equal to that of Corot himself.

In this rapid glance at what seems to me most worth attention among the pictures now collected at Edinburgh, I have found no place for several things that the visitor with leisure will not miss. I have said nothing of David Scott; I have said nothing of the Dutch landscape and cattle painters, who are, in truth, but a cold reflection from those of France; I have said nothing of more than one man of real genius whose path lay outside the ways I have followed; neither have I stopped to notice the crowd of mediocre pictures, chiefly Scotch, which have taken this last chance of catching a stray look before they go down into the gulf that awaits them. I have written of the collection as it might have been, had the principles which governed its most important section been applied to the whole, and had some care been taken to organize its teaching.

Walter Armstrong.

AN AMERICAN CHURCHMAN'S VIEW OF THE POSITION OF THE LAITY IN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.*

The position of the laity in the American Church cannot be correctly understood apart from the facts and influences which have helped to make it what it is. It is an outgrowth of the past, not a creation of the present. Its roots go back into the opening chapters of our history. The century of our organized ecclesiastical existence just now rounded out has developed and tested, not, in any way, substantively altered, the position of the laity. The principles which underlie it, and the methods which give it practical force, are, to-day, with only slight qualifications, what they were at the start. But, if time and experience have worked no essential change in them, they have drawn to them, of late especially, a degree of thoughtful attention that is beginning to tell on the average opinion of the best minds among us. Certain bearings, certain results of lay authority in the Church which no one dreamed of challenging twenty-five years ago, have become, under the stimulus of recent discussion, the subject of animated controversy, and, in some quarters, entitled to the highest respect, of aggressive criticism. It is a fact well known here that the number is constantly increasing of those who, though they agree with him in little else, agree with Dr. Pusey in his opinion—an opinion which, at the time it was uttered, excited among us an almost universal and indignant dissent—"that the American Church had seriously erred in committing to her laity so large a measure of power." I do not mean that, at this time, more than a respectable minority hold this view. The significant fact, however, is that this minority steadily grows, and that it is beginning to assert itself with boldness and energy. The causes which have built up and are rapidly swelling this minority will be alluded to further on in this paper.

It is a noteworthy fact that there is nothing on the record to

* The following paper is the second of a series of three by which it is hoped that light may be thrown on the difficult question of the Representation of the Laity in the English Church. The first paper, published in the April number of this Review, described the position of the Laity in the Disestablished Church of Ireland; and the third will deal with their representation in the Colonial Dioceses.

show that those who, a hundred years ago, framed the working system of the American Church entertained any doubt as to the right of the laity to exercise the powers conferred upon them by that system; certainly there is no trace of any formal inquiry or discussion on the subject. They simply assumed, as conceded and settled by the soundest precedent and by the light of experience, the right of the laity to be associated with the clergy in the administration of the Church. They claimed for the clergy all that belongs to them in virtue of their ordination, *i.e.* rulership, the preaching voice, sacramental ministration, leadership in worship, the care of souls and the spiritual authority necessarily bound up with it, the prerogative of place, and priority in consultation and judgment, and, briefly, all functions that properly appertain to the divinely-appointed representatives of the Church; while they denied to them the exclusive and final "power to decree rites and ceremonies," and absolute "authority in controversies of faith." They believed, and without debate acted upon the principle abundantly recognized in the earliest ages of the Church, that whatever spiritual life Christ has imparted to His Body belongs to the whole, not to a part of it—is the common and equal possession of all who share it, and, therefore, that all who partake of this life must, according to the degree of their ability, be accountable for whatever is needful to guard, diffuse, and perpetuate it. With them this was a plain, inevitable inference from the Church's organic constitution, which makes the whole dependent upon every part, and every part dependent upon the whole. We are members one of another. If one member suffer, whether by privation of spiritual rights, or by exclusion from lawful duties, or by denial of participation in functions common to all parts of the organic whole, then all the members suffer with it. The fathers of the American Church believed that membership in the Body of Christ involved a diffused and latent priesthood of the laity, which extended beyond the mere offering of spiritual sacrifices. In some things they regarded the ordained priesthood as so representing and speaking for the Church, that their acts were the acts of the whole Church, and as such might not, under any circumstances, be shared with the laity. But they also held that there were other things in which neither bishops alone, nor bishops and presbyters alone, could, with due regard for the health and safety of the whole body, act independently of the laity. They held, too, that the government of the Church is from above, not from below; that it is primarily in the hands of the bishops as successors of the Apostles, and possessed of an inherent authority derived from their divine commission; and, therefore, an authority which canons may define and limit, but which canons do not create and cannot destroy.

But they held, also, that these chief rulers were bound by the law of Christ as embodied in the Church's constitution to take counsel of "the elders and brethren"; and in such a sense as that when they act, it shall be with the expressed or implied assent of the whole Body; and, if with the assent of the whole Body, then, too, under the operation of suitable means, synodical or otherwise, for obtaining such assent. With these principles to guide them—principles, as they believed, grounded in Holy Scriptures and sanctioned by the practice of the primitive Church, it is not difficult to see how they were led to devise a working system for the American Church, which, in idea and intention, is as remote from the hierarchical-caste system of the Papal Church—which denies to the laity any official voice or right in ecclesiastical legislation or administration—as it is from the Congregational principle, which assumes that the laity are the Church, and therefore the source of all legislative and administrative authority.

It has been intimated that our American fathers were influenced in their treatment of the laity by expediency rather than by principle; that they had no theory, no intelligent, consistent views on the subject, out of which a theory could have been constructed; that they, with little thought or inquiry, hit upon a plan that was likely to produce the least friction, and that promised the best results in view of the new political condition of the country; that, as the Church in colonial times had consisted of parishes, rather dioceses, the conditions were all favourable to an undue development of lay authority in vestries, and that when the time came for organizing the Church throughout the land, this already acquired authority had to be respected, and, in some way, without apparent diminution, incorporated into the Church's permanent working system. All this has been urged, and it has been attempted to make the most of it by those who believe that a serious blunder was committed in assigning to the laity the large power which they have ever since exercised.

Now it does not fall within my purpose to ascertain precisely how far these considerations influenced the American Fathers. It may be that they did not act wisely, but it is certain that they did not act ignorantly. They were no strangers to the principles of ecclesiastical polity, nor to the precedents in ecclesiastical history illustrating the application of these principles. They were familiar with the doctrine that Christ made bishops the sole depositaries of the Church's powers, and they deliberately rejected it. They were familiar, too, with the modification of this doctrine, which united presbyters with bishops in the care of this depositum of authority, and this they declined to accept. And further, they

knew enough of the Church's past to know that the theory which made the whole Body of Christ the depositary and custodian of the powers given to her by her Eternal Head, and also the rightful judge of the manner in which these powers were to be exercised, was, in reality, the theory with which she began her corporate existence and active work, and that, whatever the departures from it in after ages, it had never utterly died out from her consciousness, but had lived on, though speechless, in the Mediæval period, and at last reasserted itself as an essential factor of the Reformation. Poorly as some may think of their scholarship and theology, this view was the result of their studies, and was deeply rooted in their conviction; and when they were called upon to shape the polity of the American Church, this was the view upon which they acted. That they acted without debate—without formal reference to precedents and authorities—does not prove that they did so without reflection or without definite convictions based on what they deemed well-established principles. It is clear that they regarded the habitual exclusion of the laity first, and of presbyters afterwards, from the more important Ecclesiastical Councils of all grades, from the fourth to the fifteenth century, as a radical departure from the practice of the Church in the earliest ages, and warranted only by the supposition that there was, during all that period, such a dearth of laymen of suitable qualifications, and, perhaps, of presbyters of proper gifts for conciliar deliberation, that the Church was obliged to entrust the care of her doctrine and discipline solely to her bishops.

But whatever the knowledge or the ignorance of our fathers respecting the polity of the primitive Church, and the broader rulings of ecclesiastical history touching the distribution and exercise of the Church's powers, there is no doubt that they were largely influenced by precedents nearer home. As in other things so in this, they were anxious to depart no farther than was necessary from the teaching and practice of the Mother Church. In her history and polity they saw an exhibition of lay power quite sufficient to silence any scruples in their minds touching the use they proposed to make of the same power. Indeed, they could not but feel that their plan fell very much short of the pattern naturally inviting their imitation. They saw that however the Mother Church might speak through Convocation, her decisions had, and could have, no binding or legal force until affirmed and endorsed by Parliament, that she had no power as a spiritual body to enact canons of doctrine or discipline, or to decide controversies of faith without lay intervention and approval, and that whatever synods and councils she might call, and however she might constitute them, whether of bishops only, or of bishops and presbyters,

the final and determining voice in all questions of Church teaching or Church law was vested in a lay council—a national Parliament in which the Church could be heard officially only through a minority representation which, numerically considered, was of the feeblest character. This latitude, or rather domination, of lay authority was brought home to our fathers at last by a very sharp and memorable experience. For when they applied to the archbishops and bishops of the Mother Church to consecrate bishops for the American Church, they were informed that the archbishops, however favourably disposed, would be unable to do so until, by special Act, Parliament should "convey to them the powers necessary for this purpose." In other words, the most purely spiritual act could not be performed by the highest spiritual authority until formally sanctioned by lay power. What wonder that, with their strange environments, they gravitated easily toward the well-worn grooves of a polity with which their whole training and experience had made them so familiar. What more natural than they should at once recognize the right of the laity to a place in their councils, and if, in the opinion of some, they allowed that place to become too influential and authoritative, it may be justly said in their defence that they had all the excuse which could be drawn from what all such must regard as the unfortunate example of the Church of England. But it may be added that the great majority of American churchmen still believe that no excuse or apology is needed for what they did.

With these preliminary statements explanatory of the attitude of the fathers of the American Church toward the laity, I proceed to give an account of the actual position of the latter in her working system; first in her supreme legislative body, the General Convention; secondly, in her diocesan; and, lastly, in her parochial organization.

By the constitution of the American Church the General Convention is a body composed of a House of Bishops and a House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. The concurrence of both Houses is necessary to constitute an act of the body. An act proposed in either House and adopted by it, must be submitted to the other for its concurrence. If such concurrence be obtained, the act is no longer the act of either House, but of the whole body, and without such concurrence no act can become a law. The Constitution provides that the Church in each diocese shall be entitled to a representation by both clergy and laity, and that such representation shall consist of not more than four clergymen and four laymen (communicants) residing in, and chosen in the manner prescribed by the convention of the diocese which they respectively represent; and that in all cases, when demanded by the clerical or

lay representatives from any diocese, the vote shall be taken by dioceses and by orders. If no such demand be made, the vote of the House may be taken according to the use of other deliberative bodies, *i.e.* by acclamation or by division, or by individual ayes and nays. In all cases where the canons provide that a measure must be adopted by a constitutional majority, the method of voting by dioceses and orders must be adhered to. If a diocese is represented by only one order, it has only the vote of that order. If a diocese be not represented by either clerical or lay delegates, it has no vote; but as it has the constitutional right to be represented, it is bound by the acts of the body the same as if it had actually consented to them. From this it will be noted that a numerical majority of both orders is not conclusive. To be a constitutional majority, it must be a majority of all the *dioceses* represented by *clergy* concurring with a majority of all the *dioceses* represented by *laity*.

The Constitution contains no specific enumeration of the powers of the General Convention. They have the general character which attaches to supreme authority. But the exercise of these powers is not arbitrary, either as to the sphere within which they are to operate, or as to the extent of their operation in that sphere. Passing over the several limitations of the powers imposed by the Constitution, which is to be regarded as the organic law of the whole Church, and bearing the assent, express or implied, of all the dioceses which compose the Church, it may be said that the General Convention is empowered to pass laws on any subject on which a National Church is competent to legislate for its members. It should be observed, however, that this power is exclusively legislative, in no case judicial. It is authorized to prescribe the mode of exercising judicial power, and the canon of our "Digest" relating to the trial of a bishop shows how fully it has given its mind, on sundry occasions, to this branch of legislation. As to the subordinate clergy, it leaves the whole matter of judicial procedure to be determined by each diocesan convention. It is a function of the Episcopate to prescribe the qualifications to be possessed and the conditions to be complied with by those who are to be ordained; but in fact the Episcopate has not exercised this power in our system except as a component part of the General Convention, and in concurrence with the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies.

Again, the General Convention is invested with the power of establishing, and consequently of altering, a Book of Common Prayer, Administration of Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, Articles of Religion and Ordinal. The only limitation of this power is that no alteration or addition shall be

made in these formularies unless the same be proposed in one General Convention, and by a resolve thereof be made known to the convention of every diocese, and adopted at the subsequent General Convention.

Finally, omitting several matters of less importance, it is proper to say a word as to the mode of amending the Constitution. It is provided that the Constitution shall be unalterable, unless in General Convention, by the Church, in a majority of dioceses which may have adopted the same; and then not until the proposed changes shall have been communicated to the several diocesan conventions, and ratified in the ensuing General Convention. Touching the jurisdiction of the General Convention, it should be added that this extends not only to the members of the Church in the dioceses, but also to the dependencies of the Church situated in the territories of the United States and in foreign countries. Thus it legislates, from time to time, for domestic and foreign missions; provides for the appointment of missionary bishops at home and abroad; and for the organization and regulation of congregations in foreign countries other than Great Britain and Ireland, and the Colonies and dependencies thereof.

This outline of the powers of the General Convention, of the composition of its two Houses and of its method of voting, and of the necessity of concurrent majorities for the enactment of any law, discovers the extent and importance of the lay power in the highest council of the American Church. And just here the question arises, In what spirit, with what results, has this power been used? Has it helped or hindered this Church in the discharge of its gravest legislative functions? Has it been in this—the widest sphere of its operation—a benefit or an injury to the spiritual mission and practical life of this Church? Undoubtedly, the vast majority of our people would be quick to answer. Without this organized, constitutional co-operation of the laity with the clergy the American Church to-day would not be what it is in its strength, stability, energy, and aggressive vitality. If the Church has lost anything of moment, they do not see it; that it has gained immensely in many ways, they are sure. Some there are who deny this; but it is only in a speculative, hypercritical way that they paint a better and a nobler Church as the probable result of a supreme ecclesiastical legislature composed solely of bishops and presbyters, or of bishops alone.

It is worthy of mention in speaking of the quality and degree of lay influence in the General Convention, that from the very start the laymen chosen by the diocesan conventions to represent them in that body, have been in every sense the flower of their order. Taken as a whole, and in respect of trained intelligence, disciplined

familiarity with the genius and wants of the Church, and with the forms and methods of legislation, loyalty to constitutional obligations, reverence for venerable ecclesiastical traditions relating to the Catholic faith, as well as to questions of public worship, enlightened and earnest devotion to the best interests of their constituencies—in all these respects it is certain that no better men could have been found in the nation.

Looking back over the century past, it can be truly said that, as a rule, our lay legislators have been less blind adherents of party, less swayed by the prejudices springing from rival schools of thought, more ready to favour wholesome and needful changes in our working system, more resolute in opposing unwise or rash tampering with matters of ritual, more open to suggestions of practical wisdom in the administrative affairs of the Church than very many of the clergy. I am aware that this estimate will not escape challenge, and I know that a highly respectable authority in England* has spoken with almost a sneer of the so-called conservatism of our American laity, describing it as little less than force of habit, a stupid clinging to custom, an unreasoning aversion to change in things that must change if they are to grow; nevertheless, I have abundant reason for believing that the opinion just expressed will be concurred in by the great majority of thoughtful and temperate-minded Churchmen at home.

I have now to say something of the laity in our diocesan conventions. These conventions are our local legislatures; they take in hand matters which the General Convention deems it inexpedient to touch; they enact canons for the regulation of diocesan interests; they promote Church extension, foster home missions, watch over schools and incorporated institutions of learning, provide for the support of the Episcopate, and for the care of aged and infirm clergymen, found and maintain charitable institutions of every name, determine the boundaries of parishes, prescribe the mode of trying priests and deacons for specified offences, and settle differences not otherwise adjustable between rectors and their vestries. The diocesan convention consents to, or rejects, all proposed changes in the Book of Common Prayer, and in the constitution of the General Convention, and elects the bishop of the diocese. Its enactments are binding alike upon bishop, clergy, and laity; and its decisions and resolutions on all subjects that fall within its province are expected to command the obedience of all members of the diocese.

The name "convention" is peculiar to the American Church. In thirteen dioceses it has been changed for the older and more

* *The Church Quarterly Review*, January No., 1886.

churchly name of council and synod. The organization of this body demands the presence in person of the bishop with his clergy, and the laity by their delegates from the parishes in the diocese entitled to representation. The bishop sits with, and presides over the whole body *ex officio*. The bishop has sometimes claimed to act as a bishop, and not as a mere presiding officer, and in some instances has claimed two votes on this ground. The voting is usually by ayes and nays, but by orders when called for by five members, clerical or lay, or, in some conventions, by a less number. As members of the body the laity have the same rights as the clergy, and therefore have co-ordinate authority in all its proceedings. Here, again, it will be seen that the laity are invested with large powers. As to the way in which these powers have been exercised, the testimony varies somewhat in different dioceses. In most dioceses a lay delegate need not be a communicant, in some not even a baptized person; though, in fact, probably nine-tenths of the lay members of these bodies are communicants. In the choice of lay delegates, parishes, from the nature of the case, are restricted to a much narrower range of selection than diocesan synods. Petty ambitions have easier play, persons of crude and unintelligent churchmanship, and quite ignorant of the rules and methods of deliberative bodies, often encounter no insuperable difficulty in pushing themselves to the front, if they are disposed to do so. And yet it usually turns out that even such unpromising elements are, save in times of strong party excitement, kept under due restraint by respect for the bishop and clergy, or by the acknowledged leadership of the few wise and experienced laymen always present in every synod. Whatever the troubles and dangers, actual or possible, arising from this source, there is sure to be, in every representative gathering of the diocese, a substantial residuum of helpful service. After eighteen years' experience of diocesan conventions, and having considerable familiarity, therefore, with all their caprices, infirmities, and temptations, I can bear witness to the value and efficiency of the lay portion of them. As I look back, for every clergyman connected with them of conspicuous ability, devotion and usefulness, I can recall a layman in the same sphere of work to match him. Indeed, in many grave matters of practical administration, and not seldom in matters demanding deep and varied technical knowledge of ecclesiastical and civil law, I know not (and most American bishops will say the same) how my diocese could have got on successfully, if it had been deprived of the authorized and representative co-operation of the laity. Many of them, though immersed in business and professional cares, have given without stint and ungrudgingly of their time, their talents, and means for the advancement of the Church's welfare, and

their personal character and official service are to-day deservedly ranked among the richest treasures of my diocese.

Another important sphere of lay influence connected with the diocesan organization is that of what is known among us as "The Standing Committee." This is composed of four presbyters and four laymen, chosen statedly by the diocesan convention, by ballot, and by the concurrent vote of the members of each order. By canon of the General Convention it acts as a council of advice to the bishop, and, when there is no bishop, as the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese. No person can be admitted a candidate for holy orders, or can be ordained deacon or priest, until he shall have been canonically recommended to the bishop on the basis of information as to character and attainments duly certified to them. In some of the dioceses the standing committee acts, upon the summons of the bishop, as a jury of inquest, determining, in the case of a suspected or accused clergyman, whether or no there be sufficient grounds for a trial. All these, it will be seen, are grave and important duties. In the performance of these duties the lay members of the committee are in all respects co-ordinate with the clerical members; and in no case is the committee required to vote by orders. It should be added, moreover, that no bishop can be consecrated until a majority of all the standing committees in the Church shall have given canonical consent thereto. Without question, membership of this committee involves the most responsible lay function in the American Church, and in all cases only the tried and picked laymen of a diocese are selected for it. Though chosen annually, vacancies occur, as a rule, only by death or resignation. No one is thought eligible unless his Christian character, soundness in the faith, maturity of judgment, general intelligence, and known devotion to the Church are such as to make it quite sure that he will be continued in office as long as he may be able and willing to serve. Here, if anywhere, it might be expected that the position and power of the laity would excite friction, and often occasion both dissent and discontent. And yet, with all the chances thus given for embarrassing or impeding the Church's machinery in its most sensitive and delicate parts, it is seldom that the laity are seriously faulted for infirmities or mistakes of judgment and temper in this sphere of official duty.

I now come to the position of the laity in the organization and government of the parish. This, I regret to say, will open up a less pleasing field of inquiry, and compel a less satisfactory verdict. In the mind of the Church, as expressed in its canons and traditions, a parish is a fellowship of souls—a spiritual body organized for Christian ends. Though to be capable of holding property, and making contracts and covenants legally binding, the

secular power must intervene with its statutory sanctions and regulations, yet the well-ordered parish will, in everything not explicitly directed by the civil authority, be obedient not only to the canons, but to the common unwritten law of the Church—in other words, will, in all allowable ways, comport itself as a spiritual body, and, as little as may be, as a creature of the civil power, always having regard to the fact that its relations with the latter are a matter of necessity rather than of choice. In affairs of government and administration the congregation will be represented by lay officers of their own choice. The rector will be, *ex officio*, the ecclesiastical head of the body, and president of the trustees or vestry elected by the congregation. As such he will have control, for parochial purposes, of Church buildings, and, as a minister, will be answerable only to the authorized head of the diocese. The vestries and their representatives, the wardens, will have charge of the property and rights of the corporate body, and will, after due consultation with the diocesan, elect their rectors, whom they are bound to support and to aid in all practicable ways. In assigning such functions to the laity, the Church leaves no doubt as to what she means by laity worthy of such a trust. The loose, popular notion that all are laymen who are not clergymen is far from meeting her requirement. When she provides for associating the laity with the clergy on an equal footing for legislative and administrative purposes, she intends and expects that they will be not only baptized and confirmed, but actual communicants, and, further, that there is good reason for believing them to be sincerely attached to her doctrine, discipline, and worship. Such is the Church's conception of the parish and of the laity whom she takes into her counsels, whether in the parish or in her diocesan and general councils. Alas! that the ideal and the real should be so far apart. To the fact that the Church's conception and requirement in this whole matter are so largely disregarded in the organization and government of the parish, and measurably so in those of the diocese, are traceable the gravest disorders which afflict us, and also the worst wrongs perpetrated upon the clergy.

Let me now sketch the parish as it is, or as the powers and franchises conferred by State law permit it to become, considered as a civil corporation; but with the saving clause that there are enough good and true laymen to shield us, in most cases, from the worst possibilities. In Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and other Southern States the constitution of the parish followed, in many respects, the traditions and customs of Colonial times, which were substantially those of the Church of England. In the Northern and Middle and Western States, comprising well-nigh three-fourths of the Church, the parish has been largely fashioned

by Puritan ideas and influence. What led the Puritans of New England to frame a form of polity radically different from that of the Church of England need not be told here. They came to their home in the new world with the conviction, embittered by experience, that the union of Church and State in the mother country was such as, in effect, to confer upon the former the practical supremacy as a power of restraint, not only in matters of belief and conscience, but also in matters deeply affecting relations to the State. It was their avowed purpose to put an end to this supremacy; and, in doing so, they so organized their religion as to effect another sort of union of Church and State, and to embody this union in the individual man, regarded in the two-fold relation of citizen and Christian. The corporate whole of the Church and the corporate whole of the State were eliminated, and the individual substituted for both. The outcome of this was, ecclesiastically, Independency or Congregationalism, and, secularly, a gradual but sure preponderance of power from the spiritual to the civil authority. The citizen, little by little, encroached on the Christian, until the latter drifted into subordination to the former, and learned, as a member and representative of organized Christianity, to accept law and direction for ecclesiastical societies from him, or from the many like him, regarded as an organized multitude of citizens, *i.e.* the State.

Now is it asked what have the organization and government of parishes in the American Church to do with this chapter in Puritan history? I reply, Much in many ways—so much, indeed, as that nearly everything in the parish organism of to-day that violates and dishonours the Church's ideal is due to its influence. Is it asked further, how this influence came into play and proved so decisive among Churchmen, who, by instinct and training, were, especially in all Church matters, radically opposed to the whole system from which it sprang? I answer, In this wise:—New England, for nearly two centuries, was the *officina gentis* in our American life, and during that time Puritanism was, politically and religiously, the shaping, presiding genius of New England. Especially was the impress of its spirit to be seen in all State legislation affecting the status of religion. If the members of the Church of England in colonial days, or members of the American Episcopal Church afterward desired to organize a parish, they were compelled to do so under laws inspired and enacted by Puritan influence; and it mattered not how or to what extent these laws antagonized the traditions, customs, wishes of Churchmen. It has been only within the last thirty years that the Church, in more than one New England State, has waxed bold enough and strong enough to secure such modifications and

amendments of these laws as would enable it to cast off the worst solecisms in parish government.

That there is no union of Church and State in this land is a vain imagination. We have it in its most vicious form, first, because the parties to this union are placed on a very unequal footing—the power being all on one side and the weakness all on the other; and next, because this one-sided power is undefined—unrestricted save by the vague prohibition against State interference with the Church, except when such interference is asked for by the Church, or the interests of the State, as adjudged by the State, require it. Civil obedience means far more to the average layman than ecclesiastical obedience, and, if any conflict be developed between the two, it is the habit of his mind—an instinct sharpened by long training—to regard the State, not the Church, as his real sovereign and supreme governor, and this, too, in things neither distinctively religious nor distinctively secular, but hovering on the border-line between them. Too often the parish as a creation of the State—a civil corporation—is to him a much larger and more imperative fact than the parish as a spiritual body subject to ecclesiastical law. Generally speaking, in all spiritual matters involving any reference to or dependence on the secular authority, it is the ordinary outcome of the American spirit to make even good Christian men Erastians without their knowing it. In this we have a trace of the old Puritan leaven, which swept away a union of Church and State rooted and grounded in the consciousness of the nation, and replaced it with its own invention—a union of Church and State whose focal point is the individual will, or an aggregation of individual wills speaking, on the secular side, through the civil township, or larger civil division, and, on the spiritual side, through the local, independent congregation, or a voluntary federation of such congregations; and always with a distinct leaning to the secular side as rightfully dominant. This leaven wrought mightily and disastrously upon the Church in the formative period of its history in this country. Directly or indirectly, wholly or in large part, it produced the following evils—the very ones, be it remembered, that now trouble and weaken the whole Church, and too often disgrace our parish administration and humiliate the clergy who, in spite of canons and bishops, are liable to be made the impotent victims of wrongs which are none the less wrongs because inflicted under the forms of law.

(1.) It has bred in the American Church mind the notion that a parish is of necessity a sort of double-headed entity—a spiritual body enclosed in a secular one, the former composed of veritable members of the Church, and the latter a society created by and amen-

able chiefly to the civil statutes, which may be entered by any adult person of decent character, without any spiritual test or ecclesiastical qualification, provided simply that he contribute to the support of the parish, or can claim any "joint act" with the rector—thus acquiring a right to vote at the annual parish meeting for wardens and vestrymen, who, when chosen, elect the rector, if there be a vacancy, manage the finances of the parish, control the means for the rector's support, determine his salary, and how and when it shall be paid, choose delegates to the diocesan convention, who, in turn, if there be no permanent endowment of the Episcopate, determine the bishop's salary, and how and when it shall be paid, and on equal terms with the clergy participate in legislation that may seriously affect their status.

(2.) To the same source may be traced the unchurchly and disintegrating idea that the parish, not the diocese, is the true ecclesiastical unit, and therefore that the interests of the parish are to take precedence of those of the diocese—the latter being regarded as a loose confederacy of congregations with reserved rights of autonomous independency capable of enforcement in great emergencies.

(3.) Belonging to the same group, and referable to the same influences, is the now universal conviction of the laity, formally embodied in a canonical right, that, though bishops ordain the clergy, it is only vestries representing congregations that can give them mission with the actual cure of souls, which mission implies. Thus the ministerial commission conferred by apostolic authority is practically a dead thing until it is called into life by lay authority. Christ's ministers, though sent by him and endued with the gift of the Holy Ghost, are dumb until asked to preach the word and minister the sacraments by some lay corporation brought into existence for spiritual ends by a statute of the State. It scarcely need be said that the possession of the ministerial gift involves not only the power, but the inherent right to exercise it. Mission may be an ecclesiastical arrangement, and so subject to rules and conditions; but it is also based upon the divine law of order and fitness in the Church of God. Therefore it has always been an accepted principle of Catholic polity that any ordination or consecration, however valid in itself, must be irregular that does not include also a mission. It is true that with us no one can be ordained priest until he shall have produced to the bishop a certificate from a vestry or congregation, that, when ordained, he will be accepted by them as their minister. But the agreement so made may soon come to nought through any one of many causes, and then the priest is afloat and left to the chances of the

favourable action of some other vestry or congregation who will consent to give him mission, or the right to exercise his ministry, provided that satisfactory assurances be given of his preaching ability and administrative energy. Practically and normally it amounts simply to this, in our American system, that under the law relating to parochial organization, as enacted by the State and acquiesced in, if not formally endorsed, by the Church, the power to confer upon the priesthood actual and stated jurisdiction over souls is lodged absolutely in the laity—the only authority in the matter left to bishops being purely personal and moral, and, if exercised, limited to suggestion, advice, recommendation, no opportunity, in many cases, being allowed even for this.

But, further, to this power of giving mission is added another and even greater power—that of determining and providing for the clergy the means of support. With these two powers combined in the hands of the laity, it is easy to see who are the real masters; and that this conceded mastery is not oftener abused is due to causes which operate outside of the system that permits what is in itself an organized and legalized abuse, to kindness, courtesy, honourable and generous dealing, which in other relations of life not seldom mitigate the severities of power, and remedy the defects of legal justice.

Whatever evils, actual or possible, there may be in this double-headed power of the laity, they are liable to serious aggravation by the voluntary system of clerical support, as that system is known to us. It is the ground principle of this system that every man shall pay for his own religious privileges. In practice this principle is found to involve certain reserved rights. If every man is to pay for his religion, it is implied under our very free American interpretation both of liberty and obligation, that he is to pay for his religion on such terms as may be agreeable to himself; that he shall take part directly, or by his representatives, in the choice of the priest who is to minister to him. That he shall be expected to contribute to the support of the one so chosen, only on condition that he shall prove acceptable to him as preacher and pastor, and that when he shall cease to be so, *i.e.* shall teach objectionable doctrine, or be guilty of excess or defect in ritual as judged by what happens to be the received standard, or be unduly independent in any of his methods of work, or be inclined to assert unwelcome official prerogative, or become personally or officially distasteful in any way, he is quite free to withhold any further contribution, and to that extent to cripple the incumbent in his means of subsistence. But if all this be implied by the voluntary system, as among the reserved rights of every layman, the same is equally implied in the case of any number of associated

laymen, *i.e.* of a parish acting by its vestry. It is not to be supposed that this vice of the voluntary system is put in practice by the majority of the laity. If it were, all Church activities would soon be paralyzed, and all possibility of settled pastorates soon be at an end. Quite the contrary is true. But this only proves that the average layman is better than the system under which his religious privileges are provided. But this fact does not alter, far less improve, the legal status of the clergy, nor check the tendency among them, deplorably active in all save those of remarkable personal force, to submit quietly and patiently to what they cannot help, to do the best they can in their unfortunate environment, and to say as little as may be about their conscious loss of independence and self-respect.

This is not the place to speak of the consequences, near or remote, of this state of things. Some of them have already been hinted at. Certainly it is having a disastrous effect on the spiritual tone of the clergy and of the Church. By lowering the intellectual as well as the official independence of the priesthood, it lowers correspondingly the standard of mental and spiritual culture. It is steadily and surely diminishing the supply of candidates for Holy Orders*—young men of spirit and promise refusing, more and more, to enter on a vocation, whose poverty and hardship find no counterpoise in its admitted dignity and rightful exemption from the enslaving and demoralizing domination of those to whom it is commissioned to minister, and over whom it is authorized to bear rule in spiritual things.

As for the bishops, in depriving them of the power of giving mission to those whom they ordain, and of authority or discretion in selecting the clergy who are to be under their jurisdiction, or in appointing them to organized cures; in committing this power to vestries, and with it the exclusive power over the maintenance of the clergy, and, as a result of this, converting the *de jure* accountability of the parish clergy to their bishops into a *de facto* accountability to the laity, the *status* that has been described, practically, and in spite of theories and canons intended to protect its dignity and assert its authority, has tended to dwarf the Episcopate to *vox et preterea nihil.* Here again the actual working of the thing is not as bad as the thing itself would seem to compel. Fortunately, latent forces, often stronger than law or permitted custom, or the vices that grow up under them, interpose to modify favourably, in the interest of peace and of rightful authority, the relations of an American bishop with his clergy and laity. Personal respect and

* The number of candidates is no larger now than it was twenty-five years ago, though meanwhile the parishes and missions of the Church have increased nearly twofold.

attachment, a traditional ingrained reverence for the Episcopal office, here and there an educated sense of the fundamental principles of order in the Catholic Church, an honest desire to remedy by voluntary action what is wrong in the Church's working system, above all the profound and masterful feeling of the spiritually minded that obedience, instant and spontaneous, is due from all who really own Christ as the Head of the Church, and therefore their head to something nobler and mightier than ecclesiastical rules or State enactments or other devices of men—even the love of God in Christ, pleading through the Holy Ghost with all the members of the one Body to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, and to come short in no grace, or gift, or service, that will advance the good estate of the Catholic Church—these motives, all of them beyond the power of bad plans, or defective organizations, or the friction of colliding laws in Church and State to disturb or defeat, have, on the whole, held together our bishops and clergy and laity, in the bonds of amity and concord despite adverse influences; have suppressed, or punished with the lash of an indignant public sentiment, nearly all cases of persistent, defiant lawlessness, and have done much to secure for the clergy in their parochial relations respectful, often kindly, sometimes generous and sympathetic treatment.

In conclusion, and to sum up the whole case, it is the belief of probably nine-tenths of our clergy, that in her prompt and cordial recognition, at the start, of the general principles of lay participation in legislative and executive ecclesiastical functions, the American Church did not err. On the other hand, with a century of experience behind them, it is equally the conviction of the great mass of the clergy and of many representative laymen, that she did err in the following particulars.

(1.) It was a grave mistake—*fons et origo malorum*—that in the formative and critical period of her history she permitted herself to be influenced by the Puritan conception of the relations of Church and State, and the Puritan principle of ultra individualism as the basis of ecclesiastical polity.

(2.) She erred in adopting, as she did, without radical modification, the autonomous parish organization of the Colonial Church, which grew up in practical ignorance and disregard of all proper diocesan relations; and then erred still further in aggravating what was wrong in that organization by a liberal incorporation with it of the disintegrating spirit of Puritanism.

(3.) She erred grievously in allowing a latitude amounting to license in her meaning and use of the term "laity." Instead of insisting, in all her canonical legislation and administrative functions, that a layman, to be eligible to any office in her gift, must be

a baptized and confirmed member of her Body, and to be eligible to any representative office, whether that of a vestryman or of a deputy to any of her synods, must be a communicant, she allowed the title to bleach and ravel out, until it was understood to include any and all men who, from whatever motive, might be willing, and in a secular sense able, to perform any service, or give any pecuniary help within her precincts.*

(4.) She erred in becoming a willing party to the radical and disastrous violation of Apostolic and Catholic polity which has eventuated in the transfer from bishops or other diocesan authority to the laity of the power of mission. Her ministers, stewards, and ambassadors do not *go* because they are *sent*, but come because *they are called*, and that by purely lay authority. What this means, and how it affects the Church's growth and aggressive energy, can be described and illustrated in a very tangible way.†

It only remains to answer the question which, in view of what has been said, cannot fail to be asked:—*When* and *how* will these defects and evils in the working system of the American Catholic

* One result of this loose ruling in respect to the character and qualifications of her so-called "laity" may here be mentioned by way of illustration. There are in the parishes of the American Church to-day probably not less than 25,000 wardens and vestrymen. Of this number it is estimated that not more than three-fifths are communicants. And yet to this body of laymen she has committed the legal custody of $40,000,000 of her property, together with nearly the sole power of mission for her clergy and the exclusive control of their means of support!

† "The first two religious bodies to acquire a permanent foothold in America were the Church of England, as in Virginia, and the Congregationalists or Independents in New England. Side by side these two bodies have existed now for more than two hundred and fifty years. According to the census of 1880 the Congregational body is seventh on the list in size and number among the religious denominations in the United States. The Protestant Episcopal is the eighth. The former has 3,587 ministers, 383,685 members; the latter 3,242 clergy, 323,876 members, *i.e.* enrolled Communicants. The parallelism in these figures is as striking as the similarity of methods in the relations of ministers and congregations. In both bodies the clergy are *called* and not *sent*. On the other hand, a little more than a hundred years ago, two other religious bodies began to take shape in our land, the Roman Catholic and the Methodist, beginning in fact more than one hundred and fifty years after those mentioned above. The same census shows the Romanists to have 6,012 priests, and a claim of 6,174,202 adherents; the Methodists, North and South, without including the minor divisions of the sect, number together 12,584 ministers and 2,508,792 members, placing them, in point of numbers, at the head of the Protestant bodies in the land; another striking parallelism in its way. Many causes may be adduced as tending to bring about these results, specially among the Roman Catholics (at least two thirds, if not more, of whom have been gained by immigration from the old world and from Canada); but none studying the circumstances can mistake the fact that in these bodies the clergy are *sent* and not *called*; they are under marching orders, every one of them. The motive power is from *behind* and from *above*, not from *below* and from the *front*. Among the Roman Catholics all priests in good standing have a canonical claim upon their bishop for "mission," and therefore for adequate support; substantially the same holds good of the Methodist system." For a fuller treatment of this subject, see an article by Rev. D. D. Chapin in the *Church Eclectic*, U.S.A., for January, 1884.

Church be remedied? Recent events have done much to concentrate attention upon them, the day of discussion is at hand, and after that the day of action cannot be long postponed. The first half of the past century was occupied with the struggle for existence, and the second half with efforts to clear up the Church's doctrinal position, to establish her teaching on a Catholic basis, and to differentiate her from "the sects." Meanwhile her polity and organization were left largely to take care of themselves—to be shaped too much by accident, and by extraneous influences of every name, but especially, as we have seen, by that of Puritanism. Unless all signs fail, we are passing now into a period when they will be taken up with an earnest and intelligent determination to rectify what is wrong in them, *i.e.* to overturn and recast the very foundations of our present so-called parish system, to recover for the diocese its proper place and function as the true and only working unit in our polity, to re-invest the bishops with the prerogative of "mission," to provide for the support of the clergy by establishing a central diocesan treasury,* to introduce a wiser economy in the assignment of the clergy to their fields of labour—an economy based upon a due recognition of their gifts and aptitudes on the one hand, and of the Church's wants on the other—and, finally, to revive ecclesiastical discipline, and make it a reality and a power by taking from the laity, and restoring to the bishops, the actual accountability of the clergy charged with the cure of souls.

After what has been written, it is scarcely needful, even were it proper, to offer suggestions or advice to those who, in an emergency, perhaps not far off, will be called upon to re-fashion in not a few important particulars the working system of the Church of England. We, on this side the water, can only pray that the Great Head of the Church will give them grace, wisdom, and strength not only to meet the crisis when it shall come; but, so far as may be, to provide for it before it shall come.

* See "Reform in Church Finance," in the *American Church Review*, Oct., 1883. By Rev. William Chauncey Langdon, D.D.

A. N. Littlejohn.

THE EVE OF VENUS.

A Paraphrase in English Verse of the "Pervigilium Veneris."

These verses have no pretension to be a literal translation (and, perhaps, I should rather call them an imitation than a paraphrase) of the *Pervigilium Veneris*. All that I have attempted in them is to reproduce the general spirit of a poem which (owing, perhaps, not a little of its charm to the mixture of modern sentiment with antique imagery) obviously belongs to a period of literary taste advanced to the very verge, though not yet beyond the verge, of decadence.

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!*

New is all the time I sing,
For now comes the natal morn
Of the newness of the Spring,
And 'tis then the world was born.
In the Spring the Loves assemble,
And the birds in nuptial bowers,
And the rain-kist leaflets tremble
Loose from lightly-clasping showers.
Here in bowery shades, to-morrow,
She that links the new-born Loves
For their cradles boughs shall borrow,
Blent with blooms, from myrtle groves.
For to-morrow, enthroned in rightful
State supreme, Dionè sits,
And to her commands delightful
The delighted world submits.†

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Ver novum, ver jam canendum:
Vere natus est orbis.
Vere concordant Amores
Vere nubunt alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit
Ex maritis imbribus.

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!*

Blue the Spring had breathed the brine,
And suffused the puft sea-foam,
With an effluence all divine,
Where two-hoovèd horses roam
In cerulean herds, whose mirth
Plunging cleaves the billowed water,
When Oceanus gave birth
To his wave-limbed foam-white daughter.†

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!‡

Who but She, with gemmy blossoms,
Paints the purpling season? She,
When Favonius fills the bosoms
Of the budded Spring, sets free
All their swollen sweets, and dowers
The dim earth with beauty bright.
She, at morning, decks the flowers
With the lucid dews of night;
Balmy tears, whose tremulous brightness,
Pausing in suspended fall,
Hovers, held by its own lightness
Safe about their petals small.

Cras Amorum copulatrix,
Inter umbras arborum,
Implicat casas virentes,
Et flagella myrtea;
Cras Dione jura dicit,
Fulta sublimi toro.

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Tum cruore de superno, ac
Spumeo pontus globo
Cœrulas inter catervas,
Inter et bipedes equos,
Fudit undantem Dionem
In paternis fluctibus.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit,
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

For She bids it there embolden
The shy blush that faintly shows
What deep fervours dwell enfolden
In the shut heart of the rose.
She, when heavens are husht and tender,
Doth by night from stars distil
All that lingering liquid splendour
Dawn endows with silent skill
To unclasp from blossoms, tumid
With exuberant loveliness,
Those green girdles clinging humid
To the beauty they repress.
She, too, from the wet rose-bushes,
By the beams of morning wooed,
Bridal veils of dewy blushes
Weaves for virgin maidenhood.
With the blood of Cypris mingling
Cupid's kisses, and in one
Fusing gems and flames, and tingling
Ardours sweeter than the sun,
Yesterday, reluctant maid,
That red light of love was dwelling
Under virgin snows, afraid
Of the tale it now is telling:
Yesterday thy fluttered zone
Hid love's frightened joy behind it;
Love, to-morrow, one by one,
Shall undo the strings that bind it.*

* Ipsa gemmeis purpurantem
Pinget annum floribus;
Ipsa turgentes mamillas
E Favoni spiritu
Mulget in toros tepentes;
Ipsa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit,
Sparget humentes aquas.
Lachrymæ micant trementes
A caduco pondere:
Gutta præceps orbe parvo
Sustinet casus suos.
Hinc pudorem florulentæ
Prodiderunt purpuræ.
Humor ille, quem serenis
Astra rorant noctibus,
Mane virgines papillas
Solvit hœrenti peplo.
Ipsa jussit, mane ut udæ
Virgines nubant rosæ.

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!*

She, the Nymphs' gay Goddess, speeds them
Tripping thro' the myrtle grove:
But what boy is he that leads them,
If he be not armèd Love?
No, to-day is holiday,
Love hath laid his arms aside.
Naked doth he sport and play,
All the amorous Spring-tide,
Lest his bow and arrows trim,
Or his torch, should do some ill.
Yet, O Nymphs, beware of him;
Naked Love is weaponed still.†

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again he lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!‡

Facta Cypridis cruore,
Atque Amoris osculo,
Facta gemmis, atque flammis,
Atque solis purpura,
Cras ruborem, qui latebat
Veste tectus, igneum
Invido, marita, nodo
Non pudebit solvere.

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Ipsa nymphas Diva luco
Jussit ire myrteo.
It puer comes puellis:
Nec tamen credi potest
Esse Amorem feriatum,
Si sagittas gesserit:
Ite, Nymphæ; ponit arma,
Feriatus est Amor.
Jussus est inermis ire,
Nudus ire jussus est,
Ne quid arcu, neu sagitta,
Ne quid igne læderet.
Sed tamen, Nymphæ cavete,
Quod Cupido pulcher est:
Totus est, inermis, idem,
Quando nudus est Amor.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

'Maidens, chosen chaste as thou,
Virgin Delia, to thee
Venus sends us. Prithee now
To our prayer propitious be.
These blest haunts forbear to stain
With the blood of savage beast:
And, if thou wouldst, further, deign
To attend Dione's feast,
She who, lest her warmth offend
Thine austerity severe,
Doth by us the message send,
Would, herself, entreat thee here.
Nights of revel three, shalt thou
See our festal chorus, crowned
Blithe with rose and myrtle bough,
Dancing these, thy woods, around.
Ceres will not be away,
Bacchus to the feast is bent,
With the God that bards obey;
And, if thou but smile assent,
All night long shall last our lay.
Deign, then, Delia, to relent,
Nor dispute Dione's sway,
For 'tis here omnipotent.'*

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!

* Compari Venus pudore
Mittit ad te virgines;
Una res est, quam rogamus:
Cede, Virgo Delia,
Ut nemus sit incruentum
A ferinis stragibus,
Ipsa vellet te rogare,
Si pudicam flecteret;
Ipsa vellet ut venires,
Si deceret virginem.
Jam tribus choras videres
Feriatas noctibus
Congreges inter catervas
Ire per saltus tuos,
Floreas inter coronas
Myrteas inter casas.
Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt,
Nec poetarum Deus.
Te sinente, tota nox est
Pervigilanda canticis.
Regnet in sylvis Dione,
Cede, virgo Delia.

Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!*

Here amongst Hyblæan blooms
She her mild tribunal places,
And in state the throne assumes,
Girt by her attendant Graces.
Hybla, send thy fairest flowers!
Rifle all the rosy year,
And, as broad as Enna's bowers,
Spread the florid tribute here!
For the Nymphs of vale and mountain,
And the Nymphs of grove and spring,
Fast from hill, and dell, and fountain,
Emulously hurrying
Each to be before the other,
Here their maiden homage bear
To the wingèd Boy God's Mother.
But She bids you, Nymphs, beware.
Naked tho' her darling be,
He can wound whene'er he will.
Trust him not, for sly is he.
Naked Love is weaponed still.†

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!‡

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Jussit Hyblæis tribunal
Stare Diva floribus,
Præses ipsa jura dicet,
Adsidebunt Gratiæ.
Hybla cunctos mitte flores,
Quidquid annus attulit;
Hybla florum rumpe vestem,
Quantus Enna campus est.
Ruris hic erunt puellæ
Et puellæ montium
Quæque sylvas, quæque lucos,
Quæque fontes incolunt.
Jussit omnes adsidere
Mater alitis Dei,
Jussit et nudo puellas
Nil Amori credere.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

Flowers, to-morrow, freshly blown,
Beauty's beaming self shall gather;
And to-morrow, fain to own
Beauty's influence, Father Æther,
Earth's first wooer, whose paternal
Vapours from her bounteous womb
Did of yore beget the vernal
Offspring of her primal bloom,
Shall again to ripe redundance
Kindle all the latent bliss
Of her bosom's vast abundance,
Panting to his procreant kiss.
For benign Dionè's power,
Over earth and heaven presiding,
Consecrates their bridal hour;
On its secret progress guiding
Safe the subtle Spirit of Life,
Whose all-permeating motion
Doth, with pregnant raptures rife,
Satiate earth, and heaven, and ocean
From the abysms of Birth and Feeling
Setting pent-up wonders free,
And to nascent worlds revealing
Their capacity to be.*

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!

* Cras recentibus Venustas
Ridet ipsa floribus;
Cras et is qui primus Æther
Copulavit nuptias,
Ut paternis recrearet
Vernus annum nubibus,
In sinum maritus imber,
Fusus almæ conjugis,
Inde vitam mixtus ardet
Ferre magno corpore.
Ipsa venas atque mentem
Permeante spiritu
Intus occultis gubernat
Procreatrix viribus;
Perque cœlum, perque terras,
Perque pontum subditum,
Pervium sibi tenorem
Seminali tramite
Imbuit, jussitque mundum
Nosse nascendi vias.

Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more !*

She the Household Gods of Troy
Into royal Latium led ;
She to her illustrious boy
The Laurentian virgin wed ;
Gave to Mars the robbed embrace
Of a Vestal from the shrine,
And the Romulean Race
Married to the Sabine line.
Hence the lordly Roman springs,
Hence the Conscript Fathers were,
Knights, Quirites, king-born Kings,
Cæsar's self, and Cæsar's Heir.†

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before !
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more !‡

Far i' the fields doth Pleasure stray ;
Far i' the fields is Venus found ;
Love himself was born, they say,
Far i' the fields on flowery ground.
Him the grassy lawns did guard
From his happy hour of birth ;
He was born on thymy sward,
He was nurst by rural mirth.§

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Ipsa Trojanos penates
In Latinas transtulit,
Ipsa Laurentem puellam
Conjugem nato dedit,
Moxque Marti dat pudicam
E sacello virginem.
Romuleas ipsa fecit
Cum Sabinis nuptias ;
Unde Rhamnes et Quirites,
Proque gente postera
Romuli, patres crearet,
Ac nepotem Cæsarem.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

§ Rura fœcundat voluptas ;
Rura venerem sentiunt ;
Ipse Amor, puer Diones,
Rure natus dicitur.

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more!*

Teeming pairs, together tied,
Now Love's yoke subservient pull.
Where the broom-flower blossoms wide
Amorous lows the lusty bull:
Bleating flocks and wanton herds
All the rivered meadows fill:
And aloft the lyric birds
Love allows not to be still.
Hoarse the wild swan's marriage hymn
Down the reedy marish rings;
And in poplar shadows dim
All night Philomela sings.
Who that hears her happy song
Could believe that voice laments
A loved sister's bitter wrong?
No, she sings, and, singing, vents
Pain, if pain it be, made such
By love's too importunate gladness,
Joy that were not joy so much
If it found no sweets in sadness.
In my heart I hear her sing:
And shall I be still and dumb,
When the swallow is on the wing,
And to me my Spring is come?
Nay, if I were silent now,
Would not my dishonoured Muse
Name, and fame, and laurel bough
Evermore to me refuse?
Which were, then, deserved the most,
Mine, or weak Amyclæ's fate,
Whom her coward silence lost
When the foe was at the gate?† [1]

Hunc ager, quum parturiret,
Illa, suscipit sinu,
Atque florum delicatis,
Educavit osculis.

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Quisque cœtus continetur,
Conjugali fœdere:

[1] The citizens of Amyclæ are said to have enjoyed all the advantages of popular Government—with the usual result. Their horror of alarmists, and their faith in the

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
You that not ever have loved before!
Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
You that have loved and who love no more! *

Ecce jam super genistas
Explicant tauri latus;
Propter undas cum maritis,
Ecce balantum gregem,
Et canoras non tacere
Diva jussit alites:
Jam loquaces ore rauce
Stagna cycni perstrepunt.
Adsonat Terei puella
Subter umbram populi,
Ut putes motus amoris
Voce dici musica,
Et neges queri sororem
De marito babaro.
Illa cantat: nec tacerem
Quando ver venit meum,
Quando feci et ut Chelidon,
Meque Phœbus respicit.
Perderem Musam tacendo,
Ni tacere desinam:
Sic Amyclas, dum silebant,
Perdidit silentium.

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit;
Quisque amavit, cras amet.

efficacy of legislation, would appear to have been of the soundest radical type. They passed a law forbidding credence to be given to a report that the enemy was coming to storm their city. That law did not stop the advance of the enemy, but it effectually silenced the alarmists; and, when the city was surrounded, its citizens offered no resistance to a danger, of which the recognition had been rendered treasonable by the verdict of the popular vote. So, says the story, Amyclæ fell without a struggle.

LYTTON.

THE MAGISTRACY.

Although under this heading only matters connected with the term "magistrates," as popularly understood, will be dealt with, yet it may be necessary to make some slight reference to the judges in the higher courts. For instance, in respect of the sentences which are passed by justices, the true equilibrium of the penalties imposed may best be ascertained by comparison. It may be that the justices in petty sessions, or in quarter sessions, sometimes err; but so, too, do the judges. A conspicuous case in point occurred only the other day, in one of the High Courts, when a mere lad was condemned for a first offence—an abominable one, no doubt—to penal servitude for the term of his natural life. All well-conditioned minds must share the horror and indignation with which the judge regarded the offence; but, making full allowance for these sentiments, it is, nevertheless, certain that public opinion revolts from the infliction upon a youth of seventeen, previously unconvicted, of a sentence only second to hanging, which is generally reserved for old and hardened criminals. If we go to the other extreme of an unreasonable leniency, we might find a case where a judge of the very highest rank has passed a sentence of a few weeks' imprisonment only upon a previously-convicted and deeply-dyed felon. In this latter case the man had suffered for a former offence, tried before another tribunal, what the judge was pleased to consider too great a punishment, and the few weeks (the judge himself stated) were to balance the long years.

It may thus be that *judge's* justice and "*justice's* justice," so called, do not necessarily differ so widely as some imagine. But we are dealing now with magistrates; and it must be admitted that some sentences in petty sessions might be more equal, and marked with greater wisdom. It would be, however, a mistake to suppose that justices err always, or even chiefly, on the side of severity. There is a prevailing tendency among the greater number, and a conscientious desire, to give the benefit of a doubt to the accused. If sometimes an extra fortnight, or even month, is imposed upon a convicted prisoner, upon the other hand, many a one against whom some point might be pressed not unduly, escapes altogether.

Writing as a Chairman of Petty Sessions, I should say there is very little abuse of their powers by the county justices. Whatever danger of this there may be is pretty well guarded against by the powers of appeal, and by the restrictions which the Legislature has imposed of recent years. Moreover, the police news being the staple commodity of the local newspapers, and most cases being reported at a length quite disproportionate to their importance, it is hardly likely that even the most independent magistrates would gratuitously affront well-informed public opinion in the district.

The justices in petty sessions, and also in quarter sessions, have one great advantage over the judges of the higher courts—they have the opportunity and benefit of consultation. The judges who sit alone have, in fact, far more need of assistance. The importance of an excessive sentence depends chiefly upon the length of tether and the power of the tribunal. It does seem unsafe—one might almost say unfair—that the destiny of any man for a long period of years, or for life, should depend upon the mere chance whether he may be deemed a proper object of pity by a Lord Chief Justice in respect of some previous imprisonment, or whether he is unfortunate enough to be looked upon as worthy of being "doubly damned" by some other of Her Majesty's Judges who may happen to come the circuit or to preside at the Old Bailey.

But it is time to inquire how the magistracy might be rendered a still more useful institution in the future than it has hitherto been. The probability of county boards, and of a more popular system of local government, by no means involves, of necessity, the diminution of magisterial duties and influence. On the contrary, it is to those already versed in county business that the people will look for guidance. The magistracy has yet a part to play which will try its mettle. The ratepayers, when they have the power as an elective body, will, in all probability, not be slow to acknowledge the value of those gentlemen in their midst who are known to be active, and unsparing of their time and trouble. Although it is no doubt true that many magistrates, since the day when they qualified at quarter sessions, have given little or no attention to official duties, either at the local Bench or at the Board of Guardians or elsewhere, yet there is a considerable residue of working bees, who have saved the character of the hive and stuck manfully to county business. These are the men who will be the natural leaders under any well-devised system of local government.

Let us now notice one or two obvious defects in connection with nominations or appointments to the magistracy. If, as an institution, it is not to be too severely handicapped, as against the purely elective principle, we must go at once to the fountain-head.

We must inquire if something cannot be done to eliminate the taint of political partizanship from first appointments. It indeed passes wonder that no Radical reformer has stepped forward in the cause of judicial impartiality in this particular. The Lord Chancellor for the time being is the dispenser of patronage in the boroughs. He must needs be a strong partizan, either Liberal or Conservative. If we take a period of some twenty years, and look back, we shall find that the appointments to the borough magistracy have been made upon a system of political balance. To commence with Lord Chancellor A! He made a number of gentlemen justices of the peace because they were respectable Tories. Lord Chancellor B. capped this by making nearly double the number of Liberal J.P.'s, for a similar and absolutely barefaced reason. Lord Chancellor C., however, was not to be outdone, and he restored the balance when his party came into office; and now, once more, Lord Chancellor D. has put the whole matter straight, to the advantage of the Liberals!

These things ought not so to be, one may well say. What has political partizanship to do with the administration of justice? It is deplorable that politics have entered so largely into municipal elections; but if ratepayers choose to manage their roads and sewers upon such a principle, that is no reason why the highest custodians of justice should pander to such methods in making appointments to the magistracy. In the boroughs, at least, there is a strong case for reform. The Lord Chancellor is, of all other judges, the least likely to make satisfactory choice of justices, free from party bias.

With regard to the counties the case is different. It is true that the Lord Lieutenants who dispense the patronage are occasionally guilty of a job; but, as a rule, their appointments will bear scrutiny. The office of the Lord Lieutenancy being for life, there is not the same amount of temptation as with the Lord Chancellors. It would be well, however, if the present system of nomination is to continue, that no Lord Lieutenant should lend himself to any transaction too nearly related to politics. A man may be willing to lead a forlorn hope, and to contest anywhere a constituency of the colour to which the Lord Lieutenant is known to lean, if only the mystic initials J.P. may be added to his name, and the coveted nomination be obtained. Another man may reside in a neighbourhood where an additional magistrate is required, but his political ideas do not coincide with those of the Lord Lieutenant, and he is therefore passed by. Of course it would be alleged that this has nothing to do with politics or party; but for all that it is pretty well known, and at least whispered about, where the shoe pinches. In this respect, also, the utmost care

will have to be exercised in the future, or "My Lords" of the democracy may soon be calling for new Lord Lieutenants of their own!

There is another possible development of democratic ideas in store for us—there may come a cry for *stipendiaries*. It has long been fashionable to sneer at the "Great Unpaid." Better far, many justices themselves would say, the appointment of stipendiaries than the addition of unqualified persons to the existing magistracy. A mere exchange of the Great Unpaid for the "Great Unwashed," would be in no sense desirable. The addition of working men to a bench of magistrates may sound very well in theory, but it would never do in practice. The very *raison d'être* of an unpaid magistracy is the University, or higher education, which atones largely for the want of strictly legal knowledge. Even with such advantages, it is the exception, rather than the rule, that a justice shows much proficiency in mastering the technicalities of pleading or the rules of evidence. How is it likely, then—how is it possible, one might almost say, that the "sons of toil," the nominees of Messrs. Arch and Leicester, could satisfactorily discharge the functions of a bench of magistrates? If, indeed, benches of magistrates, not too luminous already in a legal sense, are to be further weighted with the ignorance of the less educated part of the community, the "Great Unpaid" themselves would, indeed, probably prefer that their functions, with respect to the criminal law, should devolve henceforth upon professional and trained lawyers. It is well that the working classes should understand that a cry for stipendiaries may come from the upper classes, as well as from themselves. If the higher education of gentlemen is no longer to be the basis of nomination for Commissions of the Peace, many would not care to act longer as magistrates under the altered circumstances. They would consider that, though there might be some drawbacks, there would nevertheless be distinctly compensating advantages, in a system of stipendiaries.

Assuming, however, that the institution of an unpaid magistracy is not seriously threatened, and that it commends itself generally to the people of this country, it is well to consider how it might be rendered more useful. Doubtless, in these democratic days, every institution will be narrowly scrutinized. A fair share of work will be required of every office-holder. It is right that it should be so; and therefore every individual J.P. will do well to recognize his responsibility. A glance down the lists of justices will show, only too clearly, that a large proportion have qualified for honour's sake only, and have not concerned themselves with the discharge of active functions. It is not likely that public opinion

will tolerate this dissociation of the honour and the duty, when the question is fairly raised; perhaps by some motion in Parliament for the appointment of stipendiaries, or for the addition of working men to the Commission of the Peace, or in some other way.

Now, in the county with which I am best acquainted there is always a large and influential attendance of justices for the civil and financial and other non-criminal business of the quarter sessions. It is otherwise in the courts for hearing appeals and trying prisoners. On the first day attendance is somewhat uncertain and irregular; and on a second day, both in a first and second court, it is too common to find the chairman assisted by only one other magistrate. Again, in the matter of Boards of Guardians, there is a great dearth of magisterial attendance in most districts; and the few justices who are present are generally the same who discharge the business of the petty sessions, where the decisions of the Boards of Guardians may become the subjects of appeal.

These two instances may suffice to indicate how some further division of labour, upon a departmental principle, would be desirable. What is everybody's business, it is well known, is nobody's business; but it would be easy to provide against irregularities and inconveniences by very simple means. The business of the criminal quarter sessions might be conveniently relegated to a committee of some twelve justices, to be appointed annually, it being, of course, left open to others to attend when they like. Such an arrangement would greatly conduce to the interests of justice; for a certain number of the magistrates would then feel an especial responsibility devolving upon them, to acquaint themselves with the law and practice of the courts, and the collateral advantage would be obtained of providing adequately for the occasional absence of a regular chairman.

There would also be a distinct advantage in dealing with Boards of Guardians somewhat similarly. Those justices in a petty sessional division who are not disposed for criminal business might devote themselves with much usefulness to the multifarious and ever-increasing duties of the Board of Guardians. In many cases the Board of Guardians is the Highway Board: the management of the highways, the Health Acts, assessments, school attendance and fees, besides the ordinary relief and workhouse discipline, call for as much attention as might gratify the ambition of most active magistrates. It would be much best that the same set of men should not sit at the Board of Guardians and at the petty sessions. An independent judgment upon any matters which have been discussed at the Board is eminently desirable when these same matters come before the Bench.

What, therefore, is required to meet actual exigencies seems to be no root and branch reform, but some extension of principles upon which justices of the peace already act. The finances, the lunatic asylums, the police, the prisons, have been delegated to influential committees which have made such subjects their special business. If there have been many drones, there are a goodly number of working-bees, who have set an excellent example, which needs only to be widely followed. This much in favour of the "Great Unpaid" may be affirmed with confidence, that the rate-payers have been greatly indebted in the past for as much saving care and economy as they are ever likely to realise in the future, under any elective principle.

It is hardly matter of doubt that, with some little fresh care bestowed upon the arrangements and methods of business, the magistracy will continue to deserve well of the country. It is an honour to any country that its citizens should be willing to serve it in various capacities without pecuniary inducement. An unpaid magistracy, as well as an unpaid Parliament, testifies to a spirit of patriotism. These institutions have grown up with, and form part of, the greatness of England. A cut and dried system of stipendiaries, to perform duties which are now discharged by unpaid magistrates, would not only entail needless increase in the taxation of the people, but also deprive the gentry of a valuable opportunity of public usefulness. It is better to leave well alone rather than to rush upon changes, plausible enough in theory, which may prove to be evils in disguise.

One other point occurs to my mind. From the point of view of an Acting Chairman of Petty Sessions, I may possibly have some bias towards the method adopted by my own Bench; but, on the other hand, I am firmly convinced, from considerable actual experience, that it would be desirable for every petty sessional bench to have its regular chairman. Why should there be a departure from the principle nearly always adopted by other public bodies? It is not easy to explain why the business of a bench of magistrates should be left to take its chance, for want of due guidance. There are matters with the clerk to the magistrates and the superintendent of police, accounts and books and papers, &c., upon which personal communication with an authorized head of a petty sessional division is sometimes necessary. There is need, moreover, of an evenness and continuity in the practice of the courts, which can hardly be maintained by a turnabout system of chairmanship. Mr. A. may be a Draco, while Mr. B. can hardly bring his natural softness of heart to convict at all. It is obvious that if these gentleman preside alternately, or if others, Mr. C. or Mr. D., take a turn with them, the decisions of the Bench will partake somewhat

of the character of a lottery. The result must be that the reins, which fit well into practised hands, fall helplessly upon the horse's back. It is right that the public should have that security for even and continuous discharge of magisterial functions which the selection of a regular chairman may be expected to afford. The length of time for which a chairman may be elected should probably be limited. An annual appointment would be the shortest compatible with the principle of a regular appointment at all. It might have some advantage, in respect of bringing a larger number of justices year by year to the front, and increasing their sense of responsibility; but, in my humble opinion, it would be too short a period. Three years would be better. I do not think it desirable that any chairman should look upon his post as a life-long berth; and it would be well that, from time to time, both he and his brother magistrates should be free to reconsider their position. By the appointment, however, of a regular chairman, in one way or another, the public would be best served, and the practice of all petty sessional courts would be largely benefited.

I must now make an apology for offering these observations at all. Any considerations of the kind would come better from those who can speak with far higher authority. I write, however, as a fairly average specimen of an acting county magistrate. I have attended Quarter Sessions and Board of Guardians with some little regularity; and I may therefore presume that, in some respects, I know what I say. If my impressions should stir up a vein of thought among my fellow justices throughout the country I shall have attained my object. As a body, we are bound to re-cast and reform our judgments in harmony with the advancing notions of the democracy. I believe the democracy will do us justice. If we are up to the mark, it will not condemn us or remove us. The people of England know that judges make mistakes sometimes, as well as justices; and so long as English gentlemen bring the advantages of their superior education and social status to bear favourably upon the interests of all classes, in the administration of justice and local public business, the nation at large will not look upon the magistracy as a upas tree to be cut down, but will rather say, even to the most Gladstonian reformer—

Woodman, spare that tree!

E. V. Bligh.

CLUB SKETCHES OF OLD LONDON.

Among the links that connect old London with the London of our own day it would be difficult to select one better worth attention than the link of club history. The Club is both in name and in nature essentially an English institution. From the days of the ordinary, the tavern and the coffee-house until now, "clubbing" has been a national habit. London, as the centre and focus of English life, has naturally been the great Queen of Clubs. There is no parallel to Pall Mall in any capital in Europe. If any curious and archæologically-minded person should inquire into the source and origin of these many-sided institutions we may be content to refer him to human nature. That "the solitary is either a beast or a god," is a truth as old as Aristotle, and the majority of civilized mankind are neither brutal nor superhuman, but as Johnson calls it "club-able." "Eating and drinking," says Addison, "are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part." Clubs, in short, whether political, literary, social, artistic, athletic, or what you please, are but the outward and visible sign of that innate gregariousness which is limited only by class feeling. They are, moreover, an epitome and microcosm of the society among which they spring to life, so that a complete history of old English clubs would be a history of manners and customs from Elizabethan England onwards, a work of genuine interest and value, but one which still remains to be written, and one, it must, we fear, be added, to the adequate accomplishment of which both the respect for privacy, and in most cases the incompleteness and fragmentary nature of the records, will continue to present a practically insuperable obstacle.

The forms and expressions of the Club-spirit are as various as the pursuits and aims of men, and it would be as unreasonable to expect that the social life of one age should be reproduced in the life of another as that a man should conduct himself in all respects like his grandfather. Except, for example, that in every

modern club the law of like to like is continually sorting the members who most frequent it into little sets and circles of good-fellowship, which meet it may be at luncheon or at dinner, round the whist-table, or over a cigar or a game of billiards, how inapplicable to the crowded solitudes of the "Megatherium" or the "Universal" is Johnson's definition of a club: "An assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions." For good-fellowship, in the great doctor's sense, is by no means necessarily included in the qualities which are sufficient now-a-days to pass a candidate through the ordeal of the ballot, and, save when London is full or the atmosphere electrically charged with some social or political excitement, a more suitable description of our bachelor homes might perhaps be that of the cynic to whom they seemed like "dismal temples of silence consecrated by luxury to ennui."

We should probably, even in these *nil admirari* days, confess to some passing emotion of surprise were we to hear that Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning were in the habit of inviting friends of light and leading both in Church and State, including, let us suppose, a member of the Cabinet and a metropolitan dean, to hold high jinks with them at the Albion or the Grand, and to discuss sack and canary till the small hours of the morning. But in the days of Elizabeth and James the tavern was, in the most literal sense, the "public-house"; and, if tradition speak truly, no tavern has ever again seen such a galaxy of intellectual brilliancy as that which gave nightly lustre to the classic "Mermaid" in Bread Street, Cheapside. Gifford, in his *Life of Ben Jonson*, boldly names the members of the Club, attributing its foundation to Sir Walter Raleigh, and localizing the "Mermaid" as the scene of the wit combats between Shakespeare and Jonson, for which Fuller is our witness. Would that we had better evidence than mere tradition can supply respecting the *noctes ambrosiæ* of a brotherhood among whom were numbered Shakespeare and Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Seldon and Donne (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's), Raleigh and Carew. But we must be thankful for what we have.

"Many were the wit combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson," writes Fuller in his *English Worthies*, "which two I behold* like a Spanish galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and

* Fuller is constantly quoted as having written "beheld" as if he had personally been present, which is not possible, as he was only eight years old when Shakespeare died.

take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that everyone from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life.
>
> (*Beaumont's Epistle to Jonson.*)

We are unable to claim for Gifford's club-list an undisputed authenticity. It is well known however how close was the intimacy between "Big Ben" and his "Sweet Swan of Avon, gentle Shakspeare." It can be shown, too, that Gifford's members were all Jonson's personal friends, and that the "Mermaid" was the pet hostelry of his early days in London. What then more likely than that such a club should have been started by a man of Raleigh's position and tastes? What more probable than that Jonson and his friends should have fallen in with so congenial a suggestion, or that Shakespeare, without whom the club would have been as meaningless as the day without the sun, on his way perchance from some dry and thirsty interview with his printers at the sign of the "White Hart" in Fleet Street, or from his theatre in Blackfriars to Southampton House in Bloomsbury, should often have dropped in for an evening's good cheer with the merry men of the "Mermaid"?

Would only that those banquets had been sung of for us by some bard divine! Would that the mighty Ben, like Samuel, had had his Boswell, and that it had been thus our privilege to watch the great "Spanish galleon," as the flashes of the genius that created Falstaff and Shallow, Dogberry, Launcelot, and Malvolio, played round its sturdy quarters till the very rafters echoed back the laughter and the fun, and the dawning light blushed as it looked in on the still circulating bowl!

At the "Mermaid" Ben Jonson was among his peers. Let us follow him to his own club at the Apollo, where during his later years, he reigned absolute and supreme. On the site now occupied by Child's Bank stood the famous tavern of "The Devil," whose sign was St. Dunstan pulling the Evil One by the nose, and whose landlord was Simon Wadloe, kinsman no doubt to "Simon the Cellarer," and the hero of Squire Western's favourite song in *Tom Jones* of "Old Sir Simon, the King." Up-stairs was the spacious club-room. Over the door was the bust of Apollo, and the lines of "The Welcome":—

> Welcome all who lead or follow
> To the Oracle of Apollo.
> All his answers are divine,
> Truth itself doth flow in wine.

Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the King of Shinkers.
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us,
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted,
Ply it, and you all are mounted,
&c. &c.

Above the fire-place hung the rules of the Club, the "Leges Convivales," or "Laws for the *beaux esprits*," written by Jonson himself in choicest Latin, and done into English by one of his disciples. We can only find space for some of the lines :—

As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot,
For such have the plagues of good company been.
Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
The generous and honest, compose our free state;
And the more to exalt our delight whilst we stay,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.
Let our wines, without mixture or stum, be all fine,
Or call up the master and break his dull noddle.
Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.
Let the contests be rather of books than of wine;
Let the company be neither noisy nor mute;
Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.
Whoever shall publish what 's said or what 's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
Let the freedom we take be perverted by none
To making any guilty by drinking good wine.
(Gifford's *Jonson*, chap. ix. p. 84.)

We seem to have the scene on one of their grand nights before our very eyes. The great events of the day—the Overbury case, or the great Chancellor's ball, or the murder of Buckingham—have received due discussion, and the company proceed to the serious business of the evening. In the chair is big Ben—"Canary Ben," as his friends called him—"with mountain belly and with rocky face," a face which is described as "punched full of eyelet holes"; round the table Herrick, and Suckling, and Carew, gay sparks from the Inns and the Temple, struggling poetasters and play-writers, jolly young Oxonians and Cantabs, Randolph of Trinity, Cartwright of Christ Church, Cleveland of Christ's, all sorts and conditions of men who either had been or aspired to be adopted sons of the Laureate, and "sealed of the tribe of Ben." One youngster has brought some verses for the great master's approval; another, amid the rattle of glasses and hammering of tables, is spouting his favourite recitation; a third finds him-

self suddenly interrupted in some maudlin and vinous speech by a choral burst from the whole company in honour of mine host King Simon, as he re-enters to fill the empty tankards :—

If a man should be drunk to-night,
And laid in his grave to-morrow,
Will you or any other man say
That he died of care and sorrow?
Then hang up all sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a cat,
And he that will drink all night
Is never afraid of that.
For drinking will make a man quaff,
And quaffing will make a man sing,
And singing will make a man laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says old Simon the King.
(Quoted in the Percy Society Tracts.)

Well might Shakespeare make Iago say of your Englishman that "he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk, he sweats not to overthrow your Almain"!

Does the reader begin to cry out that our company is too bacchanalian for him? Let us bid adieu, then, to "merry England," and imagine ourselves living on the eve of the Restoration. What a contrast as we look on this picture and on that! The whole fabric of Church and State shattered by the convulsions of the civil wars. The Saints, unrivalled in their capacity for destruction, retreating in despondency and despair from the scene of their creative anarchy. Plots and intrigues festering among all sections of the community. We are indeed a long way from the generous rivalries of the "Mermaid," and the festive meetings at the "Apollo." The clubs of such a period present too sombre and revolutionary a hue for these sketches. Clubs in abundance we may read of in the annals of the times—rump clubs, sealed knot clubs, clubs for the assassination of Cromwell, clubs for the restoration of Charles, clubs for the hatching of all conceivable schemes of violence. For, amid the fierce animosities and secret machinations of these tempestuous years, to speak out in any mixed audience was to run immediate risk of being handed over by paid spies to the pillory, the tower, or the block. Meantime reflecting minds both in and out of Parliament—men like Thomas Hobbes, Milton, Neville, and James Harrington—were thinking out the fundamental principles of government, and devising model forms of polity.

Harrington and his Republican friend, Henry Neville, became the founders of the celebrated Rota Club, which met "at one Miles'" in New Palace Yard, at the sign of the "Turk's Head," on the river-side, and hard by the Parliament House. On September

8th, 1659, Parliament appointed a Committee, of which Neville was a member, to consider a new Constitution. Harrington was a student both of books and of men. He had worked hard at Oxford, and had travelled in France, Germany, and Italy. In his *Commonwealth of Oceana*, published in 1656, and dedicated to Cromwell, and *The Prerogative of Popular Government*, which appeared in 1658, he had propounded his political ideal, or "new model." In conjunction with his Republican friends, he had petitioned Parliament to put an end to the state of chaos and anarchy which was ruining England. In or about the year 1658 the Rota Debating Club was started. Its discussions were open to the public. Hither came the ubiquitous Pepys on January 17th 1659 and "heard very good discourse." The room, as Aubrey tells us, was "crammed every evening." The members advocated two main principles, viz. election by ballot and rotation of office, very much as in club-committees of the present day.

"Besides Harrington and Henry Nevill (writes Anthony Wood, who no doubt got his information from his friend John Aubrey), "who were the prime men of this Club, were Cyriack Skinner, scholar to John Milton,* which Skinner sometimes held the chair"; Major John Wildman, John Aubrey, Maximilian Pettie, Francis Cradock, a merchant, Henry Croone, a physician, James Arderne, a divine, Dr. William Petty, and many others. The debates were not always uninterrupted. "One Stafford, a gentleman of Northamptonshire, did, with his gang, come among them one evening very mellow from the tavern, and did much affront the Junto, and tore their orders and minutes. The soldiers, who commonly were there as auditors and spectators, would have kicked them downstairs, but Harrington's moderation and persuasion hindered them."

Of a less academic and abstract character was the King's Head, or Green Ribbon Club, which enjoyed a wide notoriety towards the close of Charles II.'s reign. The real, if not the acknowledged head, and the animating spirit of this association was the Earl of Shaftesbury, the "Achitophel" of Dryden's great political satire:—

> In friendship false, implacable in hate,
> Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.

The depositions of Titus Oates against the Papists, in 1678, had raised the public apprehensions to fever heat, and these Green Ribbon gallants posed as the patriotic champions of Protestantism. After explaining that the Club, during what he calls the "Pope-burning tumults," formed a medium between Lord Shaftesbury

* Milton, who in all probability attended the debates, at this time lived in a "pretty garden-house" in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. This house was afterwards No. 19, York Street, Westminster.

and the "greater and lesser Vulgar," Roger North goes on to describe it thus:—

The gentlemen of this worthy society held their evening sessions at the "King's Head Tavern," over against the Inner Temple Gate. The house was double-balconied in front, for the Clubsters to issue forth, in fresco, with hats and no peruques, pipes in their mouths, merry faces and diluted throats, for vocal encouragement of the Canaglia below at bonfires. The Society were, to the faction in and about London, a sort of executive power, and, by correspondence, all over England. The resolves of the more retired councils and ministry of the faction were brought in here and orally insinuated to the company, and so, like water diffused, spread all over the town. . . . Every post conveyed the news and tales legitimated there, as also the malign constructions of all the good actions of the Government, especially to places where elections were depending to shape men's characters into fit qualifications to be chosen or rejected. . . . So that a puisne politician, not aware of the trick, would think the grossest fablings to be truth in perfection.

The members wore armour that was "pretended to be pistol-proof, in which any man dressed up was as safe as in a house," and carried, moreover, "a certain pocket-weapon, which for its decision and efficacy had the honour to be called a Protestant Flail. It was for street and crowd work. . . . Until the Rye discovery their constitution stood firm, but immediately upon that it fell to pieces, like Dagon before the ark, and hath not in that position been heard of since."* Dryden (if the lines are his, but more probably they are Nahum Tate's) thus attacks these anti-Carlists in the second part of *Absolom and Achitophel*:—

> See where, involved in common smoke, they sit,
> Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit;
> These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
> While those for mere good-fellowship frequent
> The appointed Club, can let sedition pass,
> Sense, nonsense, anything to fill the glass.

With John Dryden, the "glorious John" of that scene, familiar to all lovers of Walter Scott, where Master Halcro, the rambling anecdotical little poet, gives Mordaunt Mertoun an account of his introduction to the Laureate on his literary throne at the Wits' coffee-house in Russell Street, Covent Garden†—Dryden the party politician not less than the poet, we feel ourselves already breathing the air of the eighteenth century, the prosaic age of compromise, the age of Addison and the *Spectator*, of Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Walpole and George Selwyn, the age of the feast of debate and reason, the golden age of Clubs.

Dryden's publisher was Jacob Tonson, and Jacob, shortly after the poet's death in 1700, became Secretary of the brilliant Society to which the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the Whigs belonged, the Kit-cat Club. Horace Walpole, whose father Sir Robert was a member, calls them, in terms of somewhat ex-

* North's *Examen*, pp. 572–5.

† *The Pirate*, chap. xiv. See also the lively sketch in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxlvi p. 329.

travagant eulogy, "the patriots that saved Britain." Without going quite so far, we may fairly claim for the Kit-cat the first place among the clubs of its day. By the irony of fate the name and memory of the Kit-cats has mainly been kept alive through their accidental association with what is well known as a "Kit-cat canvas," the three-quarters size on which Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the forty-two portraits which were presented, through the Duke of Somerset, to Jacob Tonson, and hung in the not very lofty gallery of his villa at Barn Elms. How the name arose must always remain an open question, and so also must the exact date of the Club's foundation. Ned Ward places it as far back as 1688, and in 1710 Addison* seems to speak of it as having been then some time in existence, and as having had not a political but a convivial origin.

Very probably it began, about the time of the Revolution, as a social gathering of wits professing Whig politics, and gradually, during the virulent party strifes of Anne's reign, assumed by pressure of circumstances an almost wholly political complexion. In *Faction Displayed*, a Tory satire published early in the eighteenth century, Jacob Tonson is made to speak not merely as the secretary but as the father of the society:—

I am the founder of your lov'd Kit-cat,
A club that gave direction to the State:
'Twas there we first instructed all our youth
To talk profane, and laugh at sacred truth:
We taught them how to toast, and rhyme, and bite;
To sleep away the day, and drink away the night.

The great attractions at the Club suppers, held in a wretched little alley in Shire Lane, Temple Bar, a site now occupied by the New Law Courts, were the Kit-cat mutton-pies. The master pie-man was one "Christopher." Whether his surname was Kat, or whether, as Ward tells us, he began as cook to mine host of the "Cat and Fiddle," in Gray's Inn Lane, it is not for us to decide. A sandwich claims its lineage from an earl. Why, then, should a mutton-pie blush for a parent Kat? Arbuthnot, however, who ought to be a good authority, casts his vote against both pies and pie-man and in favour of a more romantic origin:—

Whence deathless Kit-Kat took its name
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim beaus its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts†
Of old Cats and young Kits.

* *Spectator*, No. 9.

† The toasting-glasses of the Club, each inscribed with lines to some "toast, or reigning beauty, enjoyed the greatest celebrity.

"It is hard to believe," says the writer of an admirable article on "The Clubs of London" in the *National Review* for 1857, "as we pick our way along the narrow and filthy pathway of Shire Lane, that in this alley . . . Halifax has conversed and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over his bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humour, Garth talked and rhymed." The Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, Marlborough, and Newcastle; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Sir Robert Walpole, Granville, Maynwaring, Stepney, and Walsh, all belonged to the Kit-cats.

Allusion has already been made to their custom of proposing "toasts." It appears that on one occasion, when it came to Lord Kingston's turn, he nominated his little girl, Lady Mary Montagu. The Kit-cats, however, were of too sceptical a nature to believe without seeing, and the nominated beauty had to be sent for in a chaise. On her arrival the child's loveliness won all hearts. Her health was drunk standing. She was smothered with bon-bons and sweetmeats and kisses, and her name inscribed with a diamond on a glass that ever afterwards remained sacred to her. A good story too is told of Sir Samuel Garth (physician to George I.) who dropped in one evening for a social glass, saying that he had but a few minutes, as his professional engagements would not permit of his staying. The wine proving even exceptionally inviting, the doctor forgot all about his original eagerness to attend his patients, until Steele banteringly reminded him of the anxiety he had so recently expressed to be off early. "Ah well," exclaimed Garth, "it 's no great matter after all whether I see them to-night or to-morrow, for most of them have such wretched constitutions that there 's no curing them, and the rest such strong ones that there 's no killing them."

Of far less eminence than the Kit-cat and more exclusively political was the Tory "October" Club, whose members met in the Bell Tavern, King Street, Westminster, and whose party virulence was so embarrassing to the Administration of 1710, under Stanley, St. John, and Harcourt. The Society, consisting of some 150 Jacobite county-members—"true blues" to whom Marlborough, dissent and the House of Hanover, were as red flags to a bull—took its name from the October ale in which these thirsty patriots were occasionally known to indulge. In February 1711 we find Swift writing to "Stella" about this very Club. "We are plagued here with an October Club, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs; to call the whole Ministry to account, and get off five or six heads." And

again, on March 4: "I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley that he was much out of order; pray God preserve his health, *everything depends on it.* . . . The nearer I look upon things the worse I like them. The Ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stands like an isthmus between the Whigs and the violent Tories." In fact, so alarmed were the Ministers, that Swift, then at the very height of his fame, was commissioned to argue these October secessionists into a less impracticable frame of mind, lest they should ruin their own party. His *Advice humbly offered to the Members of the October Club*, written in 1711, is one of the most favourable specimens of his tact and dexterity, and won him the gratitude of his leaders by its success in appeasing the fiery squires, and re-uniting, for a while, the Tory ranks.

The name of the famous Dean recalls a story of him at Button's coffee-house in Covent Garden, which has often been told, but which is so characteristic that it will bear telling again. From his strange way of walking up and down, for half an hour or more, without speaking a word or deigning to notice anyone, he had come to be called "the mad parson." One evening Addison and the other frequenters of the house—for Button's was Addison's favourite resort, as Will's had been Dryden's—observed Swift staring intently at a new-comer, whose dress proclaimed him a countryman. Presently, without preface or introduction, he accosted him with the abrupt inquiry: "Pray, Sir, can you ever remember any good weather in the world?" Startled and astonished at such an unusual mode of address, the gentleman replied: "Yes, Sir; I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That," growled Swift, "is more than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." With which pious sentiment he turned away, and relapsed into a moody silence. The journal to Stella during the year 1711 shows him to us in a somewhat more sociable mood. "May 5.—I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary (St. John) was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday Club, Lord Keeper (Harcourt), Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. We were all in mighty good humour." And on January 9, 1712–13, we find this entry: "To-morrow is his day" (Lord Treasurer's), "when all the Ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do, indeed, usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor Ld. Rivers, Lord Keeper,

and Ld. Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it. The company being too many, I don't love it. Night, M.D."

The Brothers, another of Swift's clubs, was founded about this same time (1711), and soon came to include the Dukes of Ormond and Beaufort; Lords Orrery, Rivers, Dartmouth, Dufferin, Masham, Bathurst, and Lansdowne; Sir R. Raymond, Jack Hill, Disney, Sir W. Wyndham, St. John, Prior, Friend, Arbuthnot, Harley, and Harcourt.* It was to be a benevolent organization, "to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons," whether their desert might be of a literary or political complexion. "I entertained our society," he writes to Stella, "at the 'Thatched House Tavern.'" "The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost £20, though it was only four dishes, and four without a dessert, and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Lord Treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant; and the wine is not reckoned neither." "December 18, 1712.—It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner. I don't like it." Next year he writes: "Our Society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till Lord Treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it. He gives us nothing but promises. . . . We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven to consult about doing *some good*. I proposed to Lord Treasurer, by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can."

Not the least famous among Swift's clubs was the Scriblerus, a literary brotherhood, of which Oxford and Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Parnell, Pope, and Gay were members. The idea of the association, an idea which originated with Pope, was to compose a satire on the pedantic abuse of human learning; but the death of Queen Anne, and the consequent collapse of the political party with which Swift had identified himself, broke up the intended partnership. But though the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* were not destined to be completed, still the world owes a debt of gratitude to him for the inspiring influence which he has exerted on his friends, an influence which has enriched our literature with the travels of the immortal Gulliver, with the *Dunciad* of Pope, and, perhaps it may be added, with the history of Tristram Shandy and Uncle Toby.

It would be tempting, did space permit, to renew acquaintance with the illustrious members of the *Spectator's* own delightful club, to learn modesty and generosity and uprightness from good old Sir Roger, to study fashion and West-end manners in Will Honeycomb,

* *English Men-of-Letters—Swift*, p. 105.

to hear Captain Sentry discourse on foreign affairs, or stand up for the army, Sir Andrew Freeport return thanks for the merchants of London, and the Templar for letters. Most joyfully would we join the shrimp-feast of the "Short Club," on their anniversary of December 10th, if haply we might catch a glimpse of the pigmies, all under five feet, and of their little President, who on windy days had to poise himself, with lead in one pocket and with his writings in the other, and whose bodily presence was so entirely eclipsed by the dish in front of the presidential chair that a member conceived of him one day as absent and had to be reproved for contumelious talk. Or, if we should be at issue with such as deem small things best, we could accompany the *Spectator* in a visit to the "Tall Club," whose aim and object in life was by discreet and judicious alliances to lengthen out the human frame, and restore it to its old prosperity, and to the measure of the stature of the sons of Anak. If not quite heart-whole we might turn for sympathy to the "Sighing Club," or to that "Amorous Club" of Oxford, where a man was deemed no company who sighed less than five times in each quarter of an hour, and was subject to exclusion if he was so much himself as to give any direct answer to a question. Or, if pining for rest what more restful than a seat at the "Everlastings," who could speak of the Kit-cat and October Clubs as a couple of upstarts, and whose members sat uninterruptedly, one detachment succeeding another in fixed and regular rotation from the middle of the seventeenth century till the great fire made their places too hot to hold them, when they adjourned; the steward, however, declining to obey their repeated injunctions to withdraw until he had emptied all the bottles on the table. Subsequently they re-assembled, A.D. 1700, on their jubilee anniversary, and passed a unanimous resolution to sit out another century. Less enduring but more exciting was the right Club of the "She-Romps," whose orgies are so delightfully pictured in the *Spectator*, but for whom we cannot find room in this brief sketch. Regretfully do we make these brave ladies our best bow, and entreat their pardon for so unworthy a treatment of such an inspiring theme. Would, too, that we might peep at the Fat Men's gathering and watch the candidates submitting to the test of the narrow door, or that we might enjoy a social glass with the Bucks, or the Uglies, with the Mummers, the Humbugs, or the Knights of the Golden Fleece. But there remains one club of this period, if club it can be called, which figures too prominently in the literature of the day to allow us to pass it by—the club of the Mohocks. Under this particular name they belong to the latter portion of Queen Anne's reign; but the type which they represent—the rowdy, roystering, rampageous, barbarian type—is permanent in the

Tom-Jerryism of human nature. Has not Rome had its Lupercalia, and France its "Ribaux" and its "Joncheurs," its "Rougets" and "Grisons"? "Pooh!" says Sir Tope in Shadwell's play of *The Scourers*, speaking of the merry days of the Restoration, "Pooh, this is nothing. Why, I knew the Hectors, and before them the Mans, and the Titire Tus; these were brave fellows, indeed; in these days a man could not go from the Rose Tavern (in Covent Garden) to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice." Gay has a burlesque, *The Mohocks*, which is plainly intended to throw ridicule on the terror that these ruffians spread, and to treat it as a silly scare. In the same spirit is his "Argument, proving that the present Mohocks and Hawkabites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations."

From Mohocks and from Hawkabites
Good Lord deliver me,
Who wander through the streets at night
Committing cruelty.
They slash our sons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall,
And if they ravish not our wives,
We have great luck withal.

But in his *Trivia* he introduces them as anything but creations of the fancy, and indeed so outrageous had their devilry become, that on March 17, 1712, a royal proclamation was issued offering a reward of £100 to any who might bring one of them to justice—a measure which appears to have resulted in the appearance of several of the gang in the Old Bailey. Early in the same year we find Swift writing to Stella: "Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. . . . . My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me, and tho' I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already." And again, within a very short time of the proclamation: "They go on still, and cut people's faces every night. But they shan't cut mine; I like it better as it is." Of the same date is the paper in the *Spectator*, No. 335, giving an account of how the great and good Sir Roger went in his newly mended coach to see Ambrose Phillips' new tragedy of *The Distressed Mother*; how Captain Sentry, girt with his terrible Steenkirk sword, acted as military escort, and "bid him fear nothing"; how with the trusty butler at the head of his footmen, armed with good oaken plants, a sufficient force was assembled to secure our sightseers from the onslaught of the foe. It could have been no joke to be caught by these half-drunken scoundrels.

An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another

consists in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs. A new sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set women upon their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose. The sweaters, as soon as they have enclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, whip out their swords, and, holding them parallel to the horizon, describe a sort of magic circle round about him with their points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient, without doubt, already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first runs his sword directly into that part of the patient whereon schoolboys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. This relation I had from a friend who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the Emperor (of the Mohocks) himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of His Imperial Majesty and the whole ring.*

To the same effect sings Gay, in his poem of the *Trivia*, from which we have already quoted :—

> Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
> Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
> Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
> Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
> Safe from their blows or new-invented wounds?
> I pass their desperate deeds and mischiefs, done
> Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run.
> How matrons, hooped within the hogshead's womb,
> Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
> O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side,
> So Regulus, to save his country, died.

Let thus much, then, as Herodotus would say, suffice us concerning the Mohocks and their disgraceful vagaries. It is time to bring these slight sketches of some of the earliest of old London clubs to an end with a glance at one of the most venerable members of their illustrious family, the Sublime Society of Beef-steaks, "the jolly old steakers of England."

Beef-steak clubs there had been before their "Sublimities," and beef-steak clubs there have been since; but woe be to that profane person who confounds the incomparable, the incommensurable, the unique, with the humbler satellites that circle round the central light of the autochthons of Covent Garden. The ghosts of Rich and Lambert shall haunt him in his dreams. He shall be charged by the spirits of the Society's deceased "Recorders," excommunicated by her "Bishops," arrayed in her white sheet of penitence, and cut off from all beef and all liberty *in secula seculorum*. What other Steakers can show a record of nearly a hundred and forty years of glorious life? Where are the Steakers of Dublin, who

* Steele, *Spectator*, Nos. 324, 332.

could boast Sheridan as their progenitor, and lovely Peg Woffington as their president? Where are the illustrious rivals of the Kit-cats, Addison's Steakers, the children of good Sir Roger's "old comical one," the Knights of the great Irish Comedians Round-Table, the names for

future times enrolled
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's framed with gold,

the brethren and companions of Pope and Steele, of Parnell and Marlborough? The torch of their fame is but as a farthing rush-light to the brilliancy of the Steakers who disdained to stoop to be included even by name among the vulgar herd of mortal clubs, but remained for ever the Sublime Society. Their origin, as in the case of some even of the greatest among the sons of men, is a source of dispute and uncertainty. Guided by the best tradition, and having at any rate a staunch supporter in no less a person than the Society's Laureate, Charles Morris, we hereby declare them to have been the offspring of the first English harlequin, of matchless Lun, otherwise known as Henry Rich, pantomimist and machinist of Covent Garden Theatre :—

First, Rich, who this feast of the gridiron planned,
And formed with a touch of his harlequin wand,
Out of mighty rude matter, this brotherly band,
The jolly old Steakers of England.

Rich had achieved great success at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the unprecedented popularity of the *Beggars' Opera* had occasioned the saying that it "had made Gay rich and Rich gay." In 1732 he migrated to Covent Garden, where he opened the new theatre. In his private room, while busying himself with the construction of all manner of pantomimic tricks and transformations, he used to receive visits from many of the prominent writers and actors and wits and fashionables of the day, who came to enjoy a 2 o'clock steak, and a chat with him and George Lambert the scene-painter. Among them was Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, the dashing soldier and meteoric genius, Swift's "Mordanto," who :

Shone in all climates like a star,
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commandant, and a tar,

a man moreover in whose nature the presence of a strong harlequin element may have served as a link of sympathetic affinity between himself and the prince of pantomime.

One Saturday, so runs the tale, during his visit, Rich's dinner-hour came round, and he began to lay his cloth and to set his steak on the gridiron. So seductive was its fragrance that his lordship craved permission to discuss it with the actor over a good bottle of port, and out of this simple hospitality sprang up the

Saturday dinners of "The Sublime Society," which were to last for nearly a century and a half. Among the members we find:

> First George, Prince of Wales, and next York's royal Duke,
> For the wit of the board, other pleasures forsook,
> And of porter and punch they both freely partook,
> With the jolly old Steakers of England;

the Duke of Sussex, Hogarth, John Wilkes, Theophilus Cibber, Paul Whitehead, the Duke of Norfolk, Aaron Hill, Garrick, Sam Johnson, Bubb Doddington, Lord Brougham, Hoadley, Hudson the portrait painter, Crossdill, the Piatti of his day, the two Colmans, Sheridan and his brother-in-law William Lindlay, Charles Morris, the Society's sacred bard, and a troop of other celebrities. After the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, the members met in the old Lyceum. Once again burnt out they found a temporary home at the Bedford Coffee House, until the completion of the new Lyceum, where they remained until their dissolution in 1867. At 5 o'clock on each Saturday, from November to June, they were to be seen assembled in uniform, blue coats and buff waistcoats with brass buttons, bearing the design of a gridiron and the motto: "Beef and Liberty." At the head of the table sat the President of the day, whose duty it was to give the regular toasts, and, voice or no voice, to sing a song. Opposite to him was the Vice-President, supported by the "Bishop," who sang the grace and anthem; the "Recorder," on whose shoulders rested the grave task of maintaining order and admonishing all evil-doers, and of solemnly charging each new member before the oath of fealty was administered to him by the Bishop; while last, not least, came "Boots," the man-of-all-work of the brotherhood, like a junior fellow All Souls, with whom rested the care of the salad and the decanting of the wine. At the end of the banquet-hall was a vast grating shaped like a gridiron, through which could be heard the hissing of the steaks, and over which ran the line:—

> If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.

Rich's own original gridiron, rescued from the flames that had destroyed the Society's archives and their cellar, smiled upon its disciples from the ceiling; while the steaks—oh! such unspeakable steaks!—were being washed down with the best of port and punch, and inwardly digested by the aid of chaff and fun, and, at a more advanced hour, to an accompaniment of songs and tobacco. Little wonder that Garrick, who was an enthusiastic "Steaker," should on one occasion, when he was long past due on the stage of Drury Lane, and had been again and again summoned by his fellow patentee Dr. Ford, should have lingered lovingly on, wiping his plate clean with a chalot, in preparation for yet one more juicy steak. "I do hope, David," said the aggrieved Doctor, when at last

"Ranger" put in an appearance, "I do hope, David, you will think a little more, in future, of the stake we have in this house." "I hope so, indeed, Doctor," was the actor's answer; "but, you see, I was thinking, just then, what a steak I had in the other house." But our space and the reader's patience are exhausted; and with one specimen of the after-dinner ditties we will take leave to make our bow.

"The Peace Congress of 1849."

Mr. Pops was a quiet man—
Heigho! fiddle-de-dee!—
He heard with joy of the novel plan
For a general peace, and off he ran
To put down his name did he.

He went to a meeting and there they passed—
Heigho! fiddle-de-dee!—
A resolution that wars should cease,
And all the world be for ever at peace,
And brotherly harmony.

And now they're full of lamentations—
Heigho! fiddle-de-dee!—
That we don't more tender mercy show
To the innocent pirates of Borneo,
And the Dyack family.

Instead of attending with fire and sword—
Heigho! fiddle-de-dee—
We should salt their tails, and invite them all
To a six hours' lecture at Exeter Hall,
On the sin of piracy.

But what's to become of the hands turned loose,—
Heigho! fiddle-de-dee!—
The soldiers and sailors, with lawyers to back 'em,
Will get up a war of their own just to whack 'em,
From sheer necessity.

In short, they will find, unless I'm mistaken,—
Heigho! fiddle-de-dee!—
That to make all the world embrace one another,
And every foeman become a brother,
Will end in nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
In fiddle-de-fiddle-de-dee?

H. W. Hoare.

LES ECRÉHOUS.

It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the greater number of those who read the name at the head of this paper now see it for the first time. And of those who are aware, in a vague way, that Les Ecréhous are islands, or, rather, a little group of rocky islets, situated between Jersey and France, and the field of a dispute which rages perpetually between the fishermen of the two countries, there are not likely to be more than one or two who have any definite opinion as to the rights of the dispute, or consider it to be a matter of the slightest importance.

The Channel Islands themselves, it may be said, do not at present occupy a very large space in the Englishman's field of view. People whose imagination is ever on the stretch to realise the vast extent of their possessions and interests in the most distant parts of the world, not unnaturally overlook the importance of what is not quite near enough to be obvious, and not far enough away to be within focus of their telescopic gaze. So that, although everybody knows that the Channel Islands are quite in the south of the English Channel, and, moreover, that they are nearer to France than to England, yet it is far from generally recognized how exceedingly close to France they are, nor do the practical bearings of this fact come into common consideration.

Let us suppose a straight line, in length something more than 160 miles, to be drawn from Cape de la Hague to Ile d'Ouessant, forming the third side of a triangle, and enclosing a vast bay, the eastern side of which is the west coast of Normandy (*la basse Normandie*), and the southern is the north coast of Brittany. Within this triangular space, and distant as far to the south-east of our imaginary straight line as it is from the nearest point of France, which is distant from it no more than thirteen miles in a north-easterly direction, lies Jersey. Of Great Britain, therefore, Jersey is the farthest outpost towards French territory, some ten times, moreover, nearer to a foreign coast than to her own mainland. In the event of a war with France, there can be no doubt but that Jersey and Guernsey would be among the very first places attacked, probably would be the very first places, from the importance of their commanding position in the English

Channel. The learned William Plees, in his account of the island of Jersey, says :—

The island might, indeed, demand respect as part of a peculiar and venerable heir-loom of the English Crown, but even this unique and honourable claim to regard is strengthened by the advantage acquired by Great Britain from its situation. It is a rampart, an advanced post, a frontier: and in these several relations it has withstood fierce assaults and humbled the pride of many a celebrated warrior. Placed within the very jaws of a mighty, an inveterate, and sometimes an insidious foe, it has constantly kept on the alert, has nobly resisted the force, and indignantly spurned the seductive promises of a powerful neighbour, to whom possession of the islands in this quarter would prove an inestimable acquisition.

And we shall presently quote some remarks from the French side of the question, showing how fully they are aware of the importance of the island to us, and the envy with which they regard it. But, though both Jersey and France are quite awake in the matter, the one eager on any pretence to snatch any the slightest advantage, the other always on the watch and justly suspicious of any movement which savours of aggression, the existence of these feelings is but little considered in England. Nevertheless, it is in the light of this position of Jersey and of these feelings that the dispute about Les Ecréhous, which in England we have not heard of, or, hearing of, dismiss with a shrug as too trifling for notice, may be seen to be actually of no little consequence, and also to have implications reaching beyond the mere question of fishery rights, although even this is a serious one to the people of Jersey. We propose to give a brief account of Les Ecréhous, of the fishing dispute and the rights of the case, and, in conclusion, to suggest some reasons why the solicitude of Jersey in the matter should not be entirely ignored.

The bold high cliff of bright-coloured granite at the extreme north-eastern corner of the island will afford us an excellent point of view and starting-place. From here we are distant only about thirteen miles from the small towns of Port Bail and Carteret, in France. Although, indeed, for the best view of the opposite shore we must go down along the coast to where, overlooking the little port of Gouray, is the castle of Mont Orgueil—

D'iou qu'on peut vaie sus les côtes de France
Des maisons, des moulins, et l'cliochi de Coutance—

as a poet of Jersey has it.

From our position at the north-eastern headland we shall see, if it be low tide, apparently midway between the two coasts, and running parallel to Jersey, an expanse of brown sea-weed-covered rock and broken masses of granite, a small group of picturesque islets. These are Les Ecréhous. Around them, and extending towards the north-north-west for a considerable distance, there are breakers and troubled waters that tell of a hidden reef. At high tide the scene is different, and the greater part of the reef is hidden

from view; but still, rising out above the highest sea-level, we can see grouped together the principal islets, Les Ecréhous proper, the inhabitable portion of the reef, and god-parents, as it were, of the whole plateau. The largest islet of the group is the "Maitre-Ile," and upon it are to be found the ruins, or, rather, the old foundations, of an ancient Priory, which, as we shall presently see, forms a most important link in the chain of evidence upon which rests the claim of Jersey to the possession of the group. But, although this is the largest islet, yet, because of the steepness of its sides and the violent rush of the tide, it is not so important, nor of so much use, as another, the "Marmoutière." On the "Marmoutière" are some small cottages, the property of Jersey fishermen, where they stay occasionally for two or three days at a time, but which are chiefly used as receptacles for their spare fishing gear. Only one of the cottages is inhabited all the year round.

The one solitary inhabitant of the group is a Jerseyman, by name Pinet, himself the oldest and the youngest, "Le Roi des Ecréhous," as they call him, although at present, like his brother of Yvetôt, he is "*peu connu dans l'histoire.*" Sovereign and subjects, ruler and ruled, all in one, he has chosen "La Marmoutière" for the royal residence because of its greater accessibility in bad weather, when, indeed, it is not possible to land upon the larger rock. Even as it is, when the sea runs high, driven by gales, the water finds its level in his cellar and his kitchen, and sometimes—for the improvident despot has built upon the beach—ousts him altogether from the homestead, to perch upon the roof like some melancholy species of wingless fowl until the tide has turned. For many years a faithful consort bore the monarch company, sharing his kingdom and the cares of state, and also (which, perhaps, was more important) lending her help in the fishing and gardening operations necessary to the support of the population. Of late, however, growing infirmities have compelled her to find a more comfortable, if a less august, home in the Jersey hospital, and the old man is left to play the double *rôle* of Hermit and King in solitary grandeur. He visits Jersey at intervals, which become rarer with every year. It is recorded that, upon one occasion (inspired, doubtless, by an access of that glowing virtue which, having weighed *pros* and *cons*, comes to the conclusion that the advantages of honesty are likely, upon the whole, to be greater than those of the opposite course), in his punt he towed to the mainland, with incredible labour, a cask of Spanish wine which had drifted upon the islet from some wreck. Unfortunately, he was not rewarded for his toil, and since that time, whether any have reached his domain or no, it is certain that no more casks have been brought to the land.

This group of islets, Les Ecréhous, are, as we said, the centre of a dispute now of long standing, and still unsettled, between the hardy Breton and Franco-Norman fishers and the Jerseymen, as to the rights of fishing in and around them and other islets. For although the dispute is ostensibly concerned only with Les Ecréhous, it is in reality a test question as to the supposed neutrality of a vastly greater expanse. The Ecréhou reef, properly so-called, covers only some seven or eight square miles; but at no great distance are "Les Dirouilles" and "Les Patre-nôtres," similar islets, with an area of about twenty square miles. Altogether, when we say that the area over which there is dispute as to the right of fishing on or over groups of rocks and shoals, outside the three-mile limit of Jersey, of which we are to speak presently, amounts to the very large total of 100 square miles, it will be seen that the question is a very substantial one.

Now, the Fishery Convention of 1839, the signatories of which were England and France, allots to each nation the command and sole right of fishing within three miles of its own shores, measured from low-water mark. And in the Convention of 1867, the term "British Islands," as employed in the Convention, is expressed to include the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Man, *and their dependencies*. So that when the Convention lays down the limit of three miles "along the whole extent of the coast of the British Islands," it was supposed in Jersey that there was in those terms a settlement of the dispute. For the contention had always been, not as to the possession and ownership of the rocks and islets, but as to the rights of fishing on and around them. There was not at that time any doubt suggested as to the fact that Les Ecréhous belonged, at all events so far as mere ownership went, to Jersey. Unfortunately, the hopes that the settlement was final have proved illusory.

The group is barely six miles from Jersey, and something over seven and less than seven and a half miles from France. Consequently, if they belong to Jersey, between the three-mile limits of France and Les Ecréhous, there is a narrow strip of neutral water; while the limits of Jersey and the islets intersect. Under the Government of M. Ferry, the French claims were renewed in another, and this time, more comprehensive form. It was pretended not merely that there was a right of fishing over and around the islets, but that the islets themselves did not belong to Jersey (and so to England), but were neutral ground belonging to neither England nor France. The people of Jersey regarded, and still regard, this claim to neutrality as merely a step towards a further claim to ownership on the part of France, nor has the language of the French press much tended to allay these suspicions. At that time,

also, the danger of a collision between the fishermen of the two countries was much increased by the conduct of the commander of the French gun-boat stationed in the waters.

So serious did the situation become, that in 1883 a deputation from the Island "States" waited upon the English Government with the object of obtaining a settlement of the question, which was harassing and impairing the fishing industry of Jersey. They brought with them evidence of the title of Jersey to the rocks and islets of Les Ecréhous, of such a clear and conclusive character, that the Government was convinced of the soundness of the claim. Accordingly, the strongest representations were addressed to the French Government, that of M. Ferry, and, in consequence, the Franco-Norman and Breton fishermen were forbidden to ply their industry around Les Ecréhous. This again seemed like a final settlement; and, indeed, there was a short interval in the wrangle; but these hopes, no less than those which followed the Conventions of 1839 and 1867, have also proved to be illusory.

At the fall of the Ferry Cabinet, every effort was made by the eagerness of hostile partizanship to discredit the late Administration. Among other very numerous accusations was that of having betrayed the interests of France in this matter of Les Ecréhous. M. Ferry was denounced as having "surrendered" the "rights" of the French fishermen. An interesting but entirely fictitious account of the "seizure" of the group by Great Britain was published in the *Temps* in January this year, and copied by the *Times*. "The inhabitants of this district (*i.e.* Cotentin) still resent the way in which England took possession of the Ecréhou isles. In 1852 a man from Dover erected a small house on the chief isle and sold liquors, and sent for two or three countrymen, who were soon followed by a vessel which took formal possession." So said *Le Temps*; nor was *Le Figaro* behindhand. "The fishermen of Carteret and Port-Bail are asking if the Government (*i.e.* of M. Ferry) has sold or ceded the right of fishing, and hence every other right over Les Ecréhous, to *la perfide Albion*." And, again, raising this modern plea of non-ownership on the part of Jersey, "from all time these islets have been neutral, and their waters were neutral waters." In view of such travesties of history, and of such pretensions, which are naturally eagerly supported by the French maritime population, it may be as well to give an outline sketch of the completely cogent chain of evidence by which the Island "States" established, in 1883, their title to the group of Ecréhou.

The proof of title begins in the year 1200. In that year King John, who had himself been a governor of the islands when Earl of Mortain, in the time of Henry II., and always afterward regarded them with peculiar interest, gave them, with other lands,

by a royal deed of grant, to the Seigneur Pierre de Préaux.* Three years later the Seigneur Pierre de Préaux granted, by sub-infeudation, and in virtue of the grant of King John, "les ilôts ecréhos," to the Abbaye de Val Richer, under the condition that a church should be built upon the islets, "*in honorem Dei et beatae Mariae.*" Now at this time, although the Channel Islands were a part of Normandy, and owned allegiance only to their own Dukes, Normandy itself, with Main, Anjou, and Touraine, were all united in possession under the King of England. As is familiar matter of history, Philip Augustus, the King of France, in default of John's appearance to answer for the disappearance and supposed murder of Arthur of Brittany, attacked and conquered Normandy, which was thus practically lost to the English Crown. It must be noted, however, that since it was a conquest on the part of France, and not a cession on the part of England, only such portions of Normandy as were actually taken from us passed, at this time, from one allegiance to the other. The Channel Islands remained faithful to John, and were thus thenceforward separated from Normandy.

Some hundred years later, in the reign of Edward II., there was a general inquisition throughout England to determine what lands were Crown lands, and held by grant direct from the Crown, and the validity of titles to rights and property and privileges generally. After this the judges upon their circuits held pleadings in *Quo Warranto*, as it was called, in which titles were examined, and confirmed or disallowed. In 1309, the English "Justices Itinerant" in Jersey, John de Fresingfeld, William Russel, and John de Ditton, summon the Prior of the Ecréhos before them, to account for the possession of a mill and its appurtenances, in the parish of St. Saviour, in the island of Jersey, and also of the advowson of the Priory of the Ecréhos, and to make answer upon what warrant the sum of 20 sols was annually paid to the said Prior by the Receiver-General of Jersey. "And the Prior comes and says" that the Priory holds its possessions in Jersey by the service of keeping a beacon, *focum ardentem*, always burning at night on the Ecréhos islets, to warn the passing sailor of the dangers of the rock-bound shore. Here, then, we have evidence of the uninterrupted possession of the islets by Jersey, which itself, of course, belonged, as heretofore, to the English Crown.

* This "Chart de donation" is among those preserved in the Tower of London. At this time John was still recognized by the French King as Duke of Normandy. It begins—"Johannes, Dei Gratia Rex Angliae, Dominus Hiberniae, Dux Normaniae, Acquitanniae, et Comes Andegaviae. Sciatis nos concessisse dilecto et fideli nostro Petro de Pratellis insulas de Gerse, et de Gernese, et de Aurene," &c.—*Rotuli Chartarum in Turri Londinensi Asservati*, published by the Commissioners of Public Records, vol. i. part i, 1837, p. 37.

In subsequent documents in which the Channel Islands are mentioned as belonging to the Kings of England, the phrase nearly always includes either "and the other islands," or "and other their dependencies." The treaty of Bretigny may be especially noticed, because in this agreement the Kings of England formally renounced their claim upon the dukedom of Normandy, but with certain exceptions. Among these exceptions, *all the islands* near the west coast of France were specially included by the sixth clause of the treaty.* And coming down to the time of James I., we find him, in his Commission directed to Sir Robert Gardiner and Dr. James Hussey, speaking of "our loving subjects, the inhabitants of our isles of Jersey and Guernsey, and other their dependencies, a portion remaining as yet unto Us in possession of our ancient Dukedom of Normandy."† It would be easy to multiply quotations, showing conclusively that the whole group of islands, of which Jersey is the chief, have belonged directly to England ever since the conquest of Normandy by Philip Augustus of France. *Nor*—which is to our immediate purpose—*is there any ground for supposing that any island or islet was detached at any time, by public act of this country, from the whole group.* The Chaussey islets, some thirty miles south of Jersey, indeed, now belong to France, and are fortified, but how they ever fell into possession remains a mystery. Probably they were "grabbed" by some such process as is now being tried in connection with Les Ecréhous, and although they are of much greater extent, and financially more valuable, yet the remoteness of their position, their inaccessibility, and general unimportance to Jersey and England, in their case would account for the fact that the operation was successful. Although, perhaps, without the strict limits of our subject, we have thought it well to lay some stress—which could have been very greatly increased—upon the question as to the possession of the islands by this country ever since the Norman Conquest, because there appears to be, unfortunately, a rather widespread impression that the islands continued to be held by the rulers of England, after the loss of Normandy, "rather by accident than design."‡ But nothing can be farther from the truth; and nothing would be easier to the historian than to exhibit a continuous series of grants and charters by the rulers of England relating to the islands, and showing the interest and pride that was taken in the possession. Sometimes, too, in modern writers, one comes

* "VI.—Item concordatum est quod dictus Rex Angliae et haeredes sui habebunt et tenebunt omnes insulas adjacentes terris patriis et locis super nominatis, simul cum aliis omnibus insulis quas dictus Rex tenet de praesente."—Rymer's *Foedera*, 1360, 34 Edw. III. Records Commission, vol. iii. p. 488.

† Quoted in Falle, *Account of the Isle of Jersey* (1694), p. 54.

‡ Ansted, *The Channel Islands*, p. 2.

across phrases indicating a belief that the islands, as a matter of fact, belong to nobody in particular,* and that, although ours nominally, "geographically they belong to the Continent and France"—whatever that may mean.

To return to the connection of Les Ecréhous with Jersey. In the "Extentes" of 1528, of 1607, of 1668, made for the purpose of maintaining the rights and revenues of the Crown in the island of Jersey, mention is made of certain sums of wheat-rent due from the Priory of the Ecréhos; while these sums, now commuted into a money payment, are still annually paid to the ancient demesne of the Crown. At the present day a certain payment is due to the Rector of the parish of Trinity, Jersey, for religious services supposed to be performed by him on the Ecréhou.

The owners of the cottages on La Marmoutière regularly pay rates on account of the cottages to the parish of St. Martin's, Jersey.

In November 1863, and in June 1882 there was an exercise of the jurisdiction of the Royal Court of Jersey over Les Ecréhous; two contracts for the purchase of two of the houses on the Marmoutierè being brought before it, and passed. In 1826 a man named Romeril was brought before the Court, at the suit of the Attorney-General of Jersey, charged with having attempted to take the life of John McGras by shooting at him with a pistol upon the Ecréhou.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the French claims of "rights" over Les Ecréhous are received by Jerseymen with incredulous amazement and no little indignation. Upon what, then, are the French claims based? Presumably upon an ancient and remarkable privilege of neutrality granted by the Crown of England to the Channel Islands. The origins of this privilege are obscure, and it appears to have existed for some time without being clearly defined. There was a confirmation, at all events, in 1480, by a Bull of Sixtus IV., Pope of Rome, which was accepted, verified, and published by Louis XI. of France, and proclaimed *à son de trompe* in all the ports of Normandy and Brittany. As a matter of fact, it did not prevent the French from making an attempt to seize the island of Jersey some thirty years later; but it appears to have been carried into effect in some cases, and so especially with regard to privateers and privateering, at that time but little removed from piracy. In 1523 a Guernsey ship seized and taken into Morlaix, was released by the Governor of Brittany upon the plea of this privilege, and in 1524 the capture of a French prize within the prescribed neutral limits was pronounced, in an assembly of the "States," the Governor and the

* Ansted, *The Channel Islands*, p. 14.

King's Commissioners being present, tortionary and illegal, and restitution was ordered. Again, during the Governorship of Viscount Beaucamp (afterwards Duke of Somerset), it happened that some French vessels were in the port of St. Aubin, in Jersey, laden and ready to sail, when some privateers arrived and offered to seize them, but, "the Governor being informed thereof, caused the strength of the island to be gathered together and had laid them by the heels had they not prevented it by departing."*

From an "Inspeximus Charter" granted to the Islands by Henry VI. it seems that the original privilege given by Richard II. was a commercial one, intended to place the islanders upon the same footing as other English subjects.

We, considering the good behaviour and fidelity [so runs the recital of Richard's letters patent] which we have found from day to day in our liege and faithful nations and communities of our islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Sark and Alderney, have of our special grace, for ourselves and heirs, as far as in us lies, granted to the said nations and communities that they and their successors shall for ever be free and acquitted in all our cities, boroughs, markets, and trading-towns, fairs, marts, towns, and other places and harbours within our Kingdom of England, from all sorts of tolls, exactions, and customs, in the same manner as our faithful and liege are in our Kingdom aforesaid. . . . .

By the time of Elizabeth the privilege† seems to have reached its extreme limit. In the Charter granted by her we find in the preamble:—

And whereas some other privileges, immunities, liberties, and franchises were graciously given . . . . by our progenitors and predecessors, formerly Kings of England and Dukes of Normandy and others, to the said islanders . . . . one whereof is *that in time of war the merchants of all nations, whether alien friends or enemies, could and might freely and lawfully, and without danger or punishment, frequent the said islands and maritime places with their ships, merchandize, and goods, as well to avoid storms as there to conclude their lawful business* . . . . and frequent the same . . . . and afterwards securely and without danger remain there, and depart away from thence and return unto the same without any harm, molestation, or hostility whatsoever to their goods, merchandizes, or persons, *and this not only within the said islands and maritime places and all around the same, but likewise at such places and distances from the islands as the sight of man goes to or the eye of man reaches*; we by virtue of our Royal authority . . . . renew, reiterate, confirm and graciously grant, &c. &c.‡

The privilege was, with others, brought to an end by William III., who established custom-officers at Guernsey and Jersey. As the Islanders found privateering a congenial and very profitable pursuit, there was no objection upon their part, so far as abolition of the privilege of neutrality was concerned; but the new restrictions upon commerce they did their best to evade by a most thorough and extensive system of smuggling.

* Falle, *History of Jersey* (1684), p. 204.

† Falle, *Account of Jersey* (1694), p. 208, speaks of this as being contained in Charters from Edward IV. to James II.

‡ Quoted in Duncan's *History of Guernsey* (1841), p. 228. See also Falle's *History of Jersey*, edited (1827) by Darrell, pp. 172, &c.

Whatever the exact scope of this privilege of neutrality may have been in practice, and there is reason to believe that it was always vastly less than it appeared on paper, it was certainly at an end by the close of the seventeenth century, and can have no bearing upon the question of neutrality now. But, even supposing for a moment that it still existed, there are no grounds whatever for restricting its application to the rights of fishing at Les Ecréhous and other islets. If it applies at all it applies to all commerce connected both with all the islands and the coast of France from La Hague to St. Malo. What, then, becomes of the Fishing Conventions of 1839 and 1867, and the exclusive rights of fishing within the three-mile distance from the shores of the possessions of each country? But it is, perhaps, unnecessary to discuss the question any further.

It remains to show some reason for the question of Les Ecréhous being deemed important both in Jersey and France.

The question may possibly occur to those who are not acquainted with the affairs and the feelings of the Channel Islanders as to why, even supposing it to be irrefutably demonstrated that Les Ecréhous belong to Jersey, there would be any great harm in granting the rocky islets and their waters to be neutral, and, consequently, in allowing the rights of fishing there to Frenchmen and Jerseymen alike. But the people of Jersey, besides possessing in an uncommon degree that powerful elementary instinct of free civilized men, the desire to have possession of that to which they believe themselves to be lawfully entitled, have two other grounds for being so much exercised in the matter. The first is the dread that they feel of French encroachment; the second is the simple but stimulating fact that the livelihood of a large part of the population absolutely depends upon maintaining the settlement favourable to Jersey.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for an Englishman of this generation to realise what it is to be inhabiting a plot of land which is known to be eagerly coveted by a neighbour, whose power and whose contiguity are both extremely great. But this is the case of the Jerseyman. Moreover, in a small and isolated population tradition is long-lived, and the numerous attempts, some of which were, for a time, successful and cost the Islanders very dear, made by the French to seize the islands live fresh in their memories. No less than twelve attempts, and some of them most desperate, have been made upon Jersey alone during the six hundred years from the time of John to the end of the last century, and one, that of 1781, at a time when England was at peace with France. At the present time, notwithstanding that so many years have been passed in immunity, the Jerseyman by

no means feels himself secure. Indeed, so far from secure does he feel that he wisely submits, as his fathers submitted, to compulsory and unpaid military service from the age of sixteen until that of sixty. He knows that, in the event of international complications, which are always possible, and which a day may bring forth, he will be called upon to defend his home and his belongings from attack by an enemy of vastly superior strength and numbers. Such considerations do not usually influence people in the direction of making them less keen to resist annexation of a part of their territory, or (as in this case) a claim to neutrality which they are persuaded is only a first step towards annexation in the future. Another point, of no great importance at present, but which is receiving some attention, is the fact that there is now a considerable French population resident in Jersey, besides a large floating population of the same nationality. Of late years, also, many Jesuits—who were formerly kept at a distance—have been allowed, not only to settle, but, by indirect means, to purchase land; and, of course, their sympathies are entirely French.

At the present time, however, the fishing industry, and the fact that the neutrality of Les Ecréhous would involve also the loss of some of the best "vraic" fields on the coast, are the questions which Jersey puts in the forefront. The rocks altogether form a most valuable and extensive fishing-ground, and a few years ago the oyster-beds in the immediate vicinity gave employment to the owners of no less than three hundred sail. The "vraic" is a kind of sea-weed, many thousand tons of which are cut and collected annually. It forms the principal fertilizer in Jersey agriculture, and is also, when dry, used extensively as fuel among the poorer part of the population. After being used as fuel, the charred ash is sold as manure. So valuable is the vraic considered to be, and so important a part does it play in the island economy, that the cutting and gathering of the "vraic-sué" (which is taken from the rock, as opposed to the "vraic-venant," or drift sea-weed), for which there are two seasons in the year, are regulated by law, and made the occasion of a general holiday among those employed in agriculture.

France, likewise, has her reasons, both sentimental and extremely practical. France has been ever, at all events during the last century, famous for "ideas," and for following out ideas to their logical results in action. Now, among "ideas" very firmly rooted in the French mind is this one, that Jersey in real truth, obvious and distasteful facts notwithstanding, does belong to France, her immediate neighbour. We are often bidden to admire the essentially logical character of the French intellect,

but, in the present case, the argument must take something of this form: "Normandy once belonged to England, and the Channel Islands then belonged to Normandy; but now Normandy is become a part of France, and, clearly, the Channel Islands ought to belong to France also!" So necessarily sequent are the steps by which we travel, so cogent is the reasoning which leads us in the direction whither our desires would have us to go! Says the writer in the *Figaro* before referred to (he has spoken of Les Ecréhous as seen from Cartaret):—

Au fond du tableau à une distance double se dêtache majestueusement la grande et belle île de Jersey. C'est *un crève-cœur* de la regarder même à l'œil nu du cap Cartaret. Elle est à huit milles [a mistake of nearly six miles] de la pointe Française; elle se profile sur le ciel avec son étendue énorme; ou sait qu'elle tenait à notre sol, à ce village même de Cartaret [this is a wonderful stretch of imagination] par des forêts et des plaines qu'une catastrophe épouvantable a submergés et enfouis sous la mer. Et on regrette de ne pas l'avoir à présent, ou de n'avoir pu la conserver à la France.

As regards the pity of not having kept Jersey for France, it may be sufficient to note that for the occasion of these regrets it is necessary to go back nearly a thousand years, to the *status quo ante* A.D. 912, and the "old unhappy far-off things" of that remote era. For it was then that the dukedom of Normandy was granted to Rollo, the ancestor of William the Conqueror. But behind the sentimental grievance, strongly as it is felt, there is the even stronger consideration based upon the commanding position of the islands in the Channel. This we have already referred to, and may mention here merely that the naval authorities of both countries are fully alive to and recognize the very great importance of the possession of the islands, and the further fact that with the exception of Cherbourg, which is constructed by sheer labour out of solid rock, the French have not a single harbour from Dunkerque to Brest that is capable of sheltering a fleet. Consequently the commodious natural harbours of the Channel Islands, where the fleets of the world might lie at anchor in a situation so eminently desirable from every point of view, naturally excite the envy of France.

But in France, as in Jersey, the attention directed towards Les Ecréhous and the other rocks for the immediate present is determined by the question of the fishing-industry. The well-known policy of the French Government is to foster the seafaring population of Normandy and Brittany. From thence are drawn not only the large proportion of the sailors of the whole marine, but the best and bravest seamen of the French navy. France desires by every means to support and increase this source of the supply of so valuable a material. Even in the Colonies of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton before they came into our hands, in pursuance of this course of encouraging a maritime population, land upon the coast

was most freely granted; but land in the interior, with extreme reluctance and parsimony. Now, if there is one social law firmly established by the "dismal science," it is this, that an increase of scope and field for any industry will produce an increase in the population employed in that industry. The inference is obvious. It is quite plain, therefore, that the right of fishing over valuable grounds some 100 square miles in extent, is an object considered by France to be worth taking some trouble to obtain. We hope, however, that we have shown some reasons for keeping the exercise of those rights restricted to their proper owners, the people of the island of Jersey.

Fortunately there is no need to set about demonstrating that the concerns of the people of Jersey are equally the concerns of the people of England. But we may do well to remember occasionally how ancient and how intimate the connection has been all through our history, and to remember, also, how strong have been, and are at the present time, the feelings of the islanders on this point. In this reference a quotation from the loyal address presented to William and Mary by the "States" in 1792 may fitly speak for them. "We think it our duty to assure Your Majesties that, with the Divine assistance, we will defend this Place to the utmost for Your Majesties service, and that We wish to live no longer than we are Your Majesties subjects. Hoping Your Majesties will believe that tho' our Tongues be *French*, our Hearts and Swords are truly *English*." It will be found that the Jerseyman of to-day abates nothing of his ancestors' loyalty and determined spirit.

Bertram Falle.
G. E. Humphreys.

WESTERN WATERS.

Place, the west coast of Argyllshire; time, four in the afternoon; and the "shower peculiar to the country" has been going on since morning with more than usual persistency. Every indentation in the hill-side, every gutter in the road, the very foot-paths themselves, are temporarily transformed into rivulets, swelling the burns into turbid torrents which are pouring their tribute into the river, which in its turn has begun to "wax," a fact apparent to the initiated eye from the grass, sticks, and leaves which are floating on its surface towards the bay. It is a day which would drive a Frenchman to suicide, but it does not seem to make much impression upon the stolid farmer who has already turned his hay four times, and will certainly have to do so at least once more before carrying it, but who bears his misfortunes with a resignation engendered by custom; or upon the old wife trudging slowly along the road with her petticoats rather high-kilted, and a huge umbrella over her head, and who gives vent as she passes me to the undeniable and expressive monosyllable "Saft."

My expression is different from that of the farmer or the old crone; it is not one of resignation or stolidity, but of unmistakable elation, which would seem unaccountable to the ordinary observer of the leaden sky, the sodden landscape, and the persistent downpour. But a fisherman would have no difficulty in risking a guess at the correct explanation. He would recognize a brother of the angle, and would rightly conjecture that my thoughts were of the morrow; that my heart was swelling with the hope that springs eternal in the fisherman's breast, and that I was already settling provisionally where and when I should begin the next day.

I was born an angler, and from the first day that I was big enough to handle a rod have pursued, with varied success but unwavering perseverance, every kind of fish from the stickleback to the salmon. My father still chuckles over the recollection of my first big trout, a splendid fellow of some three-quarters of a pound, who took my worm when I was fishing for roach in a little pond some quarter of a mile from the house. Hearing unearthly shrieks, he rushed up the hill on the wings of terror, scarcely hoping to be in time to save me from a watery grave, and found me executing a war-dance and war-whoops of victory over my captive—much to his wrath at the time, but to his amusement

since. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined; and I can still excite myself over any unwonted capture, although, perhaps, I do not make quite so much noise over it as when I was nine years old.

There are pages in my memory which still enshrine—the big pike I caught out of a coracle in a Kentish pond, which towed my little bark against the wind; my first salmon caught in Norway in 1862; my first twenty-pounder from the Tay; and last, not least, the twenty-pound fish which I landed by myself with a trout rod and small fly, in the little Argyllshire stream I am about to describe, where such monsters are rare indeed. There are few kinds of British field sports to which I am altogether a stranger; but, although each has its attraction, I still keep my warmest devotion for my first love.

There is no kind of sport in which one is so entirely independent of extraneous aid; there is doubtless a romance and an excitement about the pursuit of the noblest of Scotch beasts of chase, the red deer, in the solitude of the forest; but there is the decided drawback that you are usually handed over to the tender mercies of a stalker, whose commands you are implicitly bound to obey, and who may or may not condescend to give you a reason for them; and there is also the necessity for a tail of gillies and ponies. So grouse-shooting requires keepers, dogs, and ponies; and covert shooting, and even partridge shooting under modern conditions, need assistants and companions to be successfully carried out. It is only in France, if anywhere, that—

> Shouldering your *rifle*, and winding your horn,
> You chase the pink partridge that chirps in the corn.

But the fishing to which I am now looking forward may be, and will be, done by myself only; and it is this which makes me love the little Add more than more portentous and romantic rivers where fish run much larger, but where gillies, and probably boats as well, are absolutely necessary. I dislike the sensation of being watched; I hate the well-meant and perhaps useful advice as to flies and places which is not absolutely necessary in a river I have fished for fifteen years, and strolled along at every height of the water; and I abhor the ejaculation "There he is," or words to a like effect, which no gillie can restrain when a fish rises, and which produce the involuntary and premature motion of the wrist or arm which has saved the life of many a gallant salmon and trout.

Next morning the sky is clear, and half a gale of wind is blowing. There are a few ominous-looking clouds on the hills, which indicate that there will be "some showers" in the course of the day, which may be interpreted to mean heavy plumps of rain,

lasting about three-quarters of an hour each, which will defy an umbrella or an ordinary overcoat, and would easily reduce a Parisian or a Londoner to the condition of damp blotting-paper; but the probability is not in the least alarming to a Highland fisherman. With long wading-stockings, and a thick mackintosh, I care as little for the prospect of rain as an ironclad for old-fashioned ordnance, or a knight in mail for the pikes and arrows of an ill-armed peasantry. A glance through my glass from the window at the river, about three miles off, shows me that the water, although high, is not too much so for fishing purposes; it is two feet below the bank, at a spot below a white gate, which is my regular mark from the house, and a very short time sees me off in a dog-cart, suitably clothed and equipped, bound for the upper part of the river, the most likely place for a fish when the water is high. A waterproof in a case is slung over one shoulder, and a bag with two divisions over the other: one partition, of india-rubber, contains my lunch, knife, flask, reel, and tin box of flies and casts, and a gaff to screw into the landing handle; the other, of canvas, is intended, and, I hope, destined, to hold fish before the day is out. A folding telescope landing-net hangs from the strap of the bag, and a fourteen-foot three-jointed double-handed trout rod completes an equipment which, assuredly, would not do for the Spey or Tay. Off I drive, my hopes rising higher and higher as I get nearer and nearer to the water-side.

Hood's immortal footman, after his ascent of Mont Blanc is anxious to describe the glacier, which he does as follows:—"Arter sliping and sliding for 'ours, we come to the fust principle glazier. To give a correct noshun, let any won suppose a man in fustions, with a fraim and glass and puttey, and a dimond pensel, and it 's quit the revers of that!" In like manner I must ask anyone to disabuse himself of all preconceived notions of a salmon river, whether derived from books or experience, in order that he may understand the one I am about to visit. Imagine a noble stream, now pouring down in cataracts, now breaking white in rapids, and now rushing black, deep, and oily around boulders at the foot of a fall—and it is quite the reverse of that. At the upper part of its short course near its source it is, indeed, wild and rapid enough, but there it is little fished; from thence it gradually winds through an almost level plain; rock and gravel becoming rarer and rarer, the stream deader and duller, and its bends more and more circular as it approaches the sea. Looking down upon its course from the hill, it is not difficult to see what geology and history confirm: that the great peat moss through which it flows must at no very distant date, geologically speaking, have formed a part of the sea itself, and that the queer rocky hill, Dunadd, which

stands out like an island in the middle, was an actual island in days gone by. There it was that Pharaoh's daughter landed in pursuit of Moses, and I have myself seen her footprints on the rock at the summit, nearly two feet long and broad in proportion—a beetle-crusher sufficiently formidable to account for the secret and precipitate flight of the Israelitish law-giver. From that point the river winds more and more through the flat, until its course resembles a double S near the point where it flows into the sea at Crinan. All the lower part rises, even with ordinary tides, and there is a chance of getting a grilse, or a basket of sea-trout near the mouth at "first of flood," even when it is hopeless to attempt to fish the upper portion of the stream. It is necessary for success that there should be a good curl on the water, which can only be the case when there is half a gale blowing, as the banks are high above the stream and shelter it from the wind.

But to-day I am bound for the "Irishman's pool," and although the old horse rattles me along at a good pace, he appears to be crawling, so eager am I to get to work. As I pass the bend of the river at Drimvaur, and cross the bridge at Kilmichael, I can see that "she 'll fish fine"; and as I sit down and put my rod together by the pool, I can see three or four fish moving in a manner which increases my impatience. However, I am too old a hand to neglect precautions in my haste, and my cast is carefully soaked and straightened, and the joints of my rod firmly tied together before I select my flies, a small blue doctor for the tail-fly, and two very small sea-trout flies, a claret body and an orange, for droppers. Many a quarrel have I had with the laird anent my pernicious heresy in using droppers; but we are both obstinate people, and I am as satisfied that I get more fish by using them as he is that I lose quantities in consequence of my pig-headed refusal to listen to the voice of reason and experience. Of course, it would not do in many salmon rivers, but in this there are but few stones, and what there are I know well; and I have often been surprised at the luck I have had with the dropper: the salmon taking the tiny flies when they have refused the larger.

Above me, on the opposite bank, is the wood of Kirnan, called after the farm just above, the birthplace of the poet Campbell, and the scene of the "desolate garden" he found on "re-visiting Argyllshire." If his ghost were to walk there now he would not find "one rose of the wilderness left on its stalk, to show where a garden had been," or anything at all resembling the ideal landscape depicted by Millais on the subject, but substantial farm-buildings, with oats and potatoes growing up to the very door. The pool is the shape of a horse-shoe, or, rather of a boomerang. The river runs sharply over a shallow at the top, and deepens

under the opposite bank, running briskly till it comes to the turn, where a backwater is formed by a little burn running at an angle. From thence there is a deep oily narrow neck for about fifteen yards, with two rocks just projecting at the top, and then it widens, till it joins the shallow below by two channels with a point of gravel between them. I wade in at the top, for, although it is not a long cast, the fish rise right under the hazel and oak-scrub overhanging the opposite side, and the fly plays best with a rather short line. At the second cast there is a sharp tug, and a turn of the reel; but the water is too shallow just here for a real "fish." Short shrift has my victim; a nice little silvery sea-trout, of about a pound weight, with every disposition, if permitted, to frolic and splash about the pool and alarm his betters. If I gave him an inch he would take an ell; but I do not, and he is lying gasping on the bank before he has had time to be surprised at the results of greediness or curiosity. A little lower down, the reflection of a white stone shows just through the water, and there I feel a conviction, amounting to certainty, that something better will come, and I am not disappointed. There is a curl and a glint of silver, and at the next cast he is fast, and shaking his head, with a slow deliberate movement, from side to side, which denotes that he is lightly hooked, and thinks that he may get rid of his incumbrance without the trouble of a run for it. While he is making up his mind I am wading out, for I like to play my fish from above them, and with a fairly long line, and also prefer *terra firma* to slippery pebbles. I am not without hopes that a little gentle persuasion may prevent him from dashing along the other side and disturbing his "neighbours," and I am not disappointed, for in a few minutes he is safe round the corner, well in hand, taking decent and respectable runs, and I take advantage of his pacific disposition to unscrew the net and substitute the gaff; laying the handle across the left arm ready for action. It sounds awkward, but, with patience and choice of the right moment, I have never experienced the least difficulty in a task which would seem to require a third hand. But the fish takes advantage of his second wind, and the reel whirrs, and the line sings, as he makes a determined rush for the bottom of the pool, flinging himself out of the water twice in his course, and showing the neat proportions of a handsome grilse of eight pounds weight, or thereabouts. That rush was his last serious effort, and, as his tail plays slowly on the surface of the pool, I shift the rod to my left hand, and stretch out my right, with the gaff in it, and in another moment I have slackened the line by letting out two or three turns; the rod is on the ground, and the fish is on the bank, receiving his quietus with a stone. Soon the fly is cut out, and the sport is resumed *da capo*.

I am not going to weary the reader with a description of an entire day's fishing. Catching one fish, on paper, is very like catching another, although there is an infinite variety in reality. Often have I spent the greater part of the day by the Irishman's pool alone, small as it is, and I have taken out of it as many as five salmon, besides losing others. If one of my captures has been disagreeably restive, I have gone to the pool above for a short time, or I have indulged in lunch or a pipe; but it is wonderful how soon salmon, or other fish, seem to forget the misfortunes of their friends. "Call that a pool!" said a friend who was introduced to the Irishman's pool for the first time, after some experience of Tay and Tweed. "Why, it is no bigger than a washing-basin." Yet have I, *horresco referens*, seen more than a hundred salmon taken out of it with one haul of the net, when low water, and the need of removing temptation from the poachers, compelled the use of that atrocious implement. The "Irishman" is not an easy pool to net by night, but there are places where salmon get shut in, in low water, where they can, and do occasionally, fall victims to every description of implement. A sharp knife at the end of a stick, giving a quick slash at their tails; a hay-fork; a sheep-net, weighed down with a ploughshare—to these and similar ignoble methods have many gallant fish succumbed from time to time. I have counted them, on one day, in a pool from which there was no possibility of exit except from above, and on the morrow have mourned over their reduced numbers, and the scars of some of the survivors. Still, poaching is not very common, and the course of the river is so open that it is easily detected.

I wonder whether I shall ever recover the gaff I lost in the Irishman last year? I had hooked a fish, and was playing him in bright sunshine, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, down swept a squall from the hill-side, accompanied by torrents of rain, straight in my face, so violent that it was difficult to stand and hold my rod upright. Before I had got my fish I was soaked to my wading-stockings; my mackintosh, alas! lay on the bank above me, and my fingers were numb, and my rod sending rivulets of water down my sleeves. I brought the fish within reach, and gaffed him, but the slippery landing-handle escaped from my grasp, and it bobbed up and down three or four times in the deepest part of the pool, and then sank to rise no more. The fish, however, was still on, and gained nothing except the sweets of revenge; for he was out on the bank in a minute more, receiving a peculiarly vicious tap upon the nose as a punishment for the theft of which he had been guilty.

Have I ever caught two salmon at a time? well, never; although I have once known a fish to hook himself upon two flies, taking

both with a continuation of the same rise. Of course, with sea or river trout such an adventure is too common to be worth relating, but I have only known one well-authenticated instance with salmon, and then the gillie who gaffed and landed the fish displayed a presence of mind which showed the qualities of a great general. The fish had followed one another kindly in their rushes, and were both exhausted on the surface; but the crucial question was how to get the one out who had taken the dropper without a dead pull at the line, which would break the cast or the hook between the pair of artificial Siamese twins. As the fish approached the bank, the attendant gaffed it with one hand, and, with an almost simultaneous movement of the other, cut the dropper from the cast with a sharp knife, and was rewarded for his sagacity and luck by seeing the other fish also succumb in a few moments more. If such attendants were common, I should forswear my solitary habits.

The rustic who waits for the river to flow down has passed into a proverb, but those who would catch fish in the Add must not be ashamed of emulating his example. The deep-cut sheep-drains bring down the showers from the hills so fast, that I have known it too high to fish one day, and too low for much chance the next. Many a time have I gone out in a downpour, when it showed signs of clearing, and waited by the bank, watching my miniature cairn of stones put up just below high-water mark, and waiting till the appearance of its top above the surface proved that the water had begun to fall, and goodly has been the reward I have reaped for my faith and perseverance. As for gales, they are disagreeable to face in an open plain; but it is hardly possible to blow too hard for success, and I have had excellent sport, when the waves were literally breaking on the pools, and it was only possible to keep the fly in the water by lowering the top of the rod till it touched the surface. In all the lower part of the river there is little or no rock, and the stream gradually hollows out the banks until the sides fall in, changing pools into shallows, and sometimes altering the whole course of the river. It is no use, here, to rely upon tradition alone. The fisherman must judge himself, to a great extent, where it is worth while to cast a fly; and sometimes must be wary in approaching the edges of the stream. I remember one day, when I was playing a salmon, and it was sulking in a deep hole just below me, I suddenly tumbled on the top of him with about a ton of earth which had given way under my weight. I managed to keep hold of the rod, but by the time I had regained my footing in the water, and had got the point of the rod upright again, he was seventy yards above me, and had taken advantage of the slack line, to get round a clod or boulder and make his

escape. I can confidently recommend a labourer's allotment, and a man upon it, thrown into the water, as a means of moving a sulking fish, but the remedy is a little violent.

Much has been written by humanitarian sentimentalists on the cruelty of sport in general and fishing in particular; but I comfort myself in the belief that the sense of feeling in fishes cannot be acute. I have caught a sea-trout with a fly, still bleeding from the fresh mark of a heron's bill, which had transfixed it through the middle of its body; and it would be easy to multiply instances of insensibility to pain. So, too, fish seem to have extraordinary power of recovering from the most severe injuries. I have taken a salmon in the Tay with a scar on his side nearly the size and depth of an ordinary tea-cup, quite healed, and covered over with scales; evidently the work of a seal in the estuary, and from the growth of the fish it must have been done not long before—at all events during the same year and season.

But it is time to draw these rambling remarks to a conclusion. If it were always—

> Truth the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things—

then, indeed, to recall the river, and the northern breezes, in a September Session in London, with the thermometer at 85 and the echoes of voices condemned by the long-suffering Speaker for tedious iteration and irrelevancy still ringing in one's ears, would be a penance too severe. But for me, my thoughts recall the pleasures of hope as well as those of memory. In fancy I am already plodding along the well-known banks, the whistle of the curlew and the plover sounding in my ears. The snipe startle me as they rise under my feet; the great herons flap lazily away as I turn a corner just above them; the merganser brings its numerous family up the stream between the high banks into the very pool I am fishing, and then the whole troop, suddenly "spying strangers," dive about and separate; disturbing my sport for the time, but giving me a pleasure quite as great in watching them. The grouse crow upon the oat-stubbles beside me, or the old black-cocks dash over my head in flocks of ten or fourteen. Perhaps there may be a hen harrier beating the moss beside me, with the regularity of a pointer, or a merlin hawking some lark or pipit; and whether the fish rise, as they do sometimes, or whether they decline, as they do even more often, I shall return peaceful and contented to a well-earned dinner, and a sleep unbroken by dreams of political warfare.

A. E. Gathorne-Hardy.

THE RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

While statesmen discuss the laws under which Ireland is governed, and offer new Acts of Parliament for the cure of Irish discontent, the true cause of the evil, and with it the true nature of the remedy, are still as much as possible kept out of sight. The Irish are permanently discontented because they are permanently poor. What they really want is to be better off. What they seek is the supposed means of becoming so. The fundamental cause of this poverty is definite and certain; but the statement of it is so distasteful to the Irish people that it is scarcely ever dwelt upon, and is only mentioned now and then.

Irishmen are poor because there are too many of them in Ireland. The actual resources of the island are not sufficient for the number of its inhabitants, and the means of making them so has never been discovered. This has been the condition of things ever since the number of the people has been known. It was not known before the beginning of this century, nor is it possible now to ascertain what it was in former times; but from that period to the present there has never been a single year in which the gross income of the island has been sufficient to support the number of people living there, except in a state of general poverty. It is the case, precisely, of a family too large for the family income; unable sufficiently to increase it, but all continuing to live at home. When they are told so they are fiercely angry, and will not believe it. But facts cannot be altered, either by anger or incredulity; and the best friend of the Irish will be the man who first convinces them that this is the fact. Their present leaders do not, of course, deny their present poverty; but they represent it always as due to a false cause. They make their countrymen believe, as the poor are always willing to believe, that their poverty is in some way the result of unfair laws, and that if these laws were altered it would disappear. If this were true these leaders would indeed be patriots. If they had worked out the figures which their promises involve, and were able to prove the benefits their hearers are made to dream of, their demands would be irresistible. But the statement is false and the figures are never worked out; the proofs, in fact, do not exist, and they cannot be manufactured.

The number of people who can live in comfort on any given area depends upon the gross annual income at their disposal. The income of a country consists of the products of its soil, the products of its manufactures, the interest on any of its capital lent to other people, the money brought to it by foreign visitors, and the profits of any external trade.

In Ireland the great bulk of the inhabitants depend wholly on the product of the soil, and under that condition no country of equal size is able anywhere to support the same number of people except in a state of general and constant poverty.

The fact is absolute, and the proof plainly before our eyes. Ireland has 5,000,000 inhabitants on an area of 30,000 square miles. There are, therefore, 160 persons to the square mile. The number is 86 in Spain, 126 in Portugal, 128 in Hungary; these are three European States which also are chiefly dependent upon agriculture, though each of them has other sources of income much greater than those of Ireland. But they have enough to do to keep themselves in tolerable comfort, though the population in Spain has only half, and in Portugal and Hungary only three-quarters, of the Irish density.

In France there are 186 persons to the square mile; only 26 more than in Ireland. France has vast manufactures, an enormous foreign trade, a large income from foreign investments and foreign visitors, and great mineral wealth. Probably half the population, certainly a very large proportion, live upon these resources, which are infinitely beyond anything that Ireland possesses. The French peasantry, nevertheless, are poor and hard-worked, and yet Ireland is attempting to support a population nearly as dense as that of this favoured and wealthy nation.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the population of England and Wales was less than 6,000,000, or about 100 persons to the square mile. At that time it was on the products of the soil that Englishmen chiefly lived. There were considerable manufactures, and foreign trade was already a source of national income; but agriculture was the main business of the inhabitants. The country, under those circumstances, was highly prosperous, as any country with a vigorous race in it will be when the soil is fairly fruitful and there are not more than a hundred persons to the square mile depending on it. But whenever this number is exceeded the difficulty of providing general comfort out of the product of the soil rapidly increases, and when the excess is considerable general poverty is the absolutely unavoidable result, unless there are some extraordinary means by which the average product can be increased or the average cost of living lessened to an extent far beyond the experience of European nations.

All Europe, taken together, supports only 90 persons to the square mile, and if Russia is excluded, as being in part uninhabited, all the rest of Europe supports only 150, with all its machinery at work, all its accumulated wealth, and all the profit of its entire trade with the rest of mankind. Ireland, with none of these advantages, is actually attempting to do more than the whole of Europe is doing in full possession of them.

A greater population can, of course, be kept on the same income, if they can reduce the cost of living. Men can live upon potatoes, or oatmeal, or rice, with an extremely small addition of other food; and if they submit to this diet, with rags for clothing, hovels for houses, and the least possible expenditure on anything else, even 200 persons to the square mile can be kept alive by the products of agriculture. This is what actually occurred in Ireland between 1820 and 1840, when the increase of the population went rapidly on, of course with increasing poverty, but without any popular conception of what the result must be, till famine and pestilence came down on the poor ignorant people and cleared away more than a fourth of them in twenty years.

And it is only because they were so cleared away that the conditions of Irish life have been so far improved that the extremity of its former poverty has been relieved. But the relief is altogether insufficient. The number of the people is still too great by at least a million for general comfort to be possible. The wants of human nature are definite. So are the limits of what the soil will yield to the average labour of human hands.

The general unwillingness to recognize these facts in the case of Ireland has doubtless been mainly caused by the contrast with England, where population and wealth have increased together with extraordinary rapidity. But the causes of this increase have been forgotten. The density of population in England at the beginning of this century was exactly what it is now in Ireland: 160 persons to the square mile. It had risen to 250 in 1831: to 300 in 1851; to 400 in 1871; and it is now 450.

There is no approach to this density in any other country of equal size in any part of the world, except the valley of the Ganges, and possibly in some parts of China.

It is reached, among European States, only in Saxony, which is about as large as Wales, and in Belgium, which is twice the size of Yorkshire. The number of persons so closely packed together in these two small areas is not more than twice the population of London, and they are simply centres of mining, manufacture, and other industry on a great scale, concentrated within these narrow limits by natural and artificial circumstances which do not exist elsewhere. The United States of America have, at this moment,

only 18 persons to the square mile. The State of New York, including the great city, has only 106, and this density is reached nowhere else in America except in the small States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. This is the foundation of American prosperity, and the security for its long continuance.

But in England itself only about one-fourth of the present population are supported by the entire product of the soil. How, then, do the rest get their living? They get it from the following six sources of national income:—

1. England exports, that is, she sells to other countries, £300,000,000 worth of goods every year. The whole of this is national income, except the first cost of foreign materials included in these exports. The rest, more than two-thirds, is paid to England for her natural productions and the labour of her people.

2. England receives the annual profits of innumerable trades carried on by her agents in all parts of the world.

3. An enormous capital belonging to Englishmen is invested everywhere in foreign securities of every kind, and the annual interest is paid to us. This capital increases every year, because England possesses a very large number of rich men, who save a great part of their annual income. The sum thus saved is probably never less than from 50 to 100 millions a year. It is either lent at interest to other nations, or used as productive capital at home, and, in either case, it adds every year to the total income of the country, as well as to the reserve fund always ready to be drawn upon in case of need. This is a resource possessed only by very wealthy States, like England; by no other State to the same extent, and by Ireland to no extent of national importance.

4. England is the greatest carrier, the greatest insurer, broker, and banker in the world, and the profits in all these undertakings come to us as income.

5. England transacts miscellaneous business of every kind for every civilized nation, and is paid for these services.

6. And, lastly, a constant stream of foreign visitors is passing always through the country, spending here considerable sums, which are so much added to our resources.

This vast national income, which is independent of the product of the soil, has hitherto increased as fast as the number of people who have to live upon it, and, while this continues to be the case, the population of England may grow denser year by year without any decrease in the average comfort of the people. How far this is possible is a matter of supreme gravity which must develop itself in full force in the next ten years. In that period more than three million persons will be added to the population of England

and Wales. To provide for them as the rest are now provided for, the annual income of the country must be increased by a hundred millions sterling. The increase can only come from the sources already enumerated; and if they fail to give it, the Irish problem will repeat itself here. This is to some extent a digression, but it is sufficiently serious in itself; and a clear conception of the nature and limits of national resources is the first thing necessary in dealing with Irish discontent.

I have said that only about one-fourth of the people of England are supported by the product of the soil. This is ascertained both by the known values of agricultural produce compared with the estimates of national income, and also by the following simple calculation. The number of persons above fifteen years old employed upon the land of England and Wales was found at the last Census to be:—

Men - -	1,246,000
Women - -	62,000

Of the men, 680,000 are married, and each married couple on an average has two children living under fifteen. The total number directly supported by the land is, therefore:—

Men - -	1,246,000
Women - -	62,000
Wives of the men	680,000
Children - -	1,360,000
Total -	3,348,000

These include all the farmers and all the persons in their employment, with their wives and children. They all, of course, live on the products of the soil. They give employment, however, to a large number of other people; paying them out of those products. They buy clothes, furniture, implements, and miscellaneous necessaries or luxuries; they pay rates and taxes, and for services of various kinds. The most careful estimates of the appropriation of income show that rather more than half the expenditure of the nation is on food, which is the chief product of the soil, and rather less than half on other things. The agricultural classes, therefore, distribute nearly half their income among persons who are not employed upon the land, and thus provide for nearly half their own number on the same scale of living, in addition to themselves.

We then have the following as a second total:—

Agriculturists - -	3,348,000
Others (nearly half) -	1,552,000
	4,900,000

Finally, there is the rent paid to the owners of the land. The total rental of the cultivated land in England and Wales is assessed at about £50,000,000. It forms about one-twentieth part of the total income of the nation, and may support, therefore, one-twentieth of the population in its ultimate distribution; at the utmost, two million people. This also comes out of the produce of the soil, and the final total of those who are directly and indirectly supported by that produce becomes nearly seven millions, which is about one-fourth of the population of England and Wales, and is equal to 118 persons to the square mile. This estimate, like that arrived at from the value of agricultural produce, is, of course, rough and in round numbers; but it is clearly in excess of the truth, because the proportion of income spent on other things than food, by the agricultural classes, is much less than the average, which includes the great artizan class at double or treble wages.

No doubt the average comforts of English life are greater than in Ireland, and the land could support a greater number if English farmers and labourers were content to live as the Irish do. But then this is the case only because the value of English produce is artificially increased by the immediate presence on the spot of a vast body of purchasers who are six times as numerous as the agriculturists themselves, and whose incomes are derived from other sources. Remove these to a distance where, if they are still purchasers, the farming produce must be sent to them across the sea, and this advantage vanishes. We are brought back to the simple fact that under all ordinary circumstances general poverty must be the necessary result, if more than one hundred persons to the square mile are dependent on the produce of the soil.

I am assuming that all the available land is utilized. This is so nearly the case, both in England and Ireland, that, for practical purposes generally, and for any present purpose absolutely, the assumption is strictly correct. The idea that there are vast quantities of waste land that can be brought into profitable cultivation, is one of those *ignes fatui* so easily lighted by agitators and so absolutely deceptive to unsuspecting eyes. In both England and Ireland, about three-fourths of the entire area are under cultivation now, and this is nearly as large a proportion as can, in fact, be utilized in any country of considerable extent. Lakes and mountains, towns, roads, and rivers must necessarily be abstracted, and they seldom occupy much less than the remaining fourth. In Belgium, where every acre is laid hold of eagerly, the quantity thus abstracted has been reduced nearly to one-eighth, but this is in a very small country, and the conditions are exceptional. It is, of course, easy to point out unproductive spaces that look large to the passer-by, but, for national purposes, a thou-

sand, or a hundred thousand, acres make no difference, except to a few individuals. In a country, overflowing for generations with people whose living depends on the possession of a piece of ground, every really available spot has been seized, of necessity, and land is only left waste when the cost of cultivating it is greater than its value. There are, in Ireland, a million and a half acres of bog, which, at some unknown cost, it is probably within the power of man to convert into farming land. But if this could be done at once, by magic, without costing a farthing, it would only give the bare means of living to half a million people. We know that, in fact, it would take a generation in time and an enormous sum in money to get it done; and as the gain to the nation is not the final value of the land, but only the difference between that value and the cost of getting it, the number of persons who could really be provided for by this means dwindles down, possibly to nothing, and assuredly to something very different from half a million.

Equally deceptive is the idea that present help of an effective kind can be given to Ireland by what is called Developing the Resources and Stimulating the Industries of the country. These phrases are dear to the hearts of agitators, for they offer a boundless hope to the poor and discontented, without the trouble of examining its foundations. What are the Resources of Ireland, and how will you develop them? What are its Industries, and how will you stimulate them? What, in actual figures, are the results that can be calculated on; and when, in actual time, are they likely to be realised? The value of the proposal depends wholly on the answers to these four questions. Let us see what kind of answers can be given.

The natural resources of Ireland are nearly limited to her fisheries, her harbours, and her land. There are no forests to cut down; few minerals of special value to dig up. The land may be made to produce somewhat more than it does; the fishing may be increased; the harbours may attract more shipping.

But the people already employed upon the land are more numerous than the best cultivation will maintain in comfort. While they remain so, the utmost that any land could do would only slightly relieve their poverty.

The Fisheries of Ireland have declined greatly in the last forty years. The main reason, of course, is that they have not been profitable. If they can be made so, many villages on the coast will be the better for it; but in a national sense the benefit cannot possibly be great. The wholesale value of all the fish consumed in Great Britain is about £12,000,000 a year, and this represents the product of all the fisheries, not only round the whole British

coast, but from many foreign seas as well. The utmost that Ireland could add to this could only be a small proportion of this value, and the field is altogether too limited for its profits to affect the nation generally.

As to Irish harbours, their business may increase, but it is impossible that anything important can be looked for here till some special cause arises. And that it should arise is so unlikely that even its probable nature cannot be suggested.

The manufacturing industries of Ireland may, doubtless, grow in future years; but what is there to make them grow, and how can they be stimulated? Why have they not grown before? The field has been completely open for many years to anyone who liked to try it. Political disturbance is, of course, unfavourable to such attempts, and socialistic doctrines concerning property are not less so. But it is only very recently that public dishonesty has been sanctioned by any British Government, and there have been long periods of sufficient quiet in Ireland to carry commercial capital there, if there was any chance of its profitable employment. But men of business know that business will not pay in the face of great local disadvantages; and it is the *most* favourable positions, not the *least* favourable, that are necessarily chosen. Who thinks of bringing the cotton trade to Kent or the iron trade to Lincoln? Ireland is obviously in the wrong place for extensive manufactures under modern conditions of trade; and the disadvantage of position is, for most things, made absolutely fatal by the fact that she has not got, and cannot get, a natural supply of cheap fuel on the spot.

The decay of former manufactures in Ireland is spoken of in that vague and useless way which characterizes the general treatment of Irish affairs. What, in real figures, did these manufactures ever amount to? where were they situated, and where are the ruins of the deserted mills? The plain truth is that, with the single exception of the Ulster linen trade, Ireland has never manufactured anything in sufficient quantity to be of real national importance. Fifty years ago, some 12,000 persons were employed in woollen manufactures; the present number is probably less; but what are 12,000 in a population of five millions? The Irish mines employ just 1,650 persons at the present time, after all the stimulus that mining underwent some fifteen years ago.

To suppose it possible under these circumstances that Ireland can be extricated from poverty by "stimulating" her industries, is to shut our eyes to fact, and only open them to imagination. And if we ask what kind of stimulus could really be applied, the common answer is protective duties. But protective duties do not add anything to the income of a nation; they only compel its

inhabitants to spend less of that income in the employment of foreign labour, and more of it consequently at home. That in itself is an advantage, if it can be had for nothing. But then it cannot be had for nothing. It is impossible for Ireland to shut out the produce of other countries, and to retain, at the same time, the present markets for her own. It would be equally impossible to persuade the Irish agricultural classes that they ought to pay higher prices for their manufactured goods, in order to give employment to more factory hands.

The Rent question is held before the Irish themselves as one of their great resources; but the poor peasantry do not know what it really means. To reduce rents, or to abolish them, adds nothing to the income of a country. It only takes part of it from one set of people, and gives it to another set. There might be something in this, if the Irish difficulty lay in the distribution of the national income, and not in its insufficiency; but it lies, instead of this, in the fact that the income is totally insufficient, in whatever way you distribute it. The only way in which it can be increased through any operation upon rent, is by keeping more of the whole rental in Ireland, and sending less abroad as the income of absentees. As far as this can be done it is a gain to the country, and to change non-resident for resident proprietors is the obvious means. But what can this gain amount to? The total rental of farming land in Ireland is about £10,000,000 a year. The greater part of this is already spent in Ireland. The great majority of the owners are already resident there; the absentees themselves are obliged to spend part of their rents in Ireland, in the payment of agents and overseers, and the unavoidable costs of ownership. The proportion that actually leaves Ireland to be spent elsewhere is necessarily a small proportion, and cannot, at the utmost, exceed one or two millions out of the ten. But a million a year only provides the barest living for a hundred thousand persons. The average expenditure of the working classes generally, in the United Kingdom, exceeds fifteen pounds per head per annum, and tolerable comfort cannot be got, even in Ireland, for less than ten pounds per head; and as the extreme result of keeping the whole rental in the country could not really be obtained, we may see at once how small, in a national sense, the utmost benefit from this source must be.

The plain answer to our four questions is, therefore, that Ireland has no resources or industries which it is possible to develop to a sufficient extent, or with sufficient rapidity, to produce the income which her present population requires.

Now common-sense admits at once that practical improvement in any of these things is not to be neglected merely because the

benefits to be got by it can never be large. If we can make only a few people happier, we ought, of course, to do it, and it is in no disparagement of efforts in this direction that I lay bare the fact of their total insufficiency. But we are dealing with discontented millions, not with a few individuals; and we cannot satisfy the many by conferring benefits on a few. That every little helps is true in general; but, when a serious work has to be done, it is infinitely more important to remember that where much is indispensable, a little will not do. If you have to build a house, every brick helps in the building; but if there is only one brick at your disposal, you must build with something else, or give up the undertaking.

What, then, is the real remedy? Clearly there is only one. If an income cannot be made sufficient for those who have to live on it, the only sensible course is to reduce their number.

When Lord Salisbury, with a kindly wisdom which his enemies could not understand, pointed out the truth that the emigration of a million persons from Ireland would put an end at once to the economic difficulties of the agriculturists by giving sufficient land and full occupation to all the rest, he was met with only scorn and anger, as if malice, and not benevolence, had prompted the suggestion. But the thing itself is the simplest of arithmetical truths. The number of persons employed on the land of England and Wales is equal to forty-five for every thousand acres cultivated. In Ireland the number is sixty-five. All the work that the land requires is done in England by the forty-five persons. A smaller number could do it in Ireland, because the proportion of pasture-land is half as much again. It follows that one third of the Irish agriculturists would have nothing to do if the rest were fully employed. There is a clear waste of one-third of the working hours. But this earth will not yield comfort to any nation in which one-third of the working hours are wasted. To put sixty-five persons to work on a piece of ground the full produce of which can be got by the ordinary labour of forty-five is to condemn them to inevitable poverty. Nor is poverty, even, the end of the mischief; the want of full employment leads to habits either of idleness or of slow and easy-going work, instead of that sharp activity which makes the most of time and seizes every chance. The first condition of prosperity in any industry is that the men employed should be fully employed; not worked beyond their strength, but able to use it all effectually. You cannot bring fresh land to the people, but it is within your power to take the people to fresh land. They are not enemies to be got rid of, they are children to be provided for; the patrimony at home is too small for their necessities, but there are endless acres abroad waiting for willing hands to reap

their harvests, and it is pure fatuity, unless it is something worse, to keep them half-starved at home, or to advise them to stay there under delusive hopes that cannot be fulfilled.

Ireland, at the present time, with her existing resources, is able to support four million inhabitants, and no more, in general comfort, and it is impossible by any means to alter this fact in any short period of years. If the island is ever able to support a larger number, this can only be in the distant future; and to make even this reasonably probable the first thing necessary is that the number should be first reduced to the limit which its present state requires. It is prosperity, not poverty, that leads to fresh developments of trade.

This is the grave truth underlying the whole question of Irish discontent. You may keep the people quiet by fancy legislation from time to time, gratifying some popular whim or flattering some popular delusion; but you will never make them permanently happy by these means, because measures of this kind make no difference in the real income of the country, and leave the people just as poor as before.

I cannot here discuss the method by which the Irish could be induced to lessen their number sufficiently to cure their own distress. If it is a question of money, it is worth to England, as well as Ireland, almost anything that it could cost. But what is wanted is some kindly and far-seeing system that will not only bring the population to the proper number now, but will prevent it from increasing again except as the means of living increase.

ALBERT J. MOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Future of Ireland.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Will you allow me to make a few remarks on the loyal article in your last, signed "An Irishman"?

1. I find the same advice as in that of "A Candid Conservative," viz. that the Queen, or one of her sons, should occasionally reside here. Visits have been tried already. When the Prince of Wales came, the Lord Mayor of Dublin took down his flag; and on his Cork tour His Royal Highness met with all possible disrespect. We are told by the highest authority not "to cast our pearls before swine"; and, again, we know that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The Nationalists say plainly that they will not welcome the Queen till she comes to open an Irish Parliament on College Green. The idea that Celtic loyalty is to be aroused by Royal visits, the *Freeman's Journal* of to-day, August 3, thus dismisses, after quoting ten lines from "An Irishman," p. 129: "What generosity! what statesman-like invention!" It thinks these words of contempt quite sufficient for a suggestion so puerile—and I do not wonder.

2. But this leads me to a second item in the prescription—that the United Parliament should, at intervals, sit in Dublin. This, the writer says, would satisfy Nationalist aspirations. No such thing! No, nor Grattan's Parliament either. It must be a Parliament without a House of Lords, such as Parnell and his pupil, Mr. Gladstone, have sketched. Any other will be—well, "they will tread it under foot, and turn again and rend you."

3. As to County Government, I think whatever satisfies England and Scotland would be safe to give us. But nothing of a safe kind will meet the demands of the Nationalist Party. They want the mob, and those elected by the mob, to hold the purse, and to elect pensioners, and to allocate them abundant salaries. This is what the Irish in America have done in every city and town in the Northern States. They all settle in the towns—not one in a hundred will consent to labour in the country. Idle town life is what they take to. They have got possession

of all municipal offices and funds. All this was shown in a letter from Paris, by an American, in the *Times* in the last week of August. I never read a more instructive letter, with truth stamped on every word in it. The Dublin Corporation adding £1,000 a year to the Lord Mayor's salary, to be spent in feasting his rebel creatures at a time when poverty and debt overlay the city; and the grant of a higher price, for his Arklow sets, to Mr. Parnell, already wallowing, at Paris, in his £40,000 alms—higher price than better sets could have been had in the North. This shows what we should have in our counties if county cess was to be placed virtually in the hands of a mob who have not, and do not rent, a sod, nor even contribute a penny of the money.

4. The writer thinks that what we want is that the Priesthood should have the complete management of the education of the young, high and low. This does not agree with what he says on the first page of his letter, that the National League is "backed by the immense influence of the Catholic Priesthood." Are these the men to have education in their hands? They have the religious training, as it is; and what does their training show? A nation of rebels, without the slightest idea of honestly paying according to promise, of giving up what they will not pay for, or allowing anyone else to take it in their place! Every science—such as history, natural philosophy, or astronomy—which they can, they will always manipulate to their own purposes.

The writer would have purely denominational schools for the humbler classes. Yet he acknowledges that the schools are such, in fact, at present, with, he says (p. 130), "a conscience clause of a very injurious tendency." This clause is that no child shall have forced on it any religious teaching not approved of by his parent; and that he shall not suffer in his secular teaching for his rejection of peculiar religious training. Is this to be styled "of a very injurious tendency"? But if the priests can, and do, make their schools denominational and sectarian, now what do they want? In matter of fact, where there are pupils enough of various communions, there *are* separate schools for Church children, Romanists, and Presbyterians. What, then, do the priests want? That, in remote places, where the requisite number of any other denomination cannot be found, all may be forced to learn Rebellion and Romanism at the priest's school, or else remain uneducated and shut out from every advantage offered under the competitive examination system. The thing is as plain as the sun in the heavens. In England, clergymen may naturally wish to have the training of the whole rising population; though I think that, where all sects pay for education, it should be of such a nature as all can approve of their children receiving. Archbishop Whatley was a wise

man, though he made a mistake in trying to force the National System on the Irish Church. "One may bring a horse to the water," &c. But he was right in saying that, if ever the denominational took the place of the national system here, Romanism would overflood the country. A lady, whose name I cannot recall—I think it is Hewston or Houseton—wrote a most interesting account of her residence for thirty years in the West. She had a school for the tenants' and labourers' children. Many of them, I believe, were imported Scotch. A Bishop McHale came to visit it, attended by his staff. She received him with "Your Grace," and all respect. Looking round her school, he said, "I see none of the emblems of the faith." She said, "If I had them, the Presbyterian children would not attend." "Then," said he, "none of my children shall enter your school," and neither did they ever after. This is the system under which denominational education would place our children in the country parts of Ireland.

5. The writer is mistaken as to T. C. D. He says it is essentially Protestant (p. 131). It is no such thing! Religion is not meddled with. Every honour and emolument is open to all. All that Rome can say, with truth, is that it is not a Romish seminary. Rome wants one, State-endowed; and such "An Irishman" would give her. She had once—Maynooth! It was founded for lay as well as clerical education, and was endowed for that purpose. Rome turned it into a clerical college, and it now educates priests, not only for Ireland but for the States, and for every colony where English is spoken. Why, then, endow another for her, to be changed, perhaps, in the same fashion? If she gets anything more, T. C. D. should be given back to us, to become a strictly Church, or at least non-Roman University.

6. As to schools for the peasantry, your correspondent is quite in the dark as to the religious education which they allow. At certain hours the priest may come and instruct his children in their religion, and, other children having gone, he might then, I suppose, introduce any emblems he pleases. I do not believe the priests so use the National schools. They would rather pretend that they cannot instruct their children within their walls. I used to visit a National school, with none but Romish pupils. I used to question them in geography, &c. The master told me that, though the priests came, he never heard them ask any question of any description. That would seem to be regarded as *infra dignitatem*!

Of course, the priests must teach youth as they please. England cannot hinder them. But, I must repeat, if there are set up denominational schools in country places, and grants are given only when twenty or thirty pupils will attend, our children in such parts must either grow up in ignorance, and so be shut out from all chance of pro-

motion, or they must learn, along with rebellion, Romanism as taught by emblems and rosaries at the priests' schools. If England is so in love with this kind of thing as to force it upon our loyal children, almost the only loyal children in the country, of course no one can hinder her.

7. I am sure "An Irishman" writes with the best intentions. But he must beware of handing over Ireland, and its loyal inhabitants, to be plundered and tyrannized over by the American National party. He must also beware of giving the education of the rising generation, high and low, into the hands of the Priesthood, whose aim, alas! is to keep people in mental, as well as spiritual, thraldom, and to train them in principles of enmity to England. If he doubts this, let him read the priests' papers here, and the speeches and doings of their paymasters in America. The priests and Parnell must dance as America pleases, for America pays the piper.

I cannot but think that "An Irishman" views our affairs with English eyes. He sees that the English nobility and gentry are able to keep the Episcopate and Priesthood in order, so far as one can learn from the organ, the *Tablet*. He asks, Why cannot Ireland be the same? Let him compare the *Tablet* of England with the priests' papers here, beginning with the *Freeman*, and descending to *United Ireland*. In England Romanism is kept in order, just as the nobles forced the Clarendon Constitutions upon an unwilling Prelacy, headed by the rebel Becket. Ireland is as different from the native Romish population of England as anything can be. At any rate, there are two nations here; and, unless England be in her second dotage, she will never either drive out the loyal nation or hand it over to the inquisitorial tyranny of the Church of Rome. If the children of our upper and middle ranks are to be forced into a Romish university, as they would if there were one, all independence of thought and loyalty will be ground out of them. If the children of the farming and labouring classes, of all communions, are to be trained in the priests' schools, they will all grow up in American hostility to England, to be followed, perhaps, by infidelity whenever the break comes between the priests here and the infidelity which is coming over to us from the States.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES CROSTHWAITE,

Canon and V. G. of Kildare.

Land Owners and Land Labourers.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

May I add a few words, from another point of view, to what has already been said in your pages on the Agricultural question by Lord Egerton of Tatton?

For many years landowners in England have discussed among themselves the relative advantages of large and small holdings—a comparison between farms of, say, two hundred, and farms of several hundred acres.

They now find themselves invited, by Mr. Chamberlain and others, to discuss with the public the question of petty tillage, otherwise peasant proprietorship.

I contend that these two questions of large or small lets and peasant proprietorship are both equally irrelevant to the matter under view; namely, the rural disaffection so long rife in England. They form no part of the remedy for that disorder.

The true remedy is, I believe—in spite of discouraging statements of profit and loss, now and then put forth in connection with sundry tracts of very poor soil—for the landowner, with the aid of his agent and of bailiffs, to farm the land himself. It is at once his duty and his interest to do so. It is his interest because, with a part of the profit thereby saved from the tenant-farmers, he could increase his own income; and it is his duty because, with another part, he could grant that increase of income which they who, by the sweat of their brows and the aching of their backs, actually till the soil, have so long waited for, but which, owing to the scattered groups they dwell in continuing until now without a united voice, they have waited for in vain. It is his duty, because by so doing he could also turn the large numbers of disaffected about him into loyal and contented citizens.

In a word, the tenant-farmer should be got rid of. Why should the landowner, who derives a bare two or three per cent from his estate, and with many social calls on his purse, be expected, on account of bad times, year after year to pare down his income by a heavy drawback to the farmer? Why should the agricultural labourer be expected to go on patiently in semi-starvation and well-grounded discontent? Because the tenant-farmer is necessary? I submit that he is not necessary. I submit that he and his family are an unnecessary and intolerable burden to the land.

Until quite lately it was usual to hear tenant-farmers spoken of as the back-bone of England. They deserved this commendation in the days when father and sons, in return for a holding not larger than could be tilled by themselves, without manual help of others, rendered, in addition to a small and fixed annual money acknowledgment, free yeomen's service in time of war. They began to forfeit their claim to it when, with the encouragement of indolent landlords, they began to hire more land than they could cultivate, without the aid of others from whose labour they were to appropriate a large profit. They have utterly forfeited the claim now that, having ceased, themselves, to till, they yet make an abundant living out of the soil as small capitalists standing between the owner and the labourers.

Consider their mode of living. It will bear comparison with the comfortable ease of the squires, but not with the hard frugality and frequent privation of the life led by the labourers. The tenant-farmer's daughters have been educated at a boarding-school, a piano is bought for them, and, so far as cost goes, they dress better than the parson's daughters, and, as nearly as they can, imitate the squire's. Their brothers drive to market in a stylish dog-cart, drawn by a rattling goer. There, expensively tailored, fashionably barbered, and plentifully brandied or whiskied, they saunter, cigar in mouth, to and fro from hotel to corn-exchange, from wine-merchant's to spurrier's, with the air of men who find life uncommonly easy. They bet freely on turf events, and, in private meetings at the house of one or other of them, drop an occasional ten or twenty pounds at cards without winking. The farmer and his wife keep pace with the young people as far as older habits will admit.

The land may stand this sort of thing on the part of the squire and his family, but it will not stand a simultaneous and constant repetition of it on fifteen or twenty farms on the same estate.

The plain truth is, the land can amply support the owner and the workmen, but it cannot, in addition, support the farmer and his expensive family.

My personal acquaintance with the subject extends over large areas of England, east, west, south and north, and, therefore, I know that all tenant-farmers are not like those just pictured; but I also know that a great many are, and that all farmers, pretentious and unpretentious alike, need more from the land than the land, with full and due allowance to the labourers, can afford.

The landowner, in reply, would point to his unexpired leases. Leave them to run out, if necessary, but let it be made known to all concerned that there would be no renewal. Commencement of the change could be made with yearly tenants.

Outlay in drainage, will say the landlord, would, it is true, stand good in the course projected; but how about money spent on the many new sets of farm buildings which the estate has been furnished with? Blocks of barns, stables, and cart-sheds in different parts of the property would be as necessary under bailiffs as under tenant-farmers; and as for the fine farmer's dwelling-house included in each of these homesteads, the bailiff and his wife would be put into it, unless it were let, as it often could be, for a separate residence.

What would be the gain? Out of a holding of, say, five hundred acres, valued at fifteen to thirty shillings an acre—say a pound an acre all round—a farmer, it may be believed, notwithstanding ready statements by agent or tenant of exceptional cases to the contrary, makes, *apart from interest on capital brought with him for plant, stock, &c.*, and apart from rent, wages, cost of seed, &c., some five hundred pounds a year clear profit—a handsome salary for managing a holding of that extent! At £52 a year a bailiff, under the agent's superintendence, would do as well by the land, and clear as much profit as the farmer. The large difference here indicated would be to the benefit of the squire and the labourer.

Parenthetically I would here note, concerning farmers' capital just referred to, that a London Liberal daily newspaper recently gave prominence to an amazing statement that tenant-farmers are expected to possess a capital equivalent to twenty pounds an acre. I venture to assert as a matter of fact that tenant-farmers do not take more than from a quarter to half of that sum per acre on to a farm.

No doubt, to replace capital taken away by farmers, landowners would, in some cases, be obliged to mortgage a portion of their estates; but, under proper management the incumbrance would pay itself off in a few years, and would be unfelt from the first.

As for the agent, he could do all his augmented work with the aid of an additional clerk or so for the increased book-keeping and for paying workmen's wages. In some cases an agent might be required to give the whole of his time where he now only gives part; but the total additional cost incurred would be small in comparison with the incomes at present absorbed from the estate by the farmers.

And it is here where the opportunity would offer itself to the landowner for doing his real duty to the land and its tillers. The landlord and his sons should themselves bear a large part in overlooking the bailiffs. Here younger sons would find work, and honourable and profitable work. Then, indeed, should we have one of our most responsible bodies making its due and much-needed weight felt in the councils of the Empire.

At present the landowner has only one vote to give against the votes

of hundreds of those who are disaffected towards him. Let him get rid of the farmers, and draw closer to the humbler folk about him; and then, in Parliament or out of it, he will find himself the accepted political instructor and guide of all his people, for they will be as averse to spoliation and destruction as he himself, whether he be Conservative or Liberal, Tory Democrat or Democratic Whig.

If the prevalence of the change suggested should induce the very large landowners to sell some of the more scattered and widely distant of the properties, so much the better for the inhabitants thereof, as, in that event, they might secure resident landlords.

As to the future lot of tenant-farmers, under the change suggested, there is an obvious answer: emigration to colonies where farming skill with a little capital finds wide fields for its exercise.

As for the agricultural labourer himself, he does not desire to depend on the proprietorship or the tenure of a small strip of land for the support of himself and family. He has not the capital to plant the land and wait for the harvest of his labour, much less to purchase the freehold; while, if it were advanced to him by the nation, it would be only so much debt hung round his neck, and the first bad year would cripple him; and then, in a year or so, Government would probably have to ask for a vote of three or four millions, to enable its rural clients to seed the semi-national land and avert widespread famine. What he desires is regular weekly wages, paid at a much higher rate than now prevails, and, as a means of providing his household with vegetables and paying his house rent, from one to two roods of garden or not too distant allotment ground, at as low a rate per acre as the farmers pay. Mr. Clare Read said, some months ago, that he had offered to anyone of his labourers a year's produce of four acres of the best land in the place in return for a year's labour on his, the owner's, estate, and that no one would accept the offer.

In sum, it is not against the landowner, who is content with a trifling percentage on the fully paid-up price of his estate, that the labourers have cause to murmur; but against the tenant-farmer who, on the strength of possessing a few cows, horses, and implements, and a banking account sufficient for a year's seeds and wages, is allowed the biggest annual share in the concern.

I remain, Gentleman,

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH ALAN SCOFIELD.

The Tiree Crofters.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

"Scotchman's" letter in your last issue, while properly deprecating the outbreak of the crofters in Tiree, yet fails entirely to give any facts regarding the management of the Island, or the condition of its people. I am sure that your many readers would desire precise information on this subject rather than mere generalities; and perhaps, like myself, they may be inclined to believe that some hidden grievance must affect the crofters in order to account for this "unmannerly outburst."

In fairness to both sides, let the following dispassionate statement of facts show whether the Duke of Argyll, according to "Scotchman," "has played his part in the improvement of the crofters' condition with such signal energy and judiciousness."

The population of Tiree is less to-day than it was at the beginning of the century. At this time the number of inhabitants is about three thousand.

There are a large number of crofters who, compared with others in the Highlands, are not so badly off; but the great evil in the condition of the people is, that there are still more cottars, and these cottars, being landless, only exist by the favour of their neighbours.

If anyone cares to consult the Valuation Roll of the county of Argyll, it will be seen that one farmer pays £1,200 rent every year, another over £600, and another £480. Therefore, three individuals possess half of the land of the Island, while the remaining three thousand possess the other half amongst them—a portion wholly inadequate to the requirements of those subsisting upon it. It must also be noted that the farmer paying the £1,200 rent is neither a native nor a Highlander, but a south-country man; that the factor of the Duke of Argyll has two farms, paying the £600 rent for them; while the factor's brother is the lessee of the £400 farm. But, besides holding the aforesaid two farms, the factor is local law agent for the Duke, and, furthermore, the procurator-fiscal for the district. Can his Grace explain away, on fair grounds, the anomalous position of his servant?

Under the old clan system the people had always certain rights over the clan's lands; and say what "Scotchman" will, never were there such large farms on the Island, nor were the people worse cared for, than at the present time. It is easy to say, Let them emigrate. But is

a wholesale emigration from the Highlands politic ? There are comparatively few Highland sailors and soldiers in our Navy and Army; but there certainly will be fewer still if the land is further cleared, and in these warlike times our country can ill afford to spare any of her reserve force.

The Highlands of Scotland at present are certainly not in a satisfactory state. Both sides may be to blame; but a little more consideration on the part of the lairds and their factors would soon ensure a return of amity and peace amongst the inhabitants.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

A Highlander.

Women and the Suffrage.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

I appeal to your sense of justice to admit into your pages a few words of answer to the objections in your September number to giving the suffrage to women. Let me first ask you to listen favourably to the opinions of one who has had a large experience, a most blessed married life, and the anxiety that comes with the joy of grandchildren just entering upon the world, to sharpen her perceptions, and enlighten her judgment, which goes entirely with you in your own estimate of the incomparable value of all that adorns and secures domestic life. It is precisely because I know how the home would be embellished and sanctified by what makes women more responsible, more honoured and self-respecting, that I hope and daily pray for the suffrage asked for them, which will lift them out of the category of criminals, lunatics and idiots, into that of reasonable women. I am sure that cultivation of personal vanity to excess, enforced idleness, absorption in small miserable aims and views, desecrate youthful innocence by the idea constantly held before the girlish mind that they *must* marry, and it *must* be a rich man, for what happiness can go with poverty ? And then the next conclusion is that they are to dress, dance, flirt, and accomplish themselves in all the arts nature has made them capable of, not in the harmless exuberance of young spirits, and because the growing mind delights in activity and in spreading movement and joy around, but because all this may captivate the pecunious lover ; and this

repulsive and demoralizing result follows—that the girl seems the pursuer, not the pursued. I myself think a young girl should be a sacred thing. I think she should learn that she must hereafter have the welfare of many, more or less in her power, whether as spinster or matron, and that it is the absolute duty of all human beings to make happiness and to relieve sorrow wherever that is possible. And it is because I know how immensely a serious and expanding spirit transcends in usefulness a frivolous and narrow one, that I desire to see girls furnished with all the motives that a wider life would offer, and all the sense of grave responsibility that the choosing a representative in Parliament would create and sustain. I think the world would lose nothing, and might gain a great deal, by this elevating of the feminine character, and that then the clergy would take some pains to show women the duty of considering their obligations as the good Samaritan considered his, excluding absolutely no occasion whatever of doing good.

One would think the subject of domestic life had been studied from the beginning of the world, yet, it seems to me, some points thereof are not even guessed at. Luckily for us, instinct is often wiser than its teachers, and many large-hearted men (I have known some) have discovered, without seeming to know it, that it is better to make the wife a loving companion than a mere housekeeper, better to let her share in her husband's interests and profit by his better education and stronger mind, than to leave her to the restricted sphere of only household cares. And those, the cares, suffer also, for, though many deny it, the exercised mind will make a far better director of a family than a more empty one; and the best managers I have ever known have been learned women. One especially successful instance made a manly education available in home ways; rose with the sun, visited her out-of-doors property, as well as the kitchen and store-room within, looked to the nursery or school-room, and had finished all these matters by 8 o'clock. She was not only an admirable housewife, but the clever partner of a clever husband.

And can one believe that the late Henry Fawcett would have been better off with an incapable wife? If politics had not been her taste and largely her occupation, could she have shared and so far lightened his toils as the world believes she did?

Mary Somerville was as domestic and as charming in her domesticity as if she had had no science in her, but I fancy the science did really aid in making her house the delightful place which it was a privilege to know. She was ever a most pleasant companion, an invaluable friend, and, withal, the simplicity that impressed her learned acquaintance so much, her perfect naturalness, showed a mind as well balanced as it was richly furnished. When I think of her she always recurs to my

memory as the most lovable woman of my acquaintance; her moral qualities quite outshone her extraordinary talents; she was the kindest and wisest of friends.

She foresaw that the justice of giving the suffrage to women would come one day before the world, and she earnestly wished it, as she thought it wrong that they should not share in the defence afforded to those who need it least.

I appeal to all honourable men to say if it can be fair or generous to refuse to women the protection that you think necessary for the roughest of men, for those who can defend themselves with fists and nailed boots, and so valuable that you do not even exclude from it men who have undergone a penal imprisonment. Surely this is most unjust. For, of all created things, I think a well-nurtured and cultivated woman is most helpless, and the most accessible to sorrow, and the most certain to feel it acutely. Mr. John Bright once said in a debate that men were willing to legislate on behalf of women. Yet, in that same debate, Mr. Gladstone said it was certainly true that the law was frequently unjust to women, and that men had made laws chiefly in their own interets, without regard to the weaker party. Yet Mr. Gladstone did not push the suffrage question on. That was because the help of some men was useful to him, and that of womankind was not.

There have been judges more upright and humane than Mr. Gladstone. Baron Dowse, deciding unwillingly against the poor sempstress who recovered £70 from a railway company as compensation for a broken arm, and was forced then to give it up to her brutal husband, added to his judgment these words: "Certainly such occurrences as these give a strong plea to the women who demand a share of Parliamentary representation." And Sir James Hannen, sending back an unhappy wife to her tyrant, said: "This is the only country calling itself civilized in which a woman can be forced to live with a man against her will."

Most of all does it seem incredible that women should have even passively acquiesced in the monstrous law which declares, in so many words, that a mother is no relation to her own child, and that enables a man to take away her daughters from a blameless mother and give them to his own mistress; and yet this has been done in this generation. Not long ago, a poor woman tried to recover a small sum of money to pay the doctor who was attending her little girl, injured by machinery. The magistrate told her she had not a right to apply, for "a mother is in no sense the guardian of her child." And yet decent and religious women, who are mothers, are content to hear that they have nothing to do with politics, nothing to complain of in the withholding from them of any share in the choice of the men who legis-

late for them, nothing to fear from the possession of that choice being left exclusively to men.

It seems to be a state of things so monstrous as to pass belief, and it could never have been if women were taught to feel for their poor sisters, and give all the weight of their personal influence to the men who try to remove a small portion of those evils by which they themselves are not likely to suffer. If high-placed ladies considered that it was their duty to feel for the humbler sisterhood, all these wrongs would speedily cease.

I entreat you, Gentlemen, to consider indulgently what I have written with most earnest convictions, though with a feeble pen, and I think then you cannot refrain from advocating what to many of us women is a sacred cause.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

A Peeress.

The Indian Civil Service.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Your correspondent, Mr. Keene, raises an entirely new question in his letter on the Indian Civil Service, and he does it from the curiously departmental point of view which assumes for granted the primary subjects open to dispute. He fears what prudent people hope, viz. that the employment of Indians in positions of responsibility has not "reached its utmost limit." Any man who thinks that a few hundred foreigners can continue to monopolize all the lucrative offices among a population of some 200 millions, while at the same time educating and giving a high training to tens of thousands of the Natives, must have a noble reliance on human endurance. It is yearly becoming more evident that any effort to preserve the *status quo* is worse than futile; prudence and policy both dictate that effort should rather be made to provide suitable vent for the rising ambition of the people as capacity develops itself.

I dissent from the policy of reserving the highest appointments for English civilians. Although nomination can be made to secure a higher average of ability than is possible with competitive examination, still

no method of appointment whatever can secure a constant level of fitness for "the higher sphere of duty." Some appointees must turn out failures, and such men must be allowed to stagnate in unimportant posts. Proved ability should be the sole claim to advancement, and, the Service once entered, European and Indian should rise in one cadre. This very simple and fair suggestion obviates all the difficulties raised by Mr. Keene; for if the European were a really capable man, he would easily hold his own, and if incapable he would be properly overstepped by his Indian compeer.

Mr. Keene seeks to depreciate Oriental learning by asserting that the few who have distinguished themselves in such studies did not secure high positions in the Service. But he ought to have remembered that the very few who have made a serious study of what he calls the "Black classics" are, by that very circumstance, unlikely to seek political advancement; real students are but rarely place-hunters. But Mr. Keene overlooks the great mass of Indian officials who distinguish themselves neither as Orientalists nor as anything else. Mr. Keene's mention of names is unhappy, for who in the world ever considered Mr. Macnaghten a great Orientalist? On the other hand, Mr. Keene forgets the honoured name of H. T. Colebrooke, the greatest Orientalist who ever lived, and who, at the same time, so deeply interested himself in practical affairs that he was nearly dismissed from the Service for his bold denunciation of abuses, but who ultimately rose to the highest position—a seat in the Council.

Few, I take it, will support Mr. Keene's opinion that the vernaculars "are better learned in six months of life among the people who use them than in two years of theoretical study in England." A man who plunges into a country and picks up the language in the discharge of his duties must always be at a grave disadvantage, as compared with the man who has previously acquired, with the undisturbed mind of a student, the grammatical structure of the language he has to speak. Notwithstanding the wise prominence which the Civil Service Commissioners have given to this subject, our officials in India make sad havoc with even Hindustani idiom, and constantly appear ridiculous in the eyes of Indians by their clumsy efforts to express themselves. The Commissioners are perfectly right in insisting that "no amount of proficiency in other subjects should be accepted as compensating for deficiency in this essential qualification." This becomes nakedly apparent when the judicial nature of the duties of English officials is remembered; and the awful injustice which must result from imperfect acquaintance with the language of disputants. Let us reverse the picture, and ask ourselves how we should like to be tried by foreign judges who had picked up our language as best they could.

No doubt Sir Louis Jackson is correct in his opinion that the Service has degenerated in recent years. Such deterioration is a necessary result of competitive examination; but the Civil Service Commissioners cannot be held responsible for it. It results from throwing open the Service to anyone who can pass a merely intellectual test, which takes no note of moral or other qualifications.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERIC PINCOTT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 45.—NOVEMBER, 1886.

THE PARNELLITES IN PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Parnell, in moving the second reading of his Irish Tenants Relief Bill, urged, as one reason for the full discussion of it, that the House had only been sitting for a short period of six weeks, that its labours in that time had not been either excessive or exhausting, and that, therefore, a demand for a thorough consideration of the measure could not be deemed unreasonable, even at that late season. Perhaps, however, of all the so-called Nationalist members of any note, Mr. Parnell is the least fitted to judge of the labours of the House of Commons during the Session lately closed, seeing that he was so often absent from its deliberations. Presence in the division lobbies is a rough test of regularity of attendance. Tried by this, it will be found that out of forty-seven divisions Mr. Parnell took part in eleven only. I admit that as evidence of the merit or utility of a member's services the division lists are of little value, and, indeed, may be positively misleading. For instance, a member who voted in the divisions that were taken in one night's sitting only, and who was absent from his place every other night of the Session, might show no worse a record than Mr. Parnell. But, roughly speaking, and applied to all alike, the division lists do, in a measure, indicate the continuity of a member's attendance in the House. In the case of Mr. Parnell, however, there is no need for a member of Parliament, especially for one who sits on the Ministerial side, to search the division lists. The Irish Nationalists, on the opposite benches, below the gangway, have put themselves so constantly in evidence night after night, and have adopted such a "go-as-you-please" style of addressing the House, that the presence or absence of their leader has always been noticed, and has often formed the subject of comment. In the height of some of the scenes which recently disgraced the House, I have heard the opinion hazarded that, had Mr. Parnell been in his place, decency might have been

less flagrantly outraged. For my own part, I am not so sure of this. I am inclined to think that the Irish Parliamentary party, that is to say, the Nationalists, who conduct their warfare against British rule with immunity to themselves under the shelter of Parliamentary institutions, are getting, so to speak, out of hand, and that their leader, unable, or perhaps afraid, to curb them, leaves them to themselves, except on special occasions, so as to disguise, as much as possible, his failure to control them. At any rate, the tactics pursued by the Parnellites in the absence of their leader have been marked, in the judgment of many who have observed them with an impartial mind, by either recklessness or folly. I think their conduct has exhibited a mixture, and not a "judicious" one, of both these qualities. When Dr. Tanner, after being four times called to order by the Speaker on the last day of the Session clapped his hat on his head, and, stalking out of the House, loudly proclaimed that there was "no hearing for an Irishman in an English Parliament," the force of folly could surely no further go, seeing that, to all intents and purposes, Irish speakers monopolized the entire time of the House during the Session, Dr. Tanner himself being a prime offender. The recklessness of the Parnellites has been chiefly shown by their utter disregard of the good opinion of the House. They have acted in this respect very much like men who feel that the game—the Parliamentary game, at all events—is up, and that it does not matter how they play their remaining cards.

I was given to understand, before I entered Parliament, that the Parnellites were as a Party remarkable for astuteness, that they were well-organized, and that, in the conduct of a debate, some systematic procedure was arranged beforehand, and that, as a consequence, although numerically the smallest political division in the House, the superiority of their discipline gave them an advantage out of proportion to their numbers. In the last Parliament few opportunities were afforded of criticising their action, because it was their cue, until the defeat of the Home Rule Bill was felt to be a certainty, to put restraint on themselves; but during the Autumn Session, they have not merely taxed the patience of the House by their much and pointless speaking, but the rank and file of the party have advanced arguments and made statements at variance with, and damaging to, the line of policy laid down by the more leading members. Thus, in the last discussion on the last night of the Session, upon the often-debated case of Father Fahy, Mr. Dillon, who reopened it, laid considerable stress on the excellent and conciliatory motives of the reverend gentleman in voluntarily seeking an interview with Mr. Lewis, the landlord, for the purpose of interceding with him on behalf of the tenants he

proposed to evict. This was the interview at which it was alleged by Mr. Lewis that Father Fahy threatened the acts of violence which were the subject of the charge before the magistrates. Mr. Clancy subsequently took part in the discussion, and, ignoring entirely the line followed by Mr. Dillon, declared that Father Fahy had been intentionally inveigled by Mr. Lewis into the interview in order that a false charge might be trumped up against him. It was the random and inconsistent way, of which the above is a specimen that occurs to me, in which all the questions raised by the Nationalist members were argued in the late Session that gave to the discussions on them such an air of unreality. The speakers rambled on one after the other, bringing wild accusations against all who differed from them, making reckless assertions unsupported by an atom of proof, and casting imputations of a shameful character, not on individual landlords, but on the landlord class indiscriminately, and upon all persons engaged in the administration and execution of the law. Members who had seats in the House prior to the last Parliament, and who have consequently a larger acquaintance with the proceedings of the Parnellites than those who, like myself, were first elected in November last, have expressed the opinion that their Parliamentary action during the last Session, though not less obstructive than it formerly was, has been far less effective.

In their criticism, for instance, of the Votes in Committee of Supply, which used, I am told, to be considered a strong point with the Party, they have betrayed not merely the insincerity of their motives in raising questions of no public interest, but have exposed their own incapacity to deal with these very questions after they have raised them. If one of their number, as occasionally happened, started the discussion on a vote with some knowledge of the subject derived from a study of Blue Books, his companions might be relied on to weaken or destroy whatever case he had by the ignorance they displayed, by the irrelevancy and even incoherency of their speeches, and by their constant endeavours to drag in head and shoulders some violent or contemptuous expression significant of their hatred of British rule. The speeches of these gentlemen seemed composed, not with a view to influence the House, but with a view to keep themselves in good odour with the party of agitation outside the House, in Ireland and elsewhere. This conjecture derives force from an incidental admission made by Mr. T. P. O'Connor when, speaking on the vote for Hansard's Reports, he condemned (and not unjustly) their inadequacy, and stated that the speeches of Irish members were the best reported of any, only in order to find them the files of the Nationalist papers in Ireland would have to be searched.

The impression created in my mind by the action of the Parnellites during the last Session is, that they were too much embarrassed with the difficulties surrounding their position to conduct the Parliamentary campaign with the prudence and skill which, I am told, used to guide their operations in years past. The first difficulty arises from their connection with the dynamiters. No unprejudiced person who has given any attention to what I may term generally the Irish Question, can doubt that there is such a connection, and a connection all the closer, perhaps, because we cannot see the join. An indifferent public may be misled a little longer by studied disavowals and perfunctory expressions of regret; but the eyes even of the most credulous will be opened at last, and then will come a revulsion of feeling which will alienate from the Parnellites all the sympathy which is now extended to them by many who yet believe them to be honestly endeavouring by constitutional means to secure self-government for their countrymen. The Parnellites know this, and dread the effect of the revelation when it shall be brought home to the English people; yet, as most of their funds and all their influence with the so-called men of action are derived from their connection with these very same dynamiters, they are for ever driven to stand forth as the champions of murderers, criminals, and outrage-mongers, so that it is as true to-day as it was when John Bright said it two years ago, that they display "a boundless sympathy with criminals and murderers, while not a sentence of emphatic condemnation of murderers and criminals passes their lips, and not a word of pity for their victims." This, therefore, is the first difficulty of the Parnellites, that they are connected with men whom they dare neither own nor disavow. Their second difficulty arises from the fact that the Government are making a determined attempt to restore social order without reference to remedial legislation. The Parnellites know their countrymen, and feel that if once the Executive proved itself able to make the law respected, to detect and punish crime, and to protect the lives and property of peaceable citizens, the system of terrorism on which the influence of the National League has been built up would be destroyed, and the people would rally round the forces of order because they would be seen to be stronger than the forces of disorder. This knowledge was the secret of the consternation visible in the ranks of the Parnellites when the appointment of Sir Redvers Buller was announced. Nothing struck me more forcibly last Session than the excitement and agitation which that appointment roused among the Irish members below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House. Some of them seemed to be almost beside themselves with rage. They appeared to lose all control

over themselves, and to be quite reckless as to the impression their conduct might create on the House. Questions after questions were showered down upon Ministers with the view to discover the powers to be conferred on Sir Redvers Buller, and to force the Government to confine those powers within narrow limits. The effect produced on the House at large by this remarkable ebullition of frenzy was that the Parnellites saw in the appointment of General Buller an outward and visible sign of a firm policy, and were thoroughly frightened at the prospect.

The third difficulty in which the Parnellites find themselves is occasioned by the independent action of many tenant farmers who are either content to accept the reductions of rent offered by their landlords, or have negotiated for the purchase of their holdings under the provisions of Lord Ashbourne's Act. The tenants who buy their holdings spoil the Parnellite game in two ways. Their conduct shows either that being honest men they prefer to give a fair value for their land rather than a prairie value, or, that, whether honest or no, they distrust the power of the National League to carry out their promises; and, therefore, choose to act independently of that body. It also affords a practical proof that, with the assistance of the State, Irish tenants are prepared to settle the land question without the help of the agitators; and further, that they, the tenants themselves, are not so appallingly destitute as those agitators would represent them. The Parnellites dare not openly condemn the operation of Lord Ashbourne's Act, because that measure was passed with their assistance, and because they have always proclaimed the only solution of the Land Question to be the creation of a peasant proprietary. They are, however, covertly doing their utmost to persuade tenants not to take advantage of the statute, on the plea that the action of the National League will ultimately lower the selling price of land to next to nothing. I do not think they will succeed, to judge from some cases under the Act which have come to light. If there were any landowners in Ireland singled out by the Parnellites as above all others destined to relinquish their estates with scanty compensation, or without any, they were the great English City Companies, who, from the nature of the case, are necessarily non-resident. With respect to these, some prominent members of the party have expressed themselves in unmistakable terms within the walls of Parliament. For instance, in the debate last April, on the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's ill-starred Land Purchase Scheme, Mr. Healy referred to the estates of the City Companies, mentioning in particular, as most appropriately named, the Skinners and Salters Companies. The members of these Companies, whom by the way he politely

styled "guzzlers of champagne and turtle-soup," should, said he, "be boldly divorced from their property; although he would not say that the tenants in *all cases* should have the lands of the Companies without paying something for them." Clearly, therefore, Mr. Healy contemplated *some cases* in which the tenants should in his opinion have their landlords' property for nothing. Mr. Healy is not at the moment in Parliament—though it is to be presumed that one of Mr. Parnell's submissive satellites will shortly resign his seat and salary in favour of so useful a henchman—but he was for many years a prominent member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and is certainly one of the best-known exponents of the policy of the National League. One would think, therefore, that the above expression of opinion, falling from such lips and proclaimed in Parliament, would not be lost on the tenants of the City Companies, and notably on those of the two singled out by Mr. Healy—the Salters and Skinners. Strange to say, however, the tenants of one of these very Companies (the Salters), have paid so little heed to the hint thus thrown out to them to the effect that if they would trust in the National League they would get their land for nothing, that they have actually completed the purchase from the Company of a vast tract of land, 20,000 acres in extent, for the sum of £250,000; a transaction which will result in the creation, it is said, of no less than 1,000 peasant proprietors. Quite recently, too, at meetings of the National League, notably at a meeting of the Bruff National League, loud complaints have been raised of the apathy of the farmers. Father Sheehan, the president of the Bruff branch, is reported to have said that the absence of the farmers from the gathering was "disgraceful," and that "several farmers who had received substantial reductions of rent in the district never attended or contributed a farthing to the funds of the League." So disgusted were the members present—chiefly "shopkeepers and labourers"—with the state of affairs, that a proposition was made to dissolve the branch; and although it was not put to the meeting, an adjournment for a fortnight was moved and carried, in order, it may be presumed, that pressure of a well-known kind might be put upon the farmers who were foolish enough to prefer their own interests to those of the Parnellites. I look on these facts as some among many indications visible in Ireland of the failing influence of the National League. That institution has been in existence for more than seven years (for I regard the National League as virtually the same as the Land League, and to have succeeded the latter without any break of design or change of members), and during the whole of that period its leaders have prophesied the abolition of landlordism, preached the compulsory expropriation of

landowners, and promised as "great rewards," to those who would continue the struggle with them, "prairie value of their land to farmers, and less than prairie value to labourers"; while the only results have been that if many landlords have been ruined, tenants who have followed the advice of the National League have been ruined too; that not a single landlord has been, or is likely to be, compulsorily expropriated, and that not a single tenant has become possessed of his holding at its prairie value, or at any value approaching thereto. It is no wonder, therefore, that the tenants should cease to trust guides who have so long and so continuously misled them, and should endeavour to do for themselves, by honest means, what the National League has failed to do for them by dishonest. Nor is it any wonder that the Parnellites, thrown into consternation at the prospect of the practical solution of the Land Question, the probable restoration of social order, the relegation of Home Rule into an exceedingly dim and distant future, and the consequent failure of all their best-laid plans, should exhibit the spectacle of incompetence, irresolution, incoherency, and confusion, which they presented to the House of Commons during the Session which closed in September last.

C. W. Radcliffe Cooke.

PAUL DE ST. VICTOR.

Since the death of Ste. Beuve in 1868, his place as a critic has remained vacant. Only two men of the older generation have in any way attempted to continue Ste. Beuve's work, M. Edmond Scherer and the late M. Paul de St. Victor. The claims of M. Scherer, whom his English admirers have tried to clothe in a garment of praise too large and magnificent for him, may be briefly dismissed. He is too unsympathetic, too colourless, too prone to miss the point, too unable to understand delicate shades of meaning in language, and, as Mr. Saintsbury says, too common-place to exercise a wide influence on French minds. He is, if we may be allowed the expression, somewhat niggling in his critical manner, he fails to detect what is essential to the subject, he insists on a number of minor matters which are entirely unimportant, and maintains that Molière could not write! As a theologian of the fourth century he would have reached a high degree of eminence, but as a French literary critic of the nineteenth century he cannot be considered to take a foremost rank.

If, however, we decline to grant to M. Scherer, the title of Successor to Ste. Beuve, we are not on that account disposed to allow it to St. Victor. The learning, industry, and method which made Ste. Beuve's writings what they were, are in a manner wanting in his younger rival.

In a powerful though rather bitter essay on Swift, St. Victor remarks that the fame of the great Dean "has never been able to cross the Channel; the character of his genius is too insular to find a home for itself beyond the limits of his own country." This observation applies with far more justice to St. Victor himself, for Gulliver is as well known in Paris as at home. How many are there, even among the well-read men and women to whom St. Beuve is as familiar as Bacon, who have heard of Paul de St. Victor, far less have any acquaintance with his works? Yet St. Beuve speaks of his weekly *feuilletons* on plays or pictures as "brilliant portraits which stand out from their frames"; while Lamartine says that when he reads these same *feuilletons* he puts on blue spectacles to escape being blinded by the excess of their light; and the grateful Victor Hugo exclaims that "it is worth while to write

a book, only to make you write a page." Against these weighty words of praise it is only honest to quote the verdict of a young contemporary, M. Robert de Bonnières, who, speaking of what may be called St. Victor's obituary style, the style of his essays about people recently dead, observes that "St. Victor was an embalmer, or, rather, he was one of those makers of coffins who in Egypt constructed magnificent boxes to receive the mummies of priests and kings. Weekly he gave us one of these coffins of gold and wood—empty." Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between Victor Hugo and M. de Bonnières.

With our interest or curiosity excited by such various judgments, we seek to learn something about St. Victor's life, but only to find ourselves baffled at almost every turn. His father was an elegant writer of verses under the empire, and a translator of Anacreon. After relinquishing poetry in favour of politics he finally ended his days as an art-critic of some reputation. The son's early life was entirely spent with his father, and all of it was passed out of France. Paul grew up in Switzerland, Italy, and chiefly Rome, and was educated in an atmosphere of literature and art. As a man he re-entered France and came to Paris, where he succeeded Jules Janin as theatrical critic to *La Presse*, an employment in many ways unsuited to him, for he had not sufficient humour or lightness of touch to appreciate the modern French drama. But suitable or not, his views on the subject appeared weekly in the columns of the journal, and won him the name, flattering or the reverse, of "the Paganini of the Pen." Among the criticisms which may be cited to show how far his lyre was from being attuned to the taste of the day, we must allude to that on Offenbach's *Belle Hélène*, when Saint Victor, like George Eliot, indignantly protests against the degradation of all that is most beautiful in literature and art, to please the perverted taste of the Boulevard. "His quiver rang on his shoulders in his wrath," said St. Beuve, "like the arrows of Apollo of the Silver Bow."

Though St. Victor returned to Paris preceded by no reputation, he was too remarkable a man not to make a position for himself, and that speedily. He at once became absorbed in the Society of which Ste. Beuve, Lamartine, Théophile Gautier, and Eugène Delacroix were leading members, and where Victor Hugo reigned supreme. In this company St. Victor was warmly welcomed and highly valued, but he remained in some senses a figure apart. He took things more seriously than most of his friends; *l'esprit gaulois* was, as we have said, lacking in him altogether, and we miss from his larger books the sparkle that illuminates the pages of Théophile Gautier, of whom he was a kind of literary disciple. St. Victor's genius was always unlike

that of his contemporaries, and is seen at its best in *Hommes et Dieux*, a set of short collected essays which formed the first book he ever published. In these essays everything is sharp, defined, and as clear as crystal. The impression they make on the reader is not that of a richly-coloured painting, or even of a beautifully-moulded statue, it has more of the effect of the delicate sharpness of outline that belongs to fine work in gold and silver. There is rarely any passion or enthusiasm in his brief, trenchant sentences. His praise or blame is not the criticism of a man walking among his fellow-men, but the impartial judgment of an Olympian. His reading is wide, but his scholarship is lax; for example, he attributes the "many twinkling smile of ocean" of Æschylus to Homer! His knowledge, though not always profound, is very extensive, but, unlike Carlyle, he has the art of conveying it so that the reader is neither bewildered nor made ashamed of his own ignorance. He delights in the use of similes, but in *Hommes et Dieux* he never employs them for mere purposes of rhetoric, but always to elucidate his meaning. What he says of Henri Murger is true of himself, and of the care and finish bestowed on the whole book, "the tiniest of his arrows was chiselled," yet his brevity never becomes dryness, or his labour, effort. Every statement has the concentration of an epigram, that is all. In none of the essays is there evidence of a previous bias, they are never the work of a special pleader. The sketch of Lucrezia Borgia is as coldly impartial as that of Marcus Aurelius; the bloodshed of Attila moves him no more than the picture of Agrippa d'Aubigné as a child dancing in his cell to the sound of distant music the night before he was condemned to die.

The essays in *Hommes et Dieux* are divided by St. Victor himself into four series, and may be classified as those relating to mythology and ancient art; those treating of history, and the romantic side of history; those dealing with what may be called some of the fantastic aspects of mediæval life; and, lastly, those essays that belong purely to the domain of literary criticism. We shall consider these as they come, and illustrate their merits by quotations—plums picked from a pudding almost too exclusively composed of plums. When St. Victor wrote the opening *feuilletons* collected in *Hommes et Dieux*, he had not yet bent his neck under the yoke of Solar Mythology. He looked upon the ancient myths as the romances of a people endowed with vivid imaginations, and love for all that is beautiful. He considered the Trojan War to be a real or a romantic war, and not a contest of forces of Night and Day: he regarded Helen as a woman, peerless in her fascinations as in her misfortunes, not as the Light for which a fierce struggle is raging with the Powers of Darkness

and the Clouds. Afterwards, in his later books, he becomes a backslider; but at this period he held the Greeks to be very children in their love of story-telling. He does well to begin his series with the name of the Venus of Milo, the one statue in the whole world which gathers up within itself all that the human mind can imagine of beauty, and of beauty which is not only physical, but intellectual. It is thus that he describes her, and the impression she can still make after 2,000 years of worship of female loveliness of a very different sort. "The impassive countenance of the Sphinx is less mysterious that the apparent frankness of this young face. On one side we are struck by the extraordinary sweetness of her profile; on the other, the mouth is curved, and the oblique gaze of the eye gives an expression of defiant disdain to the features. Looked at from the front, the tranquil face beams with the confidence of victory, the serenity of happiness. The struggle has lasted but a single instant; at a glance, Venus rising from the ocean, has measured her empire; her power has been recognized by gods and men." She stands before us as she came long ago, "flushed from the full-flushed wave, imperial, her foot on the sea," and waits, supreme in her beauty, for the adoration of mankind.

Not less clearly does St. Victor penetrate the complex nature of the Greek conception of Artemis, "changeful as the moon which she personifies." At one moment the goddess is a kind of young Amazon, roaming the woods with her bow in her hand, and her quiver slung over her shoulder; at the next she is the all-powerful deity, whose revenge is pitiless and whose worship is bloody. Her companions are vowed to perpetual maidenhood. Sacred groves are their cloisters, mountains are their monasteries. The goddess is, if we may call her so, the abbess of the forests. In some ways her image seems out of place in Olympus, but, in a fine passage that closes his essay, St. Victor explains the position she held in the Greek Pantheon. "It is in her," he says, "that Paganism reaches its highest and purest ideal. This stainless virgin was needed as a champion against divinities made up of human frailties and a boundless love of pleasure. Whilst the immortals are filling heaven and earth with their adulteries, the austere goddess, safe behind her inviolable hills, protests silently against the disorders of Olympus. Here, in the mountains, she gives an example of abstinence and of energy. Here she rears up healthy minds in vigorous bodies, and trains them to heroism. Her example does its work, her influence breathes from the depths of the forests over the whole of Greece, like the cold wind which purifies the air as it passes. It is she who impels the young men to the manly games of the gymnasium; it is she

who inspires them with the love of the chase, and takes them far from the houses of courtesans and the portico of the Sophists. When her image changes, when her worship becomes corrupt, Polytheism has lost one of its rarest virtues; for in losing the Artemis of the early Hellas, it has also lost its one modesty and its last dignity." Compare this view of the goddess and her bracing effect on the minds of men, with Théodore de Banville's charming ballade of the mysterious dwellers in the forest, Artemis driving the deer through the glades of Fontainebleau. The poet draws a graceful picture of the silence of the woods, broken only by the gambols of the green-eyed nixies and undines among the water-lilies, and the groans of the wounded stag, where "à l'heure où la lune parait Diane court dans la noire forêt." One conception is only an amplification of the other; and the whole description is characteristic of St. Victor. He would take no pleasures in tales of the gallantries of Zeus, or the *gamineries* of Hermes. The want of pliability in his mind, of which M. Bonnières complains, prevents him from sympathising with the joys or pranks of weaker spirits; but this stiffness (to write in his own fashion) has all the richness and glitter of brocade, rather than the hard texture of buckram.

The mysteries of the nether world have a deep attraction for St. Victor; many of his pages are devoted to the story of Demeter and Persephone. He is ever seeking to rend the veil which hides the life beyond the grave, and in this essay gives us a curious and connected sketch of Proserpine as the Bride of Hades. By her presence in the nether world, Death even in heathendom has lost his sting. "Love and Joy reign, where man dreamed of terror and solitude; health rules in the stronghold of destruction; a new life opens out to the man who had believed himself going down to the grave of nothingness."

Turning from a goddess to a daughter of the gods, we find that the view taken of Helen by St. Victor is that of Homer. She is the passive and unwilling tool of the immortals, and not the light woman of Euripides or Virgil. St. Victor's Helen is always the victim of circumstances too strong for her, *c'est le destin*, as she says in *La Belle Hélène*. Throughout the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, she never lowers herself to the level of her position, and by her sweetness and dignity has won even Priam to her side. "The emotion she excites in the breasts of men, never agitates her own heart; the fire that devours Phedra and Medea respects that tranquil bosom from which sculptors modelled their altar-cups of gold. She is marble, like every perfect beauty, destined rather to delight the eyes than to trouble the senses, and love for her should only be an ecstasy of contemplation. Wherever she appears, in

plays, in poems, in odes and in elegies, she is always grave, silent, self-possessed, nobly grieving over the slavery of the passions to which the gods have condemned her. Thus this marvellous woman is exempt from the fate that attends the daughters of desire. What if Love, Slavery, and Marriage have borne her away in their impetuous embraces, have cast her off, have sought her again, have tossed her from one hand to another, she retains through all a mysterious maidenhood. Age cannot wither her, time cannot touch her. She pervades a century of ancient song, always young, always to be longed for. A living image of ideal beauty, whose fleeting form may be soiled by man, but whose type remains eternal in the heavens."

With the essay entitled *La Momie* ends the first part of the book, and nowhere is St. Victor more graphic or more brilliant. Not all the minute accounts which *savants* give of Egyptian ideas and sepulchral labours inspire us with such an understanding of the civilization of that strange old world as this one short paper. As we read we realise, as never before, the absolute subordination of life to death that existed in Egypt for thousands of years, when the earth was young and fresh, and Assyria, China, and Greece had still centuries of barbarism before them. We, too, begin to feel the paralysing effects of a condition of mind which pervades the whole history of a whole nation, when the Present is nothing and the Past everything—when palaces were neglected and left comparatively bare, while splendours were devised for the tomb that was being slowly reared, for eyes for ever sealed to the light of day. How unlike the way in which the Greeks thought of death and treated the body. "In the clear air of Greece, Death appears only in his lightest form. As her funereal deities tread under their feet the symbolic flame, leaving but a thin cloud of smoke, he breathes upon life and it is gone. What is left behind he delivers over to the element that destroys and that purifies; he keeps nothing but a substance which is almost aerial, a handful of white dust—dust on the wings of the butterfly of Psyche." Compare this with a passage a little further on—as true and as nobly expressed. "Egypt is only the porch of a huge sepulchre. Her pyramids are mausoleums, her mountains collections of graves, the soil rings hollow in her plains, a semblance of life hides a vast charnel-house. To house her dead she has changed herself into a tomb."

Leaving the kingdom of Death, St. Victor passes into the realm of life and history. After contemplating the solemn silence of Egypt and the lower world, we feel almost bewildered at being thrust into the mad disorder of Rome under Nero. We seem to be reading a tale of Babylon in its most corrupt days, or of India

under the last Moguls, instead of a chapter in the annals of the sober and dignified West. The most powerful and best born patricians placed their necks without a murmur under the heel of a madman universally loathed, and often anticipated the sentence that they expected to receive. It was not the tyranny of an order or of an institution. It was merely the freak of a maniac, to whom nothing was sacred, not even Rome itself, who had no lucid intervals. Yet the City held no Charlotte Corday to free the world from such a monster; and even when it at last rebelled, it was left to Nero to made a miserable end by his own hand. The state of turpitude and degradation which Rome must have reached before it could passively submit to such horrors, was too great for her to be roused even by the efforts of Marcus Aurelius eighty years later, and the noblest and most self-sacrificing man that ever lived could do no more than postpone for a short time the inevitable decay. After him, the work of internal corruption went on rapidly; and all that the strongest of the emperors could do was to keep the hordes of barbarians at bay. By-and-bye this, too, became hopeless. Rome herself was besieged, sacked, and, when the empire seemed to have suffered every horror that barbarians could inflict, whispers were heard that another and yet more terrible enemy was approaching. "It was not an invasion, it was a deluge. Huns, Avars, Ostrogoths, Gepidæ, Bulgars, Hungarians, the entire world of barbarism rallied round Attila. If all the animal creation were to revolt against man, and range themselves under a monster endowed with will and intelligence, it would hardly give a just notion of the danger run by civilization at this moment of gloom. In a few days Germany and Gaul disappeared completely under a whirlwind of horses and their riders. On all sides no sound was heard but the noise of towns that fell, and the death-rattle of nations." One man only stood between the civilized word and barbarism—the general Aetius. "Like Joshua, he forced the sun of Roman civilization to delay its setting in clouds of blood, and in the Plains of Châlons he gained a victory which should have crowned with laurels his name for evermore; whereas it is only recollected, by the few who know it at all, as the name of a man who at the close of his life conspired against his sovereign. But it is the property of Barbarism to create night around her—men and things darken at her approach, civilization becomes barbarism in the struggle for supremacy. Even the victories obtained over her never captivate the imagination."

The essay on Charles XII. is the only one in the book that we would willingly have spared. St. Victor is not at home amongst soldiers who fight only for the pleasure of fighting. The craft of

Louis XI., or the unscrupulous statesmanship of Cæsar Borgia, have more charms for him. Cæsar Borgia is too black a character to tempt even the most enterprising of nineteenth-century whitewashers, but assiduous rubbing has removed some of the stains on the robes of his sister Lucrezia; as for Louis XI., perhaps at his worst moments there is something to be said for him from the point of view of a United France. We must not, however, linger over either of the sombre figures, but pass to one of the most interesting and brilliant of this group of essays, the Court of Spain under Charles II. A casual allusion to the matter in the work on Victor Hugo, shows us the care and attention St. Victor expended on these pages. "Some years ago, when engaged in a study of the Court of Spain under Charles II., I surrounded myself by the materials furnished by the epoch. I consulted all the documents, examined all the chronicles, re-read all the narratives and all the memoirs." One of the principal sources consulted was the charming little memoir written by the Comtesse d'Aulnoy at the close of the seventeenth century. St. Victor begins with a terrible picture of the almost fabulous poverty of the empire, which comprehended nearly a third of the explored world; of the frightful desolation of Spain itself when American gold was somehow never turned into bread, and horses died of hunger in the Royal stables. He then goes on to tell of the horrors perpetrated by the Inquisition, which ended in hardening the hearts of the people and producing a state of things hardly possible to conceive or to describe. Side by side with all this was the amazing fanaticism, formal almost scientific gallantry of the Court, of which Victor Hugo has given us a faithful sketch in *Ruy Blas*. "In order to forget her miseries Spain yielded herself to the excitement of love. When a lady of the court was bled, the doctor dips a handkerchief in her blood, her lover buys this relic from him with gold and silver. Custom prescribed that the payment was not to amount to less than six thousand pistoles." A man was considered disgraced for life should he neglect to redeem this precious love-token. Besides these madmen, the Court had a band of men whose gallantry gave them a recognized rank and position. "They were called 'embevecidos' or 'drunk with love'" a kind of amorous Bersarks, in fact; "even if not grandees of Spain by birth, they had the right to remain covered before the king and queen. They were supposed to be so dazzled by the sight of their mistresses, as to be incapable of seeing aught else, or of knowing in whose presence they might be."

Every day existence became more and more unreal; every year the Court became more and more overladen with forms as complicated as they were meaningless. Death and its attendant cere-

monies assumed an importance which has never been witnessed before or since in the annals of the Western World. Even the Bourbons, when they succeeded, came under the spell, and Spain was governed by queens and ministers, while king after king was occupied with the contemplation of his own decease, in solemn funeral services, and visits to the tomb where he also would shortly lie. Don Quixote himself would not have thought of tilting against such windmills as these.

The group of essays that belong purely to literature is headed with the story, vigorously told, of Roland. "His renown has the gift of ubiquity, the flashes of his sword illumine the four corners of the world." From the Pyrenees to Brusa every country bears marks which are said to be the work of his sword Durandal, and every people points to rocks which have started asunder at the sound of his magic horn. The simple trenchant language of the *chanson de geste* is well rendered by St. Victor, and we seem to catch a faint echo of the heroic end of Roland and Turpin, in the death of Bussy d'Amboise as told by Dumas.

From heroic we turn to modern romance, to Mdlle. Aïssé, the Circassian child with the most romantic of histories, who, surrounded by circumstances, each of which was a temptation, amidst men and women to whom corruption was as the air they breathed, kept her own reputation spotless, and wept over her one sin till it was washed away. St. Victor's *feuilleton* on Mdlle. Aïssé is far superior to Ste. Beuve's. It is shorter, more concise, more graphic in every way. He sees exactly what is essential, and discards everything else, and in consequence we gain a real idea of the figure described, and can summon it to our minds at will.

And now we must take leave of *Hommes et Dieux*, the earliest and best of St. Victor's works; but, before passing on to his next book, it would be as well again to sum up his faults and his virtues. In *Hommes et Dieux* he is dealing with subjects which are within his grasp, and which appeal invariably to his strong sense of picturesqueness. It is this picturesque exterior that always attracts him, but the impression made is increased by the deliberate choice of words which are the best possible for conveying his meaning. But when he abandons his *feuilletons* for minute and lengthy criticisms on the Greek dramatists, he is like an artist in granulated gold work, who suddenly takes to forging a suit of plate armour. He is faulty in scholarship, he is inaccurate in knowledge, he repeats himself, he has recourse to padding. Worse than all, his similes multiply and run away with him; instead of defining the impression he wishes to produce, they obscure it, they become mere rhetoric, and, as such, his pages would be better without them. He writes no longer because he has something

he desires to say, but because it is necessary that a man with his reputation should publish a big book, and, though he cannot help interspersing his criticisms with flashes of his old insight and his accustomed brilliancy, yet they are comparatively rare.

These remarks do not, however, apply to *Barbares et Bandits* (1871), which stands by itself among St. Victor's works. Here the calmness of the critic and the self-control of the man of the world are completely broken through, and a cry of passion, all the fiercer for its conscious impotence, takes their place. The *Barbares et Bandits* are, of course, the Prussians and the Commune. The first of the *feuilletons* is dated a fortnight before Sédan, when the misfortunes of Paris were only beginning. With the aid of Heine, whom he largely quotes, St. Victor lashes the Prussian faults and shortcomings with a violence and fierceness that must have astonished as much as it delighted contemporary readers; but it is curious to note how, even in the fervour of his patriotism, the trained impartiality of the critic gets the better of his feelings, and he acknowledges, bitterly it is true, but still fairly enough, the immense superiority of the Prussian mechanism and discipline which, more than anything else, decided the contest. In the midst of all these scathing denunciations, of insult repaying insult, we come upon two essays of a wholly different kind, worthy to take rank with any in *Hommes et Dieux*. Prosper Merimée died while Paris was still besieged, but, even in the intensity of that death struggle, his friend still found time to weave a wreath of laurels for his tomb. In many ways the two men greatly resemble each other, and the criticisms passed by St. Victor on Merimée might often be applied to himself. "Only emotion," he says in speaking of some of Merimée's stories, "is missing from these perfect and beautiful tales. They are cold and polished; the imperturbable elegance of the style never varies; the ice is never melted. Sobriety is an excellent literary quality, but it is as well not to abuse it; for when exaggerated it becomes dryness."

True advice; and St. Victor, probably noting this tendency in himself, set out to correct it, and, later, fell lamentably into the other extreme. "A Prussian Prisoner"—le Prisonnier de la Prusse—is the indomitable Baron Trenck, the incarnation of one side of romance, as the Man in the Iron Mask is of the other. The inconceivable strength, courage, and skill which enabled Trenck, unaided, and armed only with a knife, five times tc break through chains, bars, gates and walls, is told with the concentration and vigour peculiar to St. Victor at his best, and must have wiled away some of the weary hours of the inhabitants of the imprisoned city. They were not Trencks!

For some years—from 1876 till 1880—we hear no more of St. Victor; but in the latter year he published the first of a series of three volumes of criticism, *Les Deux Masques*, or Comedy and Tragedy. Whether he wrote for money, whether the desire to produce a "great work" had taken possession of him, or whether, as we have hinted, his admirers thought it was due to himself to publish something more imposing than *feuilletons*, we know not, but he certainly undertook a task not suited to his peculiar qualities. In these volumes, which have been constructed from articles in *La Presse* and *Le Moniteur Universel*, St. Victor's characteristic excellencies are exaggerated into faults. The pages are overladen with similes and allusions (especially to Hamlet and Attila), and disfigured by laboured Scripture parallels, not always to the point. His outlines are no longer the sharp ones of an engraved gem, but are soft and blurred as a landscape of Corot's. He has likewise fallen a victim to the seductions of Solar Mythology, and caught up a secondhand smattering of the Vedas which misleads him. Sometimes it is the Sun to which all the legends and phenomena of the Vedas are pointing; sometimes it is the Storm, as if, to quote his own words, "the Vedas are to be read by flashes of lightning." In the last volume he more or less shakes off the paralyzing yoke of the Solar myth, but in the part devoted to Æschylus the allusions to it are frequent, and one long chapter, in vol. ii., is occupied in a rambling account of the myths of the Veda, and of Œdipus as the Sun. Notwithstanding many most excellent criticisms and picturesque passages, the analysis of the classical poets must be considered a failure. St. Victor's acquaintance with Greek was sufficient to enable him to grasp the general meaning of the poet, but was by no means as close as is considered desirable in a critic or a translator, and he is both. He is very carelessly edited, too, and whole pages are repeated verbatim throughout the book. We do not wish to accuse St. Victor of plagiarism from himself, with a view to padding his volumes. He probably kept his notes by him, to consult; and when, after his death, his manuscripts were collected and revised for publication by his friends, M. Paul Lacroix and M. Alidor Delzant, these notes appear to have been inserted in the text without due search to see if they had been previously published. In this manner, ten pages of criticism are transplanted bodily from the chapter on the *Andromache* of Euripides into that on the *Andromache* of Racine; some of the essay on *l'Argent* (*Hommes et Dieux*) is to be found repeated about the *Merchant of Venice*; and the reader often feels that the sentences are vaguely familiar, even when he is unable to trace their origin. It would be interesting to compare the articles composing *Les Deux Masques*,

in their original form, with the way in which they now lie before us. Throughout his writings, St. Victor is invariably good in exact proportion to his brevity, and it must be confessed, with regret, that *Les Deux Masques* is too long. The point is no longer hit with the same certainty as before. We have a sense that he is talking round his subject instead of about it. The ideas are cut into little strips, like the ox-hide of Ragnar Lodbrok's sons, and made to cover the largest possible amount of space. Not only are his quotations hardly to be trusted, but his remarks are occasionally in bad taste: for example, when he observes that "Æschylus had a theatre killed under him." Perhaps this is meant for a jest, but the humour of a man that is not humorous is often apt to be vulgar, and is almost invariably stupid.

The first volume of *Les Deux Masques* consists of 544 pages, all entirely devoted to Æschylus, or, to speak more truly, all supposed to deal with him, for there is a great deal of supposition in the matter. St. Victor, of course, finds it necessary to allude to the fact that the worship and rites of Dionysos, or Bacchus, gave rise ultimately to the Greek drama. He expatiates, however, at quite uncalled-for length, on the details of these myths, some of which are remarkably disgusting, and out of place in a book of this kind, intended for general reading. The account of the orgies, both in Greece and Rome, and the mythical conceptions from which they sprang, occupy seventy-six pages, and might have been condensed with advantage into a fourth of that number. Then follows an interesting chapter on Æschylus himself, and a spirited description, not only of the Persian wars, but the state of things that led to them, which, again, might have been omitted. St. Victor's vivid imagination is an endless snare to him. One comparison suggests another, and that another still, till we find ourselves at length as far from the main point as the outermost circle in a pond is from the stone whose fall originally caused the disturbance. We have quotations from Dante, allusions to Esther, Isaiah, Daniel; a graphic sketch of the wonderful medley of nations that composed the host of Xerxes, and the way they were dressed and armed. The scourging of the Hellespont opens the door for a whole collection of parallel cases; the tears shed by the Great King over the myriads of men who would all be dead a hundred years hence, suggests a myriad of moral reflections. This tendency comes to a head in his analysis of Sophocles, where he compares, at great length, Philoctetes to Robinson Crusoe. It is not that we complain of a want of interest in his observations. Were he writing a history of the Persian wars, we should welcome them with pleasure. But there is a lack of proportion in the

space assigned to them, and they are, mostly, quite unnecessary to the understanding of Æschylus.

Then, too, he falls into another snare. The Titanic style of Æschylus takes great hold of him, and he also tries to write Titanically. What a safeguard is a sense of humour for a man who consciously or unconsciously puts on a little harmless affectation! Those who have admired the magnificent similes in *Hommes et Dieux* will sigh, while they smile over his statement (vol. i. p. 138) that "Xerxes accouchait quatre années après d'une monstrueuse armée, qu'on eût dit sortit des vomitoires de Babel."

The description of the myths of Prometheus, though disfigured here and there by a dissertation on Solar Mythology, is the most interesting part of the whole book. The picture of the great Titan paying the penalty of his pity for humanity by æons of torture on the rocks of the Caucasus, is one that exactly appeals to St. Victor's rather sepulchral imagination. He calls it one of Æschylus's "great tragic silences," broken only by the rare visit of some pitying naiad or maiden who has suffered the love of the gods. Yet even here the sobriety of his style is no longer what it was. He refers to Oceanos as "a kind of Roi-Fainéant of the waters," and has pages of discussion, partly gathered from the early fathers, on the elaborate comparison of the sufferings of Prometheus with those of Our Lord.

The second and third volumes of *Les Deux Masques* are less confused and full of faults than the one upon Æschylus, partly because St. Victor devotes less space to each poet. Sophocles, of course, takes rank both in date and position immediately after Æschylus, and St. Victor says well that Æschylus was a Titan and Sophocles a man. He shows, too, the depth of the gulf that lies between the two older dramatists and Euripides, in their treatment of things divine as well as human. How the art of Euripides was self-conscious and his characters complex, how he casts aside, to quote the words of Sophocles, the reverence that had inspired his fathers, and, rending the veil that hides the gods from the gaze of men, reveals them as they are, and not as they ought to be. The plays of Sophocles are impregnated with his religious faith, and breathe the odour of the incense that emanates from the temples. "Piety," he makes Heracles say in the *Philoctetes*, "is the only thing that men can carry away with them, which is never lost, neither in life nor in death." Euripides, on the contrary, "attacks the gods, and puts a non-natural interpretation on the venerable traditions of Polytheism. He complicates them by romantic intrigues, and substitutes arbitrary denouements." The same difference in treatment is to be noticed, as St. Victor points out, in their women. The one-idead, self-contained, self-sacrificing heroines of

the earlier stage hardly seem to belong to the same race as the softer, tenderer, less simple women of the later drama. These are noble, too, many of them, but, unlike either Antigone or Electra, fully aware of their nobility.

The criticism of Aristophanes opens with a short and clear account of the origin of Comedy, and then of the condition of Athens at the period when Aristophanes, the literary conservative, began to play his part on her stage. It is curious to notice how a man of the refined and serious mind of St. Victor can sympathize infinitely more with the Brobdignagian humour of Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Falstaff, than with the delicate satire of Molière. It may be that he cannot see the point unless it is stated in the broadest way, but certain it is that he speaks without disapproval of the frank coarseness of the *Lysistrata* and the Acharnians, while he is impatient of the *Misanthrope* and bored with the *Femmes Savantes*. Here, as elsewhere, St. Victor's philosophical and metaphysical spirit has proved his bane. The stage which directly reflects life, or, rather, reproduces the actual circumstances of contemporary existence, with a view to inculcating some serious principles or cutting to the root of a deep-seated abuse, has attractions for him. He is too earnest to take much interest in the follies of humanity, which were the joy and occupation of Molière, or to recognize the power of a laugh, and he gives it as his opinion that whatever "comedy may have gained in form since the days of Aristophanes, there is lacking to its full maturity an indefinable something of divinity that inspired its untamed childhood." St. Victor is more at home in his criticism and analysis of the fanciful plays dealing with nature—the *Clouds* and the *Birds*. This last opens with a passage that is specially graceful. The play, says St. Victor, is "wonderful as a fairy tale, musical as an opera, light as a dream; bound neither by time nor space; free from the hatreds and almost from the recollections of the world below. With the plumes of its birds, the comedy of Aristophanes dons something of their innocence. It has the freshness of the air to which it is transplanted, the brightness of the day which illumines it. Its irony is a melody, its laugh a song. It is the Midsummer Night's Dream of Greece." The chapter is full of passages like this, but it is also full of much besides: allusions to the Bible, Zoroaster, the Golden Legend, St. Francis of Assisi, and many other things and people, which might readily have been pruned away. With it ends St. Victor's study of the Greek drama, and he closes the second volume of *Les Deux Masques* by a chapter on the Indian theatre and *Sakountala*, with which the description of nature in the *Birds* may be held to have some qualities in common.

Nearly two hundred pages of the third volume of *Les Deux Masques* are filled with a study of Shakespeare. As has already been said, in spite of St. Victor's occupation as theatrical critic, he was almost entirely without theatrical instincts. It is the philosophical part of a play that interests him; the workings of the mind and the principle involved, not the way in which those workings are betrayed by appropriate actions. He becomes absorbed in watching the development of Othello's jealousy under the skilful manipulation of Iago; but he would probably never have cared to notice that after the Moor had denied indignantly the first insinuations against his wife, and sits down (when represented by Signor Salvini) to write despatches to Venice, his eyes gaze vacantly before him, till he lays aside his pen and summons Iago to explain himself. In all that directly concerns what may be called the Seven Deadly Sins, St. Victor is superb. His analysis of Hamlet is admirably put, if it does not contain much that is really new. The account of Shylock is full of interesting historical details (many of them repeated from the essay on *l'Argent*) concerning the position of the Jews in the Middle Ages. It is worthy of note that in the matter of the Jews, as in most others, Shakespeare was free from the prejudices of his time, in this following the example of the author of the *Romancero* many centuries before, when he makes his Cid keep faith with the despised race. The view taken by St. Victor of the historical plays, and of the Plantagenets and Tudors (whose motto, he says, was "Evil bee tow mi good") is rather unnecessarily grim, and, as regards the comedies, his criticisms are perfectly inadequate. They are too lumbering and too solemn, though a brilliant exception is to be found in his remarks on Falstaff. St. Victor appreciates his wit, in a totally unexpected way, and aptly compares him to a combination of the two fairy princesses out of whose mouth both toads and diamonds dropped.

The chapters which treat of the rise of the French drama and of Racine and Corneille, will be read with pleasure by the many whose minds are blank on the subject. Nothing could be prettier than the account of the representation of *Esther* at St. Cyr, and more sad than the dismal histories of the young girls who formed the *corps dramatique*. St. Victor's sympathies are all with the measured cadences and virtuous sentiments of the authors of *The Cid* and *Athalie*; but with regard to Molière his taste is singular. He admires sometimes with his head, but never with his heart; and though he allows that Mascarille is "so witty, so gay, such a good fellow, that the most severe moralist is moved to laughter by tricks which deserve the rope," we are convinced that St. Victor himself never got beyond a calm smile. The

Misanthrope, he declares, is only beheld with "cold admiration mingled with secret weariness, for there lies between the public and this masterpiece a sheet of ice which two centuries of prestige have never been able to break." The tirades of Alceste he considers out of place, while Celimène "has no individuality," is merely "coquetry personified," "an allegory correctly painted on a background of neutral tints." Those of us who have been fortunate enough to see the *Misanthrope* represented by the full strength of the *Comedie Francaise* will pass a different judgment. No allegory ever took away her neighbour's characters with such frank good humour as Celimène, or plumed herself with such petulant self-complacency on her own attractions. "Puis-je empêcher les gens de me trouver amiable?" It is the same with the *Femmes Savantes*. It is all very well to speak of the play as an "undoubted masterpiece," but then St. Victor promptly begins to pull it to pieces. He is shocked at the great ladies being made fun of, declares that their learning was as great as it was solid, and finally that "Molière appears to refuse to women the understanding of the things of the intellect, and insists that the only duty of a married woman is to skim the saucepan and to mend her clothes." *Malheur à ceux qui rient*, indeed. *On ne raisonne pas avec les Turcs.*

We have now reached the last but one of St. Victor's works, the *Life of Victor Hugo*, published in 1884.

Amidst all the worshippers that crowded round the throne on which Victor Hugo sat and permitted himself to be adored, none was more fervent in his admiration than St. Victor. He was carried away by many qualities in the poet that appealed to his own character. St. Victor praises justly the effort to emancipate the French drama from the hard-and-fast rules of the classic period, but he does not realise how incomparably superior Victor Hugo's plays would have been for a little more of that humour which makes the whole world kin. Even Don César de Bazan would become dull and heavy if played by a commonplace actor, and M. Coquelin himself acknowledges it to be his most fatiguing part, as all the "business" has to be created by himself, the text affording not a single indication. It seems strange, too, that neither Victor Hugo nor his critic was struck by the extreme absurdity of the final scene in *Hernani*, where Doña Sol and her lover have both taken poison, and sit rocking themselves to and fro, asking each other their symptoms. It may be pathetic enough to read, but on the stage Madame Bernhardt herself cannot avoid being grotesque. St. Victor, too, has a long and learned defence, drawn from a minute acquaintance with Spanish history, of the possibility of Ruy Blas' equivocal position. He urges, with truth,

that Mazarin was the son of a fisherman, and Alberoni the son of a gardener, but he forgets that these shook off once and for ever their chrysalis skins when they blossomed out in gorgeous colours, while Ruy Blas remains at the same time a valet and a Prime Minister.

In the analysis of Victor Hugo's other dramas, *Marion Delorme*, with her "little red nose," *Marie Tudor*, whose character is minutely studied, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, St. Victor is interesting and picturesque, but it is a pity that in the last-named essay he should have borrowed several complete sentences out of his own sketch of Cæsar Borgia. St. Victor goes carefully through all Victor Hugo's works, and illustrates them by copious quotations; he admires, as well he may, the beauty of the poet's children, first placed by him on the pedestal they have since held in literature; sees nothing but charm in the poems, and grandeur in the novels; but there is one point—he says it himself—where his love and loyalty fail, and that is in Victor Hugo's approval of the Commune. "The great man whom I love and venerate will pardon me for leaving him at the opening of this path. Here floats the banner of France, there lies a bag waiting to be filled. One points the way to Barbarism, the other leads to Civilization; I see no middle road." Posterity will agree with St. Victor.

It is by *Hommes et Dieux*, "the pudding that is all plums," and a posthumous collection of the same kind, *Anciens et Modernes*, that St. Victor will be judged. Let us close with a quotation from his *feuilleton* on Prosper Merimée, that may fitly be applied to himself: "His memory will not perish; it remains associated with some essays destined, perhaps, to last as long as the language —with some figures which he has endowed with life, whom Art has sealed as her own."

Nora Lang.

THE ALLEGED TRIPARTITE DIVISION OF TITHES IN ENGLAND.

In the *Contemporary Review*, the Rev. Edwin Hatch, D.D., of Oxford, in a paper on the "Origin of Tithes," has the following statement on the "objects for which tithes were imposed":—

> Whatever points of uncertainty may still exist as to the history of their enactment, the purposes to which they were to be devoted are so clearly stated as to be beyond question. Not once or twice only, and not within a narrow area either of time or place, but repeatedly, for several centuries, and in almost all decrees or exhortations in which tithes are mentioned, the rule was laid down that, like all other offerings to the Church, they were to be used for the benefit not only of the clergy, but of the poor (p. 361).
>
> The legal enactments which enforced their payment also laid down rules for their employment. They were to be divided according to a definite proportion. The particular proportion varied according to circumstances: sometimes four parts were recognized, one to the fabric of the church, one to the bishop, one to the clergy, and one to the poor; sometimes there was an omission of one or other, or both of the two first of these parts; but whatever basis of division was adopted, the share of the poor was never omitted, and it was always equal to that of the clergy (p. 367).

These are bold assertions of the writer; and Dr. Hatch also points out how these funds, intended to serve the purpose of Church rate and poor rate, as well as that of a maintenance for the clergy, came at length to be appropriated to the latter purpose exclusively. He says:—

> The more the divine right of tithes came to be insisted on, the more did the clergy come to regard them, not as trust funds to be administered for the benefit of their flocks, but as private professional income; and in our own country, at any rate, the State has been compelled to supply the place of this original poor fund by independent, and often onerous, taxation.

Will it be believed that the celebrated "Case" for Disestablishment rests its claims solely on this reasoning of Dr. Hatch, and on one quotation from Southey. "The maintenance of the clergy," says the *Case*, "was not the only object contemplated in the imposition of tithes as a compulsory charge. The tithes and other gifts were 'received into a common fund for the fourfold purpose of supporting the clergy, repairing the church, relieving the poor, and entertaining the pilgrim and the stranger.' Southey's *Book of the Church*, p. 46." We may, however, mention in passing that, on reference to Southey's interesting work, on p. 46—a book which still keeps up its popularity, and has just

gone through another edition—we find Southey's authority for his statement is Dr. Kennett, and he refers the reader to his work, *Case of Appropriations*, p. 16; so it is evident we shall have to really reckon, not with Southey, but with Dr. Kennett, who is the authority, next after Dr. Hatch, for the "Case" of the Liberationists.

Now we have no hesitation in saying that nothing had so much weight in carrying the rural vote, in the late election, next to the "three acres and a cow" theory, as this allegation of the claim of the poor to the parson's tithe and glebe on the part of the Liberationists, a *legal* claim of one-fourth or one-third of the Church endowments. Difficult as is the subject (and there is a half-truth behind the allegation), and recondite though the reasoning may be, the theory was greedily accepted by the newly-enfranchised, for it was an appeal to their cupidity as well as their ignorance. Nor were they told that even if the whole of the Church endowments were taken for poors and educational rates,* it would be only a drop in the ocean compared with the requirements of either the one or the other.

"Nothing has so much inspired," says the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, "the minds of the agricultural labourers in several large districts with hostility to the Church and clergy, as the assertion so constantly repeated in the leaflets (of the Liberationists) that the parsons have robbed the poor—to use their own expression, 'nobody knows exactly when or how'—of their legitimate share of the tithe." Incredible as this statement may seem to be, it can easily be verified by an appeal to those who live in the rural districts, especially in those eastern or northern counties, among such a constituency, for instance, as that which sent Mr. Joseph Arch to Parliament.

The accusation is based upon an alleged tripartite division of tithes, for maintaining the clergy, the poor, and the fabric of the Church, decreed by Pope Gelasius, as far back as A.D. 492, and is supported by references to Gregory's letter to Augustine, to the *Canons* of Theodore and Ælfric, the *Excerptions* of Ecgbert, the so-called *Constitutions* of Æthelred, and by ridiculously inappropriate references to such eminent legal authorities as Blackstone and Burns. It might have been expected that men who say they are only influenced by religious considerations, would have made more certain of their ground before bringing against the clergy so

* Only about £1,500,000 would be available (after vested interests are satisfied), as against £8,000,000 or more, required for educational grants and purposes alone. The amount of the rate for the support of the poor in 1880 was £12,302,088, being more than six times the whole [amount] of the nett income derived from the tithes by the clergy.

odious a charge as that of filching from the poor, or, at all events, that they should have obtained first of all the opinion of some acknowledged expert upon so recondite a point of antiquarian learning. The charge, however, has undoubtedly done its work well, but whether it will be polished up again for the next struggle remains to be seen.

The solution of the question turns upon the evidence which can be adduced to prove that the decree attributed to Pope Gelasius, A.D. 492, directing a division of ecclesiastical revenues and oblations into four parts for the use (1) of the Bishop, (2) of the Clergy, (3) of the Church, and (4) of the Poor, took effect in England, or was sanctioned by any civil or ecclesiastical law in this country. The object of the writer of this paper is to prove that there is no evidence of such a division ever having taken place in England. "If I am asked," says Dr. Freeman, "for an opinion as to the alleged threefold division of tithes in England, I must answer that I see no evidence for its legal enforcement at any time. It appears, however, to have been held up as a kind of counsel of perfection, which the receivers and dispensers of tithes would do well to follow." Canons Bright and Westcott, Professors Montagu Burrows as well as Freeman, of Oxford, Kirkpatrick of Edinburgh, Dickson of Glasgow, and Stokes of Dublin (in their opinions forwarded to the present writer) unanimously confirm the opinion of the Bishop of Chester, whose authority is unrivalled on a fact of ecclesiastical history, that "the tripartite division never was adopted in England, and that the passages in support of it are either altogether unauthorized, or merely statements of an ideal state of law, conformable to the uses of some foreign Churches." With such an array of capable authorities from every University in the United Kingdom, we need not be afraid to pursue our investigation on this confessedly difficult and abstruse point, nor to consider and examine those legal and canonical authorities, which have been so fraudulently and dishonestly employed during the last few months, as making for a tripartite division of the Church endowments in this country.

There is not a more common mistake in historical researches than drawing general conclusions from particular premises, and it is a fault which, from the very nature of the case, the philosophical historian is likely to fall into. Hence the common errors respecting the alleged tripartite division of tithes may be traced to *want of care in distinguishing between English and foreign laws and customs.* Had these principles been properly kept in view we should never have heard, as we did a few months ago, both from press and platform, that tithes in England were once subjected to a quadrupartite or tripartite division, for the support of the bishop

and clergy, the fabric of the church, and the poor. The historian, coming across the decree of Pope Gelasius, A.D. 492, would have paused to investigate the extent to which that decree took effect in the various countries subject to the Court of Rome, before he ventured to assert that tithes given to our Anglo-Saxon Church were divided formally, as an historical fact, by the rule of that decree. And when he read the canons of Councils held in France, Spain, and Germany during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, which, at various intervals and with all possible variety of legislation, prescribe certain divisions of tithes and free-will offerings, he would have forborne to conclude, without further inquiry, that these canons were *universally put in practice*, and, from such data, would never have ventured to infer that our *English* Councils and canons, laws and synods, had followed precisely the same course.

Furthermore, if he had found pastoral letters of popes, enjoining newly-consecrated bishops of newly-formed dioceses, to follow the provisions of the decree, and proof were given of it being acted upon, as far as related to those particular bishops, he would have forced himself to carefully consider whether obedience to such law was not necessarily temporary, and whether, from its own nature, it could possibly be complied with under different circumstances, and subsequent to the formation of particular parishes, when the mission became a diocese, before he laid it down as a principle of "equity and honour" that the beneficed clergy should now do, what they have *never* been called upon by the law to do, during an interval of more than a thousand years. If, again, the historian had been particularly directing his attention to the actual condition of the early Anglo-Saxon Church, he would have critically examined every document relating to that Church, and, separating the spurious from real evidence, *from these*, and *not from* acts of foreign councils, would he, in all fairness, have described the nature of the revenues of the English Church, and the rule of its application.

We shall hope to prove that no such caution, such as that just described, has been used by Dr. Hatch and the authors of the "Case," who have asserted the tripartite division of tithes in England; and that it is from foreign and not from English documents, from Gallican use and Roman sources, not from Anglican practice, that materials have been drawn, to throw doubt upon the equitable and legal right of the beneficed clergy to take to their own use the whole tithe.

When the arguments commonly urged in support of the tripartite division come to be examined, it will be found that, upon their relevancy or irrelevancy, the whole point in controversy depends;

for we may assume that no English churchman will so far yield the point of the total independence of the ancient British Church as to concede that we were bound by the decree of Roman Council under Sylvester (A.D. 324—if such, indeed, ever took place at all), or by a decree of Gelasius (492), or by a letter of Simplicius (468), the *latest* of which documents is *one hundred years older* than the date of the Roman mission. And with regard to the early constitution of the Anglo-Saxon Church, no fact can be plainer than this, that whatever authority the Popes of Rome may have claimed over it, in consequence of their mission under Augustine, yet, as respects all other countries, she has been acknowledged independent, and quite untied and unfettered by the decrees of foreign national Councils, whether of France, Germany, or Spain.

This observation is worthy of some consideration in the present question, when we remember the claims to independence put forward by the Church of England, and the autonomy of particular local and national Churches, as illustrated in the 30th Canon of 1603, and the 34th Article of the Church. Surely no person would have the boldness to assert that we must take the limitation of our title to the whole tithes from the Council of Orleans (511), or of Bracara, the metropolis of Gallicia (563), these making a threefold division, though Bracara omits the poor altogether; or from that of Tours (567), which ordered that every "civitas" should relieve its own poor, "so that as well the neighbouring priesthood as all other citizens (*cives omnes*) should contribute according to their power and ability (*secundum vires*); or that of Macon (588), which merely declared that the care of the poor, and the redemption of captives, as well as the peace and salvation of the people by the prayers of the Church, were the object of tithes; or from that of Emerita (666), which gave to the bishop one third, and to the clergy the remaining two; or that we should take our rule from the Council of Mayence (847), or the provincial customs of the diocese of Rheims at the same period, which prescribed the quadrupartite division. All these Councils, be it noticed, apart from the fact that they were continental and not Anglican, made different rules for administering ecclesiastical affairs in their several jurisdictions. This, then, is the way the mistake has arisen: some writers on tithes have alluded to this division of tithes in a general way, and others have thought that there must have been an antecedent probability of such a division being made; and then one or two local Councils have been quoted (no matter where holden) which recognise such division. Thus the unwary reader, whose candid judgment is almost overwhelmed by the authority of a Council, jumps at once with his author to the abrupt and erro-

neous conclusion, that all tithes, in all places and countries, whether under the Roman obedience or not, and in all times, from the period of their being first paid by the faithful, were subject to this Procrustean division.

1. The reader may be surprised to learn that the *positive* evidence of a division of ecclesiastical revenues, in England, into four parts, or, taking the bishop and clergy as one, into three parts, can be traced back to *one single* testimony, viz. the contents of a letter of Pope Gregory to Augustine, in reply to a number of questions submitted to him after having been consecrated to the Archiepiscopal see of Canterbury; and perhaps the reader may be still more surprised to learn that this very document, so often quoted, and so frequently referred to as proof of the Pope's command to Augustine so to divide the revenues of the Anglican Church, is, in truth, a *positive exemption from the rule.* As such high authorities* as Dr. Inett, who continued Stillingfleet's *Origines Britannicæ*, and Dr. Lingard, the Roman Catholic historian of England, in his *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* (p. 83), have both fallen into such grave errors touching both the nature and contents of this epistle (Dr. Lingard honouring it with the title "Constitutions of Gregory"), it will be as well to allow Venerable Bede, from whom it is reproduced, to tell his own tale. From its perusal it will be evident that all the wisdom and foresight attributed to Gregory, as to the division of the Church's revenue, is a mere chimera of the historian, and that no exhortation was given to the English people of Augustine's time, to come and avail themselves of the overflowing bounty of the newly-founded Church and the papal poor law; that Gregory is so far from having prescribed to Augustine this fourfold division, as is asserted, that he positively and distinctly exempted him from it. The account given by Bede, lib. 1, c. 27, is as follows:—

Meanwhile, the man of God, Augustine, went to Arles, and was ordained Archbishop of the English nation by Ætherius, the Archbishop of Arles, in pursuance of directions received by him from the Holy Father, Gregory. Immediately on his return to Britain, Augustine sent the presbyter Laurentius, with the monk Peter, to Rome, for the purpose of acquainting the blessed Pontiff Gregory, that the English nation had received the faith of Christ, and that he himself had been made a bishop, and also of requesting his opinion upon certain points about which he had need to make inquiry. He received without delay suitable answers to his queries, which I have thought it proper to insert in this History.

The first question of the blessed Augustine, Bishop of the Church of Canterbury, concerning bishops, *in what manner they should live with their clergy*, or, in other words, how many portions should be made of the oblations of the faithful at the Altar, and in what way the Bishop ought to act in the Church in this matter.

* Kenneth, in his *History of Impropriations*, seems to have been aware that the letter of Gregory would not serve to maintain the prevalence of a division of revenues in England, since he has forborne to quote it.

Gregory, Bishop of Rome, answers. The sacred Scriptures (with which you must be well acquainted), and especially the Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, in which manner he ought to behave himself in the house of God, bears witness to this point. Now it is the custom of the Apostolic See, where bishops are appointed to deliver their injunctions,* that of all the revenues which come to them four portions should be made, viz. one for the bishop and his family, for hospitality and reception of strangers, another for the clergy, a third for the poor, a fourth for the repair of the churches. But since you, brother, having been brought up in *the monastic rule*, ought not to live apart from your clergy in the English Church, which has, under God, been so lately brought to the faith, you should adopt that mode of life which was followed by the fathers in the infancy of the Church, when "no man said ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common."

But if there are clerks, not in holy orders, who cannot endure celibacy, they ought to take their wives, and receive their stipends, living distinct from the body of clergy; for we know it was written by the same fathers of whom we have spoken, "that division was made to each as every man had need." Care must also be taken, and provision made for their stipends; and they must be kept to the rule of the Church, to be of good behaviour, to observe the hours of singing psalms, and by God's grace to keep their heart, and tongue, and body, from every unlawful deed. But what need have we to speak of making a division of revenues, of keeping hospitality, or of giving alms, in the case of persons who have all in common, since everything which is above their wants is to be devoted to pious and charitable uses, the Lord, our common master, teaching, "as for the rest, give alms, and behold all things are clean unto you"

Such is the sum total of the evidence on which Dr. Lingard and others have asserted the existence of a command of Pope Gregory directing, in England, a quadrupartite division of the ecclesiastical revenues. Upon a careful perusal of the above quotation, one fails to see the wisdom and foresight upon which Dr. Lingard has gone out of his way to lay so much stress. The reply of Gregory does, indeed, notice the custom of the Roman See; but, instead of enjoining, it clearly exempts Augustine from it, and leaves him entirely to his own discretion and the monastic rules of the Benedictine Order.† It refers, in fact, to a bishop and his clergy living in community, which was usual when a Church was only a missionary station. With *parochial* tithes it cannot possibly have anything to do, for *no such tithe then existed.* If Gregory's reply has any reference at all to Church revenues, it is only applicable to the case of a Church ‡ where the Bishop was a member of a

* See letter of Gregory II. to the people of Thuringia on the occasion of the consecration of Bishop Boniface to that diocese, A.D. 720. It will be found tom. xvii. p. 729, *Consil. Parisii.*, 1644, and is the same as that mentioned in Aventinus' *Annales Bororum*, lib. iii., p. 209, ed. 1544.

† So much has been said of the liberality of the monasteries to the poor, that it may be worth while to refer the reader to Mabillon, *Annales Benedict.*, vol. ii. p. 432.

‡ The view here taken of the real purport of the answer of Gregory relative to the Church revenues in the time of Augustine, is most fully confirmed by Mabillon, *Annales Benedict.*, vol. i. lib. 10, p. 263; by Selden, CIX. sect. 11; by Bingham in his *Antiquities*, book v. chap. vi. sec. 1; and also by Father Simon in a history of ecclesiastical revenues (p. 22, English edition, 1685) commonly ascribed to him, who says that Gregory told Augustine that "it was more convenient to persist in the community of goods in the Church of England, than to introduce in it those kind of dividends."

monastic order (as the Benedictine), and the mission clergy of the diocese were congregated with him in the cathedral church, or episcopal "stool," as it was called ("the Bishop and the clergy must live together"), and has nothing whatever to do with the incumbents. But suppose it was the intention of Gregory to apply the rule to cathedrals not existing, still the principle of exemption contained in his answer would operate much more widely than many people imagine in favour of the cathedral clergy, *no less than twelve of the cathedrals in England being occupied by monks of the same order as Augustine's—the Benedictine.**

But it may be said "the exception proves the rule." But what rule? Surely none other than this—that it was the custom of the *Roman* See to prescribe quadrupartite division (which nobody doubts); that many of the Churches under the Roman obedience, *e.g.* France and Spain, did observe it; but the exception itself refers specifically to the Church of Canterbury, if not to the whole Anglo-Saxon Church; and it remains for the Liberationists† to show, if they can, when this exemption was removed, and what Pope or Council gave directions subsequently that such a division of tithes should be made in England. Till this is done, we must be allowed to maintain our opinion that the so-called "Constitution," rather the answer, of Pope Gregory is the very reverse of what Dr. Hatch has asserted; and the beneficed clergy have never been bound to any special appropriation of their revenues, but the National Church has been left to exercise therein its own charitable discretion.

2. We come now to another antagonist to the clergy taking the whole tithe, in the shape of a second re-arrangement of the supposed threefold division. For it has been asserted that the bishops, being possessed of ample revenues from other sources, did tacitly recede from their quarter part, and then the whole of the tithe came to be divided into three portions—one for the clergy, another for the fabric of the church, and the third for the poor.

The only canonical evidence which can be adduced (as far as we know) to prove the prevalence of such a custom in England, is contained in three Anglo-Saxon documents.

(1.) The Canons of Theodore, seventh Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 668.

(2.) The Canons of Ecgbright, seventh Archbishop of York, A.D. 743.

* Mabillon (*Annales Benedict.*, vol. i. p. 273) gives the following list of cathedrals possessed by Benedictines in England:—Canterbury, York, Winchester, Sherborne, Rochester, Norwich, Thetford, Lindisfairn, Durham, Coventry, Worcester, Ely.

† *The Case for Disestablishment*, p. 57.

(3.) The Canons of Ælfric, addressed to Wulfinus; placed by Wilkins in his *Concilia* under the year 970, but by Spelman under A.D. 1052.

These Canons (which would appear to rest on no conciliar authority whatever) supply the following testimonies, which we propose arranging in parallel columns for the convenience of comparison :—

Ex libro Canonum primo Latine scripto per Theodorum, Archbp. Cantuar. et per *Ælfricum* Anglice translato.	Excerptiones S. Egbrightii, Eboracensis Archiepisc.	Canones Ælfrici ad Wulfinum Episcopum.
Canon 75. *De decimis dividendis.*	Canon V.	Canon XXIV.
"Sacerdotes populi suscipiant decimas, et nomina eorum quicunque dederint scripta habeant super Altare. Et ipsas decimas secundum auctoritatem canonicam coram testibus dividant, et ad ornamentum ecclesiæ primam eligant partem, secunda autem per manus fidelium ad usus pauperum atque peregrinorum misericorditer cum humilitate dispenseatur, tertiam vero partem sibimet ipsis soli sacerdotes reservent."—MS., C.C.C.C., sec. xii.	"Ut ipsi sacerdotes a populo suscipiant decimas, et nomina eorum quicunque dederint scripta habeant, et secundum auctoritatem canonicam coram Deum timentibus dividant, et ad ornamentum ecclesiæ primam eligant partem, secundum autem ad usum pauperum, atque peregrinorum, per eorum manus misericorditer cum omni humilitate dispenseant, tertiam vero sibimet ipsis sacerdotes reservent." — Wilkins, vol. i. p. 102.	"Sancti patres etiam constituerunt, ut homines tradant decimas suas ecclesiæ Dei, et sacerdos veniat ac distribuat in tres partes: unam ad reparationem ecclesiæ, et secundam egenis, tertiam autem Dei ministris qui Ecclesiæ illius curam gerunt."—Wilkins, vol. i. p. 253.

(1.) Of the first of these authorities we may state, the Book of Canons attributed to Theodore is contained in a MS. in the collection of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and is printed among the notes given by Whelock in his edition of Bede. It is to be found in the following accounts which are given of the MS. in the Catalogue of the MSS. of C.C.C., Cambridge, printed in 1722, and in Wanley's Catalogue of Anglo-Saxon MSS., p. 131, Oxon, 1703. The Catalogue of C.C.C., Cambridge, contains the following notice (sec. xii.) :—"In primo fronte hæc legas. Hic liber videtur esse scriptus primo Latine per Theodorum Archiepiscopum septimum Cantuar. et *per Ælfricum* translatus Anglice, et continet paginas 170. Liber ipse est collectio quædam *ex Nicæno Concilio* et aliis in 84 capitibus tum Latine tum Saxonice : et desunt contenta triginta priorum capitum Latine et capita ipsa hic habentur." But Wanley, after giving the title of the several canons, thus records his opinion of the MS. : "Ex quibus constat hunc librum haud continere canones Nicœni Concilii ut docti nonnulli tradunt a Theodoro,

Archiepiscopo, Latine, et deninide ab *Ælfrico* Saxonice versos; sed Regulam quamdam in usum Presbyterorum et Sacerdotum, ex Regula *Benedict* consarcinatam, quo autem auctore haud mihi vocat perscrutari." Upon such conflicting evidence of a MS. we venture no opinion, except to notice that, by the evidence of both the catalogues, the work in question is not an original work, but *a compilation of an uncertain author* from various sources; and that it *does not*, even upon the face of it, so much as *pretend to be a collection of Canons authorized in the Anglo-Saxon Church, nor* do they carry with them *any conciliar authority*. There are, however, so many striking resemblances between the Canons of Theodore and the Excerptions of Ecgbright, that we may safely hazard a conjecture, not only that they were compiled from one common source, but drawn up by the same hand. In the two passages arranged in juxtaposition above, we notice the remarkable coincidence between the two sets of Canons. And the following Canons respecting "Cleri vagi seu Acephali," found in both collections are so nearly alike as to warrant the conclusion suggested:—

63.—*Canon Theodori.*

"Duo genera Clericorum, unum Ecclesiasticorum episcopali degentium alterum Acephalorum, hoc est, sine Capite, et hi numerosi sunt in nostra parte occidua."—Ex Catalog. MS. C.C.C.C. sec. xii.

CXL.—*Excerptiones Egbrightii, Canon Cæsariensis.*

"Duo igitur sunt genera Clericorum unum Ecclesiasticorum sub episcopali regimine, alterum Acephalum, id est, sine Capite, de quibus Gregorius dicit si qui clerici vulgares sunt extra sacros ordines constituti, id est, nec presbyteri, nec diaconi, qui se continere non possunt, sortiri uxores debent, et stipendia sua exterius accipere."—Wilkins, vol. i. p. 112.

These coincidences are pointed out, not as a matter of literary curiosity, but to enable us to ascertain whether these ancient Anglo-Saxon documents are to be regarded as sets of canons received in England, and therefore to be accounted as reliable evidence of English custom and history, or whether we shall look upon them as mere compilations, by some Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastic, from canons of foreign Churches, and of no authority in the Anglo-Saxon Church. Have they, in short, conciliar authority, and were they *operative*?

(2.) This discussion of the supposed Canons of Theodore* will be sufficient to prove their inadmissibility as evidence of historical facts in England; and we shall be justified in coming to the same

* A preface to the Canons of Theodore above-mentioned, of similar character, is mentioned in Wanley's Catalogue. The three works, the character of which has been discussed, would seem to have come to us from nearly similar sources. At least, it is impossible not to look with some suspicion at the two collections of Canons, one of which is ascribed to the *seventh* Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other to the *seventh* Archbishop of York (Ecgbright).

conclusion about the second work cited, the Excerptions of Ecgbright, not only from its very title, but also from internal evidence. "But it must not be forgotten," says Dr. Freeman, "that these Excerptions are simply copied from some foreign codes, and that they contain matters quite unsuited to England. The sixth rule bids us pray for the life of the Emperor. The collection is valuable as a witness to foreign customs, which English prelates wished to introduce into England; but the rules which it contains are not laws for the State, or even for the Church, in England. This work consists of 163 Canons, which are so far from being Anglo-Saxon Canons that, although some two or three are cited from Irish Councils, not a single Canon is quoted in them as of Anglo-Saxon origin. Further, with the exception of the first twenty-eight, which are *copies word for word of different capitulars of the French bishops* between the years 789 and 816, the remaining 135 are all quoted, either from the Apostles or Fathers, or some *foreign Council.* From such a professed compilation as this from foreign sources, it must be evident that no historical fact relative to our own country can, with any show of reason, be deduced." It should also be added that the opinion here expressed with regard to the "Excerptions" are, in fact, the same as those of Seldon (*On Tithes*), chap. viii. sec. 1.

(3). The Canons of *Ælfric*,* which so-called Canons are only a "sermon or pastoral," as Dr. Freeman opines, addressed to Bishop Wulfinus, the third quotation on our list, is a work of as little authority as the former two. Authors do not seem to be agreed as to the person either of Ælfric or Wulfinus; the work seems to be, as the preface implies, drawn up in the form of an address, which Ælfric puts into the mouth of the Bishop for the guidance of his clergy. When in the course of it he incidentally alludes to the tripartite division, he merely remarks, *Sancti Patres constituerunt*, "the holy Fathers appointed"; but whether he wishes the clergy to follow this rule, or whether they actually did, upon this he is altogether silent. Now who are these holy Fathers who ordained this ideal state of things? Why, evidently, by Ælfric's

* "There is some diversity of opinion respecting the date of Ælfric's productions, but they must have been published before the middle of the eleventh century. Wharton, in his learned dissertation, contended that the author was Archbishop of York (1023 to 1081). In this opinion also Spelman, at an earlier period, was inclined to concur. But Inett was influenced, by the 'unanimous consent of preceding times,' to believe that they were the production of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet in 1566, when Archbishop Parker published *The Testimonie of Antiquitie*, an opinion prevailed that he was Archbishop of York. Another writer, Lisle, also in the year 1638, concurs in a similar opinion. Wharton's position that the author was Archbishop of York, and a different person from Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, is now universally believed."—Lathbury's *History of Convocation*, p. 45.

first source of information (the Canons of Theodore, which he translated into Saxon) the 318 holy Fathers of Nicœa (A.D. 325), nearly seven hundred years before the Canons were compiled. Shall we be offered a Canon of a foreign Council *seven hundred years old* as a proof of an historic fact in Anglo-Saxon times? Or, if the Nicene Fathers be objected to, we may consider these holy Fathers as having reference to Popes Sylvester (324 — if, indeed, the forged Decretals of 511 can be relied upon in regard to this authority), Simplicius (468—in a letter to some rural bishops, of what diocese we know not), Gelasius (492), or the bishops at the Councils of Orleans* (511), Bracara (560), Tours (567), of Macon (588), all which were of foreign origin, and under the Roman obedience.

There is also another remarkable circumstance attendant upon these Canons of Ælfric, that although, as the preface imports, they were put together at the request of Wulfinus, it is manifest that Ælfric considered the Bishop to be very neglectful of his duty, and that he took this opportunity of reminding him of it. "Dico tamen, quod sæpius deberitis vestros clericos alloqui, et illorum negligentiam arguere, quia pene statuta canonum et sanctæ ecclesiæ religio vel doctrina eorum, perversitate deleta sunt, ideoque libera animam tuam et dic eis, quæ tenenda sunt sacerdotibus et ministris Christi, ne tu pereas pariter si mutus habearis." Yet, on the strength of this document, of uncertain age and authority, and with no allusion to any council but that of Nicœa, Dr. Lingard has ventured to assert, with a direct reference to a Council of Clovesho (A.D. 803) that this was a discourse delivered by the Bishop on an occasion when "he opened the synod with an appropriate speech, in which he promulgated the regulations which he deemed expedient for the reformation of his diocese, and exhorted the members to receive with reverence the mandates of their father and instructor" (p. 151). If these are the facts of the case, Ælfric went much out of his way for arguments to persuade Wulfinus to address his clergy, when the most straightforward plan would have been to have referred to the Canons of a national Council, which it was incumbent upon Wulfinus to promulgate to his clergy, backed up, as it would have been, in that case, with all the weight of conciliar authority.

Such are the only Anglican canonical authorities (not conciliar, for they were not passed in a Council or synod) from which it could

* The Capitulary of Charlemagne recognized the tripartite division, which seems to have been a Gallican custom. In Hallam's *Middle Ages*, vol. ii. p. 142, the similarity between this work and the French Capitular was noticed by Wharton (pp. 62–78); but further proof is wanted before we conclude, with him, that our Church was formed after the example and model of the Gallican Church. The resemblance must have been the result of similar circumstances, and not the studied effect of imitation.

be possibly concluded that a tripartite division of tithes prevailed in the Anglo-Saxon Church; the whole force of which, when taken together, amounts to this: that in these Anglo-Saxon documents we find tripartite division mentioned; two of these documents being compilations from *foreign* or *Roman* sources, and the third an address which a certain individual advised a bishop to deliver to his clergy, in which this division is spoken of as contained in the *Canons of the Fathers*; but in neither of these three documents is there any proof whatever of the *practice being enforced*, or of it ever having been decreed in an *English Council*, or forming any part of the ordinary *civil and ecclesiastical law of England*.

If, indeed, any of the laws of the Anglo-Saxon kings, or any decrees of the Councils held in England, had sanctioned this division, and had been known to become operative as historical facts, then these Canons might perhaps have been quoted in corroboration of these laws or decrees; but since, as we hope to prove, the Anglo-Saxon laws and Councils are full of regulations concerning the payment of tithes, and differ in this one point most materially from the foreign Councils and Papal decrees in being totally silent upon the subject of a tripartite division; it therefore follows that such mention of a division as occurs in the works above cited can have no weight as evidence of fact in English history, and we are justified in concluding that this division of tithes never prevailed in the Anglo-Saxon Church, in one single instance, as an historical fact.

3. During the late electoral struggle, in the discussion on this subject, which was of a very animated character, especially in the Eastern counties, the attention of the writer of this paper was drawn to the following decree of Anglo-Saxon times. In 1840 there was printed, by command of his late Majesty King William IV., under the direction of the Commissioners on the Public Records of the Kingdom, a work in two volumes, entitled *Ancient Laws and Institutes of England*, also *Monumenta Ecclesiastica Anglicana*. In Volume I. of that work will be found, among the ordinances of Æthelred, which "the King of the English composed, with the Council of his 'Witan,' in 1014," the following: "And, respecting Tithe, the King and his 'Witan' have chosen and decreed, as is just, that one-third part of the tithe which belongs to the Church go to the reparation of the Church, and a second part to the servants of God, the third to God's poor and to needy ones in thraldom."

This decree is also quoted by Thorpe, *Anglo-Saxon Laws*, vol. i. p. 342, and assigned to A.D. 1014, and in it this tripartite division seems expressly sanctioned by law; it will be, therefore, necessary for us to investigate this important fact, and see if it is not possible

to shake its authority and bearing on the case, as this is generally quoted side by side with Ælfric's Canons as being conclusive of the threefold division of tithes in England. This decree, on the very first blush of it, certainly looks like a more formidable piece of evidence than the Canons just alluded to; but, the more we examine it, the less justified we shall feel ourselves in giving it the position and evidential value which has been assigned to it by many.

Perhaps few of our readers are aware that this subject of the tripartite division was threshed out more than half a century ago, and was the subject of investigation before a Committee of the House of Commons. In a tract on the *Tripartite Division of Tithes in England*, by a layman,* 1833, we find an allusion to this inquiry in the following words :—

A learned gentlemen, who had published an able and ingenious essay in reply to the advocates for a tripartite division in ancient times, having been subsequently examined before the Irish Tithe Committee of the House of Commons, stated in his evidence that, since the publication of his essay, a "Constitution" of Æthelred had been pointed out to him which recognized a tripartite division, but there were, he added, *marks of suspicion attaching to the document sufficiently strong not to allow him to give up his opinion that no law or constitution of the Anglo-Saxon or Danish kings notice the division.* (p. 3.)

A document, in its form unauthoritative, which the late Archdeacon Hale (for that is the name of the learned gentleman referred to) and which Selden† casts a slur upon, is surely not one upon which to rest a fact of English history. It is also worthy of remark that Dr. Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, in his work *Right of Tithes*, although he alludes to this Parliament, in which King Æthelred "made another law to enjoin the same payments, therein confirming and further enforcing all the laws of his predecessors formerly enacted concerning this matter," passes over this decree or so-called ordinance of the tripartite division *sub silentio*.

After showing that the law of Æthelred of 1014, upon which so much stress was laid, was accounted spurious by Mr. Richard Price, the great Anglo-Saxon scholar of his day, a person of such reputation that His Majesty's Record Commissioners had confided to him the task of preparing an edition of the Anglo-Saxon laws, the "learned gentleman" proceeds as follows :—

In the present controversy, however, it is needless for me to take any other course than that of supposing for a while that the law of Æthelred is genuine, and, in this point of view, it presents itself to us *as the single and short-lived testimony* which the whole extent of the Anglo-Saxon legislation is able to afford of the threefold division of

* J. Allen, Esq., Master of Dulwich College.

† *Selden* calls it only a *sort of document*, and passed in Council in a *kind of Parliament*, and tells us "it remains only a manuscript of or about the time of the *Roman* conquest. The preface of it shall be here first noted, that the authority of it may be better understood (*i.e.* appraised at its real value)."—*On Tithes*, book viii. c. x.

tithes. For three centuries before the time of Æthelred the Anglo-Saxon kings had joined with their bishops and nobles in enacting laws which related to the faith, the property, the privileges, and duties of the Church. So far from any appearance of such matters being disregarded by the laity, as if they were matters of mere ecclesiastical arrangement, they seem to have accounted them worthy of their gravest consideration; and if at any time the law, which gave this privilege seemed weak, they honestly strove to strengthen it. Yet, during all this period, and amidst frequent legislation upon the subject of Church revenues, not a sentence can be found from which it is possible to conclude that, in paying their tithes to the Church, they calculated upon it being divided into three parts, and appropriated to three objects, the clergy, the fabric, and the poor. If, indeed, during any succeeding period, the course of the Anglo-Norman or English legislature had in any way harmonized with the principle of the supposed law of Æthelred, we might then have recurred to that law, either as explanatory of later laws, or as adding to them that sanction of antiquity, the value of which even the wild reformer of our own time can at times appreciate, and to which, whenever it suits his purpose, he is glad to appeal. But the facts of the case are these, that as the whole series of Anglo-Saxon laws preceding the times of Æthelred are silent upon the subject of a threefold division, so also is the whole succeeding series of laws which have been enacted in England from the time of Æthelred to this day. *Neither before it, or after it, has there been found any law like it.* On the contrary, it very ill agrees with a law of Edmund enacted some seventy years before it, and if ever it was a law, it was, as respects the duty of repairing churches, virtually set aside and repealed, within twenty years, by a law of Canute. So that, after all, admitting the genuineness of the law, the whole amount of evidence in favour of it is this, that for twenty years that division was recognized by an Anglo-Saxon law, a length of time which is scarcely sufficient to prove the general admission in those times of a principle of law, much less to serve as an argument that that principle is violated by the existence of a contrary principle in our present common law.*

The *Ancient Laws and Institutes of England* give 1014 as the date when the decree of the King and his Witan was made, *i.e.* the year when he returned from his exile in Normandy, and two years before his death. Now all Dr. Lingard says about this episode is, "Æthelred convoked an assembly of the Witan at Oxford, and his first measure was a repetition, on a smaller scale, of that system of massacre for which he had suffered so severely."† Yet Dr. Lingard, as a Roman Catholic priest and author, is a most strenuous upholder of the tripartite division, and the Roman or foreign use, and has twisted history to prove his theory (witness his attempt to incorporate the Canons of Ælfric into the Constitutions of the Council of Clovesho, 803, which we noticed in our last section), and we should not malign his memory, if we said that he was not the sort of authority to have missed such an opportunity as this to foist a decree of this character upon the "Witan" if he had ever heard of such a law. All we can say is that his silence—that of a very special pleader and a strenuous upholder of his Church—is most inexplicable in every way.

Anyway, the decree, if genuine (and the candid reader may now judge of its merits), not less than Ælfric's Canons, points to an ideal

* *Antiquity of the Church Rate System*, p. 26. By the Rev. W. Hale Hale.

† *History*, vol. i. p. 151.

state of things, but is no proof of a fact in history. The tripartite division, it is possible, may have been aimed at as the ideal thing, though it may never have been carried out in practice, or established itself as a national custom. Such being the nature of the document, we should not be justified in expecting that such a decree, if formulated, would lead up to any beneficial results. If it was a genuine decree, ever really enacted, it was altogether inoperative, no single case ever having been produced, in which the partition was made. A glance at the history of the year 1014 will convince us that it was next to impossible that any such decree could have been issued. It is also to be remembered that tithe at this time implied tithe of personalty as well as tithe of increase —that if the Witan were dealing with tithe assigned to parish churches, they were dealing with what was not in their power to deal with—that the division of this particular clause is between the poor, the church, and the servants of God, *i.e.* the monks; so that no provision is made for the parochial or secular clergy, which makes it next door to impossible that this was meant for a general enactment; and lastly, in none of the subsequent codes, which confirm all that is permanent in Æthelred's legislation, is any notice or any indication that such a general measure was intended. The decree is obviously, if authentic or authoritative, a transitional document, after the recognition that tithe of all sorts belongs to the Church, and before the final parochial settlement, which has been handed down to our own time.

We have already endeavoured to show that none of the collections of Canons represent real legislative Acts of the English Church or nation, but are excerpts from foreign laws, or assertions of canonical principle (scientific opinions, not authoritative legislation); and the same is probably true of these so-called Constitutions of Æthelred. Such being the case, to suppose such a principle was ever acted on is entirely inconsistent with everything that is known about the actual history of tithes in England. We may, therefore, safely aver that the Liberationist story is untrue, and these supposed ordinances ascribed to Æthelred are no evidence of practice or facts in English history. Dr. Hatch's reasoning is found to be erroneous and inconclusive, and the "case" which is based upon it falls to pieces.

"Here, then," says Professor Freeman, discussing these "leges Æthelredi," "we at last come to the threefold division of tithe as a thing enjoined by secular as well as ecclesiastical authority. But something is wanting to make legislation perfect. If we look on a little farther, to the next clause but one, we shall find a strict enactment about the payment of tithes, and not only an enactment, but a means prescribed for carrying the enactment into force. But this is simply copied from an earlier law of Eadgar,* and in these laws and in those laws of 1014 it stands almost alone as a real

* Thorpe, vol. ii. p. 262; Schmid, p. 186.

piece of legislation with a sanction. In short, these laws, of which I have found something to say elsewhere,* are hardly laws at all. As was not wonderful under the peculiar circumstances of the time, they are rather an expression of pious and patriotic feeling (see the last clause), a kind of promise of national amendment, than legislation strictly so called. They go along with the discourses of Archbishop Ælfric—good advice rather than legislation—rather than with those codes which not only make decrees, but provide means for executing them. In such a collection of recommendations rather than of real statutes, we are not at all surprised to find the threefold division of tithes. As a counsel of perfection it was perfectly in place in a profession of national repentance and national amendment. But it is nowhere found in any of those codes which are real Acts of legislation, providing the means for carrying out what is ordained. The King and his Witan enjoin the clergy in this matter, as in others, to act according to the rules and recommendations of their spiritual superiors: but they take no steps towards enforcing their injunctions.

"I infer, then, that in the eleventh century, when tithe was not yet property, its payment was already strictly paid by the law of the land. A certain manner of disposing of it, when paid, was recommended as right and desirable by ecclesiastical and, in one case, by civil authority. But no means is provided to enforce the regulation. As tithe gradually stiffened into property, the threefold division was forgotten, or died out in vague exhortations to almsgiving and the like on the part of the receivers of tithe. Where these receivers were, as they often were, distant, sometimes foreign monasteries, or even their lay lessees, the obligation to give certain fixed portions to the poor, an obligation enforced by no legal sanction, was not likely to be remembered. Each receiver of tithe could do as his conscience might prompt him, of the obligation towards the fabric and ornaments of the church, an obligation more easily defined and enforced than that of gifts to the poor. There is still a trace in the liability of the great tithe, whether in clerical or lay hands, for the repair of the chancel." †

We have now concluded our consideration of the evidence, which our opponents have been able to adduce, in the above three points as to the threefold division of tithes in England, from all which it will have been seen that there is nothing to warrant the supposition that this tripartite division ever obtained as a custom in this country, nor was it ever enforced by canon or legislative enactment. In short, it was nothing more, as Dr. Freeman puts it, than a "counsel of perfection." But there are very many documents to throw light upon the legal history of English tithes, and in none of these is any notice taken of such an alleged division. The evidence is indeed negative, but when we do not find an allusion to some historic fact in places where we should naturally expect to find it, such an omission, if it does not positively disprove such a fact, affords the strongest presumption of its falsehood.

We find frequent mention of the subject of tithes in the Anglo-Saxon laws and early English Councils; and, although their payment in England is due to common law, there is hardly any maxim of that law which receives fuller illustration by reference to ancient laws and customs.

In addition to the authorities quoted by Blackstone, we may

* *Norman Conquest*, vol. i. p. 368.

† Dr. Freeman's paper on Tripartite Division, addressed to present writer.

adduce the Constitutions of Odo,* Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 943, directing the payment of tithes. In the subsequent year, the same thing is repeated in a Canon of the Council of London;† and, in the year 959, in the Canons of Eadgar.‡ The payment of tithes is not only enacted by the laws of Eadgar in 967, but is also *enforced* under a penalty of a forfeiture of eight-tenths of the crop, to be divided between the Bishop and the Thane.§ Tithes were made payable by a Council of Ænham,‖ and by the laws of Æthelred,¶ 1012; by the laws of Canute,** under the same penalty as that enacted by the laws of Eadgar; by the laws of Edward the Confessor,†† in 1052. They are recognized in the Council of Winton,‡‡ in 1076; in that of London,§§ 1102; the full payment of them, without deduction of any kind, is enforced by the Council of Durham,‖‖ in 1220; in that of Oxford,¶¶ 1222; in the Constitution of Eadmund, in 1236; and in many other later documents.

But strict and minute though the laws of payment of tithes, and frequent their mention, yet in the cases quoted above, ranging over a period of nearly four hundred years, we do not find the slightest allusion in any one case of the obligation of the clergy to receive only one-third of these tithes for their own use, and give the other two-thirds to the maintenance of the poor or the repair of the fabric; and the omission is the more remarkable because, though these Canons refer chiefly to the laity's duty in paying tithes rather than that of the clergy's distribution of them, yet Canons are not wanting which so plainly enjoin upon the receivers the duty of charity *and hospitality*, that we should have expected, had these duties been the outcome of the tripartite division, some reference would have been formally made to it. In the Canons of Durham,*** the clergy are specially enjoined to be hospitable according to their means, and not to be avaricious towards the poor—an exhortation which is founded upon the general ground of Christian duty, but makes no reference to any legal title which the poor at that time possessed of sharing, in a fixed proportion, the revenues of the clergy. We might also (if space permitted) apply the same reasoning to certain exhortations to hospitality to be found in the Canons of Archbishops Peccham and Stratford ††† in

* Wilkin's *Concilia*, vol. i. p. 213.
† *Ibid.* p. 214.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 228.
§ *Ibid.* p. 245.
‖ *Ibid.* p. 293.
¶ *Ibid.* p. 295.
** *Ibid.* p. 302.
†† *Ibid.* p. 311.
‡‡ *Ibid*, p. 365.
§§ *Ibid.* p. 382.
‖‖ *Ibid.* p. 578.
¶¶ *Ibid.* p. 596.
*** *Vide* Canons of Eadgar, Wilkins, p. 228, and the Canons of the Council of Durham, "De hospitalitate sectanda," *Ibid.* p. 514.
††† Lindwood, "Can. de Clericis non residentibus," p. 132, ed. 1674.

the *Liber Provincialis* of Lindwood, and also in a Constitution of Othobon, "De Institutionibus seu Collationibus"; but we must forbear.

We have now gone through the evidence with regard to this threefold division of tithes. Both on the negative and positive sides, the laws and customs of *England* are silent on the subject, and so are all the charters of monasteries, and every case of endowments. No instance can be adduced on the part of any grantor of tithes, making the alleged division a stipulation of the same, nor that of any monastery endowed with tithes, or any rector so endowed, dividing his revenues in conformity with such division.

The common law of England, being in its oldest principle of Anglo-Saxon origin, gives to the rector a right to the whole tithe, free of all burdens except the repair of the chancel, and that of the official residence of the parish priest; for the doctrine laid down in the English Canons as to the duty of the clergy, both in relieving the poor and repairing the chancel, are quite inconsistent with the existence of any such legal triple division of the revenues.

"It therefore follows," as the late Archdeacon Hale (our great authority on this point) puts it, "that the only conclusion to which we can justly come in this controversy is, that whatever proof may be alleged in support of the prevalence of such a division in foreign countries, the supposition that it prevailed in *England* is perfectly gratuitous, is supported by no one fact, and is utterly irreconcilable with the mass of information which we possess respecting the origin and making of the law of tithes in England."

We must wholly dissent from the reasoning of Dr. Hatch in his paper on the "Origin of Tithes," as being unhistorical, inconsequential, and founded on no warranty of *facts*. The Liberationist agitation—which has been so active on this subject during the last few months, and went a long way in securing the rural vote, especially in East Anglia—utterly collapses; its propaganda among the agricultural labourers is founded neither on documental or historical evidence, and the clergy are found to be where the law of the land has always left them, within their own legal rights, and in the full and just enjoyment of property, for which they have all along produced, and can still produce, their *Title Deeds*.

MORRIS FULLER.

BURMA AND THE BURMESE.

The *North American Review* recently contained an article on British rule in India, only noticeable because it gives us an example of the results of English education and administration as they affect some of our Indian fellow-subjects, and suggests the advisability of our taking the lesson to heart when dealing with the genial peoples of Farther India, who, although of Mongolian origin, are infinitely more in sympathy with us than our Aryan brethren. The writer is one of a class which repays the Government for the education given it by a permanent hostility and unwarrantable vilification. His self-complaisance being apparently impervious to doubt as to his own ignorance, he advances direct and positive assertions which, even to casual students of Indian history, are manifestly opposed to facts. Professing to be alive to the responsibility of his task of exposing the delinquencies of the Indian Government, he promises to be as calm as the exigencies of the case permit, while he essays to prove that the notion of India being far better off under our rule than she otherwise would be is fallacious. Goaded, mayhap, by the recollection of the imaginary wrongs of the people of India, of whom he is the self-elected champion, he soon forgets to act in accordance with the principle he lays down for his own guidance, and launches out into a torrent of invective, worthy of the renowned Buzfuz. His ideas are evidently culled from the seditious effusions of interested demagogues, who endeavour to stir up ill-feelings against the Government, and persuade the people that they are oppressed and impoverished by rulers who, in spite of their shortcomings, have infinitely more sympathy with the people than their accusers. The animus of the writer is emphasized by his refusing to accord credit to the English for putting a stop to Suttee, Thuggee, infanticide, human sacrifices, and other atrocious practices, the credit of whose abolition even the most intolerant critics have accorded to the Indian Government. He is, withal, absolutely silent regarding one of the most glorious of their achievements, namely, the suppression of slavery, successfully accomplished within two years after the promulgation of the Charter Act of 1832, confirming the Honourable East India Company as the Sovereign ruler of India.

There is, it must be confessed, some excuse for his reticence or ignorance in reference to this event, for even some Englishmen, proud though they may be of the action taken and the sacrifices made by their forefathers in connection with the anti-slavery movement in the western hemisphere, are unaware that "the number of human beings whose liberties and fortunes, as slaves and owners of slaves, were at stake when the emancipation of slaves was contemplated in India, far exceeded the number of the same classes in all the slave-holding colonies and dominions of Great Britain and America put together."* After grudgingly admitting that we have given India a tangible boon in education, he contradicts himself afterwards by explaining that the culture derived from books and schools, railways, telegraphs, and other triumphs of civilization, a new life and even a religious awakening are not, in themselves, benefits, and only make Indian recipients more keenly alive to the indignities of their position, and unhappy at the thought of having no other vent than sedition for their newly-awakened powers.

Wherever one travels in the vast dominions of the Empress of India, we may see, he assures us, "a population starved, luckless, cowed, crestfallen, brooding thoughts of darkness and despair; while stalks hither and thither the Anglo-Saxon, riding over their breasts, spitting in their faces, spreading desolation and leaving a nightmare wherever he has passed," and so on, *ad nauseam*. It is no wonder, then, that the author had to cross the Atlantic before he could find an editor complaisant enough to accept a paper which could only be tolerated by credulous persons, who mistake the spurious coin of ignorant and blatant sentiment for its genuine equivalent of educated and real sympathy with the people of India.

When the English first obtained a footing in India, they paid far more attention to the acquisition of wealth, or the process known as shaking of the Pagoda tree, than to the welfare of the natives. As time progressed, a juster sense of their responsibilities induced them to formulate projects for the better administration of the country, adapted to the wants and aspirations of the people. These were succeeded by schemes far in advance of the times, the most noticeable being a system of education, which has engendered much discontent, and developed a class of agitators of which the writer we have quoted is a specimen. As the Burman has an astonishing aptitude for adapting himself to circumstances, similar results appear, in his case, inevitable, if we elect to continue the same policy in Farther India. Though perhaps he might be able to hold his own if our curriculum were more general and

* Sir Bartle Frere, *Fortnightly Review*, March 1883.

practical, he is even less able to bear the strain of a purely intellectual education, owing to his mental inferiority to the quick-witted Hindus. Let us hope, then, that the day may be far distant in which a Burman could conceive, much less fulminate, such an acrimonious attack against a Government to which, at present, he is undoubtedly loyal.

Our first administrators in India deemed it absolutely essential to their very existence to secure the good-will of the people of the country, and, knowing that every detail of their social life was coloured by religion, they inaugurated British rule by solemnly assuring the natives they would not interfere therewith. They soon found, however, that they had undertaken an impossible task. For the Hindu law conflicted with the Muhammadan code, while the canons of both encouraged practices diametrically opposed to our views as to the responsibilities of good government. Our position was, to say the least, anomalous and irksome, for if we adopted the usages of one community, we ran counter to the other, while guided by the principles of our own codes we interfered with both. We solved the dilemma by coolly acting on our own conception of religion and morality, and absolutely ignoring the obligation of looking at any question whatever from a Hindu or Muhammadan standpoint, when the laws or practices of either creed offended our moral sense or our ideas of political expediency. This callous violation of principle, adopted by struggling and emphatically Godless adventurers, accepted as a legacy by their powerful and professedly Christian successors, failed to reconcile the people to the notion that we respected the principles of toleration which we vaunted so loudly. When, one after another, various abominable practices, which they deemed religious observances, were prohibited by us, they believed that our ultimate object was to destroy their religions and substitute our own. It is difficult to conjecture how they could have arrived at this conclusion, for direct encouragement has never been given by the English Government to Christianity, and at one time it was even distinguished for its hostility thereto; nevertheless, there is no doubt this delusion exists, and that it was one of the prominent causes of the Mutiny in 1857. It has been suggested that, by a crass perversity, they confounded the innovations introduced by our advanced civilization—which have a decided tendency to destroy faith in their time-honoured beliefs—with our religion.

Whatever may be the errors of Hinduism, Muhammadanism, or Budhism from our point of view, the votaries of these religions have one transcendent merit which Christians, unfortunately, cannot boast of. They certainly have the courage of their opinions. The austere Brahman performs his ablutions, and carries out the for-

mulæ prescribed by his creed, without a thought as to the effect on the passers-by. The Moslem sailor, whether sunset finds him on the deck of a P. and O. steamer or on the crowded Calcutta course, spreads his mat, and, turning his face towards Mecca, repeats his prayers and goes through the genuflections and postures enjoined by his ritual, with an equal disregard of public opinion. While the light-hearted and laughter-loving Burman, despite of the various distractions afforded by the heterogeneous assembly which collects on the platforms of his venerated temples on worship days, though keenly sensitive to ridicule, as a matter of course steps aside and performs his simple devotions in like singleness of spirit. The bulk of Englishmen, on the other hand, exhibit little outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace. Hence it has been suggested, with some show of reason, that people whose every action in life is tempered by religion are under the impression that many of our secular acts are identical with Christianity.

The bonds which link together the lay and clerical communities of our own possessions in India, as well as the equivalent of Church and State pertaining to our feudatories, is quite as pronounced in Burma; with this essential difference, that whereas the great bulk of the Indian people are the victims of a semi-social, semi-religious system unparalleled for its tyranny, the Burmese are absolutely free from the trammels of caste. The latter are so fortunate as to live under the mild and beneficent sway of Budhism, whose moral code Max Müller has pronounced to be "one of the most perfect the world has ever known," a system which, after revolting against Brahmanism more than twenty centuries ago, now numbers amongst its votaries more than one-third of the human race. "In point of age," as Edwin Arnold points out, "most other creeds are youthful compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion yet made of human freedom."

The traditions and tenets of the religion of Budha are more faithfully observed by the Burmese than by any other Budhist peoples. They certainly have the very strongest hold on their imaginations, and bind together in one harmonious whole the civil, religious, and social life of the people. Pure as is their Budhism, it is, after all, in many instances, merely a veneering on the geniolatry, or ancient cult, preserved intact by the Karens, Khyins, and other tribes, unaffected by Christianity, which still retains a firm hold on the bulk of the people. For they daily propitiate the wicked genii, in order to counteract evil influences, and the good genii to obtain temporal blessings. They regard the

spirit world with an awe not countenanced by the Budhist creed, in spite of the denunciations of their more orthodox brethren and the edicts fulminated by the late King Mengdon, an eminent and consistent Defender of the Faith. The Pharisaical section of the community, which inveighs the most bitterly against the weaknesses of the vulgar, is not, however, altogether free from the taint of this superstition. Even they are prone to attribute misfortunes to the malignant influence of evil *nats*, or demons, and when a physician, for instance, is at his wits' end in a case of severe illness, he gravely informs the patient that, all the resources of the medical art having been exhausted, a sorcerer must be called in to exorcise the spirit which has caused the complaint. Atheist though he be, when sudden mishap or dire calamity overtakes the Burman, he involuntarily cries aloud, *Phra kaiba*! "God help me!" but it is to the unknown God, to whom the Athenians raised an altar, that his supplication goes forth—a cry indicative of the pent-up yearnings of unregenerate human nature for superior aid when subordinate agency is found to be of no avail.

The Burmese comply, it is true, with the requirements of their professed religion, but in a decidedly perfunctory manner, consisting, for the most part, of weekly visits to the pagodas, which, to uninitiated Western observers, appear more like pleasant picnics than religious solemnities. Any form of religion is certainly preferable to demonology, and it behoves us to beware lest, by our irreligious education, we scrape off this veneering, and lay bare, in all its hideous nakedness, the heathenism concealed beneath.

With the Burman Budhists, no doubt, the religious and moral residuum is still considerable. Their faith, in spite of the veneering, is a great reality. The labours of their Phongyees, or priests, in the religious instruction of the young, posing, as they do, as living exemplars of their Great Master, greatly enhance this feeling. Consequently, the efforts of Christian missionaries to grapple with and disentangle the labyrinth of metaphysics and theory of metempsychosis, which comprise its fundamental doctrines, are more or less futile.

The Hindu, hedged in by the almost impenetrable barrier of caste, can practically defy onslaughts on his creed. But the Burman, having no such safeguard, will, sooner or later, be more hopelessly cut adrift, if we do not provide him with a safe anchorage when allowing him to encounter the perils of attack on a religion which has comforted his forefathers for ages.

The question of religious and secular education in Burma presents an entirely novel and extremely interesting aspect, not only to the philanthropist and administrator, but also to the specialist and doctrinaire. European travellers, more than a century ago,

recorded with admiration and astonishment that the Burmese had, long before, satisfactorily solved the vexed problem of bringing elementary education within reach of the humblest members of the community, without the risk of friction of any kind—a question which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of the wisest European and American statesmen. They found existing a system of clerical and lay education, based upon religion and embracing the quaintest ideas regarding a fabulous cosmogony and history, eminently suited to the wants of a simple and credulous people, with whom it found favour from the impress of ancient tradition and custom. First of all, there was the monastery school, found in almost every village, which then, as now, was freely open to all classes, rich or poor, high or low, where every boy received gratuitously the rudiments of education. Secondly, there was the lay school, modelled on the monastic institution, open to girls as well as boys, conducted by pious persons who, in the afternoon of life, elected to occupy themselves in the essentially meritorious work of teaching, instead of wearying themselves, to no purpose—so far as the acquisition of religious merit is concerned—in the sordid pursuit of gain. The schools, both clerical and lay, exist to the present day as they did then. There is no anomaly in the curriculum. While strict discipline is enforced by both monks and laymen in essentials, indulgence is otherwise the rule, so that learning is not so irksome as in more advanced seminaries. The lessons imbibed in both, being identical with the grand precepts handed down to them by the founder of their religion, have a lasting hold on their imaginations, and have "impressed on the national life such precepts as self-denial, honesty, truthfulness, obedience to parents, tenderness to animals, and faithfulness to the marriage tie."*

With the generous sympathy felt by the late Sir Arthur Phayre in all that concerned Burma and the Burmese, that able administrator hesitated long before he meddled in any way with a fabric which had so successfully stood the test of time; for he had learnt, by our sad experience in India, to eschew the craze which had sapped the foundations of the more ancient Hindu edifice, without taking reasonable precautions to minimize, if he could not forestall, the inevitable catastrophe. But at last he was constrained to admit that the exigencies of the case brooked no further delay, for he could no longer blind himself to the fact that the Burman, living in a fool's paradise, must be engulfed or carried away in the rapidly advancing tide of Western civilization, unless a safety-plank were improvised in his behalf, or a life-buoy thrown out to him.

With a breadth of view and statesman-like conception of the

* Mr. Hordern's article in *Fraser's Magazine*, November 1877.

situation truly admirable, Sir Arthur elected to preserve intact, as best he could, the venerable institution which owed its very existence to the conservatism of national opinion, which, like the clinging ivy on an ancient building crumbling to decay, tends to retard, if it does not actually obviate, its ultimate ruin. In other words, guided by a true interpretation of the rules of political economy, and imbued with a happy instinct as to what constitutes the legitimate goal of a sympathetic Government, acting also in harmony with the practical as well as sentimental aspirations of the people, he resolved to support the existing educational machinery, and utilize it as a means of introducing, by degrees, Western habits of thought and methods of instruction.

With this object he took the most influential monks and lay teachers into his confidence, and explained that, fully sympathising with them in their excellent work of educating the young, and gratefully acknowledging the results thereof in turning out good and law-abiding citizens, it was by no means his intention to set up Government Schools in opposition to the monastic and lay institutions in the villages, but rather to co-operate with them, and merely supplement the curriculum, by imparting instruction likely to be useful to the students in the ordinary affairs of life. In fact, he desired to make use of their seminaries for primary education, merely enlarging the scope of the education given therein, by asking them to adopt the books ordinarily read in Government elementary schools, to admit assistant teachers, paid by Government, into the monasteries, and to allow rewards to be given to scholars who attained a certain degree of proficiency.

The genuine frankness with which the monks responded to Sir Arthur Phayre's appeal was, no doubt, partly due to their innate courage of conviction, which scorned to admit that the proposed measure could materially affect a system which had for many centuries resisted all assaults and encroachments on its constitution, but was chiefly owing to a wide tolerance and enlightened spirit, to which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel among Western nations. Their confidence was abundantly justified so long as this officer controlled the destinies of Burma; for under his fostering care the leaven introduced by himself gave an impetus to the acquirement of useful knowledge, without impairing the social and religious discipline which is the conspicuous merit of the indigenous system. It was admitted on all sides, as a foregone conclusion, that the acquirement of even the rudiments of modern geography would explode Burmese notions of cosmography, which, after all, are merely speculations regarding the material world borrowed from the Hindus, which, though they have been gradually embodied in some of their sacred writings,

do not belong to their religious creed. As knowledge increased, it was also anticipated that an implicit belief in the records of the Maha-Raza-Wen (Great History of Kings), and other classical though apocryphal authorities, might give way to doubt. But, admitting these premises, it was urged that it is a matter of supreme indifference to the ordinary Burman whether the earth goes round the sun or *vice versâ*; and as he has reasons for suspecting that some of the recent history of his kings is the pure invention of the Court Chronicler, he may shrewdly conclude that much of the ancient history is equally unreliable.

In course of time Sir Arthur Phayre was no longer at the helm of the educational bark, while his successors, who won their spurs as administrators in our oldest Indian province, took command. Though loyally adopting in theory the system inaugurated by that distinguished man, in practice it is evident they were dissatisfied with the travelling powers of the old vessel, and anxious to enable her to compete successfully with her neighbours, as well as to keep up their own prestige as smart commanders, they had her fitted with the newest and most approved machinery, and, putting on full pressure, essayed to drive her at greater speed than the ancient hull could stand. In other words, they applied to Burma the system which guided them in Bengal, "the weakness of which is that it ignores religion as the basis of both Hindu and Muhammadan society, and in its schools and colleges confines its efforts to secular education."*

Thanks to its system of elementary education, Burma compares favourably with our Indian provinces in the matter of mental culture. From the census returns for 1881 it appears that 46 per cent. of the population could read and write, while in Madras and the North-West Provinces the per-centage was only 9. By the same statistics one learns that 6·6 of the entire population, or 10·8 if males only were reckoned, attended primary schools, compared with 10 per cent. in England and Wales. Female education in Burma is backward, no doubt. The census compiler avers, however, that the ratio would be higher were it not that some accomplished women prefer to be considered illiterate, rather than run the chance of receiving naughty letters from men; but may it not be due to the utilitarian view taken of the question by the people, who argue that literary abilities are useless to women, as they are ineligible as Government officials or mercantile clerks. Some few Karen women take to learning for its own sake, and have successfully vied with men in the higher branches of education, while Burmese women are not ambitious in this line.

The bitter cry from India is that by our agnostic teaching we

* Sir L. Griffin, *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, April 1886.

have made the Hindu sceptical of the merits of the comfortable religion which satisfied his ancestors for ages, and, landing him on the strands of unbelief, have given him nothing to guide him in his search for truth, excepting the broad light of intellectual knowledge. "But the English embroidery is only on the hem of the mysterious garment of Indian life, and the great mass of the people are unaffected by the struggles of the young men of our schools and colleges to obtain a share in the offices at the disposal of Government."* This is undoubtedly due to the system of caste, which enters into all the most ordinary relations of Indian life, producing laws often most tyrannical and too anomalous for generalization, but which has occasionally its redeeming points. Not the least noticeable of these is the staunch conservatism and passive resistance it offers to the evils attendant on the train of Western civilization. Caste in India, as well as the indigenous social religious system in Burma, discourage a restless ambition, and tend to make the Hindu and the Burman respectively more or less content with his position, and further teach him, in the words of the Church Catechism, that his duty towards his neighbour is "to submit himself to all his governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters, to order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters, to learn and labour truly to get his own living, and to do his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him." But here the similarity ends. The orthodox Hindu, bound hand and foot by the trammels of caste, cannot move one hair's breadth from the groove of its canons without incurring social ostracism—to him a living death. At the same time, it must be admitted, it intervenes as a real friend in saving the weak from oppression, and, when slavery was rife, to protect the servants and their families from the evil passions of their masters. It also deters the Hindu from succumbing to the allurements of drink and opium, so freely offered under the ægis of a Christian Government. The requirements of caste in Western countries are rigid enough, we all know; but Christianity and good sense have ever tended to ameliorate social differences, and engendered sufficient self-respect to discourage evil inclinations.

The unfortunate Burman, however, has no such safeguard, and experience unhappily proves that the civil and religious institutions which have developed in him the high moral standard, and the estimable social qualities which enlist the keen sympathy of Europeans, are unable to bear the strain of some of the evil effects of Western civilization.

In a country capable of immense development if it were adequately populated, the Government, with its eyes wide open to

* Sir Lepel Griffin's article, *Asiatic Quarterly*, for April 1886.

the consequence of its imprudence, has, by its iniquitous excise system, done its best to decimate its already sparse population. District officers, police superintendents, and others have for years complained that the difficulties of administration have been greatly enhanced by callous indifference to the immoral results consequent on a slavish adherence to this policy; and one whose zeal, perhaps, outran his discretion, charged the Government with ruining and poisoning the people. This called forth a Government Minute, setting forth that Government servants were bound to carry out the orders of superior authority, and not to question them. It further discouraged plain speaking, but it served to increase the Excise revenue. At last, however, the Government was awakened to the real danger of the situation, and has latterly done its best to atone for past shortcomings. But it is like shutting the stable door after the steed has been stolen.

The Christian missionary, with commendable zeal, distributes, gratis, his tracts far and wide—"casts his bread upon the waters," —in full assurance of the truth of the Biblical promise as to the saving of souls. The "Heathen Chinee," meanwhile, itinerates throughout the country, and in every out-of-the-way village is to be found, also distributing gratis, with a "smile childlike and bland," his vile opium, knowing that he will be afterwards recompensed for that outlay by the increased demand therefor, though the people be ruined body and soul. In the last debate in Parliament on the opium question, Mr. McIvor, in scathing invective, denounced the false sentimentality which interests itself in the morality of three hundred millions of Chinese, for whom we are *not* responsible, while it allows three millions and more of Burmese, for whom we are responsible to be utterly demoralized. He truly interpreted the feelings of the bulk of the people when he said, that they would welcome a law making the consumption of opium penal. The unsympathetic Western will probably argue that, if the Burmese are determined to drink spirits or consume opium, which they have every right to do if so inclined, such grandmotherly legislation would be out of place; but to those who know the Burmese, the suggestion is by no means far-fetched.

Let us [as the *Pall Mall Gazette* says], if we must, respect the sacred right of all white-skinned races to have unlimited liberty to buy, brew, and sell as much "distilled damnation" as they please, but these minors of the Empire, these races who are still *in statu pupillari*—surely we might withhold from them the demoralizing draught which is threatening the moral ruin of whole populations entrusted to our guardian care. Until we see that this is done in lands where we are supreme, we shall be open to the reproach of using our Christian and civilizing Empire as a mere cloak to cover a veritable propaganda of hell.

The Native Government, fully alive to the failings of their countrymen, had long ago come to the conclusion that ordinary

deterrents, such as fines or imprisonment and fear of public opinion, were ineffectual to cope with intemperance. It was therefore accustomed, with not a little success, to check the evil by employing measures of a decidedly drastic character, such as flogging round the town, and naked exposure to the sun, with stones piled upon the victim's chest and stomach, in the case of a confirmed drunkard. The Burmese authorities certainly achieved satisfactory results, which we, backed by all the powers of our vaunted Penal Code, are unable to accomplish. Drunkenness, the elders complain, is very prevalent, and on the increase; debauchery and license have ruined naturally strong constitutions; the gambling propensities of the people have been encouraged rather than checked; and they also note with dismay the terrible consequences of the consumption of opium on their countrymen, who, unfortunately, cannot—like the Chinamen—exercise moderation in its use, but, owing to excessive indulgence, become ruined, morally and physically, taking to theft and dacoity in order to obtain the means of satisfying their cravings for the drug. When brought in contact with the customs introduced by us, the straightforward and manly truthfulness, which was one of the most pleasing characteristics of the people, has too often given way, they aver, to fraud, trickery, and falsehood; while obedience to parents, reverence for age, and the innate natural kindliness and consideration for others, which used to be their distinguishing traits, are now conspicuous by their absence. Instead of being trained in the monastic schools from early boyhood, where they were well grounded in their own language, and taught lessons of high morality, which tended to make them good citizens, amenable to all properly-constituted authority, lads are now kept in the monasteries, they say, for as long only as the requirements of religion and custom exact, whence they are drafted, as soon as possible, either to the purely secular seminaries or to the Christian missionary schools, with the avowed object of fitting them for Government or mercantile employment, carrying away from both only worldly-minded or sceptical convictions. In these establishments they acquire more or less a knowledge, or perhaps only a smattering, of English, to the practical exclusion of their mother tongue, flippant and disrespectful behaviour, instead of the courteous manners inculcated in the monasteries, and a decided proclivity to scoff at religious and moral obligations, which used not to be their wont.

"From many causes combined we witness in Burma a practical example of the reign of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which might serve as an ideal to the most advanced of modern theorists."* Still, we find that, with the extraordinary self-complaisance which

* Mr. Hordern's article in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1878.

characterizes them, the Burmese are fully under the impression that, owing to the inexorable rule of *Kan*, or destiny, they are ineffably superior in every way to other mortals, who, owing to their misdeeds in former stages of existence, are immeasurably beyond the pale of that exalted state of humanity attainable by those who have had the privilege of Budhist baptism.

It must be confessed that the Burmese have an exalted opinion of themselves. Their religious, historical, and social traditions, acquired from earliest childhood, and kept prominently before them by the almost daily dramatical performances which are a conspicuous feature in the national life, serve to convince them of the validity of their claim to purity of descent and the grandeur of their antecedents. "Does not their very name imply," say they, "that they are descendants of the holy Bramas, who came to earth from the blessed regions of the Rupa, or seventh heaven? Does not their 'Great Chronicle of Kings' indisputably prove that their kings are representative scions of the immortal Maha Thummada, the first Emperor of the Universe?" Though this display of overweening pride and self-assertion is, to say the least, far from attractive to even their best friends and well-wishers, still, if kept within reasonable bounds, these eccentricities should be rather encouraged than otherwise, for at this critical period of their national and political life, when many sinister influences are at work calculated to undermine and destroy their commendable independence of character, every indulgence should be meted them rather than they should suffer as regards self-respect, and lose the manly bearing which is so refreshing to Europeans accustomed to the obsequiousness of the mild Hindu.

In the interest of good government and the religious, social, and material welfare of the people, as well as in grateful response to the very liberal spirit and wonderful tolerance with which the Budhist monks met our efforts to introduce secular education in the monasteries, many thoughtful persons are of opinion that it was a political blunder to refuse to comply with the expressed wishes of both clergy and laity in our older possessions, to afford official recognition to Budhism and its hierarchy. For, not having had for many years a universally recognized head of the Church in Pegu, sects and cliques sprang up, which caused much dissension and strife among members of the Budhist persuasion, which occasionally were so pronounced as to interfere with the general administration of the country. As the Chief Commissioner of Burma was unable to help them in this dilemma, the Pegu Budhists appealed to Lord Dufferin, who, though giving a courteous and sympathetic reply to their prayer, did not commit himself to anything definite. It appears to us that the request might have

been gracefully conceded, without laying our Government open to the imputation of identifying itself with the Budhist religion. It is a matter of congratulation to find that our attitude in our recently-acquired province is dictated by a more liberal policy. There is no reason whatever why the Chief Commissioner or Lieutenant-Governor of Burma should not hold precisely the same position towards the Budhist Church as the Burmese King did. The latter was simply the fountain of honour for all his subjects, and had no spiritual functions whatever. Owing to a generally conceived, but altogether erroneous impression, it was believed that, by depriving King Theebaw of his temporal power, we robbed the Budhist Church of its spiritual head. The notion derived its origin from quite a recent innovation, introduced by the astute and pious Mengdoon, who, under the impression that he was destined to be the coming Budh and Convener of the Fifth Synod, declined to appoint a successor to the Archbishop of Upper Burma, who died during his reign, and, like our own Henry the Eighth, assumed in his own person the style and title of Defender of the Faith. His late Majesty endeavoured to extend his assumed spiritual authority over the Budhist priests in Lower Burma, as a step towards recovering that country. This foolish ecclesiastical movement was, at one time, fraught with mischief, and led to some troublesome intrigues against English authority.

Though Christian missionaries view with complaisance the disintegration which has been caused by Government want of sympathy with the Budhist Church—for they know that it is their only hope of making a strong impression in the interests of Christianity on the people—still they unreservedly regret that its acknowledged influence for good should cease. It is obvious we ought to take more pains than we do to conserve the indigenous system, as modified by Sir Arthur Phayre, instead of doing our best to destroy it by our policy of irreligious education. If, owing to our *laches* in this respect, and in deference to our educational canon, which lays down that religious teaching shall form no part of our curriculum, our most prudent and generous course would be to let the Burmese feel that, as regards both religious and secular affairs, our dealings with them are not dictated simply from self-interest, but also in consideration for their reasonable wishes, and even their sentiments.

The inordinate craze for English education which promises to become as much an epidemic in Burma as in Bengal, may, however, paralyze our best efforts in this direction. The difficulty to which Lord Dufferin drew attention in his speech at the opening of the Muir College, as to providing the increasing number of aspiring and intelligent young men with suitable employment after

they have left school, is beginning to be felt in Burma. "English education," as Sir Lepel Griffin pithily put it, "is an excellent thing, but, like a powerful medicine, it should be administered with discretion, and we must be careful that we do not invite a destructive demon instead of a healing angel to trouble the still pool of Indian society."*

Long after our power was firmly established in India, our superstitious deference to native religious and social prejudices excited the wonder of travellers and outsiders, as much as our discouragement of Christianity and its teachers moved the religious world in England to scorn and disgust. We have considerably modified this attitude within the last thirty or forty years, for, instead of our former sensitiveness to native opinion, we now frequently treat it with indifference, while more fully impressed with a sense of our manifest obligations as a Christian Government, Christian missionaries, as well as the religion they teach, are accorded a far more honourable position. Still, in subservience to our traditionary instincts, we have not the moral courage to allow Christianity to be taught in our National Schools.

Whatever difficulties may suggest themselves as to a change in our hereditary policy so far as regards India, no such objection applies to Burma, which offered us a golden opportunity for a fresh departure. The prospect was the more inviting from the novel experience of having to deal with a people endowed with an exquisite tolerance in religious matters, compared with which ours is an obvious sham. This feeling was enhanced by our being brought in contact with the Karens, who, numbering more than half a million souls, or one-seventh of the total population of what used to be called British Burma, are, next to the Burmese, the most important nationality in our Trans-Gangetic provinces.

The Karens have excited a special interest in the Christian world, owing to their remarkable traditions, which coincide more or less minutely with some of the most prominent events recorded in Biblical history, as well as to the almost marvellous success of Christian missionaries among them. Their indigenous religion—if it may be so called—merely consists in deprecating, by offerings of food and intoxicating drinks, the wrath of malignant demons, and propitiating the goodwill of the spirits of the woods, streams, and hills. Every object of nature with them has its Lord; all bodies, celestial and terrestrial, every human being—nay, all animate things, as well as things inanimate, which can be brought into practical use, have their guardian spirits. The air they breathe is, to them, peopled with the ghosts of the unburied dead, and the spirits of their ancestors crowd around them. The sun,

* *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, April 1886.

the moon, and the stars, which shed light upon the earth; the mighty ocean, the trackless desert, and the lofty mountain, which inspire awe; the spreading banyan tree, the fruitful garden, and the hill-clearing, which minister to their bodily wants—have each and all their tutelar deities, which must be humoured. Indifferent as to what may befall them after death, they are keenly desirous of anticipating events in this life, and never enter into the commonest undertakings involving uncertainty, much less the more important, without consulting and obtaining a favourable response from the augury of fowls' bones. To exemplify the very narrow margin that exists between the sublime and the ridiculous, we may mention that an orthodox Karen would never dream of tempting Providence so far as to take an emetic or purgative without having recourse to this oracle. Such beliefs cannot reasonably be taken into account if we give the widest possible margin to our notions regarding religious toleration. The attitude of the wild tribes who hold these views, and who were noted for their hostility to the Burmese when they ruled the country, was conspicuous for its loyalty during the recent revolution in Upper Burmah. Hemmed in by turbulent Shans and discontented Burmese, they did their best to maintain order on the frontier.

The Christian Karens are certainly entitled to the widest sympathy and active encouragement on the part of our Government, for reasons of expediency, if not on far higher grounds; for, owing to the great change which has come over them from Christian teaching, many who used to be drunken, worthless, and turbulent caterans, are now sober, well-disposed, and law-abiding subjects. These results are due to the fact that, like the English Puritans of old, their education has been based on religion, and not merely on the intellectual programme favoured by our National Schools. It is a matter for serious consideration, therefore, whether we cannot make an exception in favour of this very interesting people, rather than suffer them to be demoralized when they come within the influence of our agnostic teaching.

Were a Moslem Government in our place, it would probably be equal to the occasion, and would certainly allow no theoretical policy to interfere with the practical duty of giving the utmost encouragement to a people who evince such an ardent desire to become co-religionists and loyal subjects. The Muhammadans, when they conquered India, very early recognized the fact that the severe and unamiable features of their creed were unsuited to the Hindus, and that, in the interests of proselytism, the sword—which was such a successful instrument of coercion in Arabia and North Africa—must be abandoned. They did not, as a rule, persecute or endeavour to forcibly convert, but they regarded the

propagation of their religion as the first consideration. Circumstances, they were not slow to admit, altered cases. So they offered the Hindus the attractions of social pleasures, literary pursuits, marriage, high office, and often the option of conversion as atonement for crime. Although it is impossible for us to adopt the proselytism favoured by Islam, even in its modified form, the tangible results of its policy are sufficiently suggestive to warrant a conclusion that, if we had in India accorded reasonable encouragement to Christianity, instead of indifference and, occasionally, obstruction, we might, like the Moslems, have had a large native population whose interests and sympathies would be in unison with ours. The Christian convert, however, living beneath the shadow of a Christian Government, which, if consistent with the teachings of its creed, ought rather to be an Evangelist than a Gallio, knows that his change of religion is to it indifferent. Scouted by his own caste-fellows, ignored by his Christian rulers, debarred from even menial service by Europeans, and often receiving but scant welcome or protection from the missionaries, his position is often most irksome, degraded, and miserable.

The reason given by Government for adopting this unsympathetic policy is that it holds its duty to consist merely in confining itself to promoting the social well-being of its subjects, leaving them entirely free to the dictates of conscience in all that concerns religion. Its opponents argue that it is not consistent; for, though it affirms that no exclusive support can be given to any form of religious teaching, yet, apparently goaded by the taunts of Exeter Hall as a Godless Government, it offers as a sop to Cerberus large pecuniary grants to Christian schools of all denominations, in which religious teaching is essential. They ridicule the idea of counteracting this anomaly by disallowing religious teaching in the Government schools, to the injustice of its Christian scholars, without even the tangible excuse of offending the religious sensibilities of the tolerant Burmese, who form the bulk of the pupils. They also condemn the position which admits intellectual results only to be the alpha and omega of national education, and point out that mercenary inducements held out to successful rivals in this competition have a direct influence in setting at nought the religious instruction which the Budhist would otherwise receive, and which the most bigoted Evangelists admit is better than none.

Leaving religious polemics aside, many are of opinion that it was a political error to abstain, in India, from using our influence as a Government and as individuals in favour of Christianity, so as to secure a population loyal to our rule, the want of which is our greatest weakness. It cannot be positively declared that the

people of India are actually intolerant of our religion. No one can say that it has been prominently or offensively obtruded to their notice, excepting when the open-air preaching of missionaries in the public bazaars was more pronounced than it is now; but this superabundant zeal, after all, affected phlegmatic Hindus in the same way as the rantings of some of our street orators, or the vagaries of the Salvation Army, affect easy-going people among ourselves. It was resented, it is true, in the olden days, by the turbulent, after the fashion that roughs all over the world delight in, till the active interference of the police suggested the alternative of burning chillies under the nostrils of the preachers, as a more legitimate as well as equally efficacious method of abating the nuisance. It is apparently, then, neither our faith nor our manner of propagating it to which they object, but, as before noted, the novel ideas brought in the train of our civilization, which they confound with our religion. The natural inference, therefore, seems to be that, so far as the natives are concerned, we should have been in a better position if from the very first we had nailed our colours to the mast, and proclaimed ourselves a Christian Government.

As was the case with our predecessors when they conquered the Hindus, so with us when the Burmese came under our rule, we found ourselves in contact with a pleasant and amenable people, whose social and religious life was an integral part of the constitution. They, from motives of self-interest, paid great respect to the religious prejudices of the natives. We, with no such necessity, ignore them. Could they have anticipated the results of irreligious teaching, coupled with Western civilization, they would probably have modified their policy. Let us take warning by their experience.

It will be readily admitted that we incur a vast responsibity, if we decide on adhering to a policy which will inevitably subvert a system based on precepts older than Christianity, which have done so much for the people, and which still exercise such a beneficial influence on their social, religious, and national life. As when we first occupied India, so when we took possession of Burma, the blessings of British rule in the cause of order were palpable and tangible, when compared with the evils of disorder and anarchy which characterized the old *régime*. "Everyone had a standard whereby to measure the merits of that rule compared with what had gone before. It had one overwhelming merit, that it answered for order. This merit, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all other considerations."*

The comfort and security which the *Pax Britannica* has brought

* Sir R. Temple, *Fortnightly Review*, January 1883.

with it are, no doubt, fully appreciated by those who can adequately recall their former troubles; but it is very questionable whether the routine monotony of the working of our Government machine, which is more in accord with the ordinary Hindu temperament, is not really abhorrent to the buoyant spirit of the typical Burman, who, with the proverbially short memory of an Asiatic, and his innate passion for gambling, in his heart would prefer to encounter the manifold risks in the hope of gaining one of the many prizes attainable by the fortunate under Burmese rule. The vast majority of our subjects in Farther India, whether they be of the hitherto dominant race; the industrious Shans—Budhists like the Burmese—who possess such remarkable proclivities for trade, and from whom so much is expected in the development of commerce between Burma, Siam, and China; the formerly intractable hill Karens, who used to be distinguished for their fierce and undisciplined bearing, but among whom Christianity has worked such wonders; the more peaceful lowlanders of the same race, who hover round the outskirts of civilized life, ministering to its necessities, but not caring to join in its pursuits—one and all think favourably of the British Government. Some of the Burmese, no doubt, occasionally find fault with our administration; but even the most rabid Radicals have method in their madness, and do not condemn us wholesale, as is the case with the Hindu agitators. The Burman with his numerous faults has many virtues. Given to braggadocio, he is withal the very pink of courtesy; cruel under excitement, he evinces the tenderest compassion for the meanest of God's creatures; though bigoted, he is extremely tolerant; apathetic and lazy when he has no need for exertion, he is vivacious and energetic on occasion; partial to much exaggeration, yet generally truthful; sober and abstemious, yet prone to excessive indulgence under temptation; devoid of ambition or sordid desire for wealth, yet keenly anxious for power and the fruits thereof: full of eccentricities and contradictions though he be, Englishmen thrown into daily contact with the Burman entertain for him, and inspire him in return with, a kindly feeling rarely met with where natives of India are concerned. Centralization and other results of what is termed Progress tend, alas! to blunt this reciprocal sympathy, which serves to prevent friction in the working of the administrative machine. Absolutely free from care as the Burman is, blessed with a happy and contented disposition as well as a bouyant temperament which makes light of the ills to which flesh is heir, enjoying, as he does, a life of great tranquility, the most ardent reformer cannot help feeling a pang at the thought that this Arcadian existence must be pushed aside in the hurry of advancing civilization.

The women of Burma deserve a separate article. Suffice it to say here, however, that their position is unique; for they have attained all that the most advanced exponents of women's rights demand, and exercise their privileges in a way to challenge criticism. Illiterate though they be, they compensate for this deficiency by their remarkable astuteness, *savoir faire*, and industry, which, with a more than usual share of common-sense, enables them to transact business of every kind most efficiently. Identifying themselves completely in everything that concerns their husbands; whether it be in the negotiation of a mercantile contract, raising a hue and cry after some criminal wanted by the police, receiving Government dues, and so forth, the better halves of merchants, police officers, tax-collectors and others, in their husbands' absence, as a matter of course, carry on their duties. An impetus has of late years been given to female education, which should be encouraged; for, if we could induce Burmese women to adopt their natural duty of teaching the very young, they might either supplement or offer an alternative for the primary education given in the monasteries, and, mayhap, instill into the minds of the rising male generation some of the energy and capacity for making their way in the world which they themselves possess.

In taking over the administration of a country hitherto subject to a despotic sway, we were materially aided by a notable peculiarity in its Constitution, consisting of the absence of hereditary nobility and gentry, in the recognition of whose claims we inherited endless troubles in our Indian provinces. Officialdom was the only standard of rank; hence, on annexing Burma, we had no vested interests to consider, and had an opportunity without let or hindrance of inaugurating any policy we pleased, as well as of selecting the fittest instruments for carrying it out. Let us be wise in time, and, profiting by our experience in India, deal very differently with Farther India, wherein are none of the conditions pertaining to any of our Indian provinces. "The English race, possessed of high political aptitude and administrative capacity, is yet cursed with a want of imagination, which prevents its seeing doctrines of practical politics with the same eyes as those with which they are regarded by alien peoples, to whom they are sought to be applied."* Conscientiously as we, doubtless, work in the interests of the people, it is unfortunately only too true that, in India proper, we are neither universally loved nor trusted. Let us hope that, in dealing in a more sympathetic spirit with the pleasant peoples of Farther India, this judgment may be reversed.

* Sir Lepel Griffin, *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, April 1886.

A. R. McMahon.

DEMOCRACY AND TASTE.

In nations, as in individuals, the effect of change is so tacit and gradual that, to one looking only on the surface of things, there might seem to be no more movement in the stream that transforms beliefs, opinions, and institutions, than we notice in the earth as it revolves round the sun, or in the circulation of the blood while it renews the entire substance of the animal body. *E pur si muove*; and occasionally, as we catch glimpses of our relative position to external landmarks, we are startled to find how far the movement has carried us. In nothing are the revolutions of society more manifest than in changes of taste. Taste, as we are often inclined to forget, is the moving cause in every great revolution of art. "I shall add," says Addison, "no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste."* Looking, then, to the outward effects of taste in our contemporary art and literature, how wide is the interval that separates us from the feelings and ideas of our forefathers in the early part of the century! To what is the change to be attributed? In part, no doubt, to the influence of works of genius on the public imagination. But genius is in itself, to some extent at all events, an effect, and the taste of the painters and poets who have helped to form our own, has been largely due to the religious, political, and social forces of their age. In our arts we see reflected the change through which the nation has passed from an aristocratic to a democratic stage of society; and by the latter phrase I mean not simply the sovereign voice of the multitude at the polling-booths, but also the whole movement of emancipating thought and the general atmosphere of self-consciousness produced by the free expression of opinion in the public press. I wish in this paper, without quarrelling with our circumstances, or insisting that the

* *Spectator*, No. 29.

one condition of English society is preferable to the other, to consider very briefly the nature of the changes in popular taste which have been produced by the transfer of authority from the few to the many.

In the first place, it is suggestive to consider the difference in the character of the judges in the two epochs. Throughout the last century, those who professed any taste were limited to the aristocracy, the professional classes in the metropolis, and a small minority of the landed gentry, and of the leading traders in the provincial towns. To-day it is, I believe, the case that more than ten thousand artists contrive to exist in London alone; while the number of readers may be inferred from the fact that in the year 1885, in spite of the grievous depression of trade, over five thousand books, not reckoning serial publications or pamphlets, were given to the public. What a conception do these numbers give us of the vast and necessarily disorganized multitude upon whose whims and fancies so many human beings have to speculate for the means of their existence! Think, too, of the manner in which the multitude is directed to its spiritual food. Under the old *régime* the public taste was formed either by the influence of aristocratic *dilettanti* such as Lord Burlington, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole; by the Clubs, which were the Parliament of the "wits"; or, as in the early part of the present century, by intellectual "drawing-rooms" like that of Holland House. Those were the days of *representative* legislation in taste. The merits of a book or a picture were thoroughly sifted by men who were competent to judge the motives of the producer; and opinion once formed in the centre, gradually filtered to the extremities of society. Now-a-days we judge by *acclamation*. A book is "tasted" by "the reader," prepared by the publisher, recommended or condemned by the reviewer, ordered by the circulating library, and seized, devoured, and forgotten by the public. When production goes on under such circumstances of speed and pressure, work whose qualities cannot be judged without the expenditure of some thought stands a poorer chance of being appreciated than would have been the case in the last century. Poems of allusion, the beauties of which lie in the construction or in the condensed pregnancy of expression, such as *Paradise Lost* or *The Essay on Criticism*, could once find an Addison to analyze them in the *Spectator*, a Somers or a Bolingbroke to discuss them with their own select circle at the Club. The critic who should attempt to perform this service for a modern author would promptly be recalled by his editor to a sense of the necessities of his age. Effects, emphatic and full-flavoured, or curious and eccentric, are required by Demos, whose palate is always in quest of

"some new thing," and who has thousands of cooks to cater for his appetites.

The effects upon art of this combination of conflicting opinions are shown particularly in respect of the imitation of manners, the depreciation of form, and the exaltation of the authority of the individual artist. Through the last century the study of manners in England, in all society amenable to aristocratic influence, was pursued in the same manner—though not by any means, of course, to the same extent—as is so graphically described by M. Taine in his picture of the *Old Régime* in France. Society has to-day become too large for the maintenance of etiquette, and we are left to form our manners as we best may from the fragmentary traditions of the past. Wherever, therefore, manners are now imitated in an imaginative form, instincts and influences enter into the representation of which our ancestors knew nothing. Take the stage, for instance. In the period between Congreve and Sheridan, the taste of the English theatre was as much governed by the judgment of the aristocracy as French taste was in the time of Molière by the perceptions of the Court. No doubt, as Pope says,

> There still remained to mortify a wit
> The many-headed monster of the pit,

whose moral feeling necessarily counted for something in controlling the dramatist, but whose artistic judgment could not weigh for an instant against the sense of "the boxes." What was expected of the comic dramatist from an audience like this was a situation artfully, yet naturally, contrived to exhibit the play of well-distinguished characters in some case arising out of the prevailing code of morals and manners. In *She Stoops to Conquer*, just as in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, or *Tartufe*, the essence of the comedy lay in an action directly imitating nature, as it appeared to the audience at large. Not so on the modern stage. The balance of power in the theatre has been completely redistributed. The sense of the boxes and stalls now operates chiefly for the purpose of *control*, that is to say, in preventing the dramatist and the actors from indulging in solecisms of manners for the sake of pleasing the circles, the pit and the gallery. But it is really to these parts of the house that the playwright addresses himself, his thought and invention being racked to contrive a piece agreeable to the domestic instincts of the pit, the melo-dramatic tastes of the gallery, and the appetite for novelty that animates the audience as a whole. The result is that every play that in our time ambitiously aspires to the name of comedy, is an imitation less of external action than of some private idea in the mind of the dramatist. In France the drama is often used, as by Sardou and Dumas, for the vehicle of political prejudices or moral theories; in

England the democratic sympathies of the house are appealed to in such plays as the late Mr. Tom Taylor's *New Men and Old Acres*. When the dramatist does not construct his piece upon a single central idea, he often studies his situations with a view simply to find employment for the eccentricities of some favourite actor, or to touch the special sympathies of part of the audience. In one piece we may find a plot proper to farce, characters and dialogue proper to comedy, and an infusion of pathos and sentiment alien to the essence of both comedy and farce. I remember, several years ago, witnessing a play so popular that it ran, I believe, for more than 1,000 nights. The plot turned on the displeasure of a butterman, who had made his fortune, with his son who had married against his will; and what chiefly delighted the audience was the climax of the play, in which the heart of the tradesman was touched by *smelling* the butter his unfortunate offspring and his wife were reduced to consume in their miserable garret. How different in its foundation this is from *The School for Scandal*! how local, how particular! When the tastes and fashions of this generation have passed away, how much will be left of it? What would Lord Dundreary be apart from the late Mr. Sothern's conception and rendering of the character? Will the next century find the same nature in *Our Boys* that we ourselves find in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

The gradual prevalence of ideas over the representation of external manners and action is quite as noticeable in the novels of this century as in its dramas. Fielding, Smollett, Miss Burney, and Miss Austen, all paint directly the life and character of their times. From a sentimental point of view, the actors in their stories are not particularly heroic, or even agreeable, but they are definite, life-like, and natural. The late Lord Lytton was the last master of the old school, the traditions of which began to be superseded in the generation that followed the first Reform Bill. No one can miss observing the change in this respect exhibited in those novelists of the most striking genius who have written since this period, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Though all of them admirably represent nature and manners, yet there is in the work of each a strong element of *self-consciousness*. Dickens shows it in his habit of making his tales serve some purpose of social reform, and in his exaggerated sentimentalism: Thackeray, by treating his readers as if they were spectators at a puppet-show: George Eliot, by philosophising on the causes of all human action. Not one of them is content to let the action of the story develop the characters of the persons, or to allow the reader to draw his own inferences without some intervention on the part of the narrator. I am not making any com-

parison between the genius of the two sets of writers: I note the facts as they exist; and I think that, for the purposes of art at least, the facts show that the old school trusted more simply to the resources of nature than do their successors.

If we turn to painting, we find that here, too, in respect of the imitation of manners, the artist shrinks from a direct representation of the realities of things. Pictures of *genre* are, indeed, still common, but when the painter wishes to depict an incident of character and humour, in nine cases out of ten he will clothe it with the externals of a bygone age; we see some idea of his brain confronting us in the wig, knee-breeches, and buckled-shoes of the last century; the social conventions of modern society reappear with all the details of a Greek or Roman household. This is doubtless mainly the consequence of the disappearance from the world of all picturesqueness and character in costume; but now and then a painter aims at a moral effect, and in this case the exact contrary happens; you get a very exact imitation of the externals of life, but no rendering of its spiritual significance. I remember the exhibition a few seasons ago of a picture divided into compartments representing, after Hogarth's manner, the career of a fashionable gambler, and called "The Road to Ruin." The story told itself very plainly by showing the young man in one compartment playing loo at one of the Universities; in another, betting on a race-course; in a third, watching the bailiffs in his country-house; and, at last, on the point of committing suicide in a garret. I could not help admiring the skill with which the painter had hit the average taste of the spectators in a picture that was always surrounded by crowds of admirers. Pleased with the moral which lay on the surface, these were still more delighted with the *photography* of the details. They admired the painting of the cards upon the table, of the overcoats and binocular glasses on the race-course, and their feelings were touched by the interesting appearance of the young wife and baby. Now had the same spectators been carried to look at the "Marriage à la Mode," in which series every line is instinct with moral and dramatic expression, it is scarcely possible that they would have admired it. Hogarth painted the realities of vice as they appeared to his feelings and imagination (Cruickshank has followed in the same direction, though at a long distance), and the aristocratic society for which he painted accepted with frankness the brutal rebuke of what was brutal in its own manners. Our motto is *Videri quam esse*; a public whose fluctuating opinion is reflected day by day in numberless journals, and which shrinks alike from the labour of thought and from the harsh representation of nature, finds its pleasure in the skilful imitation of the surface of things. This is

not the view of painting which commended itself to Sir Joshua Reynolds; but, be it right or wrong, it is the prevailing taste of the democracy.

The disappearance of settled manners, which accompanies the decline of aristocracy, largely accounts for the loss of the sense of *form* which simultaneously manifests itself in all departments of art. Universal experience shows that though the arts always arise out of some instinct in the nation at large, yet their appreciation and refinement depend mainly on the taste of the educated classes. Thus the Provençal poetry which so powerfully influenced the imagination of Europe was the fanciful reflection of feudal manners, and took its form and colour from the prevailing sentiments of the knightly households in which it was encouraged. The Italian Opera was gradually evolved from the pastoral plays popular in the courts of the Italian Princes. The English drama, growing out of the rude religious shows provided by the priesthood for the people, received its form and grandeur during the period while the players were the King's Servants. So, too, after the Restoration in England, under the *régime* of the aristocracy, the principles of architecture and painting began to be critically studied, and the art of landscape gardening was fully developed. All this is in the course of nature. Though an aristocracy does not comprise the most original and inventive elements in a nation's genius, by the very law of its existence, it understands better than any other part of it the delicacies, the forms, and the conventions that constitute so much of the spiritual life of society. It excels in judgment; its bent is for law and order. The passion of democracy, on the other hand, is for individual liberty, and its tendency is to rebel against the traditions of order that confine this within prescribed limits. The same tide that sweeps away the embankments of political privilege, beats against dogma in religion, and universal principles in art, and, in obedience to its impulse, the artist everywhere seeks to gain credit rather for the originality of his matter than for the beauty of his forms. An aristocracy can understand the full meaning of Pope's couplet:

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

A democracy agitated by constant change, and believing firmly in the perpetual progress of society, is provoked to think of so large a part of the merit of art lying in expression. Nature, regarded (as the majority of men generally regard it) in details, seems to it boundless, nor will its pride allow it to recognize what experience nevertheless seems to show to be true, that in the late stages of society the most consummate art consists in giving a new face to old truths. Democratic taste prizes first what seems remote, unfa-

miliar, or, as the cant of the day goes, *precious*. Hence, while in the last century each art was studied in itself, and was bound round with rules which were often pedantic and lifeless, in our times the rage for novelty causes their fundamental distinctions to be lost sight of and their several ends to be confounded. Opera encroaches upon the province of the spoken drama; the dramatic monologue is regarded as a possible whole apart from dramatic action; poetry aims at the effects proper to painting and music. It may be, of course, that from this conflict will be evolved some form of true art which mankind has never yet witnessed; but, judging by experience, we rather seem to be losing our sense of the old than reconstituting the new, so that, if chaos is to be followed by order, a fresh civilization must first supervene.

Just as the decline of social manners has dulled the sense of artistic form, so the weakening of the feeling for order in art increases the authority of the individual artist. No doubt in every stage of society there has always been some leading genius who has powerfully swayed the opinion of his contemporaries; a Dryden has reigned supreme at Will's, an Addison at Button's, a Johnson in Ivy Lane. But the supremacy of such minds has been the consequence of superiority in reasoning power, and the taste of the dictator is accepted, because it is the last word upon a subject thoroughly sifted in the keen encounter of numerous wits. In an aristocratic society the feeling for constitutional liberty will prevent an artist from having things too much his own way. We admire the pluck with which a man like Boswell, for instance, will stand up for his opinion, though he knows that he will only be knocked down for his pains by his "guide, philosopher, and friend." The pity is that independence of this old English kind seems to be disappearing from the sphere of art and literature. When censure is freely exercised in these days, it is generally on somebody who is not worth the powder and shot. But even good writers will at times produce "woful stuff," and, when they do, it is well for art, for society, and for themselves, that they should be roundly told so. But they are not told. On the contrary, experience shows that, let a man once make his name in painting or poetry, and he may sin with impunity as far as the critics are concerned. Why is this? I believe that part of the blame is to be attributed to anonymous writing, and especially to the bad name acquired by the critic in consequence of the "slashing" judgments delivered in the reviews of the early part of the century, which not only reproduced the style of Chief Justice Jeffreys in the insolence of their language, but in the unsoundness of their "law." Still there is something more than this: I fear the critics are afraid of the public. It can hardly be

that there are not as many men now as in the last century who know what is wrong in art when they see it; but many of these are dependent for their living upon the taste of a large and half-educated audience, which often takes faults of taste for beauties.* It is seldom, indeed, that the public imagination can be impressed without the exertion of real genius; but genius not uncommonly becomes popular through its excesses, and it is ill for art that its excesses should be raised into law. Popularity, however, being once acquired by the artist, if the critic shrinks from protesting against the sins to which his momentary success is due, these will be reproduced by crowds of imitators. This is the first stage on the road to despotism. Soon the artist, like the old tyrants, overawes opinion with a body-guard; a little band of flatterers and thick-and-thin adherents gather round the actor, painter, or poet, studying his mannerisms, finding subtle reasons to justify them, and never allowing him to appear in public without some noisy adulation. Thus bad taste spreads. Where the coterie is formed, good-bye to the fresh air of wholesome criticism. Can any good come out of all the "societies" that are being formed in our midst for the exaltation of particular poets,—Shakespeare Societies, Shelley Societies, Wordsworth Societies? To study a writer thoroughly by the light of reason is one thing; to worship him, to make him the measure of right and wrong, to exalt his defects into virtues, is quite another.

There are probably few men of impartial judgment who will deny the evils arising out of the existing anarchy of taste. Can any remedy be found for them? It may be that they are incurable. It may be that democratic society is too vast and unwieldy for the application of any principle but that of *laissez faire* in the sphere of imagination; that men must struggle into popularity by catering for each whim of the moment, and pass into oblivion as soon as the appetite has ceased. But these things ought not to be assumed. We ought rather to believe that, as "each has the seeds of judgment in his mind," the nation at large is capable of arriving at a sound opinion as to what is just and noble in art and letters. Such a result, however, is not likely to be achieved without organized effort, and here as in politics, I cannot but think that a great part might still be played by the

* It may be doubted whether in these days there is the same distinction to be drawn between the advantage enjoyed by the average reader of a book over the hearer of a speech as in the time of Quintilian. "In reading," says he, "we can exercise sounder judgment, for in listening to an orator our judgment is often extorted from us against our will, either by our own partiality for him, or by the clamorous applause of the audience. For we are ashamed to be in a minority, and a kind of tacit bashfulness prevents us from believing in ourselves rather than in the public, although we know that the majority are frequently pleased with what is bad, while those who are solicited, praise things which do not really please them at all."—Quintil., *Inst. Or.*, x. 1, 17, 18

aristocracy. By "the aristocracy" I do not mean an exclusive *caste*, holding aloof in sullen disdain from the vulgarity of the multitude: the English aristocracy has never been a body of this kind. Nor do I mean anything like a Whiggish select circle of sacred families, or an intellectual "remnant" such as that contemplated by Mr. Matthew Arnold, which feeds its vanity by comparing itself with the "Philistinism" or "barbarism" of the majority. I mean the historic element in society which from generation to generation preserves the tradition of what is best in the national life, and adapts it to the changing circumstance of each age. A large body of English gentlemen who constantly have before them on their walls the best pictures, and whose libraries are filled with the best books, must possess—and can, if they choose, make this felt—the taste that ought to be diffused through the whole community. To diffuse it they must, however, condescend (as they have already done in politics, in the Primrose League) to the democratic principle of Association. Let us suppose that they did so—that each nobleman and gentleman who really cared for art and letters joined a league, not for the admiration of particular artists, not a Wordsworth Society or a Shelley Society, but a society for studying the best books and the best pictures. Is it not obvious that the instinctive taste which such an association would acquire and propagate would insensibly exert a vast influence on the mental atmosphere of the times, elevate the sentiment and dialogue of the drama, refine manners, and cause the language to be written with elegance and correctness? As its origin would be quite different from that of the French Academy, it would be free from the solemn air of precision which is the weak point of that famous assembly, and would rather resemble in its action the old literary clubs like Will's and Button's, the quintessence of whose opinions is seen in Dryden's Prefaces, and the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

A court of taste so constituted would not fall into the error of erecting a fixed standard of judgment, but would recognize that different methods of imitating nature are proper to different stages of society. It would perceive, for instance, that the direct methods of imitation employed by novelists like Fielding and Smollett are unfitted for modern social conditions, which make it almost inevitable that a really great novel should be founded on a central conception of the author. But it would insist at the same time that, though manners in themselves may no longer be a fit theme for treatment, yet the central idea on which the action of a story turns must be itself founded on a *general* conception of nature; that there is, for example, a radical difference in the value of the idea which underlies *Adam Bede* or *Silas Marner*, and that which underlies *Daniel Deronda*. It would form its judgments also from its know-

ledge of the uniform working of the mind, perceiving that as the same kind of defects, though exhibited in different forms, prevail in the literature of Seneca's age, of Cowley's, and of our own, all alike spring from the same imaginative causes. History and philosophy would be consulted by it for the discovery of the spiritual secrets of art. These would help it to appreciate the fine and generous motives of painters like the Caracci; they would at the same time explain why painting then failed to recover the perfect balance of taste it enjoyed in the time of Raphael and his immediate predecessors; while the fortunes of the school of Bologna would suggest many reflections on tendencies in the art visible in our own times. This historical study of great works is, I venture to say, the only means of arriving at a full knowledge of the meaning of the vague word "Nature" in relation to art: we learn in this way to distinguish what is local and transitory in every production of genius from that which is permanent in it, and to know when other artists are being led astray by phantoms and caprices. On these lines alone a sound philosophy of criticism is possible; and nothing but philosophical criticism, intelligibly applied, can operate as a corrective of the thousand erroneous influences that act upon the taste of a democratic society in an advanced stage of civilization.

A Lover of the Classics.

[Note.—It is perhaps well to say that this paper was written before the able article in the *Quarterly Review* on "English Literature at the Universities," in which a portion of my subject is treated from a somewhat different point of view. With what the writer there says as to the relation between classical literature and our own I most heartily agree.]

SOCIAL REFORMS IN INDIA.

The subject of social reforms in India, especially the questions of enforced widowhood and infant marriage amongst the Hindus, have, of late, attracted much attention. News arrived here recently that the Supreme Government, after consultation with the different local governments, have resolved not to take any official action, but to leave the matter to the people themselves. That this is, to a very large extent, a wise resolution, anyone will hardly deny. The policy of the British Government in India is non-interference with the religions of the country; and so long as the people consider that infant marriages and life-long widowhood are parts of the religion of the Hindus, or have any foundation in it, the Government cannot take the initiative, nor can they interpret the religion; that duty must rest on the shoulders of the leaders of the people. Except in the abolition of Sati and infanticide—customs with no religious sanction—the Government have refrained from legislating on any social question of their own accord and unasked. Before the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, there was an agitation, headed by the Pandit Iswara Chandra Vidyasagara, in favour of Hindu widows' re-marriage, and the Government rendered the reformers assistance by passing Act XV. of 1856. Section I. provides that no marriage contracted with Hindus shall be invalid, and the issue of no such marriage shall be illegitimate by reason of the woman having been previously married or betrothed to another person, who was dead at the time of such marriage, any custom or any interpretation of the Hindu law to the contrary notwithstanding. Section II. annuls, upon marriage, all rights and interests which any widow may have in her deceased husband's property by way of maintenance, by way of inheritance to her husband or to his lineal successors, or by way of any will or testamentary disposition conferring upon her, without express permission to re-marry, only a limited interest in such property, with no power of alienating the same. Sections IV. and V. provide that nothing in this Act shall be construed to render any widow who, at the time of the death of any person leaving any property, is a childless widow, capable of inheriting the whole or any share of such property, if before the passing of this Act she would have been incapable of inheriting the same by reason of her being a childless widow. Except as in the preceding sections is provided, a widow shall not by reason of her re-marriage forfeit

any property, or any right to which she would otherwise be entitled, and any widow who has re-married shall have the same right of inheritance as she would have had had such marriage been her first marriage.

For the last thirty years there has been no such thing as enforced widowhood amongst Hindus so far as the law of the country is concerned; but during these long years the number of persons who have taken advantage of the Act, and the number of marriages under it, have been indeed very small. The reasons why the Act remains almost a dead letter are manifold, and may be summarized into the following principal ones. Firstly, the movement that secured the passage of this Act was not a national movement of the entire Hindu population; it was a minority movement compared with the whole population of the Hindu faith, as well as with the learned classes, who differently interpret the Hindu law regarding widows. The reforming section held that the law as it stood was contradictory, and that prohibition of widows re-marriage was not sanctioned by the Hindu religion as a faith; or, in other words, the prohibition was but a Brahmanic innovation, and did not owe its origin to the Vedas.* The opponents, on the other hand, consider the laws of Manu as inspired and having divine sanction, and they cite as their authority the following verses (156 to 161, chap. v.) from the *Manavadharma sastra*:—

A faithful wife who wishes to attain in heaven the mansion of her husband, must do nothing unkind to him be he living or dead. Let her emaciate her body by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots, and fruit; but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing hard duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practising the incomparable rules of virtue which have been followed by such women as were devoted to only one husband. Many thousands of Brahmins having avoided sensuality from their early youth, and having left no issue in their families, have ascended, nevertheless, to heaven. And like those abstemious men, a virtuous wife ascends to heaven though she has no child, if, after the decease of her lord, she devote herself to pious austerity. But a widow who, from a wish to bear children, slights her deceased husband by marrying again, brings disgrace upon herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord.—(Sir W. Jones' translation.)

The conception of Hindu marriage is the procreation of sons for the performance of religious funeral obsequies. A son saves his ancestors from *put*, "hell," and hence he is called Putra. That being the idea, a childless widow needs marry again, unless women are excluded from the list of ancestors; but Manu grants her dispensation, and allows her to ascend to heaven by means of austere practices.

* In the Atharva Veda (ix. 5, 27) there is direct reference to widow-marriage. Rig Veda (x. 40, 2) somewhat obscurely mentions that a widow could marry her deceased husband's brother. Manu (chap. ix. 69, 70) confirms this custom, but limits the union to the procreation of one son. Thus the Hindu law and custom corresponded in this respect with those of the Jews (Deuteronomy xxv. 5). It is clear that, according to the Vedas, widows could marry.

The next point necessitating re-marriage is a mundane one; that is, of maintenance and support. But such was the chivalry of this divine law-maker, that a woman is never allowed to seek independence. In verse 148 of the same chapter he says:—

In childhood must a father guard his daughter; in youth the husband shields his wife; in age a mother is protected by her sons; if she has no sons she must depend on the near kinsmen of her husband, and if he left no kinsmen, then on those of her father; if she have no paternal kinsmen, on the Sovereign; a woman must never seek independence.

Thus, by law, a widow is provided for; what need has she for re-marriage? These are the arguments of the opponents of re-marriage; and they and others who believe in Manu's laws as the divine revelation, as well as the entire mass of uneducated Hindus of all castes, do not take advantage of the Act of 1856. Secondly, these people are not satisfied with simply not taking advantage of the Act themselves, but they wreak their vengeance upon those who do so, by excommunicating or "boycotting" them. Loss of caste is the inevitable consequence to a Hindu who would give his widow-daughter or widow-sister in marriage. Loss of caste does not mean that his own caste-folks do not eat or drink with him or marry in his family, or that he is received as a member of the next lower caste, but he is shunned by all; he cannot find a priest to officiate in his domestic ceremonies, a barber to shave him, or a fuller to wash his linen. The term "boycotting" exactly expresses what is meant by loss of caste. In the chief cities and towns such a victim may find a few associates and sympathizers who together form a society of their own; but in country towns and villages he is left alone, and his life becomes unbearable to him. The man who marries a widow is similarly treated at his own place. Thirdly, in many cases the house is divided against itself. An educated Hindu has a widow-daughter, say a girl or a young woman, but his widow-mother is also alive; she is orthodox in her ideas; and, devoted as every Hindu is to his mother, he cannot offend her and shock her by marrying his daughter, and is obliged passively, though reluctantly, to look on at the sufferings of the poor girl; for, young or old, a widow is a widow, and must undergo privations and tortures much more than even enjoined by Manu, and submit to humiliations and domestic ostracism as if she were a pariah-dog.

As far as the question of legality of a widow's marriage is concerned, the Government have done all and done wisely. They cannot pass an Act making the marriage compulsory; for that would not only be absurd, but also an unparalleled piece of despotism. But the question, it is intended to press upon their attention and that of the public, is that of protection of minorities. The protection of the minority is the sacred duty of the Govern-

ment; and much more sacred and urgent is it when protection is called for against persecution consequent upon the following of, if not for obedience to, an established law of the country. Is there any question of religion in this "boycotting" that prevents Government interference? The subject requires little discussion. Persecution, whether religious or not, must be put down; but hitherto there has been no enactment in India that can touch such "boycotting" as is daily taking place in that country. If the authority of the opponents of widow marriage, as cited above, be obeyed, there is nothing in it ordaining forfeiture of caste by the father and the second husband. Manu says that she brings disgrace upon herself here below, and is excluded from the seat of her lord. Disgrace is a wide expression; it may mean loss of caste or it may not, and the punishment is for herself alone; no ban, however, is pronounced against the father or the kinsman of the widow; and, with the fact that a man can marry a woman of his own caste, or of a lower one, staring in the face, it cannot be asserted that Hindu religion allows "boycotting" a man who marries a widow. The proceeding is wholly an arbitrary one, without any religious sanction whatever, and it may be presumed, therefore, that the Government can take measures to prevent it. It is generally well known that the entire caste system in India has no foundation in religion, and is the work of man. In the *Mahabharata* will be found a conversation between Bharadwaja and Bhrigu in the Santiparvan, in which the latter says: "There is no difference of castes; this world, having been at first created by Brahma entirely Brahmanic, became separated into classes in consequence of men's works." This text is clear, that the caste system is not of divine origin. The institution, however, originated as an ethnological distinction, the object being to prevent an intermixture of blood between the Aryans and the aborigines; but the system miserably failed in its object, it having been introduced when the two races had already intermixed. The sacerdotal class took upon itself, however, to divide the people into various classes and assigned to each its trade and profession. How mischievous the system has been with respect to the material condition of India, with respect to her arts, manufacture, and commerce, is well known, and needs no dwelling upon here. Notwithstanding the want of religious sanction for its origin, and in spite of the manifold moral and material evils occasioned by it, the system has been allowed to continue, and many of its rules have been recognized by our courts of justice in India as the common law of the country. That being the case, the caste system as a system, however repugnant to the feelings of the British nation, cannot at once be swept away by an enactment of the Government. As long as the system exists

"boycotting," too, will remain in force unless it be separately dealt with. The minority is not large enough or strong enough to protect itself. Allowing every Hindu who has received some sort of education to be favourable to widow-marriage, and that the difference of opinion exists only between him and his uneducated co-religionist and not amongst educated men at all, the opponents are very strong; their proportion is twelve to one; or, in other words, the published statistics show only 8 per cent. of Hindu males as either under instruction or not under instruction but able to read and write. Theoretically there is no enforced widowhood, but there is little practical use in passing an Act unless means are provided for its enforcement. But in India, in a matter like this, the difficulties are great, and, considering the sanguinary religious feuds that have very recently occurred there, the less the Government have to do with anything religious or social of the people the better; nevertheless, a strong, firm, and paternal Government must protect the minority against the persecution of a majority. There can be nothing wrong, or impolitic, or inconsistent with their pledges for the Government to proclaim "boycotting," "caste fines," and other adjuncts of the system as illegal. That would be a protection to those who not only would take advantage of the Widow Re-marriage Act, but also work in the cause of social regeneration of India.

The other subject is that of infant marriages. The necessity for marriage and its form are purely religious, and cannot be interfered with. Whether the Government can or cannot interfere in the question of age of the parties would be made clear from the following sketch:—

The life of a Dwija, twice born (Brahmin, Kshatrya, and Vaisya) is divided into four stages, viz. studentship, domestic, retirement, and mendicancy. A Hindu male goes through religious ceremonies from the moment of his birth, and they are all sacraments. At the age of eight is ordained Upanayana or investiture of the sacred thread, and on that day the boy leaves his father's home for that of his preceptor for his education, the completion of which is signalized by another sacrament called Samavartana, "returning." The next sacrament is Marriage. It is enjoined that the sacraments should strictly follow in their order. Therefore, the condition precedent to marriage was the completion of education, which occupied a period of twelve to twenty-four years, giving the earliest marriageable age as twenty years. Of course there are instances of marriages having taken place at an earlier age, as in the case of Rama, who was married at sixteen; but such exceptions were for princes, undoubtedly, whose education was completed earlier owing to the number of preceptors, &c.; and begetting an heir to the

throne was then, as it is now, a motive for their early marriage but all the procurable evidence shows that from twenty to thirty-two was the age at which an average Hindu was intended to marry in olden times. There is no text sanctioning the sacrament of marriage before Samavartana, but, by their own dispensation, the Brahmins now perform Upanayana and Samavartana within a day of each other, leaving themselves free to marry the next moment. This is clearly irreligious, Samavartana being ordained to be performed only upon the completion of a youth's education, and there is no reason why completion of education at our schools, colleges, and universities should not be substituted for the ancient mode. True it is that in olden days learning included the study of the Vedas, which are not taught in our educational institutions, but it also embraced the study of the arts and sciences. If this plea be raised by the Brahmins in defence of their present practice, they are out of court, because, strictly speaking, they can seek no education on the modern system. The marriageable age of a girl is differently set forth by different writers. Manu (chap. ix. 88) says: "To an excellent and handsome youth of the same class let every man give his daughter in marriage, according to law, even though she have not attained her age of eight years." "Better she should die (unmarried?) than be given to a man void of excellent qualities" (v. 89). And Coolooka Bhatta, the expositor of Manu, says a girl should be betrothed previous to puberty. All the writers and commentators agree upon the latter as the age for betrothal. If betrothal, instead of meaning, as it does, marriage enforcing widowhood on the death of the man before consummation, meant simple engagement, the matter would not be quite so objectionable. The lowest limit contemplated by Manu appears to be the age of eight years, otherwise in verse 88 he would not have used the expression "even though"; but his dictum, intended for a particularly good match, has been taken advantage of by the Hindus to marry babies at five years of age, and even younger. Should a daughter attain puberty in her unmarried state, the father loses caste, *i.e.* he is boycotted. Many an educated Hindu father feels reluctantly compelled to marry his daughter in her infancy, from the dread of social ostracism. This, of course, is a foolish fear, there being no necessity for a proclamation of his daughter's age, his neighbour having no moral or legal title to demand it. At what age should his daughter be given in marriage—as long as giving, and not self-selection by the parties, is the custom—is a question essentially for the father to decide, and his neighbour has no voice in it.

Although nothing religious appears in this sketch concerning the age at which Hindu marriages should take place, the question

has ripened into custom, and has found its way into the common law of the country. If boycotting is the only obstacle to a Hindu father marrying his daughter at a reasonable age, protection should be given him against it in the manner indicated before; but if there be any other obstacle founded on religion—though none is apparent—the movement for its removal must come from the people themselves. The Brahmo Samaj agreed to invoke the legislative aid, and the Government passed the Brahmo Marriage Act (Act III. of 1873) fixing fifteen and eighteen years as the minimum age respectively of the bride and bridegroom. If such an agreement can be arrived at amongst the Hindus, the Government will no doubt give their legislative sanction. With respect to the bridegroom's age, some people say that the religious benefit to be derived from marriage—the procreation of a son for the performance of obsequies—necessitates entering into the contract at an early age, in order to prevent the defeat of the religious object in view by premature death. But Manu, as cited above, points out that childless men have ascended heaven through austere practices. This disposes of the religious sanction for the necessity of a man marrying at an immature age. Then again, in Vatsyana's *Káma Sutra*, a work written in the first century of the Christian era, and containing a very accurate description of the state of Hindu civilization at that time, we find it distinctly laid down that a man desirous of entering into matrimony should be possessed of means to build and furnish a dwelling-place. Then follow the rules as to the size of the house and the furniture to be placed therein, &c. It is clear, therefore, that it was not intended for men to marry who were not earning their own livelihood. All the evidence and the texts go to establish that the completion of education was the condition precedent to marriage. Hence it is suggested that the several Universities in India could very consistently pass a rule that no one should be admitted to the matriculation examination if married, and that the B.A. degree would be conferred only on bachelors. The rule should come into operation say five years hence; so that those students who are already married would complete their course by that time, and those who are in the lower forms would be deterred from marrying. This would effectively prevent infant marriages. The Government service is the goal of by far the largest number of Indian students; but appointments in that service are not easily procurable now-a-days; a good education is necessary, and the ambition of the student or his father would be a strong antidote against baby-marriages as carried on to-day. Although no step is taken to raise the girl's age, the above suggestion will necessarily affect it, as she—rather, her father, will be compelled to wait; and the

delay being the same in all, *i.e.* the upper classes, there will be no more boycotting, and the lower classes will follow the example of their "betters."

The only two measures that can prevent the life-long misery and sufferings of Hindu widows, and the monstrous evils of infant marriages, while leaving the government policy of non-interference with the religions of the people inviolate, have been thus set forth. But the question of social reforms is essentially a question for the people. It is a truism that the social and political lives of a nation go hand in hand; nay, the political life is dependent upon the social life; and if India wants political advancement, the so-called leaders of her people must first raise her social conditions to a higher level. A seat in the British House of Commons will not raise India in the scale of nations; the eloquence, ability, and the money of her leaders needed for a chance of winning an election contest would be far better spent for a surety and success if devoted in the cause of social regeneration of India. The Indians must know by experience that a constitutional government for their country could never be conceded to them until they have introduced constitutional freedom in their domestic life. Their domestic government at present is despotism incarnate; the despotism of the Brahmins over all other castes, and the despotism of men over women; the tyranny of the father in compelling his daughter to accept as husband and live with for life, and suffer insults and indescribable tortures on the death of, a man she has never, until the fated day, even seen with her eyes, must give way before the imaginary despotism of the British nation over the races inhabiting Hindustan can be questioned. If those almost numberless associations that have sprung up (and are springing up daily), throughout the length and breadth of the land for the last ten years, and the zeal displayed by a few able men in their formation, were for discussing social questions instead of, as they are, for political agitation and speculation, India would have approached much nearer that political millennium which some of her eloquent sons and their associates in this country hope to bring about. India's future is in the hands of her people, if they but work in the right direction, at least for a number of years; the British nation will guide, protect, and watch.

Nanda Lal Ghosh.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

WHETHER it be from excessive humility or from the retrospective regretfulness of old age, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, in the volume of Reminiscences and Opinions which during the last few weeks has attracted so much interest and won for itself so many readers, seems fairly well satisfied with everybody but himself. In more than one passage he avows that he considers his life a failure; and a tone of self-depreciation and self-dissatisfaction pervades the entire book. He even commences his labours by belittling them, and almost wishes us to infer that he regards his Reminiscences as "inferior stuff." "I might have devoted myself to literature," he says in one place, "and perhaps created something worth the world's notice; or, on the other hand, I might have given up my mind to political philosophy, practical work, and effected some good in that direction. As it is, from the want of a certain fixity of purpose, I have fallen between two stools, and now, at the age of seventy-six, consider myself rather a poor creature." Later on in his confessions we encounter the following passage, which betokens almost a yet deeper sense of disappointment and despondency:—

I must say that, looking back at that part of my life, though I am glad I was called to the Bar, I regret that I ever opened a law book. The few easy briefs that were put into my hands required nothing but common sense to do justice to them, and the law of Registration, of which, as a Revising Barrister, I was bound to know something, in those early days was so simple that it must have given me but little trouble. But, owing to my half study of the law, I fell between two stools. I gave up too much time to conveyancing, pleading, and the like, to make a proper use of my leisure for other kinds of reading, which, as it has turned out, would probably have been more valuable to me, whilst yet I paid a certain attention to literature, and thereby was prevented from acquiring any solid or extensive knowledge of the law. If I had contented myself with eating my dinner at the Temple, and devoted the time I wasted upon Fearne and his Contingent Remainders and other such books, to history, poetry, and other languages, I think I should have done better for myself on the whole, without being for any practical purpose a worse lawyer.

Rather pointing to a different conclusion, but inspired by the same mood, are the lamentations that conclude the following extract:—

My marriage, as I was a very poor man, made it necessary for me to look out for some more remunerative occupation than the periodical donning of a wig and gown by a briefless barrister, and shortly afterwards, Sir Robert Peel offered me the Assistant-Solicitorship of the Excise, and in a year the Receiver-Generalship of Customs, partly as a tribute to the services of my father as the Chairman of the Excise, but mainly in

order to discharge a debt (this he said in so many words) to my father-in-law, Charles Wynn. That Mr. Gladstone did not consider himself so far Sir Robert Peel's representative afterwards, as to own that this particular responsibility devolved upon him, I had to learn all in good time. These offers I was kind enough to accept. I need hardly say that by so doing I gave up all hopes of legal or parliamentary distinction, resting content with a safe and respectable mediocrity. Nobody but myself can exactly say what this sacrifice amounted to; still, as I have already confessed that I was not meant by nature to become either a great lawyer or a great orator, I cannot blow my own trumpet effectively here. What I do complain of is that such a mediocrity, however respectable, is no longer safe, and that your most intimate friend, if he happen to be a Minister bent upon economy, may find it his duty to fling you down into practical ruin at a time of life when it is hopeless to think of returning to the Bar, or of looking out for a new employment. Whereas, if I had stuck to my original profession, I think I may say, without vanity, that I was at least good enough to have reached, after a certain amount of hard work, a County Court, or perhaps a Colonial Judgeship.

Now, we feel irresistibly disposed to take up arms for Sir Francis Hastings Doyle against Sir Francis himself, and to maintain, as we should furthermore argue his own Reminiscences show, that he was one of the most fortunate, successful, and happy of mankind. We should be at a loss to say what conditions that minister to personal felicity have been withheld from him, though no doubt, like other mortals, he may have had his share of sorrow and vexation. To begin with, and Sir Francis Doyle would be the last person to deny it, it is no slight privilege to be born an Englishman, and most of all to have been born an Englishman at a time when the greatness of England had reached perhaps an unexampled pitch. Nay, even before congratulating Sir Francis upon that advantage, we gather, from what he says at p. 360, that he does not endorse the lines in Sophocles which gloomily declare that life is the opposite of a boon. But, in addition to the gift of life and the birthright of an Englishman, Sir Francis had the double advantage of coming of a stock whose members had distinguished themselves alike in war and in civil life, yet who did not make him "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," by bequeathing him a fortune sufficient to tempt him to enter the list of the idle or the *dilettanti*. No one can read Chapter XX. of the Reminiscences, which are devoted to an account of the Doyle Family, without perceiving that he is proud, and justly proud, of the gallant exploits of his ancestors. The stories related of the prowess of his grandfather, his father, and his uncle, show of what good stuff they were made; and a man gratuitously throws away his chances of happiness who does not dwell on the brave deeds or brilliant work of his forbears in the seclusion of his own mind, and reap legitimate satisfaction from the reflection that "*fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*." No doubt it is a better and a higher thing to be "your own ancestor," than to be unworthy of those who have engendered you. But when a man continues, in some degree, the activity and eminence of his progenitors, he is saved

from the foible of too many self-made men, uneasy self-consciousness, and may live as much in the past as in the present by remembering those of his kin who trod it with distinction. We shall not quote any of the capital and characteristic stories concerning the Doyles to be met with in the chapter to which we have referred. Our readers should go to the volume itself in search of them. But, with their incidents fresh in our mind, we feel that a man who had such predecessors of his own blood came into the world, as old nurses used to say, with a silver spoon in his mouth.

We remember once reading in a letter written by the correspondent of a French newspaper settled in London, presumably somewhere near Leicester Square, that England was the most miserable place on earth for all persons except "gentlemen," but that for them it was paradise, and that, if any of his countrymen meditated settling in our island, the more quickly he "became a gentleman" the better. It was evidently the writer's opinion that the article in question is of easy and rapid manufacture. That is not the English view of the matter. But few Englishmen will deny that, though a very pleasant life may be led in this country by persons of every degree, to be an English gentleman, in the English sense of the word, is to have the best opportunities of that "harmonious development" which Goethe considered to be the true measure of a man and of human happiness. We find that our author was born at Nunappleton, near Tadcaster, a country place then belonging to his grandfather, Sir William Milner; and though he describes the park as "a dead flat, with a heavy clay soil and, in point of fact, decidedly ugly," he concedes that it has some fine timber, that it once on a time belonged to the Parliamentary General, Lord Fairfax, and afterwards to Zimri, Duke of Buckingham, and that Andrew Marvell wrote a poem on it. To a poet, as Sir Francis himself is, these seem to us contributory facts "making for" enjoyment on the part of the person who feels himself associated with them. But, with the love of nature, and with the pride in inherited ownership and traditions, Englishmen combine, as all the world knows, a passionate love of sport, which they share with every class in the community; and Sir Francis does not forget to record that Knavesmire race-course is at no very great distance from Nunappleton, and that he was born in the year Octavian won the Leger. All his life he has retained the warmest interest in horses, and all that appertains to their performances; and the poet, civil servant, and University lecturer may be said to have belonged likewise to the turf.

At thirteen, Sir Francis went to Eton, and there, he confesses, he spent several thoroughly happy years, and formed friendships that

coloured and brightened his whole life. In those days, as he says, "Henry's holy shade" was not in the least disturbed by the idleness or ignorance of Eton boys. But there was "physical freedom for those who preferred it, and intellectual freedom for anyone who chose." Among his companions were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Elgin, Lord Canning, and many other boys who became men of note and distinction. Before passing from Eton to Christchurch, at the age of eighteen, he visited the Eternal City; and though he tells us he can recall little of what he saw or did there, the visit must surely be added to one of the happy accidents of a fortunate youth.

At Christchurch Sir Francis found old Eton friends, and soon made others, becoming a member of the Union Debating Society then first rising into fame. We gather that he reaped, to all intents and purposes, most of the pleasures, and all the intellectual profit, that are to be obtained by an Oxford Undergraduate; and he closed that period of his life by taking a First Class, and afterwards being elected to an All Souls' Fellowship. From the University, he passed to his father's house in London, and studied for the Bar. Again, pursued by good fortune, he was introduced to the old Northern Circuit, which he afterwards joined, in the most auspicious manner conceivable, acting as Marshal to Baron Parke. "I greatly enjoyed the society of my fellow-barristers," he writes. "A long list of names comes back upon my mind, recalling men whom I greatly liked and esteemed, and conversations full of interest." Indeed, the volume is crammed with good stories, which we think it would be unfair to cite; and we allude to them only because they seem to us to represent an enormous amount of social enjoyment experienced by the person who recalls and records them. It seems to us, also, that no small amount of pleasure must have been extracted from the opportunities alluded to in these sentences. "After a circuit or two, though I got no briefs, I was appointed a Revising Barrister, and saw, in the next two or three years, a good deal of Yorkshire life. West Riding boroughs I revised two or three times, and the West Riding itself once. There was a district between Ripon and Settle which I travelled over with the late Mr. Pickering, my coadjutor, and thought well worth visiting." (To anyone who knows the country referred to, we think this will seem very meagre praise.) "We hired a post-chaise at Settle, and passed through the valley of the Upper Wharfe, just where the river divides itself into two branches. We then proceeded through a pastoral country, without towns, without villages, without visible squires, so that whenever we changed horses, it was at a house the centre of a grazing farm in the first degree, an inn only in the second." And then follows another capital and characteristic story.

It will have been observed that Sir Francis "got no briefs," unless it were one for Thirty Guineas, through the influence of an old butler. But this did not prevent him from marrying at the age of thirty-four; and when a man can write, not only of his wife, but of his wife's sisters, that they possess "all the virtues to which courage is akin, frankness, generosity, loftiness of mind, forgetfulness of self, and a power of sympathy never to be equalled," it must indeed be said of him that he is a favourite of Fortune, and has received from her the very best and most valuable boons she can confer. But her provision for him did not end here. Sir Francis says that as he was a very poor man, his marriage made it necessary for him to look out for some more remunerative occupation than the periodical donning of a wig and gown; and, hey presto! comes out of the lucky-bag first the appointment to the Assistant-Solicitorship of the Excise, and, within a year, to the Receiver-Generalship of Customs. The appointments were made by Sir Robert Peel, partly in acknowledgment of the services of his father who had acted as Chairman of Excise, and partly out of consideration for his father-in-law, the Right Honourable Charles Wynn. We gather that years afterwards Sir Francis suffered, with many others, from the retrenching tendencies of Mr. Gladstone; and it is this which leads him to say that had he stuck to his original profession he might have reached, after a certain amount of hard work, a County Court a perhaps a Colonial Judgeship.

Sir Francis forgets to add, "or I might not have reached it." But, even if he had, does he seriously think that such a lame and impotent conclusion to the exertion of his abilities would have been equivalent to the career he actually enjoyed? He says that, after accepting his post in the Civil Service, his proceedings grew monotonous, and his recollections are of no more value than those of the average Brown, Jones, or Robinson. He seems to overlook the fact that he was thus enabled not only to keep touch of the political, social, and literary world of the capital, but was not denied that leisure which enabled him to write much that all persons of cultivation admire and prize, and to accept, and probably to acquire, the post of Professor of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, which in itself is sufficient to adorn a man's name. A Colonial Judge would certainly not have enjoyed these advantages. Moreover, such exile could not have been attained till after some little industry and struggle as a barrister; and it may be doubted if his refined and sensitive temperament was fitted for the somewhat coarse battles of Nisi Prius. He must allow us to believe that he had a happy escape from the profession he had originally chosen, having reaped from it all the profit it

could offer him, in the shape of many lively experiences and some pleasant acquaintances; and that to himself is peculiarly applicable the line he quotes from *Much Ado about Nothing*:—

> The good we have we prize not to its worth.

Many persons will turn to this volume on account of the several passages it contains having reference to Mr. Gladstone. The relation which once subsisted between the two men may be gathered from the fact that Sir Francis was Mr. Gladstone's "best man" on the occasion of the latter's marriage. Their acquaintance was formed at Eton, where Sir Francis heard the maiden speech of the future Prime Minister. We are not surprised to hear that it began with the words, "Sir, in this age of increased and still increasing civilization," for they betoken and foreshadow the foible for expanding phrases and the receptive sensitiveness to the jargon of the hour, which are the most marked and enduring characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's oratory and temperament. But he also showed, even then, that "force of character," that "untiring energy," and that "pertinacity," which would have carried a person of even a smaller stock of ability a long way along the road of success and distinction. "I used often to walk with him in the afternoon"—this refers to when they had both passed from Eton to Oxford—"but I never recollect riding or boating in his company, and I believe that he was *seldom diverted from his normal constitutional, between two and five, along one of the Oxford roads.*" The italics are ours. But a far more suggestive trait still is to be found in the description of a ride the two young fellows did take together from Dunnottar Castle. Mr. Gladstone was riding a skittish chestnut mare, who would not let him open a gate. "Let me do that for you," said his companion. But no! the young rider would not be baffled, and he stuck to his purpose for forty minutes, while his nag plunged, and reared, and sidled away from the gate. It is unnecessary to say he at length succeeded. In the same way, when the two were practising archery, Doyle was all for letting the arrows lost in the long grass "find themselves," some other time. But Gladstone insisted in their all being searched for till they were recovered. Of such stuff are made the determined men who found, and—equally, alas!—ruin great Commonwealths.

For a time, Gladstone the Undergraduate did not concern himself to shine in the Oxford Union Debating Society; but when he did, Sir Francis says, "he took the first place!" Sir Francis heard him deliver the speech against the first Reform Bill, which caused the old Duke of Newcastle to bring the speaker into Parliament, at the earliest possible opportunity, as the stout unbending young member for Newark. Naturally, Sir Francis moralises over this

incident. But perhaps we shall do better to quote what he says concerning a later crisis in the career of his friend.

From another point of view, though perhaps the Caucuses may consider me impertinent, if not blasphemous, for saying so, I doubt whether Mr. Gladstone's present position is not in some degree an accidental one. We may all of us recollect the Irish soldiers who marched up to, and then passed a standard erected by William III. Some regiments moved to the right hand, others to the left, the right hand division taking service under Louis XIV., the other division submitting to the English Government. On their first separation they were but an inch or two apart, but the distance gradually widened between them till they, or their representatives, met face to face at Fontenoy. So, after the death of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Beaconsfield's presence established, like that standard, a line of demarcation between the two portions of the Tory party. Had it not been for his being fixed across their path, I think Mr. Gladstone, Herbert, and the other Peelites would have joined Lord Derby instead of becoming Whigs. And if so, as Mr. Gladstone must always be moving on in one direction or another, he would have "kept to the left," and then the gulf must have yawned, not between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, but between Mr. Gladstone and the Caucus leaders, Schnadhorst, Illingworth, and Co. Nor would Mr. Gladstone's logic have been in fault (when is it?) or failed to justify abundantly the course he had chosen.

Elsewhere Sir Francis seems to think that it was only accident also that made Mr. Gladstone, in the first place, a politician; and that, but for the Duke of Newcastle's interference, he would have gone to the Bar and entered the House of Commons as Solicitor-General. But it seems to us that all such speculations, besides being more or less futile, are substantially unsound. People dwell too much on Mr. Gladstone's abilities, and too little on his character. Save in respect of cleverness—using the word in its proper sense, viz. a capacity for acquiring knowledge and making use of it—there is nothing to excite particular wonder or enthusiasm in the intellectual gifts of the Prime Minister. He never, in our opinion, could have reached the highest distinction in any particular intellectual department. But he is a great man of action, an indefatigable worker, an indomitable fighter of battles and campaigns, a man who never knows when he is beaten, and who equally does not know when he is victorious, but throws away his triumph in fresh defeats. We may say of him, as of Schiller's hero, Wallenstein, that his life has been but a battle and a march. English Party politics seem made for such a temperament.

It is creditable alike to Sir Francis and Mr. Gladstone, that, though the two had drifted apart to a considerable extent under the influence of the varying currents of life, their personal friendship subsisted even down to as late a date as 1880. But when, in that year, Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, Sir Francis wrote him a cordial but pretty frank letter of warning, recalling to him some of his own utterances in former years. The letter, of course, was answered; but we infer that, since then, communication between the old Eton and Christchurch friends has ceased.

Among the late Prime Minister's virtues can hardly be reckoned magnanimity; and Sir Francis is not the only one of his once intimate acquaintances whose disapproval of his erratic and spasmodic statesmanship he finds it difficult to forgive.

But, indeed, we wonder that offence was not taken earlier by Sir Francis Doyle himself, when we consider the depth and the ardour of his patriotism. If for this high and now too rare quality alone, he ought to be held in esteem and veneration by his countrymen. His volume of Reminiscences closes with a copy of verses extorted from him after three-score-and-ten by the abandonment and death of Gordon. Nor must it be supposed that he confines his indignation with the want of public spirit to one Party in the State. "Both Parties," he says, "from my point of view are erring grievously. They shrink from looking the constituencies in the face, and telling them the truth, lest by explaining to them that large sums of public money ought to be spent on the public service, they should damage their electioneering prospects. Proclaiming peace when there is no peace, they deceive others, and, let us hope, themselves, and cajole a short-sighted, money-grudging populace by rival feats of arithmetic, each pretending to be more economical than the other." But perhaps the most striking testimony the volume contains to the patriotic sentiments of its author is the fact it records of his nerves giving way, and his being unable to sleep, when the first bad news arrived from India concerning the Sikh War. Fortunately, the late James Wortley, father of the present Under-Secretary for the Home Department, came to his relief in the oddest possible way. "You want your mind diverted," he said, "and we want a pamphlet in favour of the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Write it." Sir Francis set to work; and meanwhile better tidings came from the far East.

There are not as many literary reminiscences in the volume as we looked for from the writer of *The Loss of the Birkenhead* and many other noble poems, and the one-time occupant of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. But he does, in one place, cross swords with his successor in that post respecting the merits of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Mr. Arnold, he says, makes admiration of these a sort of test, and measures people's literary incapacity by the degree of their approval. From this judgment Sir Francis wholly dissents, and thinks the "Lays" a very good piece of work, deserving all the popularity they have earned. But may not both these judgments be true? It is probably because they are so popular, and so deservedly popular, that Mr. Arnold refuses to think very highly of them as poetry. If he said they were not good and spirited verse, with every now and then a certain flavour

of real poetry about them, we think everybody would be of opinion he was talking nonsense. It is the *exaggerated* popular estimate of the value of the "Lays" that we imagine Mr. Arnold would discount; refusing altogether to accept it as a critical estimate of their value. At the same time, it must be allowed that Mr. Arnold has a foible for trying to pack his critical judgments in too small a compass, and oftentimes produces in the mind of a free and independent reader the impression of arbitrariness, not to say of dogmatism, by crystallizing his conclusions into curt and compact phrases, which he carries about with him, and periodically reproduces as the distilled essence of critical judgment. But who does not trip in this way sometimes, if it be true—we were not previously aware of it—that Goethe declared of the *Divina Commedia* that the *Inferno* is abominable, the *Purgatorio* doubtful, and the *Paradiso* tiresome? No doubt it must have been irritating even to the tolerant serenity of the Jove of Weimar, to find a man, and a poet of all men in the world, damning and gloating over the damnation of his political opponents, as Dante does in the eighth, ninth, and other books of the *Inferno,* or, indeed, caring enough about politics and politicians to name them anywhere. Neither would it ever have occurred to the pagan lover of so many matrons and maids, to have imagined any of them in a Heaven in which he was not himself the chief personage, and it would have been inconceivable to him that he should lower his proud head and close his bold eyes before the words, "*Io son, io son, Beatrice!*" We all of us have our limitations, not excepting even Goethe and the author of *Culture and Anarchy.*

Wordsworth is mentioned once or twice, his conversation being described as "very like the *Excursion* turned into vigorous prose." That sounds rather an alarming description, and seems like another condemnation of that work; for what conversation would be like the best lyrical poems of the same poet turned into prose? There is no turning nor transforming the real metal of poetry into anything else. Try to melt it down, it evaporates. On another occasion Wordsworth is described being talked down at a mixed dinner-party by a voluble young woman of high animal spirits, and "gradually becoming a silent gentleman in a black coat, eating an indifferent dinner like any other black-coated gentleman"; an incident highly characteristic both of meditative poets, and of voluble commonplace people whether young or old. Of course, Sir Francis never saw Byron; but his father, he tells us, was one of the three persons Lady Byron consulted concerning her separation from her husband, and Sir Francis cannot get over the fact that three such men, and such different men, as Dr. Lushington, Sir Robert Horton, and his

father, decided that she had no choice except to leave Byron. But surely he forgets that we are now all in as good a position for forming an opinion on the subject as those three gentlemen were; for Mrs. Beecher Stowe has recorded, from the lips of Lady Byron herself, what was her charge against her husband, and everybody is aware that the charge has been conclusively disproved by the fact of Lady Byron's cordial relations with Byron's sister, and her use of Ada as a medium of communication with Byron after their separation. Sir Francis might have been put on his guard against the scandal, to quote a line of Byron's own,

That lies like truth, and yet more truly lies,

by the observation he himself makes in the account given of Byron's lameness by Trelawney, who, it will be remembered, deliberately uncovered Byron's lame foot after death, to see what really was the matter with it. Now Byron was one of a Harrow Eleven against Eton, and, as a batsman, scored but moderately. But he figured also as a bowler, and took three wickets. He was also a skilful boxer. Therefore, says Sir Francis, Trelawney must have been guilty of exaggeration in his account of the deformity. But who ever trusted the word of Trelawney? We may add, who now trusts that of Lady Byron?

Sir Francis relates how, when he delivered his first lecture as the holder of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, he saw a crowd streaming in the direction of the lecture-room, and for a moment he was led to believe that he would have a large audience. He lectured to sparsely-covered benches. The crowd he had seen was on its way to hear Mrs. Siddons recite Shakespeare. The crowd will never follow in the wake of mere intellect, refinement, or scholarship; and it is unreasonable to expect it to do so. A man must make his choice, in this age more especially, whether he will be notorious or esteemed; whether he will win the plaudits of the multitude, or retain his own dignity and self-respect. To put the point strongly: Would Sir Francis have been Mr. Gladstone, if he could? We trust not. We think not. He chose the better part; and, having enjoyed commerce with many men in his youth and manhood, he is honoured by all men in his old age.

CHAUCER AND BOCCACCIO.

While mediocrity strives vainly after originality, genius fails to imitate even when imitation is its aim. Full of delightful surprises, it outdoes its aspirations, creates in seeking to copy, and transforms in striving to reproduce; asserts its individuality in its despite, and reshapes in its own image the mould that was to have suppressed it. Often content with a well-worn theme, it hands it on to posterity with a fresh stamp of immortality, and while adopting the cast-off raiment of an inferior, unconsciously proclaims its loftier nature athwart the humbler disguise of its choice.

Thus self-thwarted in glorious failure was the English

Morning star of song

in his attempt to model himself on his Italian contemporary. Later ages, having almost forgotten Boccaccio's claim to wear the crown of bays, may well wonder at this homage rendered by the greater to the less, since the verse which, in his own day, earned him the supreme honours of the Capitol, would scarcely suffice in ours to win him a passing memory, were it not for its share in directing and guiding the inspiration of Chaucer.

Boccaccio's place as a poet must, indeed, be determined less by the intrinsic value of his work than by his function as a precursor, essaying a new development of his art, and forecasting its course in the future. Immeasurably below the other component members of the great Triad of the earlier Renaissance, he was, in a truer sense than either, the pioneer of subsequent Italian song. The unapproachable loftiness of Dante's theme forbade imitation, the narrow limitation of Petrarch's condemned it to inane reiteration. But Boccaccio, in giving the metrical romance an established place in literature, supplied the poetry of the future with its favourite outlet of expression, and opened up to it a new and inexhaustible field of subjects in harmony with modern taste.

The form moreover of the later Italian epic was that first adopted by him as the best calculated for versified narrative. The octave stanza, though not of his absolute invention, since it already existed in popular song, owes to him its introduction to that higher sphere

of cultivated letters where it later came to occupy so large a place. The *Teseide* thus forms a landmark in Italian literature as the earliest attempt to set a heroic subject to that plebeian phrase of melody destined to form the structural basis of all the verse-music of the Renaissance. The poem, written in 1341, has all the elaborate awkwardness of a first struggle for utterance in an unfamiliar form of diction, while the ideas are still clogged by mechanical difficulties of expression. These difficulties are aggravated, too, by the effort to reproduce classical models while using, in the Italian vernacular, an idiom as yet untried in such subjects.

For Boccaccio, a diligent and ardent student of the newly-recovered literature of antiquity, was a much more servile copyist of its forms than were his successors. Those earlier stores, in their time thoroughly assimilated by the Italian mind, had furnished it with materials for fresh growths, and were no longer reproduced in crude incongruity. The Middle Ages are, in this sense, more strictly classical than the later hybrid epoch of the Renaissance, when the complete fusion of antique fable with popular tradition had taken place.

The Italian epic of that date closely followed the ballad-singers and itinerant story-tellers of the streets, not only in its choice of subjects, but also in the episodical character of its narrative, diverging into an inextricable mesh of collateral channels. Boccaccio on the contrary, like his classical prototypes, preserves the unity of his design, following throughout a single thread of fable unencumbered by any secondary issues. The difference in tendency between the antique and mediæval mind, producing this divergence, is highly characteristic of the two epochs, and is still more strongly exemplified in their architecture. The structural simplicity of the Greek temple, with its severe subordination of ornament to design, on the one hand, and the complex developments of intersecting arches and ramified pillars in the Gothic cathedral on the other, form two opposite ideals, striven after in all branches of art alike, and typifying respectively the law of rest and the law of growth.

The fable on which the *Teseide* was founded is described by Boccaccio, in his dedicatory letter to Fiammetta, as "a very ancient story, found by him and unknown to the generality." Of this original, if it ever existed, no trace has been discovered, nor does he give any other clue to it. On intrinsic evidence, however, it may be pronounced one of the popular chivalric romances, in which epochs, characters, and manners were jumbled together, with the utter recklessness of an age innocent of archæology. It is this tale of the two Theban knights, Palamon and Arcite, both prisoners in the hands of Theseus, and rivals for the love of the

fair Emilia, which Chaucer has familiarized to English readers under the title of the *Knightes Tale*. In substance almost a reproduction of Boccaccio's romance, his version differs from it so widely in diction, style of expression, and metrical form, as to constitute an independent and original poem.

The First Book of the *Teseide*, narrating the expedition of Theseus against the Amazons, his marriage to Hippolyta, their queen, and his return to Athens, accompanied by Emilia, the young sister of the latter, is of the nature of a prologue, and, as such, is omitted by Chaucer altogether.

The siege of Thebes follows, where Palamon and Arcite, friends and kinsmen, are made captive, to undergo a long imprisonment at Athens in a cell overlooking a garden of the palace. Here they first catch a glimpse of the heroine, whose appearance is heralded as follows, by one of those descriptions of spring-tide so common among later Italian poets:—

> From this glad aspect of the stars on high,
> The earth a sweet and gracious influence drew,
> And robed her form, so beauteous to the eye,
> In vesture of fresh green and blossoms new;
> Each sapling tree reclothed its branches dry
> With verdant leaves, while Spring's sweet stress did sue
> The trees to bloom and fruit in rich redundance,
> And crown the earth with beauty and abundance.
>
> The little birds, in carol blithe and gay,
> Began to chant their amorous joys renewed,
> Sporting on leafy bough and flowery spray,
> While every living thing its servitude
> To the same power did equally display,
> And lusty youths, inclined to amorous mood,
> Felt, in their hearts, love grow in strength and ardour,
> And his enchanted yoke press ever harder.
>
> *Teseide*, book iii. stanzas 6, &c.

This passage affords an illustration of the verbosity of Boccaccio in contrast with the quaint succinctness of his English disciple, who compresses the most essential portion of the two stanzas into the three following lines:—

> The season priketh every gentil herte,
> And maketh him out of his sleepe sterte,
> And seith, "Arys, and do thin observance."

In the description of the maiden he follows his predecessor more closely, but with similar condensation of his ideas. Boccaccio is at his best when writing of Emilia, as his sympathy with feminine character enables him to give her a more distinct individuality than he confers on the male personages of his tale. Even through the stilted conventionalities of the pseudo-classical style a penetrating touch of caustic humour here and there reveals his insight into the cold and narrow nature he is describing.

Emilia is a type of woman common enough in real life, but seldom figuring as a heroine of romance; with affections strictly subordinated to self-interest, and a heart thoroughly under the control of discretion, but adapting herself, with all her superficial graces of mind and person, to inspire a love she is incapable of returning. She is, withal, redeemed from total insipidity by a childish *naïveté* even in the exercise of her small arts of fascination, and by a maidenly innocence and freshness that may be taken to excuse her want of emotional sensibility. The poet's first picture of her is not devoid of grace and sweetness, despite his clumsy redundancy of language:—

Then fair Emilia, scarce to girlhood grown,
Guided and led by youthful fancy's play,
But not by love, yet to her heart unknown,
At the same hour each morning took her way
Unto a garden trode by her alone,
Which close beside her chamber-window lay,
And barefooted, in morning-gown, went trilling
Her songs of love, the air with gladness filling;

And this, her use and habit, did pursue
The maiden sweet and simple, day by day;
Now plucking with white hand the rose that blew
In new-born beauty on its thorny spray,
Then, twining with it other flowers that grew,
She wreathed her golden head with garlands gay,
Till on a morn fell out, as fate directed,
A novel chance, by the maid's charms effected.

One beauteous morn, when she had risen from sleep,
And with her tresses blond her head had crowned,
Down to the garden fair, her tryst to keep,
She singing went, and gaily sported round.
Of blossoms on the sward piled in a heap
She swift and merrily her garlands wound,
And still her lays of love she went on singing,
With child-like mirth and angel voice sweet ringing.

At sound of that clear voice, that softly flowed,
Arcite rose, who in his prison lay,
Beside the garden that was love's abode,
But nought to Palamon his friend did say.
He oped a window that the garden showed,
In haste, to better hear that roundelay,
And thrust his head athwart the iron grating
To see who such sweet music was creating.

(*Teseide*, stanzas 8, &c.)

The reader will doubtless remember Chaucer's description of Emelie, but we insert it to facilitate comparison:—

This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
Till it fel oones in a morne of May
That Emelie, that fairer was to seene
Than is the lilie on hire stalke grene,
And fressher than the May, with floures newe—
For with the rose-colour strof hire hewe,

I not which was the fayrer of hem two—
Er it were day, as was hire wone to do,
Sche was arisen, and al redy dight,
For May wole hau no sloggardye anight.

Hire yelwe heer was browded in a tresse,
Byhynde hire bak, a yerde long I gesse,
And in the garden, as the sonne upriste,
Sche walked up and down, and as hire liste
Sche gadereth floures, party whyte and reede,
To make a sotil garland for hire heede,
And as an angel hevenly sche song.

Of the two prisoners who become enamoured of this fair vision, one, as the poet tells Fiammetta in his dedication, is intended to represent himself, adding that she will have no difficulty in knowing which. The course of his own love, he says, is told, as far as the exigencies of the story and necessary reserve permit, with sufficient plainness to bring it to her mind. Palamon, whose suit finally achieves success, is presumably the one indicated; but his courtship is of so very shadowy a character, not including the exchange of a word with its object, that a great deal must have been left to the imagination if it were intended to portray a less visionary attachment. Not Palamon, but Arcite, is first to become conscious of Emilia's presence, and he thus calls his friend to gaze on her :—

And, turning inward, in low voice he said
Unto his friend, "Oh, Palamon, look here,
'Tis Venus' self from heaven here downward sped.
Hear'st thou her song? Ah, if thou hold'st me dear,
Come hither quick, and see ere she be fled.
'Twill give thee pleasure to regard so near
The queen of beauty in her charms eternal,
To us descended from the realms supernal."

Uprose then Palamon, who heard his call,
So softly, of his step he scarce was ware,
And went with him unto the window small,
Where both stood still to see the goddess fair,
Whom when he saw, in voice of lively fall,
He said, "'Tis Cytherea's self is there,
On thing so fair my gaze hath never lighted,
Or looked on aught that vision so delighted."

(*Teseide*, stanzas 13, &c.)

In this scene Chaucer departs from his original by making the captives engage in a hot dispute as to the priority of their claims to secure the affections of the lady; while Boccaccio has been condemned by some modern critics for his failure to indicate any sense of jealousy between them, so long as both were in confinement. He gives us here, instead, a keen analysis, omitted by Chaucer, of the demeanour of Emilia when an involuntary exclamation from Palamon betrays the presence of the two spectators.

At that "Ah me!" the maiden fair to see
O'er her left shoulder turned with sudden grace,
And to the window straight her eyes raised she,
Whereon the lovely pallor of her face
Flushed o'er with rosy shame. Who those might be
She knew not; but, uprising from her place,
With all the blossoms fair she had collected,
Her parting steps elsewhither she directed.

But yet not all unmindful did she go
Of that "Ah me!" and though too young in age
Of love's entire perfection aught to know,
Yet something of its feelings she could gauge,
And deemed herself admired, and felt a glow
Of pride to think her charms could hearts engage,
And prized them more, and strove for their adorning,
When to the garden she repaired each morning.

(*Teseide*, stanzas 18 and 19.)

And while the fair continued still to stray,
At times in company, at times alone,
For pastime in the garden bright and gay,
With furtive looks her eyes were ever thrown
Up to the window whence, first heard that day,
Came Palamon's "Ah me!" in piteous tone,
Not urged by love, but rather love desiring,
To see if others gazed on her admiring.

And if she knew that others watched to see,
A mien of frank unconsciousness would feign,
And warble to herself, as though in glee,
With sweetest voice, of keen and subtle strain,
And on the grass, midst bush and shrub and tree,
With mincing step and guileless air amain,
Would mimic woman's gait in the endeavour
To charm the eyes of gazers dreamed of ever.

(*Ibid*, stanzas 28 and 29.)

The subsequent course of the story is nearly identical in both versions, and follows the fortunes of Arcite, who is released from his captivity through the intercession of Peritheus. As his liberation is accompanied by a decree of banishment from Athens, it is, in the state of his feelings, a boon of little value; and, after protracted wanderings in exile, he risks all to return and be near the object of his affections. In a menial capacity, and under a feigned name he reappears at the Court of Theseus, where Emilia's eyes alone are keen enough to penetrate his disguise. The admirable discretion of the young lady, however, prevents her from betraying her recognition either to him or others, but it may be presumed that she was not all unconscious of the distant homage, the opportunity of rendering which was all her admirer gained by his proximity. But in Palamon, who accidentally hears of his rival's appearance on the scene, the mere fact of his presence suffices to excite transports of jealous madness.

Succeeding by stratagem in escaping from prison, he comes on his kinsman in a wood, to whose solitude he had resorted for his

amorous meditations, and compels him, though reluctantly, to engage in single combat on the spot. The knights, absorbed in their duel, are unconscious of the approach of a royal hunting party, until Emilia herself interposes between them, and her appearance is followed by that of Theseus, Hippolyta, and all their train. An explanation ensues; the knights confess their identity, and declare their rivalry in love of the fair Amazon. Theseus, a chivalrous monarch, not only condones their breach of prison and parole, but promises Emilia's hand as the prize of a tournament, in which they are to do battle at the end of a year, each attended by a hundred knights of his choosing.

The preparations and preliminaries of the combat offer a congenial field for the descriptive faculty of both poets, and Boccaccio devotes whole pages to the enumeration of the champions, presented by Chaucer with more vigorous brevity. The most celebrated heroes of antiquity are ranged on both sides, and classical personages freely introduced among mediæval pageantry. The English bard's picture of Lygurge, King of Thrace, may be cited as a specimen of those passages in which he closely adheres to his original:—

Ful heye upon a char of gold stood he,
With four white boles in the trays,
Instede of cote armure over his harnays,
With nayles yelwe, and bright as eny gold;
He had a beres skyn col-blak for-old,
His long heer was kembd byhynde his bak,
As eny ravens fether it schon for-blak.

The same description, as usual at greater length, does duty for Agamemnon in the original. The striking picture of the rugged warrior is heightened by contrast with that of the youthful Menelaus, who comes next in the train.

High on a car, with four stout bulls for team,
Great Agamemnon of Inachia rode,
A numerous train around, 'mid whom supreme,
In armour of a baron bold he showed:
And well the lofty honours did beseem,
By Greeks in front of 'leaguered Troy bestowed,
Keen-eyed, stout-limbed, with beard like wing of raven,
His piercing look and mien bespoke no craven.

Nor burnished arms, or mantle fluttering wide,
Locks combed and scented, gold or gems he wore,
But flung around his neck a bear's rough hide,
Clasped by the shining claws, so dread of yore,
In shaggy fold hung down at either side,
The bruised and rusted armour cov'ring o'er,
And to the gazers was the truth notorious,
That o'er all comers he must be victorious.

Behind him following, but in garb and mien
Unlike, the youthful Menelaus came,
Clad in rich stuffs all precious to be seen,
Graceful and fair, unarmed his comely frame;

And with his locks of gold that glittered sheen
The zephyrs toyed, while like a golden flame,
His amber beard upon his breast descended,
And all who gazed admired its beauty splendid.

He rode a mighty charger iron-grey,
And held a rein clogged thick with massy gold,
Around his neck the fluttering mantle gay
Made music to the breeze that swelled its fold.
Had Venus' heart been vacant, all did say
To gain her love he well might have made bold,
Thus lookers-on his manly grace applauded,
And to the skies his strength and beauty lauded.

(*Teseide*, book vi. stanzas 21, &c.)

Each of the interested parties repairs, on the eve of the tournament, to the shrine of a patron divinity, in order to implore a successful issue. Arcite has recourse to Mars, to whom he appeals for victory in the fight; Palamon invokes Venus, declaring himself indifferent to success in arms so his love prosper; and Emilia betakes her to the temple of Diana, to entreat counsel and aid from the maiden goddess. Each receives a favourable response despite their conflicting wishes, but it is the votary of Venus who in the end obtains the most substantial boon from his patroness. By a curious and overstrained figure of rhetoric, the prayers of Arcite and Palamon are personified, that they may find their way to the abodes of the divinities invoked. It is thus that the description of the palace or temple of Mars is introduced, of which, as it is the original of a celebrated passage in Chaucer, we subjoin a portion for comparison :—

In the wide Thracian fields, 'neath Northern skies,
Where never-ceasing storms convulse the air,
And the dark host of clouds for ever flies
Before the winds that chase them here and there,
Through reeking wintry climes where summer dies,
And by the curdling cold flung everywhere
Are watery globules and chill snows congealing
To hard and creaking ice o'er nature stealing.

Deep in a barren wood uncouth and drear,
Where sturdy oaks grew close and thick and high,
All gnarled and rugged, harsh and old and sere,
Which with eternal shade the light deny
To earth's sad face, by growths of many a year
Hid from a thousand storms that raved on high,
Strange sounds came thence and noises wild and eery,
Nor beast or shepherd sought its shelter dreary.

Of the great god armipotent was seen
The palace built of steel that glistened bright,
And from its surface of resplendent sheen
Sent flashing back the sun's reflected light,

Abhorrent of that dismal place, I ween.
Strait was the iron door and scant in height,
The gates were all of adamant immortal,
And metal-plated was each massy portal.

The ideas here are undoubtedly striking, and the unwieldy awkwardness of the style alone prevents the passage from being an eloquent one, as it becomes under the compression of Chaucer's nervous diction. Arcite's prayer personified reaches this abode of the war-god, and penetrates to its inmost sanctuary peopled by metaphorical abstractions like herself.

There Fury she beheld enthroned in glee,
And with a visage all ensanguined o'er,
Death fully armed, and Stupor did she see,
And every altar reeked with floods of gore,
Which shed on fields of battle running free
From human veins in crimson floods did pour,
Their fires were lit with brands from smoking cities,
And wrecks of war which nothing spares or pities.

With storied tales the temple walls were lined,
Above, around, by cunning hand made plain,
And first was all the booty there designed
By night and day from plundered cities ta'en,
Victims of brutal force in bonds confined,
And captives in sad garb, a piteous train,
Whole peoples bound in chains, strong places battered,
And iron gates and forts all rent and shattered.

And ships of war were seen equipped for fight,
And hollow cars and faces marred with blows,
And doleful plaints were heard of grief and fright,
And Force was there triumphant in repose.
All wounds and hurts were sanctioned there by right,
And earth oozed red with blood of slaughtered foes.
On all sides round, in every phase atrocious,
Dread Mars was seen, o'erbearing and ferocious.

(*Teseide*, book vii. stanzas 30, &c.)

Chaucer's rendering of this passage is a masterpiece of vigorous condensation, in which everything striking in the original is conveyed with added swiftness and energy of expression. Boccaccio's conception is undoubtedly fine, but is almost swamped under the accumulation of detail with which it is loaded. Moreover, as he deals out even-handed justice to the other divinities invoked, in dwelling with equal minuteness on the aspects of their respective abodes, the triple multiplication of the idea becomes monotonous. The three following stanzas, however, from Emilia's invocation of Diana, deserve to be quoted as a specimen of the heroine's naïve simplicity in addressing her protectress:—

And if the gods already have disposed,
In their eternal and august decree,
That all shall happen as hath been proposed,
Then bring unto my arms him who shall be

Most welcome to my heart and unopposed,
And who with firmest will desireth me.
To speak his name my lips I cannot tutor,
So lovable to me seems either suitor.

And let the other, wounded with the shame,
Of losing me, be hurt by this alone,
And if this word to utter I may claim,
To me, oh goddess! in these flames make known
Whose incense to thy godhead flies—what name
Shall his be, who my future faith shall own,
So this pyre of Arcite then be reckoned
The emblem, and of Palamon the second.

At least my troubled soul shall feel less pain,
Less sadly for the vanquished party sigh,
And with a lighter heart the sight sustain,
When from the lists I shall behold him fly.
My will, now so divided, then must fain
Take sides with one of those in arms who vie,
And see the other fly, with heart made steady
By knowledge of the future fixed already.

(*Teseide*, stanzas 86–87.)

The omen that follows is ambiguous, like most revelations of futurity, the flame first quenched being subsequently rekindled, and Emilia, interpreting the prophecy according to her desires, fails to discern its true significance. The tournament takes its course, giving a large field for the poet's imagination in detailing heroic incidents of battle, wearisome to modern, as they were interesting to contemporary readers. Arcite triumphs over his rival, but Venus, mindful of Palamon's invocation, sends a Fury to frighten the horse of the victor, who is thrown, and receives a fatal injury from the accident. He lingers long enough to celebrate his nuptials with Emilia, but subsequently languishes and dies, leaving her as a legacy to Palamon. Only in his description of the death of Arcite does the poet strike a chord of genuine human feeling, and the two following stanzas, in which the dying hero commits the fair creature they had both contended for to the keeping of his rival are full of tender grace and pathos :—

If she perchance, touched by my early fate,
In tender grief let fall one pitying tear,
Oh, haste to soothe, and bid her woe abate.
For that sweet face, so lovely and so dear,
Hath filled my heart with love for her so great
That me her smile more than herself doth cheer,
I, more than she, am saddened by her sadness,
And change with her loved face from grief to gladness.

Thus, if the parted soul beyond the tomb
Aught of what passes in the world can know,
Amid the dismal throng 'mid realms of gloom
Less sad and more courageous mine will go.

This said, he ceased, nor speech did more resume;
While, with a voice of tender grief and woe,
And voice whose broken tones with anguish quivered,
His soul as follows Palamon delivered.

(*Teseide*, book iii. stanzas 46 and 47.)

The poem concludes with the funeral rites of Arcite and the nuptials of Palamon, to whom the favour of Venus has thus secured the final fruition of his hopes.

From this brief sketch of the *Teseide*, it will be seen how closely Chaucer has adhered to his text, not only in the general outline of the work, but even in its imagery and illustrations. Yet his version is rather a paraphrase than a translation, and, according to Mr. Furnivall's analysis, out of 2,250 lines only 270 are direct transcriptions, while 374 bear a general likeness, and 132 a more distant one, to those of the original. The superior brevity of the English rendering, in which some 10,000 lines are represented by little more than a fifth of that number, is sheer artistic gain, attained by judicious compression and superior concentration of idea.

The *Teseide*, the earliest versified love-tale of the Middle Ages, forms a connecting link between modern and mediæval literature, and is memorable as the first attempt to give permanent form to a class of fable extensively circulated among the unlettered vulgar by oral tradition. The popular imagination, fed by the recitations of vagrant jongleurs and singers, already ran riot in similar subjects, and the names of Lancelot and Guinevere, of Tristram and Iseult, of Fiordiligi and Brandimarte, with endless variations on their loves and sorrows, were thus handed down from lip to lip, and from generation to generation. It was on this legendary store that Boccaccio, Sacchetti, and Bandello, nay, Shakespeare himself, drew for the raw material of their narratives; it was here that Boiardo, Pulci, and Ariosto found the endless supply of marvel and adventure that enliven their brilliant verse.

Chaucer, too, appropriated to his own uses some of this common stock of early romance, borrowing it at second hand from the pages of Boccaccio with a frank license which was not, in those days, dubbed plagiarism. The influence of foreign writers over his mind is explained by the absence of any literature worthy to be so called in his own country until created by him on the basis of general European culture. The break in the continuity of language effected by the Norman Conquest had cut the country off from its earlier history and traditions, and the Anglo-Saxon tongue, surviving only as the barbarous dialect of the rude vulgar, lost all power of developing to any more advanced use. Hence the new English language, slowly evolved from the fusion of the two

elements of population, and perfected in the fourteenth century almost to its present form, found itself without a past of its own on which to found the superstructure of its future growth. It had reached a stage of maturity in which the French *fabliau* and the Teutonic myth were alike alien to it, and required a new starting-point and a fresh fulcrum of thought from which to work out the latent capabilities of its compound nature. This Chaucer, a man of wide sympathy and many-sided intelligence, gave it, by linking it to the awakening intellectual life of Continental Europe.

The rapid extension of international trade relations helped in the same direction, and their influence on literature is strikingly illustrated by the poet's mission to Italy. Sent thither as an envoy to establish a closer commercial connection between England and Genoa, he spent the year 1372–73 in the northern Italian cities, and was thus brought into familiar contact with the poetry and letters of that country. His visit to "the worthy clerk, Fraunces Petrarch, the laureate poet," is matter of tradition, and, if there is no record of his having been brought into personal relations with Boccaccio, he at least came within the sphere of his artistic influence.

Nor is his debt to him exhausted by his loan of a subject from the *Teseide*. The *Decameron* also supplied him with the tale of "the patient Griselda," and probably suggested by its general plan, of a group of narratives linked to a central situation, the similarly-connected series of the *Canterbury Tales*. The tale of Troylus and Criseide, again, is an adaptation of Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, still closer than that of his Theban lovers in the *Knightes Tale*. The edition of this work by Rossetti, in which the English text is collated with a literal prose rendering of the Italian original, supplies all the materials for a comparative study of the two. Of the *Teseide*, on the contrary, no English version seems to exist, although it was considered worthy of appearing in a Greek translation as early as 1529.

Boccaccio had the rare fortune, shared with the two modern novelists, Manozni and Walter Scott, of eclipsing by his fame as a prose-writer that which he had previously acquired as a poet. Crowned as such in the Capitol in 1342, six years previous to that Plague of Florence which supplied the tragic setting of his *Decameron*, he shone among his contemporaries as the second luminary of Italian song with a lustre surpassed only by that of Petrarch. The founder of modern Romantic poetry, who set the key to the master singers of the Renaissance, and exercised through Chaucer so potent an influence on the germination of English literature, we may well ask why his verse is now unread and his very existence as a poet almost forgotten.

The answer is to be found in his want of all dramatic power of expression, and in his vague diffuseness of language and lengthy dilution of thought, swamping the interest of the subject under a flood of wearisome verbosity. Every sentence is a circumlocution, every epithet an irrelevance, every phrase an ambiguity. Nowhere lucid, the style is often obscure, and, in some passages, corruption of text seems to have supervened on inherent defect of construction. Hence it is not wonderful that almost complete oblivion should have overtaken Boccaccio's poetry, and that, while in his own country it is never read and little remembered, English students are satisfied to know it in the more vigorous verse of their own chanticleer of song, the clear-voiced herald of their dawning prime of letters.

E. M. Clerke.

THE RELATION OF WOMEN TO THE STATE IN PAST TIMES.

"With our minds fixed on the future, our lives busy in the present, may God preserve to us our hold on the past!"—DEAN STANLEY.

THE above words, spoken by Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, touch the core of the question of the enfranchisement of women, which is, for us, essentially this: Shall Great Britain, in days when the principle of representative Government has been broadened down through every class of the community, give women less recognized position, less responsible interest and influence in the public weal than in old times, when the hereditary influence predominated?

The Throne alone preserves intact the hereditary principle by which, at one period, in every manor the rights and duties of their inheritance fell impartially on men and women.

So long as popular representation fails to recognize the rights of citizenship with similar impartiality, it is neither true to that heritage of birth which asserted itself in the past, nor to that development of individual opportunity which marks the present.

Many instances of the responsibilities of women, whether as landed proprietors or as burgesses, testify to their relatively more influential relations to the State in earlier times of our history.

The duties of lords of the manor are now small and unimportant in comparison with their functions when the jurisdiction of the manor lay at the foundation of social order, and it devolved on the manorial lord to enforce peace and law; but however extensive these responsibilities, they devolved on the lady who might inherit the position, as well as on the lord. The Rolls of the Hundreds of Edward I. furnish many instances. These rolls, preserving the inquiry made into the conditions of royal manors throughout the greater part of England in the second year of the reign of Edward I., show that complete equality existed as regards all the incidents of manorial tenure. Women held courts of frank-pledge, whereby each man was bound to conduct himself loyally in the community to which he belonged; women held and attended courts of the hundred and of the county; held assizes of bread and ale, which fulfilled for those days

the functions which Adulteration Acts and Government analysts are expected to do for ours; they even had power of life and death over disturbers of the peace.

To take a few instances:—Johanna de Huntingfeud held view of frank-pledge in the hundred of Pappeworth, Canterbury (vol. i. p. 53). Elena la Zouche, had *returnum brevium*, gallows, assize of bread and ale, and whatever pertains to view of frank-pledge in the same hundred. In Dorsetshire two ladies, Agnes de Vescy and Elena de Valtibus, are named as having gallows in their respective hundreds, assize of bread and ale, and suit against wrongful impounding of cattle (*placita de namio netito*, vol. i. p. 99). The Countess of Lycester had the same in Essedon, in Buckinghamshire. The Countess of Albemarle, in addition to assize of bread and ale, corrected weights and measures at her manor of Navensby, Northamptonshire (vol. ii. p. 7), where also she had view of frank-pledge. Dame Johanna de Engles attended the court of the county of the hundred, in the hundred of Conedes, Salop (vol. ii. p. 62), while attendance as copyholders at the lords' courts is mentioned continually. Isabella de Fortibus Countess of Insula, held the camp of Plympton, with all the honours pertaining, by service of one knight, as her ancestors had done since William the Conqueror (vol. i. p. 77). Nicholaa de la Hay was vested by King John with the custody of Lincoln Castle "in time of peace and in time of war" (vol. i. p. 309).

These examples, amongst many which might be cited from the same source, sufficiently show the position taken by ladies of the manor in the thirteenth century. As tenants of the Crown women were liable to those obligations of military service on which feudal tenure is built up. The names of many ladies occur amongst the nobles summoned in 1277 to furnish their due service to Edward I. for his Welsh wars, amongst those being the four great abbesses of Wilton, St. Mary of Winchester, Shaftesbury, and Berking. Many barons brought service for the inheritance of their wives. In 1282 writs were again issued for the Welsh wars: "We command you by the fealty, homage, and love by which you hold of us, strictly injoining that you be with us, with men and arms, and all service due, ready to set forth with us thence (*i.e.* from Rutland) on our expedition against the said Welsh malefactors and rebels; and this ye shall in nowise omit."* This was sent to Milisent de Monte Alto, the Countess of Gloucester, Isabella de Fortibus Countess of Albemarle and Devon, Margareta—who was wife of Robert Ros le Werk, Elena la Zuche, Amabilia de Segrave, Alianora—who was wife of Henry Percy, Dame de Wych, Agnes de

* Palgrave's *Parliamentary Writs* (Record Commission), p. 244–5.

Vescy, Luce de Grey, Dionisia de Monte Canisius. The abbesses of Wilton, St. Mary of Winchester, Shaftesbury, and Berking had a similar injunction, along with numerous abbots, to have their due service ready.

In 1294 a writ was addressed to Milisent de Monte Alto, Idonea de Leyburn, and Margaretta de Neville, requiring "that you be with us at Portsmouth on the first day of September next, with horses and arms, and all your service that you owe to us, ready to sail across the sea to the said land" (Gascony).* By a writ dated May 24th, 1297, the Sheriffs of Northampton and several other counties were required to summon all owners of lands and rents of £20 a year to be with the King in London on the Sunday after the Octave of St. John the Baptist, with horses and arms, ready to sail "to lands across the sea, to the honour of God and themselves as we hope, and the safety and general utility of our kingdom." These owners of £20 include several women.† Out of 656 landowners of £40, who were similarly summoned in 1300 to join the King against Scotland, sixty-three ladies are enumerated as furnishing their service, besides the abbesses of Worewell, St. Mary of Winchester, Tarente, Lacock, and Romsey, and Cecilia de Neville, and Lucia de Chellingwood, who hold of the King *in capite*. Two years later the four great abbesses, who have already been twice referred to, were required to send their service to Berwick-on-Tweed.‡ The following year an order, of considerable interest for the present inquiry, was sent to the Sheriff of York—and similarly to sheriffs in several other counties—desiring archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, and other ecclesiastical persons, also widows and other women who held by military service, to have all their service ready with the King at Berwick-on-Tweed to march against the Scotch. Nevertheless, permission was given that those prelates, ecclesiastics, and "women or others who are less capable at arms (*arma minus potentes*) or less suited to those great labours," should "come before our Treasurer and Barons of Exchequer on the day after Ascension Day, or more quickly if they can, at York, or should send someone for them there, to give a fine for their service"§ (*ad faciendum finem*). A significant passage, as testifying that the personal attendance of the women was expected, although they might, if they thought well, send someone to represent them.

The practice of our own day contrasts but ill with that of the days of chivalry, when women were liable, and frequently were called

* Palgrave's *Parliamentary Writs* (Record Commission), p. 289.
† *Ibid.*, p. 288.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 366.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 371.

on, to fulfil public services of such responsibility as those already quoted, and others yet to be quoted. How slowly and timidly this generation is placing women on the Boards for the education of its children, and the charge of its poor! how it hesitates as to their capacity to inspect the conditions under which their sisters labour in factories and workshops! How different the position of women such as the abbesses referred to above, heads of the monasteries which furnished first-class places of education for the young ladies of the land, from the king's palace downwards, where—to quote the words of Canon Jackson*—they "were taught what so many young women now-a-days, when their education is called finished, begin to learn for themselves, medicine, surgery, confectionery, cookery, the general management of households and the duties of the rich to the poor—all this under the orderly superintendence of piety and religion . . . and this not in a boarding-house in a town, but at the very houses of the largest and richest landowners." Thus uniting the highest functions of their day as educators with the considerable responsibilities of landowners, these abbesses filled a position quite without parallel in our day. Ela, Countess of Salisbury, foundress of Lacock, was one of these. In her younger days she had been thrice appointed Sheriff of Wilts, in 1227, 1228, and 1231, "at which time she gave the King (Henry III.) 200 marks to have the custody, *i.e.* the sheriffalty, of that county, and the Castle of Sarum during her whole life."† A devout woman, she in her widowhood took the veil, and some years later, in 1240, became abbess of the monastery she had founded, at the age of fifty-three, ruling it for eighteen years, when she resigned, "finding herself so much debilitated by age that she could not well undergo the government as she desired."‡

In 1306 the four abbesses of Wilton, Winchester, Shaftesbury, and Berking were required to be *in propria persona* before the King and his Council§ at Westminster, where all the prelates and magistrates of the land were called together on the occasion of the Prince of Wales being made a Knight, to consent to those things which

* "Eminent Ladies of Wiltshire," papers by Canon Jackson, *Wilts Archæological Magazine*, December 1881.

† Dugdale, *Peerage and Baronage*, vol. i. p. 177. Her daughter held the manor of Hoke Morton, in Oxfordshire, 1285, *in capita*, by the serjeantry of carving before our lord the King on Christmas Day (Bowles' *Annals of Lacock*, p. 160).

‡ A court styled *curia d'abbatissæ* was held by the Abbess of Shaftesbury within the gates of the Abbey, [Mereweather and Stephens' *History of Municipal Boroughs*, p. 595.

§ "Volumus cum magnatibus et aliis de eodem regno terras in dicta terra Hiberniæ habentibus colloquium habere et tractatum vobis in fide et legeancia quibus vobis tenessimi firmiter injungendo mandamus quod omnibus aliis praetermissis aliquem vel aliquos de quibus confiditis apud Westmonasterium mittatis."—Dugdale *Summons to Parliament*, p. 45.

might arise to be ordained, or else to send procurators or attorneys, having sufficient power, and instructed about the premised things to be done.*

The names of ten ladies appear amongst the nobles holding lands in Ireland whom Edward III. in 1362 summoned to his council; viz. Mary Countess of Norfolk, Alienor Countess of Ormond, Anna Despenser, Phillippa Countess of March, Johanna Fitzwater, Agneta Countess of Pembroke, Mary de St. Paul Countess of Pembroke, Margeria de Roose, Matilda Countess of Oxford, Catherine Countess of Atholl.

Maud, widow of Hugh Bigord, inherited the Marshal's rod, "being the eldest, who ought by inheritance to enjoy that great office, by descent from Walter Mareschal, sometime Earl of Pembroke."†

The office of Hereditary High Sheriff of Westmoreland was twice filled by women: by Isabella de Clifford, who in the reign of Edward I. "sate personally in court and executed the office of Sheriff"; and by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who died in 1675, after filling the office for many years.

It would have been truly incongruous had women, while permitted to fill these functions, been forbidden to take their share in the selection of knights of the shire and burgesses. Accordingly the early statutes, from which our representative system has gradually developed, contain no restrictive phrase like the "male persons" which the Reform Act of 1832 for the first time introduced into the Electoral Law of Great Britain. Women voted in various capacities, as suitors at county courts, as Ladies of the Manor, and as having the freedom of their city.

Mr. Prynne, in *Brevia Parlementaria Rediviva*, notes the peculiarity of elections in the county of York, by annual suitors to the county court, "the attornies of the Archbishop of York and of sundry earls, lords, nobles, and some ladies who were annual suitors to the county court of Yorkshire, being the sole electors of the Knights, and sealing their indentures" (p. 152). In 25 Henry VI. this ancient form was changed, and the indentures made and sealed by freeholders—a word, be it noted, of equally generic meaning as suitors.

The return of two members for Aylesbury by Dame Dorothy Packington has been often quoted, but must here be quoted once more: "To all Christian people to whom this present writing shall come, I, Dame Dorothy Packington, widow, late wife of Sir John Packington, Knight, lord and overseer of the town of Ayles-

* Palgrave, *Parliamentary Writ*, vol. i. p. 164.

† *History and Antiquity of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, by Joseph Nicholson and Richard Burn, vol. i. p. 273.

bury, sendeth greeting: know ye me, the same Dame Dorothy Packington, to have chosen, named, and appointed, my trusty and well beloved Thomas Lichfield and John Burden, esquires, to be my burgesses of my said town of Aylesbury. And whatsoever the said Thomas and George, burgesses, shall do in the service of the Queen's Highness in that present Parliament to be holden at Westminster the 8th day of May next ensuing the date hereof, I, the same Dame Dorothy Packington, do ratify and approve to be my own act, as fully and wholly as if I were or might be present there. In witness," &c. &c.*

A Parliamentary inquiry into a disputed return for the borough of Gatton, 3 Charles I., showed that in the 7 Edward VI. the member for Gatton was returned by Mrs. Coply and *omnes habitantes*.†

The divers conditions by which corporate towns were regulated prior to the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 afford numerous instances of equal rights of men and women as burgesses and as traders. Thus, in York, before the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, the right of voting for members of Parliament was vested solely in the freemen of the city, and *every child* of a freeman born after the father had been admitted to his freedom was entitled to be admitted at the age of twenty-one, wherever the father resided, or wherever the child was born. *Every person* who had served an apprenticeship for seven years, under a binding by indenture for that period to a freeman or freewoman inhabiting or carrying on trade in the city, was also entitled to become free. If the master died, the apprentice was allowed to serve out his time with the widow.‡

Similarly, in Shrewsbury, before 1832, the right of returning members to Parliament was vested exclusively in the burgesses, that is, *every person* born within the borough, as well as apprentices to freemen.§

In Newcastle-on-Tyne the Parliamentary franchise devolved on a freeman's widow, who also could enfranchise her husband's apprentices if he had been free of any company, and she continued to carry on his business.‖

In Wells all apprentices, of either sex, to burgesses, were, by an

* Quoted from Parliamentary Returns of May 4th, 14 Elizabeth, in *Some Supposed Constitutional Restraints upon the Parliamentary Franchise*, by Chisholm Anstie, 1867, reproduced in the *Women's Suffrage Journal*, vol. viii.

† *House of Commons Journal*, vol. i. p. 875.

‡ Appendix to first Report of the Commissioners on Municipal Corporations, 1835, pp. 1741–45.

§ *Ib.* p. 2014.

‖ Brend's *History and Antiquities of Newcastle*, vol. ii. p. 367.

ordinance of Edward IV., admitted to be burgesses of the town after serving their apprenticeship.*

In Winchester women enjoyed the freedom of the city, as appears from the following passage in an old customary, which also shows them exercising the trades of sellers of bread and brewers, which appear to have been specially women's trades :—

Every woman selling bread in the High Street, not having the freedom pass, to the King 2s. 5d. a year, and to the City Clerk 1d., if she sells by the year; if less, then in proportion. If she sells in blind streets, 6d. or 3d., according to her handiwork.

Every woman who brews (*chescune brasceresse*) for sale within the jurisdiction of the city, to make good beer, according to the price of corn and the appointed assizes, on pain of amercement to the King, on conviction of the bailiffs. No brewer not free of the city (*nul brasceresse hors de franchise*) can brew within the city jurisdiction without compounding with the bailiffs.†

Married women trading in the City of London were as well off in the fifteenth century as any under the recent Married Women's Property Acts: "Where a woman, *coverte de baron*, follows any craft within the said city by herself apart, with which the husband in no way intermeddles, such woman shall be bound as a single woman as to all that concerns her said craft."‡

The Rolls of the Hundreds make mention of women amongst the great wool merchants of London: "Widows of London who make great trade of wools and other things, such as Isabella Buckerell and others" (vol. i. pp. 403–4).

Men and women worked together for the public good, in Birmingham, as members of the Gild of the Holy Cross. The letters patent by which this Gild was established, in 1392, ordain that they found, in honour of the Holy Cross, a gild, or brotherhood, of brethren and sistren, "to which shall belong as well the men and women of Bermyngham, as men and women well disposed in other towns in the neighbourhood," the consent of the brethren and sistren being necessary to all transactions of the Gild of any importance. A report on its condition in the reign of Edward VI. shows it doing useful service, for it "kept in good reparacions two greate stone bridges and divers ffoule and dangerous wayes, the charge whereof the towne of hitselfe ys not hable to manteign, so that the lacke thereof wil be a great noysaunce to the Kinge's majesties subjectes passing to and from the marches of Wales, and an utter ruyne to the same towne, being one of the largest and most proffittable towne to the Kinges Highnesse in all the shyre."§

But, to turn now from the past to the immediate present, we find several women recording their votes in the General Election

* Mereweather and Stephen's *History of Municipal Corporations*, p. 1006.

† *Archæological Journal*, vol. iv. 1852.

‡ *Liber Albus*, trans. H. T. Riley, p. 181.

§ *English Gilds*, Toulmin Smith, p. 244–49.

of last November. Why? Not because they were landowners; not because they held the freedom of their borough; not for any function fulfilled by them whatsoever; solely because a few registration clerks had made a few blunders, and taken the names of Keziah, Jesse, Thomasine, and others, to be the names of men! On such clumsy grounds alone are the women of to-day able to exercise this elemental act of citizenship!

Those who rejoice that the recent Reform Act has included fresh classes in the nation's corporate life, and those who dread the placing of power in untried hands, must alike admit that each successive "Reform" has had the effect of placing women in a relatively lower position in the State. At the same time, facts from the past such as have been cited cast the burden of innovation on the men who, in this age of popular government, have cut off women from that channel for their influence which is at once the most constitutional, direct, and responsible—the Parliamentary franchise.

Helen Blackburn.

SULLIVAN'S "GOLDEN LEGEND."

Among the many novelties of importance performed for the first time at the Leeds Festival last month, a place of honour is on all sides awarded to the latest work of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Awaited with an impatience which betokened good hopes, not perhaps untinged by anxiety, it has succeeded in transcending the best wishes and anticipations of the entire musical world. It would be scarcely too much to prophesy that a place, not only amongst the permanent successes of our generation, but even in the shelves of the classics, is ready for this masterly composition of the English school. The *Golden Legend* of Longfellow, from which the libretto is selected, has inspired our fellow-countryman to write a work which, for earnestness of purpose and refinement of expression, realises all the promises held out so temptingly by his early cantatas, the *Tempest* music and *Kenilworth*. The subject is undoubtedly a fascinating one, simple in idea and picturesque in its poetical treatment, lending itself at every turn to musical expression, and capable of gaining from association with the sister art much of the vigour which its diction otherwise lacks. Although Longfellow's work may not be of the strongest, his rhythms adapt themselves admirably to musical treatment, and there runs throughout the poem a vein of tenderness and humanity which goes far to compensate for lack of virility and force. The story of the maiden who is willing to sacrifice her life to save that of a fellow-creature, and whose influence is combated by an embodiment of the powers of evil only to gain a more conspicuous triumph by their defeat, has formed, under various disguises, and in divers tongues, the basis of many a poem and tale; it seems, however, to bear the charm of perpetual youth, and to confer success upon those who deal with it either from a lyrical or a dramatic standpoint. For the purposes of Sullivan's cantata, the characters, which in Longfellow's poem are both numerous and ill-connected, have been reduced to four, and those the most characteristic in the poem. The figure of Elsie, the heroine of the drama, is undoubtedly the best realised, inasmuch as it is the tenderest in expression and the most reflective of the nature of the poet. Scarcely less characteristic is the personality of the mother, Ursula, whose matter-of-fact and homely piety is, from the necessary compression of the poem for musical purposes,

not so graphically treated in the cantata as in the original drama. On the other hand, the characters of Prince Henry of Hoheneck and of Lucifer are far less satisfactory. The former is both colourless and weak, and from the construction of the poem loses all the sympathies of the reader until close upon the end of the action. The latter has been so obviously suggested by close study of Gœthe's *Faust* that a comparison is suggested by almost every scene, and the character is not unnaturally overshadowed by the great original. How far Sir Arthur Sullivan has succeeded in retrieving Longfellow's failure in these two important figures of his cantata I shall consider later on.

To select from a lyrical poem of long and, it must be added, rambling dimensions, matter sufficiently concentrated to tell the story clearly without sacrificing the best of the poetry, or mutilating the design of the action, was undoubtedly a matter of no ordinary difficulty. The dangers and pitfalls which lurk to catch the adapter have been very successfully avoided by Mr. Joseph Bennett, who, if anything, has erred on the side of over-compression. The arrangement of the libretto deserves in itself a short consideration. Longfellow's Prologue, describing the attempt of Lucifer and the spirits of the storm to destroy the spire of Strasburg Cathedral and their defeat by the bells, is left intact. It serves a double purpose, that of an interesting and picturesque opening, and of a suggestion of the defeat suffered by the powers of evil in the story which follows. The action proper is divided into six scenes. In the first Prince Henry is discovered, ill and restless in mind and body, praying for the rest and sleep which has deserted him. To him enters, Mephistopheles-fashion, Lucifer in physician's garb, who asks him his ailment, and offers to cure it. The Prince hands him a scroll, upon which is written the only cure that will avail :—

> The only remedy that remains
> Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
> Who of her own free will shall die,
> And give her life as the price of yours.

Lucifer reads, and mockingly derides such a far-fetched panacea. He lures him on with many wiles to taste—

> The Elixir of Perpetual youth,
> Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech ;

and the Prince, yielding to the temptation and sinking under its spell, falls dreaming on his couch, while angels mourn his weakness. Mr. Bennett has here, in my opinion, omitted one most important point in the poem. He closes the scene with the Prince's ejaculations of ecstasy and delirium ; whereas Longfellow, with a subtle touch of character, introduces almost at the climax a

return of the longing for rest and sleep with which the scene began. By this means the passing nature of the relief and the bitterness to come is admirably indicated, and the omission of the lines leaves the hearer under a false impression. Moreover, an adherence to Longfellow's plan would have given additional unity to the scene without unduly lengthening it, and would have rewarded the hearer by a repetition of one of the most charming pages in Sullivan's score. The second scene describes the home of Elsie, and her resolution to die for the Prince. The ready acceptance on his part of the sacrifice is undoubtedly a blot on the story from a dramatic point of view, which cannot, however, be laid to the account of the adapter; nor, indeed, would it have been possible to amend the situation without an entire reconstruction of the poem. All dramatic interest in the Prince is, however, annihilated from this point to the fourth scene, and it must have been a task of no ordinary difficulty for the composer to restore, as he has done, a musical interest to the utterances of his hero. The other difficulty in this scene, namely the suddenness of Elsie's resolve to sacrifice herself before the listener has fairly had time to grasp the nature of her character, might have been surmounted with great ease, and, moreover, with great advantage to the composer. An excerpt from the third scene of Longfellow's poem, the garden of the farm in the Odenwald, would have supplied the deficiency, and given the cue to the character of the heroine. Moreover, the fascinating lyric which she sings to the Prince, the "Legend of the Sultan's daughter and the Master of the Flowers," would have inspired Sullivan with one of his most characteristic efforts. It would have been, if the comparison is not too far-fetched, the scherzo or intermezzo of his symphony. The third scene describes the journey of the Prince and Elsie to Salerno, and their meeting with a band of pilgrims, amongst whom is Lucifer, mocking and triumphant, on his way to meet them at their journey's end, and to complete the tragedy. The fourth scene embodies the climax of the story, the self-sacrifice of Elsie and her rescue by the Prince when he first awakes to the horror of her loss. The miracle, however, is accomplished, and the sufferer is healed. The fifth and sixth scenes tell of the joy of Elsie's mother at her rescue, and of the love and marriage of the Prince and his rescuer. The book closes with a short epilogue chosen from the longer one of Longfellow, which gives occasion for a reflective chorus expressing the grandeur and undying fame of the golden deed. It may be questioned whether this section has not also been over-compressed. It would not have been difficult to include the fine lines suggesting the defeat of Lucifer, which form so effective a parallel to the Prologue. Such a course would naturally have in-

volved a more extended and developed finale, but the work could have borne such an addition, and the unity of the story would well have been still more complete. Having so far discussed the construction of the book, it will suffice to add that the general interest of the story is admirably sustained, and that, in spite of some weaknesses in detail, it contains enough human feeling and good poetry to ensure a favourable predisposition on the part of the listener. It would be safe to predict a good measure of vitality to any musical work which worthily illustrated the story and characterized the actors. How far Sir Arthur Sullivan has answered to the call upon him, it is now my intention to discuss.

It may at once be conceded that if the years intervening since the production of the *Tempest* music in 1862 and the cantata of *Kenilworth* at the Birmingham Festival of 1864, had been obliterated from the composer's musical life, the musical world would have welcomed the *Golden Legend* as a natural sequel and a genuine artistic advance upon his two admirable early works. But it is possible to go a considerable step farther, and to acknowledge it a work fully worthy of his maturity. The case is undoubtedly a peculiar one. After winning his spurs with ease by the production of these two cantatas, Sir Arthur Sullivan turned his attention principally to a class of composition which, if always showing in unmistakeable clearness the stamp of the musician's hand, was of a standard of art distinctly below the level of his abilities. If the world of music has to thank him for a purification of the operetta stage —no mean service in itself—it may still be permitted to regret that this much-needed reform was not carried out by a brain of smaller calibre and a hand less capable of higher work. Of the reasons which prompted such a decision it is outside the province of the contemporary critic to speak hastily or harshly. The most unbiassed judge would be the Mendelssohn Scholar of 1860 and the composer of the *Golden Legend* of 1886. It would, however, be only natural to expect that, after so many years spent in lighter work, some diminution would be apparent in the power of creating and sustaining a masterpiece of the high standard which the composer had so long left untouched. Nor was the production of the *Martyr of Antioch*, picturesque though it was in treatment, likely to encourage the hopes of those who wished for greater things from his pen. At this point of Sullivan's career it is not without significance that two such widely different writers as Sir George Macfarren and Dr. Eduard Hanslick should have described him as the Offenbach of England; no bad compliment to his cleverness or versatility, but prompted by a desire, in the one case, probably, to veil a disappointment, and in the other, undoubtedly, to point a satire. Suddenly the situation

changes. The *Golden Legend* is produced and raises Sullivan's reputation at a stroke to the point which it might reasonably have been expected to have reached, if the intervening years had been spent upon the most earnest and serious development of the promise of his earlier work. It restores him to his legitimate position as one of the leaders of the English school, and, inasmuch as the genuine success of his last composition will have made a return to less elevated forms of the art a matter of difficulty, if not of impossibility, the musical world may be led to hope for a series of lasting treasures from his genius. The politician once appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot return to the position of greater freedom and less responsibility afforded by the leadership of the Fourth Party. The composer of the *Golden Legend* must now give posterity the chance of enjoying the fruits of his genius, and stay his hand from works which, however refined and musicianly, must of their very nature and surroundings be ephemeral, and pass away with the fashion which gave them birth. His powers as a creative musician and his position in the musical world alike demand his progression in the direction indicated by his latest production.

The score of the cantata abounds in beauties of the highest order: it is characteristic, sympathetic, poetical, and full of that intangible quality which, for lack of a better word, may best be termed style. The most difficult character, that of Lucifer, is treated with great originality; and by a development of the satirical pedantry of the figure, and a happy avoidance of conventional devil-music, strengthens the poem of Longfellow in its weakest point. The instrumentation throughout is masterly, and, what is more rare in these days of advanced orchestral treatment, new. The vocal writing is admirable, the choral numbers designed with the greatest knowledge of broad effects. It is, of course, as impossible as it would be undesirable to expect that Sullivan's work should be uninfluenced both by recent music and by the earlier masters whom he has studied and loved. It is easy to see that Schubert is an especial favourite with him; many of the figures and means of expression are the result of his influence, and the composer bids his musical farewell to his chief characters with a phrase pleasantly suggestive of the song *Am Meer* of the great Viennese, as if he could not resist a parting greeting to the master, so many of whose works he helped to restore to the world. Wagner and Berlioz too have had their effect; the former in the colour of the Prologue, in the scene of the temptation by Alcohol, and in a pleasant whiff of the Meistersinger which now and then pervades the counterpoint of the accompaniments; the latter in the impressive solo "It is the sea," and, speaking tech-

nically, in the treatment of the lower registers of the wood and brass instruments. The influence of Gounod and of Mendelssohn is less apparent than in any of Sullivan's previous works. But I quote these instances not in reproach, but rather in satisfaction. No originality worthy of the name exists, which is not founded upon the results attained by those who have worked before. The majority of present-day critics, in all branches of art, seem to think it part of their duty to decry as plagiarism all reflection, however dim, of the style of a past master. The earlier days of Schubert, and still more of Beethoven himself, would have been a rich harvest for these reminiscence-hunters. But in music, as in painting and in sculpture, originality will not spring up like a fungus, but form itself as a natural and healthy growth upon the experience and knowledge gained and taught by the great composers who have passed away. Of this healthy form of originality the *Golden Legend* has abundance to show, for, with all its proofs that the writer has studied in the best schools and kept pace with all the best points of modern advance, the whole composition has an atmosphere which is distinctly its own, and which at once stamps its author as a master of his craft.

It is tempting to consider passingly some of the musical features of each scene. From the very first notes of the bells, the Prologue is instinct with power and descriptive force. The somewhat stereotyped formula which a musical portrayal of storm seems to demand is in this instance both relieved and rejuvenated by the cry of the spirits, "O we cannot," and the contrast and ponderous rhythm of the voices of the bells. Especially effective and well designed is the final triumphant peal after the defeat of Lucifer and the storm-fiends. That Sullivan knows how to get the best effect from his organ and choir at the close need not be insisted upon. The orchestral introduction of the first scene is equally powerful in rhythmical treatment, and the succeeding short scena for Prince Henry, to which allusion has been previously made, is of singular charm and simplicity. The duet between Lucifer and the Prince gives occasion for varied and subtle characterization, of which ample use has been made. The pedantic and cynical figure which accompanies Lucifer throughout the work, the simple but very effective theme representative of the maiden's self-sacrifice, the picturesque orchestration of the temptation (in which so novel a use is made of the harmonics of the violins), and the melodiousness and clearly-worked elaboration of the close of the scene call for the admiration of the listener, and sustain his interest throughout. Especially charming in its quiet feeling is the introduction of the second scene, and the short song of Ursula. The following hymn, "O gladsome light," is highly effective, and (with the ex-

ception of the coda "Now to the sunset," which is out of character with the design and of a less distinguished expression,) a model of good part-writing. The prayer of Elsie, if somewhat suggestive of Meyerbeer in the treatment of the opening bars, soon gains the hearer's sympathy, and the climax is of great beauty and charming workmanship. In the third scene occur some of the most striking and exciting pages in the score. After a quiet and somewhat Schubert-like opening, the pilgrims' chant, a plain song of sombre colouring, gradually grows in force upon the ear, accompanied, and even almost parodied, by the cynical voice of Lucifer in their midst. A climax of great force is reached, which would have sorely tempted a less experienced composer to bring his scene to a close. It is no small praise to say that, in spite of the height of interest attained at this point, no feeling of weariness or anti-climax is experienced in the many pages which follow. The soliloquies of the Prince and of Elsie as they gaze at the sea, and the concluding solo and chorus, form a chain of passing pictures which rivet the attention to the finish. The scene at Salerno is of less musical interest, with the exception of the very original close, where the shouts, short and sharp, of the chorus produce an effect at once startling and legitimate. Very happy too is the orchestral coda, with its reminiscence of Prince Henry's restless misery at the opening of the first scene, and the suggestion of his final cure. The spirit of Schubert again smiles at us in the opening of the fifth scene, and the dialogue which follows is clearly characterized and carried on with interest. The song of Ursula which follows calls for no very special remark. Sir Arthur Sullivan, with the wisdom born of experience, has kept his best until the last. The duet between the Prince and Elsie, which forms the sixth and concluding scene, is beyond a doubt the gem of the whole. Like the charming duet in *Kenilworth*, "How sweet the moonlight sits upon this bank," the subject-matter of the dialogue consists of parallels and analogies drawn from the legends of olden time, and the result, as in the case of the earlier work, has been a conspicuous success. The quiet and solemn figure which accompanies the recital of the legend of Charlemagne is full of an impressiveness at once touching and poetical, while the close of the scene is as simple as it is refined. Of the finale it is not so easy to speak in terms of such unqualified praise. Its effect is undeniably great, and the manner in which the climax is prepared and enunciated is of undoubted cleverness, and will invariably call forth the loudest applause of the public. Whether, however, that result is attained by the same legitimate and thoroughly artistic means as are apparent in almost every previous page in the score, I take leave to doubt. The melody is broad and developed, I admit; the fugue is, as far

as it is worked out, smooth and clear; the finale grandiose and full of sonority; and still I venture to think that the composer could have written a more distinguished melody with more distinguished harmonies to accompany it, and that if his design was for a *monophonic* close, he would have done more wisely to avoid the desire for polyphony which his introduction of a fugue creates. The mixture of styles seems to damage the design. The *Golden Legend* deserved an Epilogue, which, like the deed it commemorates, should "burn and shine in characters of gold." It should not need the artificial fire of calculated effects to keep it alight. The merits of this movement will be a matter of varied opinion; and those who place the highest value on the earlier parts of the cantata will probably, for the present, come off second best in the discussion, inasmuch as the treatment of the finale will have been justified in the eyes of the public by success.

The production of this masterly work has been received by a chorus of approval on the part of the public, of the press, and of the musicians. With regard to the enthusiasm of the first we have no doubt as to its genuineness or its lasting effect. The *Golden Legend* will, by a long and prosperous career, furnish one more proof that a simple and interesting story, appealing to the best side of human nature, and told in good language, will, if wedded to music worthy of it, make a lasting mark, and have an elevating influence. It is equally easy to understand the almost too undiscriminating praises lavished upon it by the press. It is natural, nay more it is right, that in the Paradise of Music, as in other Paradises, there should be more rejoicing over Sullivan's great and legitimate success, than over the works of the ninety and nine just composers who have remained uninfluenced (perhaps because untempted) by considerations of profit and popularity. For the musicians it only remains to be thankful for the addition of one more valuable treasure to the literature of their art, and for the happy combination of circumstances which has enriched the English school with a work likely not only to form a strong pillar to its happily rising fortunes, but also to be an incentive to future effort and ever higher achievement.

C. V. STANFORD.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

Mrs. Lynn Linton* draws a somewhat dismal picture of the results of "the future supremacy of women." According to her, Andromache, Penelope, and Nausicaa are about to surrender the field to Helen, Aspasia, and Cassandra; and, without presuming to compare Mrs. Lynn Linton to one whose "abnormal gifts" were, as she justly remarks, disastrous to herself, yet it would almost seem as if she were disposed to take a lesson in prophecy from the last-named ill-omened lady. Women, bad and good, will have votes, women "shall frame the laws by which men shall be bridled and bitted," and the "nations will rejoice when the day of our supremacy is over."

Wherewith does Mrs. Lynn Linton justify her dire prognostications? With the usual animadversions on the love of publicity and lack of home virtues found amongst the women of to-day. When this stock reproach is again brought forward, one is tempted to wonder at what halcyon period of the world's record women were exactly what their critics required them to be. Mrs. Lynn Linton is an acknowledged mistress of fiction, and probably for that reason one alone of the six female names which she cites is to be found in the pages of history. Homer and Æschylus are chiefly responsible for the other five. The one historical character held up for our warning has at least the credit of having taught eloquence to Socrates. But one might do worse than follow Mrs. Lynn Linton's example in this respect. Satirists, poets, and novelists give more lively, possibly more accurate pictures of the manners of their age, than those drawn by historians of the events which they relate for our edification.

Without infringing on the vexed question of Woman's Suffrage, it may be consoling to look back on some women of the past, and to try and discover whether they were so very different from those we see around us, or whether the apparently larger share taken by the latter in public life is not merely proportionate.

The greater facilities for locomotion and for the dispersion of news, together with the universal spread of education, has induced

* *National Review*, September 1886.

an immense number of persons of both sexes to interest themselves more or less intelligently in the topics of the day, who might otherwise have busied themselves with little beyond the concerns of their immediate neighbourhoods.

With increased security and improved means of transport have come extended trade and a growing population. More women have been thrown on their own resources, and with the need has in many cases come the possibility of earning their own living. When highwaymen infested the country, and when streets in towns were neither lighted nor policed, it would have been hardly practicable for gently-nurtured women to travel, or to go to and from places of business, alone. It does not follow that because society is more civilized women are less modest. They simply share the advantages of law and order which England at least still possesses. Of course all have not used their privileges discreetly. Some have tried to enter careers which they had perhaps better have avoided, and others have taken up subjects which they had undoubtedly better have let alone; but there is no reason therefore to pass a sweeping condemnation on a whole generation of women, and still less reason for treating certain eccentricities as unheard-of phenomena, when these very eccentricities have been the butt of satirists from the days of Juvenal downwards. The journey into classical realms would, however, be too lengthy; and Spencer, sworn squire of the Maiden Queen, has a hit at the men rather than at the women, when he says :—

> That women wont in warres in bear most sway,
> And to all great exploites themselves inclined,
> Of which they still the girlond bore away;
> Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,
> Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty.
> Yet sith they warlike armes have laid away,
> They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
> That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke 't envy.

Delilah has given Milton occasion for some very bitter lines on women; but Milton had been unable to get on with his own wife, and was probably annoyed by the ladies of the Restoration, who celebrated their emancipation from Puritan trammels with more fervour than discretion. Let us rather see the impression made upon Young, when England had cooled down after the ferment of the Civil Wars :—

> Britannia's daughters much more fair than nice,
> Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
> Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
> To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:
> As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun,
> Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
> Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
> Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,

Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers, caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funerals, puppet shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger!) pews.

Britannia's daughter can have had little time left for those household duties which she is commonly supposed to have performed so much better than her degenerate descendants. Vanbrugh, very nearly Young's contemporary, makes Lady Arabella, in *A Journey to London*, give a very amusing account of her idea of pleasure. She confesses that she finds great difficulty in refraining from oaths when she loses at cards. "In time, perhaps," says her virtuous friend Clarinda, "you 'll let 'em fly as they (the men) do." "Why 'tis probable we may," retorts Lady A., "for the pleasure of all polite women's lives now, you know, is founded on entire liberty to do what they will." The virtuous friend, in turn, describes her ideal scheme of existence, which is to pass half the year in the country and half in London, in either case "soberly," and the chief difference between her catalogue of occupations and that of a "sober" modern lady is the complete omission from Clarinda's of any kind of "good works," unless a passing reference to "devotion" comes under that head.

Pope starts, as is well known, by quoting the accusation, "Most women have no characters at all," and after a few graphic sketches of the "cameleons," as he calls them, gives, as his verdict, that they have two ruling passions—

Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

The love of pleasure and the vacuous lives of the ladies of Pope's day are nowhere better satirized than by Addison in *Clarinda's Journal of a Week*. It is too familiar and too long to extract in its entirety, but Wednesday may serve as a specimen :—

From eight till ten.—Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven.—Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, and read the *Spectator*.

From eleven to one.—At my toilette; tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem.: I look best in blue.

From one till half-an-hour after two.—Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four.—At dinner. Mem.: Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six.—Dressed; paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven.—At basset. Mem.: Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Swift's "Modern Lady," in 1728, rises, like Belinda in the *Rape of the Lock*, at noon, spends her day in shopping, her evening in scandal, and her night, till past 4 in the following morning, in losing large sums at cards.

To return to Clarinda. During the whole week all she reads, beside the *Spectator*, is the fashionable play of the moment, Dryden's *Aurengzebe*, and her only other useful occupation is working half a violet leaf on her flowered handkerchief, after which heroic feat she finds that her head aches and her eyes are out of order, and she promptly throws it aside.

Indeed, the lamentations over the neglect of needlework by the young women of the period are no new thing. "Those hours," says Addison's correspondent of Oct. 13, 1714, "which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings for the family. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmother." And the *Spectator*'s comment on the old lady's letter is that he "cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme"; that "Whig and Tory will be but seldom mentioned where the great dispute is whether blue or red is the more proper colour"; and that Sophronia would do the General greater glory "if she would choose rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts!"

Men were then, as ever, hard to please. We find one woman who really did possess most of those grandmaternal accomplishments so often held up for our admiration. She is described as virtuous and lovely, and wanting neither in wit nor good-nature. "She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is, besides excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our growth, embroidering, and needlework of every kind." Married to this Admirable Crichtoness, what cause of complaint could her husband find? He writes to the *Spectator*, March 1711–12, to lament that when in town she half ruins him by constant practising with her various masters, that she will paint fans and miniatures for all her friends which must be mounted by "Colmar and Charles Matthews," and, for the rest of the year, incredible sums are wasted in embroidery, in the constant employment of four French Protestants in making superfluous furniture, and, above all, in furnishing the store-room with all those pickles and preserves so dear to the heart of the moralist, and with that "detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines," as this ungracious gentleman calls them. The good lady only exercises her economy on her children, "who are all confined, both boys

and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition of an old woman who had been dry-nurse to her grandmother."

We need but turn to Horace Walpole to see that our ancestresses knew how to amuse themselves a little later in the century. What can be more lively than his supper at Vauxhall? He goes to Lady Caroline Petersham's house, and finds "her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them." They pick up some other good company in the Mall, but though Lady Caroline runs up to Lord Petersham with "a familiar spring," he stalks away "as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first." This does not appear to affect the lady's spirits; they get into their barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. At Vauxhall the "very foolish Miss Sparre," who has never seen a duel, though she is fifteen, and is anxious for the fun, tries to get Lord March to fight one, but he laughs her out of it. "At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about her ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Roger's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden: so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half-an-hour after one, we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Beyond all else, the women of last century, appear to have been addicted to gaming. This mania, from which society is never altogether free, devoured more victims between the Restoration and the close of the French Revolution than in any other hundred and fifty years of which a record is preserved. The weak or wicked heroine of many an old novel is finally driven to despair by her losses at cards, and in real life not only did ladies

largely conduce to the ruin of themselves and their families by this all-absorbing passion, but some did not disdain to set up private gaming-tables in their own houses, to keep the bank, and to fleece their guests, very much after the manner of Becky Sharp.

M. Ferri de St. Constant, a French observer of English manners in the year XII. of the Republic, gives evidence on this point. He quotes a police report to the effect that, despite the stringent laws against gaming, there were in London alone forty-three gambling houses, six of which were kept by ladies; and in these six, which were frequented by a thousand persons, six hundred thousand pounds were annually lost and won. "Outre les maisons tenues par les ladies," he continues, "dont parle M. Colquhoun, il y a des assemblées sous le nom de parties de cartes (*card-parties*), et même de *rout*, que les dames donnent par spéculation. Non-seulement elles se remboursent de leurs frais avec l'argent des cartes, mais elles ont des profits considérables."

According to Goldsmith, the rage was not confined to London nor to Bath (which, under Beau Nash, must have been an English Monte Carlo), but spread throughout the land. "I have been told," says the "Citizen of the World," "of an old lady in the country who, being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of her parish to pass the time away; having won all his money, she next proposed playing for her funeral charges; the proposal was accepted, but, unfortunately, the lady expired just as she had taken in her game."

However, the accusations against the women of to-day appear to be less that they are frivolous than that they want to be learned, that they ape men, and that they meddle with politics. How sings Pope?

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet,
To question your empire has dared;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
With musty old rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

These lines were addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who knew well enough to what she exposed herself. She says, after translating Epictetus: "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense."

The only wise woman is she who keeps what she does know to herself; so Lady Mary's contemporaries, Molly and Kitty, were quite as unwise as their successors at Girton and Somerville Hall. Their uncle writes to the *Spectator* in 1711 :—

Whilst they should have been considering the proper ingredients for a sack-posset, you should hear a dispute concerning the magnetic virtue of the loadstone, or perhaps the pressure of the atmosphere. In a late fit of the gout I complained of the pain of that distemper, when my niece Kitty begged leave to assure me that, whatever I might think, several great philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of opinion that both pleasure and pain were imaginary distinctions, and that there was no such thing as either *in rerum naturâ*. I have often heard them affirm that the fire was not hot; and one day when I, with the authority of an old fellow, desired one of them to put my blue cloke on my knees, she answered: "Sir, I will reach the cloke; but, take notice, I do not do it as allowing your description; for it might as well be called yellow as blue; for colour is nothing but the various infractions of the rays of the sun." Miss Molly told me one day that to say snow was white is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles, it might more reasonably be supposed to be black.

It is a pity that these young ladies did not live a little later, as they would have been well qualified for the "Blue Stocking Clubs" of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Vesey, though if the story of the origin of the name be true, a Blue Stocking ought to be a man, not a woman. It is said that a man excused himself from going to a very early meeting at Mrs. Montague's house in Portman Square, because he was in undress; to which it was replied: "No particular regard to dress is necessary in an assembly devoted to the cultivation of the mind; so little attention, indeed, is paid to the dress of the parties, that a gentleman would not be thought very *outré* who should appear in blue stockings."*

Is Miss Ferrier's delicious account of Mrs. Bluemits' literary party, in *Marriage*, intended as a satire on these clubs?

The real misfortune has hitherto been that the average girl has been so ill-educated, that one who has, from her own perseverance, or from the extra care bestowed upon her, been rather better taught than her fellows, has either been laughed at or unduly praised—probably both—with the result of making her an awkward prig. Now that the standard of female education has been raised, a girl with a fair knowledge of history, Latin, and mathematics will cease to be a phenomenon, and will be neither tempted to parade, nor teased into concealing, her acquirements. Anyone who will take the trouble to go over one of the colleges for young women at Oxford or Cambridge, before condemning it, will probably come away with the impression that no girl is very likely to remain there who does not intend to "study to be quiet and to learn her own business."

* Boswell attributes the title of these clubs to the "blue stockings" of Mr. Stillingfleet, one of their most eminent members.

As to aping men, the essayists do not spare their lady friends on that score. Witness the anecdote which Addison tells of a lady who, dressed, according to the fashion of the fast women of the time, in a man's hat, perriwig, and riding-coat, met a tenant of Sir Roger de Coverley. She asked whether a house near at hand were Coverley Hall? The man, seeing only the male part of his querist, replied, "Yes, Sir"; but upon the further question, whether Sir Roger were a married man, dropped his eye upon her petticoat and changed his note to, "No, Madam." Another lady is described as a "rural Andromache," "one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house."

Whatever their dress and manners, the women of the past can easily teach their descendants a lesson in political partizanship. Whig and Tory took good care that there should be no mistake about their sentiments. The patch placed on the right or left side of the face as they drew up in battle array on either side of the Haymarket Theatre was an index of the fury which blazed within; and Addison, hopeless of abating it in any other way, assures his "female readers" that "there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy—indeed, I never knew a party woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth."

On the occasion of a debate in the House of Lords in 1739, when a crowd was expected, the Lord Chancellor made an order that ladies were not to be admitted, and that the gallery was to be reserved for the Commons. The Duchesses of Queensberry and Ancaster, Lady Huntingdon (of Methodistical fame), and several others, not to be beaten, presented themselves at the door at 9 o'clock in the morning. When refused entrance, the Duchess of Queensberry, with an oath equal to the doorkeeper's own, swore that they would come in in spite of the Lord Chancellor and the whole House. The Peers resolved to starve them out, and ordered that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. "These Amazons," says Lady Mary Montagu, "stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half-an-hour; and the Chancellor,

who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons being also very impatient to enter) gave order for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike—by noisy laughs and apparent contempts." What a warning to any legislator who may wish to prevent the ladies from enjoying his eloquence!

Nor were "platform women" unknown to these good old days. The *Mirror* of over a hundred years ago, says: "In London, to which place we are always to look for the 'Glass of Fashion,' the ladies, not satisfied with shewing their *spirit* in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half-a-dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators."

The Duchess of Devonshire and the Westminster election have been often cited; but if, as is generally allowed, Miss Edgeworth gives a fair picture of the manners and customs of her generation, what shall we think of the conduct of the ladies in *Belinda*? An election takes place, Mrs. Luttridge posts down to begin her canvass, and away posts her enemy, Lady Delacour, to canvass for a cousin of her friend Mrs. Freke. Lady Delacour is ambitious to have it said of her that she "was the finest figure that ever appeared upon canvass." On the day of election (? nomination) she and Mrs. Freke make their appearance on the hustings "dressed in splendid party uniforms," and distribute ribands and cockades from two enormous panniers. Not to be outdone, Mrs. Luttridge sends for panniers twice as big as theirs. Thereupon, Lady Delacour caricatures Mrs. Luttridge as "the ass and her panniers." Mrs. Luttridge, *an excellent shot*, wishes herself a man, that she might take proper notice of her opponent's conduct. Instigated by Mrs. Freke, Lady Delacour sends her a challenge, which is accepted in due form. The ladies and their seconds meet in man's attire; but the principals are induced to fire into the air, because Mrs. Luttridge is incapaciated by a whitlow on her forefinger from using her right hand!

French ladies have been known to emulate these warlike feats, but the Dames of the Primrose League have as yet abstained from adding duelling to their many iniquities. It is all very well to say that "these last two elections are the first wherein women

have been engaged as organized canvassers." This is simply the sequence of the law of demand and supply. Women always took that share which the condition of politics afforded them. Were politics the regulation of petty wars between little tribes or kingdoms? There were the women as sibyls and pythonesses, as Teutonic wise women or Celtic leaders in the fray. Were politics the intrigues and treaties of powerful kings? Ministers and ambassadors knew perfectly well that they must make their account with the wives, the mothers, and the favourites of the monarchs, even when the women were not, as was sometimes the case, themselves queens, governors, regents, or ambassadors. When politics in England fell under the control of popular vote, but when the elections were still largely swayed by aristocratic influence, great ladies entered the field and cajoled the electors by every means at their command. The day has come when the male suffrage is all but universal, when bribery is almost impossible, and when the weight of great name and position is next door to *nil*. But the women are still here, and are more needed than ever by those who desire to gain the support of the newly-enfranchised masses. Not great ladies alone, but every woman possessing good manners, fair education, and average intelligence is now in request. When you have to deal with large numbers, both of canvassers and canvassees, organization becomes absolutely necessary. Women have not entered a new field, but keep the old one under altered conditions; and this is the whole secret of the Primrose League as far as they are concerned. Does any of this acrimony against the Leaguers arise from the fact that whilst the enlightened Radicals have been gazing into the future, and reading there the great things which women will do with their votes when they get them, the stupid Conservative party has seized upon the present and shown what women can do while yet unfranchised?

These disjointed fragments are by no means intended as a complete answer to Mrs. Lynn Linton, still less as a sketch of the way in which women have put their fingers into various pies long since cooked and eaten. The object has been rather to point out that there is no particular reason to think, as many seem to do, that the women of to-day have struck out new lines of folly and presumption for themselves, and are thereby likely to land us in unknown evils. Therefore, though it would be undesirable to dwell upon it, that portion of Mrs. Lynn Linton's article cannot be altogether ignored in which she says that both sexes now discuss, without reserve, subjects which were once hidden from public view.

It is possible, and, so far as it is true, certainly deplorable, that the present generation has relapsed from a reticence of speech

observed by the one or two immediately preceding it. It may, however, be safely said that this is a relapse, and not a new development. For instance, women have of late been seen at trials which would have been more appropriately marked by their absence. Could any rebuke be more scathing than that administered by the *Tatler* to the ladies who frequented Old Bailey when certain causes were tried there in the days of good Queen Anne? Steele goes so far as to propose that, since they take such an interest in the matter, in future trials of this sort half of the jury should be women. Nor had they lost this taste fifty years later when Lord Bath, writing to his relative, Colman, said that the ladies desired minute details to be sent them of any such trial in which he might be engaged. No Minister of the Crown would venture to repeat in the presence of Her present Gracious Majesty the anecdotes with which Sir Robert Walpole was wont to regale Queen Caroline.

Miss Burney is justly regarded as the pioneer of respectable novelists; but what young girl of the present day, who had only gleaned her ideas of life from conversations heard in her father's drawing-room, would have exposed poor Evelina to the adventures she meets with at Vauxhall and the Marylebone Gardens? What brother, bestowing plentiful advice on a young sister, would specially recommend her, as does a writer in the *Lady's Magazine* for 1785, to study *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Pamela*? Nor is this selection wonderful when we recollect the story of Sir Walter Scott's aunt, Mrs. Keith. She asked him to obtain for her the novels of Mrs. Afra Behn, but promptly returned them, saying, "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and, if you will follow my advice, put her in the fire. But is it not a strange thing that I, a woman of eighty, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to look through a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles of the best company in London?"

Two wrongs do not make a right, and want of modesty, dislike of home occupations, and desire to compete with men in ways unsuited to a woman's physical or mental capacity are worthy to be blamed, whether found in the reign of Queen Anne or in that of Queen Victoria. But there were quiet and good women in days gone by, and there are quiet and good women now. Because we see the old faults and old foibles re-appearing in modern dress, we need not imagine that this is a monstrous age and a precursor of chaos. Neither need we confound a desire for an education more thorough and less superficial, the honest wish of a girl who might be a burden at home to earn her own livelihood, or even an interest in questions whose solution will largely affect our own lives and the future of our children, with the noisy clamour of a few agitators

who have never forgiven Nature for making them women instead of men.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." "It is true," says the wisest of Englishmen, "that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." The best-educated woman will best understand the limits of her own powers; the girl who can really earn her own living in a manner suited to her sex will not desire work for which she is unfit; and the woman who most thoroughly understands what the term "politics" implies will be the last to aspire to a direct share in the government of the State, even though she may think herself and her sisters not unworthy of a voice in the choice of their rulers.

"There is a great deal of human nature about," even in women, and you will never succeed in cutting them all to one pattern. Votes or no votes, Penelope will embroider, Nausicaa entertain her guests, Andromache nurse her baby, Helen will flirt, Aspasia teach eloquence and guide statesmen to the end of the chapter. And Cassandra? oh! Cassandra will prophesy. We fear that she will be as little heeded as she was in days of yore, and we hope that her forebodings will prove less true than those which spoke the doom of Troy.

M. E. Jersey.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Land Owners and Land Labourers.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

I must beg a small space in the *National Review* to reply to a most extraordinary effusion which appears in the current number from the pen of Mr. Joseph Alan Scofield. The letter in question is written to advocate the total abolition of the English tenant farmer. I cannot say that it is an argument in favour of that course, for the whole letter does not contain an argument that is based on anything like reasonable grounds or accurate data.

Mr. Scofield informs us that the agricultural question is not that of large or small lets, or peasant proprietorship, but "the rural disaffection so long rife in England." What this may mean I do not quite know—neither, I imagine, does Mr. Scofield—but it sounds well, and it has the advantage of being indefinite, no small matter in such a letter as he has seen fit to address to you. I can only imagine that by "rural disaffection" Mr. Scofield means the feeling, which he, no doubt, knows is growing, that up to the present the landowners have had by far the warmer side of the hedge, and that it is time that they gave up some of their shelter to those who have planted it.

If this is what he means, then he will do well, especially if he is a landowner, to recognize the fact that the tenant farmers will not be unceremoniously expatriated because the landowners think that they have sucked them about as dry as they will be permitted to do. During these past ten years of dark depression, which has caused the depreciation to the extent of at least one-half of the value of all agricultural land, who is it that has borne the loss? The tenant farmer has borne it, not merely on his own hardly-won capital, but also that on the landlord's property. For ten long years has the value of the landlords' property been steadily decreasing, and yet they have only just begun to feel it; while the tenant farmer has had to squeeze and screw to make ends

meet, the landowner has never yet had to deprive himself of his champagne, his wife of her costly dresses and jewels, or his daughters of their season in town, but he placidly thinks that he has done a noble and generous act, one for which he will receive his reward by the puffs of the local newspaper, if he gives off a beggarly 15 per cent. of the rents which an unjust law and the exigencies of the business of agriculture compel the unfortunate tenant to pay, whether the land produces it or not.

Now, when Mr. Scofield sees that the tenant farmer is about to wake up and refuse to be squeezed any more, he coolly proposes to the landowners of England to abolish the whole class, to boycott the tenant farmer out of the country. Verily, such a proposal is enough to make the English farmer look upon the Irishman—against whom, by the way, he has been assisting the landlords—as a very Solomon in undertaking what must henceforth be looked upon as a crusade against the landlord.

The idea of the hardworking tenant farmer being called a burden on the land, while the landlord is spoken of as a necessity, is too ridiculous. At the worst, the tenant farmer works and employs capital on the land. With but few notable exceptions, the landlords are nothing better than a drain, from a commercial point of view a useless piece of extravagance, ornamental, no doubt, but without whom not a country parish in England but would be better off by many good sovereigns per head than it is now.

We are asked by Mr. Scofield to consider the way in which tenant farmers live, and he draws a picture, which does credit to his imagination if not to his good taste. It is as untrue in its essential points as the talk we used to hear two or three years ago about the sherry and the hunter, which led everyone to believe that the whole class of tenant farmers spent their days in drinking and careering about the country after his lordship's hounds, amusements which only ought to be indulged in by landowners, stock-jobbers with doubtfully-acquired wealth (but wealthy), *et hoc genus omne.*

Just fancy the wickedness of the tenant farmer! He actually has his daughters educated at a boarding-school; worse, they have a piano; and, oh, horror! they even presume to dress decently, sometimes even better than the parson's daughters, which, I might remark, is not saying much. But, bad as the girls are, they are nothing as compared to their brothers. These young men actually drive to market at a reasonable pace, instead of dawdling along behind a cart-horse just off the plough. They also dress much better than they ought to do; they drink whisky, and they even presume to have an "air."

Mr. Scofield, all through his letter, harps upon the condition of the agricultural labourer. Well, it is bad enough; but who is responsible

for it? The landowners, who have screwed every possible penny out of the farmer, who have neglected to provide the labourer with decent cottages or a morsel of garden, but who, as a class, have been counting their incomes by tens, and, in some cases, hundreds of thousands.

The next statement I have to notice is the most astounding one I have ever seen on this subject; it can, I feel sure, only proceed from ignorance. Mr. Scofield states that a farmer of 500 acres at £1 per acre makes, *in addition to interest on capital invested*, "*five hundred pounds a year clear profit.*" He then calmly remarks, "A handsome salary for managing a holding of that extent." I should think it would be. If Mr. Scofield can find a farmer of 500 acres, at £500 rent, who makes £500 per annum clear profit over and above the interest on his capital invested, he ought to buy him up and exhibit him on market days in the provincial towns, where, I can assure Mr. Scofield, such a *rara avis* will be looked at by admiring crowds with more curiosity than they would regard a live dodo, and with a greater awe than would be inspired by a visitation of millionaire landlords.

Not a few landowners have recently been compelled to take to farming on their own account in recent years, but they do not seem to find it the delightfully profitable business Mr. Scofield would have us believe it must be; on the contrary, they prefer to let their farms at greatly reduced rents, and, in some cases even, no rents at all, rather than keep them on their hands. Of the truth of this statement Mr. Scofield can find abundant evidence in Suffolk if he likes to try.

But further on in Mr. Scofield's letter we find his reasons for his attack on one of the hardest-working and most economical classes of men in the country; they are two: the one political, the other pecuniary. We are told that "at present the landowner has only one vote to give against the votes of hundreds of those who are disaffected towards him." Men of property always imagine that they have a greater stake in the country than the poor, and that, therefore, they ought to have more votes. They seldom seem to understand that it is men, not money, who have to live under the laws, and that the body and mind and strength of the labourer, or even of that horrible incubus the tenant farmer, are as precious, and even more valuable, to them than are the pampered bodies and faculties of the wealthy to their owners. Consequently Mr. Scofield has laid it down that the future policy of the landowners is to be the cold shoulder to the farmers, and the butter and honey to the labourers. Well, Mr. Scofield may try, but he will find that the labourers are not such fools as he takes them to be, they are playing for higher stakes. If the British farmer had not been the most long-suffering individual in the world, he would, instead of supporting the landlord and landlord legislation through thick

and thin, as he has done, have long ere this looked out for his own interests; there is just time if he will do so now. I hope that every one of them will read Mr. Scofield's letter; if that does not wake them up, I do not know what will. The pecuniary reason is this: in the last paragraph of his letter Mr. Scofield speaks of the landowner as being "content with a trifling percentage on *the fully-paid-up price of his estate.*" Here we have the secret. No one would find fault with the landlord if he were content with a *fair* percentage on the *value* of his estate, but he is not; he is only now, and very slowly, being brought to realise the fact that his property has depreciated enormously in value, and that the rent must be based, not on the *paid-up price* which he gave for it, but on its *value, i.e.* on what it will produce. Up to the present the tenant farmer has borne the brunt of this depreciation, the landowner's share as well as his own; and the landlord, hearing a cry all round him of depression, but not feeling much lighter in pocket, got to think that the fall in agricultural values was no concern of his. He will have to accept the fact, and bow to it.

One more word as to the mode of life of the tenant farmer. As I have pointed out, the description given by Mr. Scofield is very inaccurate, but granting that the life of the tenant farmer is not the life of the bailiff at £52 per annum, as Mr. Scofield seems to think it should be, it must be remembered that the farmer of to-day is not the same kind of individual as his great-grandfather; he has to fight the world with very different weapons, and must be highly educated in proportion, and the refinements of life become as important to him as the luxuries do to the landowner. Again, he is possessed of capital, which, employed in trade, would give him a bigger return than he now obtains. At least, there is no obligation upon him to forego his just interest in order that the landlord may not feel the depreciation in the value of the land.

Landowners, and I am sorry to say not landowners only, perpetually refuse to see that society below them is advancing with giant strides towards a higher civilization and more refined and comfortable modes of life. Perhaps they will see it in time, but they must not expect that the tenant farmer is going to be left behind in order to oblige them.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

C. T. Roberts.

The Conservative Club,
Ipswich.

Land Owners and Land Labourers: A Defence of Tenant Farmers.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

I was rather surprised to see in your October number a letter signed "Joseph Alan Scofield," because, although purporting to deal with the great question of the land, it contained little more than an attack on that most valuable body of men, the tenant farmers of England. Mr. Scofield, indeed, proposes, as a remedy for the agricultural depression, that the tenant farmers are to be exterminated; and that the landlords, being possessed of the large profits now made by the tenants, will be able to cure the "rural disaffection so long rife in England" by making the labouring men better off. These are Mr. Scofield's words: "The true remedy is, I believe—in spite of the discouraging statements of profit and loss now and then put forth in connection with sundry tracts of very poor soil—for the landowner, with the aid of his agent and of bailiffs, to farm the land himself. It is at once his interest and his duty to do so. It is his interest, because with a part of the profit, hereby saved from the tenant farmers, he could increase his own income; and it is his duty, because with another part he could increase the income which they who by the sweat of their brows and the aching of their backs actually till the soil have so long waited for. . . . In a word, the tenant farmer should be got rid of . . . Why should the agricultural labourer be expected to go on patiently in semi-starvation and well-grounded discontent? Because the tenant farmer is necessary? I submit that he is not necessary; I submit that he and his family are an unnecessary and intolerable burden on the land."

I propose to show that Mr. Scofield has arrived at entirely erroneous conclusions concerning the land question; that the large profits he declares to be made by tenant farmers, and on the existence of which he bases his whole argument, do not exist at all; and that, therefore, it would not be the landlords' interest to farm the land; that, so far from there being too many tenant farmers, their numbers are too few; and that the landowners farming the land themselves, so far from helping the labourers, would impoverish them, and that the tenant farmer's mode of living, so highly coloured as it is by Mr. Scofield, is in the best interest of the farm-labourers.

Mr. Scofield declares that the tenant farmers make large profits, and warns us against any assertions to the contrary made by farmers, land-

agents, and, I suppose, all others who have so little means of knowing the truth. We will, then, at his bidding, cast aside as valueless and unconvincing all the sad experience of the past, the total disappearance of the landlords who did farm their own lands, the yeoman class; the constantly repeated declaration of ninety-nine out of every hundred landlords who have tried farming during recent years, and the almost unanimous statements of farmers and land-agents, that farming is no longer a profitable occupation. But there does happen to exist a means of testing the correctness of Mr. Scofield's opinions as to the profits of farmers; the unalterable laws of political economy will assist us to decide. Mr. Scofield asserts that the profits of the tenant farmers are far larger than their possession of "a few cows, horses, implements, and a banking-account sufficient for a year's seeds and wages" warrants them in taking. If this were so, the landlords could easily reduce these profits by raising the tenants' rents, and thus appropriate their fair share of the gains; but, at all events, if such large profits were indeed to be made by farming, landlords would have but little difficulty in letting their farms; there would be a great demand for the land, the raw material of so profitable and so pleasant a business. It is notorious, however, that so little is the demand for farms, that all over the country landlords are lowering their rents; and that capital flows so slowly into this business of agriculture, which Mr. Scofield declares is so profitable, that many farms are not let at all.

Under such circumstances it is idle, and worse than idle, to assert that the tenant farmers are making large profits. There can be no surer test of the profits of agriculture, than the demand for farms. At present farms are a drug on the market; a most incontestible proof of the incorrectness of Mr. Scofield's assertions. It is such statements as these of his, constantly repeated to thoughtless hearers, that have, in no small degree, given rise to what he terms "rural disaffection" in England.

It is tolerably clear, then, that as there are no large profits to be made by farming, that landlords are acting wisely in rather reducing their rents than farming largely themselves. At no period could Mr. Scofield's advice to landlords have been more ill-timed; nor is it likely that it will ever be much adopted. When there is difficulty in letting farms, landlords know the profits must be small, and are therefore unwilling to farm themselves; and, on the other hand, when the profits are larger, farms are easily let; and the same love of ease, and security of his capital, which has induced the landlord to invest in land at all, determines him to let his land and live on the moderate returns from rent rather than trust to the profits of agriculture, of all industries the most precarious.

Mr. Scofield suggests that the tenant farmers should be abolished, and that the landlords would be the gainers; but I think there are very few landowners in England who are not now regretting the paucity of tenant farmers. It is the lack of tenant farmers competing for farms that has lowered the rents of three parts of the landlords of England; and the total abolition of this most respectable body of men would, beyond all doubt, leave large tracts of our lands untilled and large numbers of labourers and landowners completely ruined from want of their accustomed employment and rent.

Mr. Scofield has endeavoured to back up his request for the abolition of tenant farmers, by criticising their appearance, mode of living, and their morals; in language very common from the lips of Radical agitators, but very uncommon, I am happy to say, in the pages of the *National Review*. The tenant farmers' daughter goes to a boarding-school; plays a piano, and dresses better than the parson's daughter, his sons drive to market, and they, expensively tailored, fashionably barbered, and plentifully brandied and whiskied, saunter about, bet freely, and at neighbours houses drop twenty pounds at cards without winking, &c. Such is Mr. Scofield's description of the modern tenant farmer, and although anyone at all acquainted with country life would consider it a grotesque exaggeration of an ordinary farmer's mode of living, it cannot be denied that here and there farmers are to be found who do drive good horses, have their daughters highly educated, smoke cigars, and even trim their whiskers. But these are farmers who rent large farms, requiring much capital to be laid out in live and dead stock; men, in fact, who, before the bad times came, had at least £10,000 to call their own. These are precisely the sort of men who are wanted on the land; they are usually well educated, and good farmers, and valuable as such to the landlord, and their very luxuries, their smart gigs, their tidy gardens, make them of much service to the labouring classes, who are thereby found additional employment.

Mr. Scofield would have us abolish this class of man; such action would immediately be attended by a decreased demand for labour, and in consequence a decreased wage.

For my part, unlike Mr. Scofield, I have often been surprised at the very frugal habits of the tenant farmers as a body, and that they are content with the profits they are able to secure even in good times. The risks of their business are enormous; a wet harvest time doubles the cost of taking in the crop, and halves its value in some cases; a dry summer, such as 1885, not only renders all their expenditure on crops for winter consumption wasted, it lowers the price of the stock they may have to sell, and compels them to buy large quantities of artificial foods; and sometimes the short-sighted policy of reckless importation

of live stock from abroad, spreads disease in the farmers herds and flocks, or renders it impossible for them to sell them without the most damaging restrictions. Such are some of the risks of the farmer's undertaking; for in our most variable climate his alone, of all industries, is dependent on the weather. With such risks, surely the possible profits should be large; but they are not. Every tradesman, every manufacturer, from the baker to the largest employer of labour in the country, looks for at least a ten per cent. return, in return for his time, his energy, and the ordinary risks of commercial enterprise. But the tenant farmer, with his business hours from dawn till night, with all the risks he has to run, seldom secures ten per cent. on his capital; and now, because here and there one of them, with perhaps £10,000 of his capital invested in the land, ventures to drive in a gig and educate his family, and live up to £600 or £700 a year, they are held up to your readers by Mr. Scofield as a class drunken, dissolute, and unnecessary. No, Sir; Mr. Scofield's suggestions appear to me to be impolitic. Landlords who know comparatively little of farming will not farm their lands, if they can possibly avoid doing so, at a time when the most intelligent of agriculturalists declare farming to be unprofitable. The tenant farmers are a class to be encouraged, because they will till the land, and risk their fortunes in doing so, for a very small return.

Mr. Scofield implies that the labourers' condition of "semi-starvation" is to be ascribed to the existence of the tenant farmers. True the wages of the labourers are low, but that is no fault of the farmers. Like all wages, the farm-labourers' are regulated by the laws of supply and demand, and, if anything, the subsistence of tenant farmers on the land increases the demand, and therefore the wages.

But Mr. Scofield's scheme is typical of many more. One class is to be sacrificed to enrich another. In Ireland landlords have been sacrificed to tenant farmers; in England Mr. Scofield proposes to reverse the process. Experiments of such a nature are fore-doomed to failure. The causes of agricultural depression are obvious. The low prices of the products of the soil render its cultivation no longer profitable; the destruction of tenants and landlords alike would not enhance the profits of agriculture by one penny; and in my opinion nothing will so much retard the return of agricultural prosperity as broaching such schemes of destruction as Mr. Scofield's, backed up, as his has been, by the cruel abuse of that most valuable body of men, the tenant farmers of England.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

HENRY R. FARQUHARSON.

The Indian Civil Service.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Will you allow me half a dozen words on the subject of Mr. Pincott's letter in your October number? I should not desire to enter into any controversy with him upon a subject with which he is much more conversant, probably, than myself; and the less so as I do not make out that he controverts either of the positions undertaken in my former letter to you. I submitted, as you may (or may not) remember, that the greatest Indian statesmen had not been distinguished students of the "Black Classics"; and Mr. Pincott apparently admits this, and offers an explanation which is, I dare say, correct, but is certainly immaterial to the argument. I also complained of the absence, in the present *curriculum* for the Indian Civil Service, of "moral and athletic training." Mr. Pincott also deplores this; but does not seem to think that the Civil Service Commissioners are responsible for it. That is one of the things which the Parliamentary inquiry ought to clear up.

But where I have to ask Mr. Pincott's reconsideration is as to the tone of his letter, and the assumption which he makes in the opening sentences. I do not know what grounds my first letter gave him for speaking of "the curiously departmental point of view," or for saying that I "fear what prudent people hope, viz. that the employment of Indians in positions of responsibility has not reached its utmost limit." I neither said nor implied anything of the sort; my words were: "the process cannot be *supposed* to have reached its utmost limit." I should have thought that any candid and intelligent person would have understood the argument. The fewer Englishmen are sent out the more important is it that they should be fit. They ought not to be debarred from studying Arabic, Sanscrit, or Persian, any more than they should be debarred from studying Greek, Latin, or Hebrew. But, inasmuch as it may be presumed that the main end of their employment is that they transfuse Indian statesmanship with an Occidental element; and since for such work these studies admittedly give no preparation, it is surely not unfair to suggest that they ought not to be obligatory. The colloquial vernaculars, with due preparation in England—for which I postulated—can be better learned on the spot; and (*pace tanti viri*) there *is* an interval between a young civilian's landing and his being put into serious duty. But law, political economy, and such-like, can be better learned in England, and are essential to such a life as the civilian of the future is likely to lead.

It might, perhaps, be found that the use of arms and the management of a horse—things which, in Tudor and Stuart times, formed part of every gentleman's training—would also be subjects in regard to which candidates might be profitably required to show their fitness.

In any case, I submit that to suggest certain questions is not of the nature of an offence ; and that to impute to the suggester opinions and motives which he has not disclosed and does not entertain, is hardly within the bounds of controversial fairness.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

Oxford, H. G. Keene.

October 15, 1886.

The Indian Civil Service.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

You may possibly consider my experiences of the linguistic training of Indian civilians, during three years' service as an early competition-wallah, to be in point in the controversy on this matter between Mr. Keene and Mr. Pincott. For sixteen months I remained in Calcutta, studying Persian and Hindi, until I passed an examination in each language, consisting of *vivâ voce* translation from prescribed books, translation at sight of an "unseen" passage, and written versions of an English piece of narration, and of English colloquial sentences. This period was the equivalent of the present two years of probation. The studies in question could have been at least as well prosecuted in England as in a hotel bed-room in what Lord Elgin called "the sweltering capital." I was then posted to a district in the North-West Provinces and immediately set to work, without the aid of an interpreter or of any native who spoke English, at discharging magisterial duties in a court in which the official language was Hindustani, and everything was recorded in writing. Of course I was in great difficulties with the language, which is written in the Arabic character and not, as Hindi is, in the Sanscrit. My experience completely corroborates Mr. Pincott's position, and justifies the action of the Civil Service Commissioners, to which Mr. Keene objects. For the efficient performance of my duties, a complete previous training in Hindustani was, I should say, essential.

But there is one point to which neither Mr. Keene, Mr. Pincott, nor

the Commissioners have adverted: the expediency, if not necessity, of including in such training the ready reading of the Arabic cursive-hand, in which all legal proceedings are recorded, and which few officials can, even in the lamest fashion, contrive to decipher. Unless the magistrate can read this, he is a mere puppet in the hands of his native clerk. He signs or initials, as I did, scores or hundreds of documents every day, which he cannot read. Like a blind man, he dictates orders and decrees innumerable on documents read out to him, in humble trust that they have been read out correctly. How easily may the effect of any of these be altered by the accidental or designed omission or insertion of a negative or of an affirmative! The Commissioners, up to the last Report which I have seen, seem to have ignored this matter altogether. At the first examination, the candidate who takes up German, is required to write, in the English character, divers passages obscurely penned in the German MS. hand. For the probationers no similar task in cursive Arabic seems to have been thought of. It is high time that the change should be made. The recently-published posthumous work of the late Professor E. H. Palmer will greatly facilitate the acquirement of the art.

Moreover, although the amount of Persian and Hindi exacted in my time may fairly be thought excessive, some modicum of Persian and Arabic on the one hand, and of Hindi and Sanscrit on the other, would be highly useful to every district officer in regions where Hindustani is the vernacular. The Court jargon is largely composed of Persian and Arabic. The dialect of the peasants abounds in Hindi and Sanscrit. From every probationer should be required, as a compulsory minimum, enough acquaintance with all four tongues to produce a written translation of a passage from a short book in each—say, the first book of the *Gulistan* in Persian, and an equivalent amount in the three other tongues. The two years of probation afford ample time for these additional acquisitions.

Your obedient Servant,

S. H. Boult.

The Magistracy.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gtntlemen,

The excellent article on the "Great Unpaid" in this month's number fails to point out some of the most important work of local magistrates—work which, it seems to me, no stipendiary could possibly perform. I allude to the daily applications made for signatures to all

kinds of papers, and for friendly advice, which very often takes the form of substantial aid to the poor people who are in trouble.

I am the only J.P. resident in a Kent parish of about 10,000 inhabitants, and scarcely a day passes but that, in the early morning or late in the evening, I have to see poor people who require my signature for summonses, lost pawn-tickets, savings' bank and post office papers, pension certificates, declarations; or who seek advice in endless cases of disagreement or ill-treatment, which I am often able to adjust. At whatever time my clients come, I make it a rule to see them at once, and do my best to help them in their difficulties; and I know that most magistrates do the same.

I am afraid that the deserving poor will not be gainers by any change made in the direction which is so freely suggested by our Radical friends.

I remain,

Your obedient Servant,

J.P.

The Eastern Question.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Far the most important question before the people of England at the present time is that old old question of the East, in perhaps its oldest phase—What shall Bulgaria do, or what shall be done with Bulgaria? And for us, are we to help Bulgaria? Years ago the Emperor Nicholas told us that if we would let him do as he liked with Turkey, we should do as we liked with Egypt. Now there are two ways of looking on such a question as this—the sentimental and the practical. The sentimental is rather out of Court. We do not help all countries that want help, so we are not bound to help any particular country. As to treaties and international law-writing under a *nom de plume*, one may say that nobody takes much notice of them. So then there is the practical question. War with Russia means war with a country which has nothing to lose by war, and which may gain a good deal. To us it means enormous expense in life, and means great increase in taxation. Voters new and old know what that means. Now, if necessary, such expense must be incurred. But shall we eventually keep Russia from Constantinople? Does anybody think we shall? Or rather, to put it another way, Does anyone think the matter of sufficient importance to us for England to put forth all her strength in it?

What, one may ask, did England gain by the Crimean war? What she lost we all know.

Let us turn to Egypt. That is a very different matter. Just as our interests in Bulgaria are mainly sentimental, so those of France in Egypt are mainly sentimental. France may fight for a sentimental interest once, say, or twice. Not very often probably. *If* Russia has Constantinople, we *must* have Egypt. That Russia will some day have Constantinople is clear, I think, it we consider the matter quietly. And for those reasons which I have mentioned—that Russia has much to gain by getting it, and we little to lose.

I would do little for Constantinople, but I would fight to the death for Egypt.

Let new voters and old voters—we are all Englishmen—consider this matter very carefully, and decide whether they will fight for a shadow or the substance.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your faithful Servant,
Προαίρεσις.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 46.—DECEMBER, 1886.

AN EMPIRE INSTITUTE.

All parts of the British Empire, "Home, Indian, and Colonial," are once more indebted to the Heir Apparent. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has given definite and authoritative expression to an idea that has for long been present to the minds of those practically concerned with the progress and advantage of the over-sea provinces of the British nation; and it is an idea that has only to be mentioned to win the enthusiastic adhesion of all subjects of Her Majesty. The Mansion House, the time-honoured centre of all British efforts of a non-political character, has set its seal of warm approval on the idea; and the telegraph sends us from all parts of the Empire responsive encouragement. All are agreed that the Prince of Wales has struck the right key-note: all are agreed that among the many proposals for celebrating the jubilee of Her Majesty's reign, not one is more generally—nay, universally—regarded as both appropriate and of great usefulness, than this idea of an Empire Institute to be founded on the outlines so fittingly sketched by the Prince of Wales. But in the mother country and in India, and in all the Colonies, everyone is saying, "Yes; most admirable idea! But how is it to be carried out? What are the details?"

It may, therefore, be of timely use for one who has been somewhat behind the scenes in many colonies, and who has more recently gleaned Colonial opinions on the idea, to lay out for discussion the leading characteristics and purposes of such an Institute. There are, indeed, two distinct steps that will have to be taken. The one is to come to agreement as to the scope, uses, and working details of an Institute; and the second is to carry out such proposals and organize the actual establishment and conduct of the Institute. But preliminary to both steps, it is well to discuss the general characteristics and uses of such an Institute.

The Prince of Wales formulates the idea in well-chosen words:—

> No more suitable public memorial could be suggested than an Institute which should represent the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the Queen's Colonial and Indian

Empire. Such an Institution would be singularly appropriate to the occasion, for it would illustrate the progress already made during Her Majesty's reign in the Colonial and Indian dominions, while it would record year by year the development of the Empire in the art of civilization. It would thus be deeply interesting to Her Majesty's subjects, both within and without these islands, and would tend to stimulate emigration to those British territories where it is required, to expand the trade between the different British communities, and to draw closer the bonds which unite the Empire.

The proposed Institute is to be at once commemorative and useful; a standing memorial and a living institution, for the promotion of certain practical ends.

So far as its commemorative character is concerned, this will find its noblest expression in the practical utility of an Institute, built upon the solid foundation of the actual records of progress already realised. The public mind is apt to forget how enormous an industrial Empire has arisen, for the most part, within the reign of Her Majesty. It is within the last fifty years that the British Empire has developed those proportions which mark it as one of the most remarkable growths in history. It may be well to show this in tabulated form :—

THE BRITISH EMPIRE BEFORE AND DURING HER MAJESTY'S REIGN.

Year.	Portion.	Area (governed).	Population. White.	Population. Coloured.	State Revenues	External Trade.	Shipping. Tons.	Aggregate Millions.
					£	£		
1835	United Kingdom	121,115	25,000,000	—	52,900,000	138,000,000	7,100,000	223
,,	Colonies and Dependencies - -	2,120,000	2,100,000	99,000,000	23,000,000	56,000,000	7,515,000	190
	Whole - -	2,241,115	27,100,000	99,000,000	75,900,000	194,000,000	14,615,000	413
1885	United Kingdom	121,115	36,700,000	—	88,000,000	680,000,000	64,280,000	869
,,	Colonies and Dependencies - -	8,384,206	10,000,000	210,000,000	122,000,000	420,000,000	72,600,000	843
	Whole - -	8,505,321	46,700,000	210,000,000	210,000,000	1,100,000,000	136,880,000	1,712

We thus see that the Colonial Empire of the nation has, in the last fifty years, grown more than four-fold. The economic foundations of this enormous development are at once cause and effect of the creation and investment of capital; the development of industry and consequent increase of trade; and the securing employment for a rapidly increasing population. For success in each case the great abiding need is correct and full knowledge of the wants, opportunities, and possibilities, all over the Empire, of the supply and demand in money, goods, and men. Under these heads it will be convenient to discuss the functions of an Empire Institute; which should have four corresponding departments.

I.—*Capital.*

One main cause of the rapid advance of our Colonies is the cheap and ready supply of capital they can obtain from the mother country. It is cheap because the whole of the Empire is willingly bound to defend any portion, if attacked; and also because every portion regulates itself, or is regulated, by certain principles and

sanctions which render repudiation or breach of contract impossible. The supply is ready because for a variety of reasons the mother country has accumulated and is accumulating an untold quantity of available money—a fact which, more than any other fact, most impressed our recent Colonial visitors. The holders of all this money are quite willing, and indeed eager, to invest in our Colonies, because they believe in them. But hitherto, and even at the present moment, the ordinary investor has been obliged to inform himself, when and how he could, as to the resources, condition, and prospects of any Colony or Colonial undertaking. It will be simply invaluable to him, and through him to the Colony, to have some recognized public institution to which he could freely resort, secure of finding ready to hand, and absolutely reliable, all such information as he might desire.

For instance, in regard to investing in a Colonial loan, he would wish for authorized statistics clearly arranged, illustrating the economic or financial position of the particular Colony or Colonial municipality. Such a record would include imports, exports, yield of rates and taxes, public expenditure, property assessments, vital statistics, and so forth.

Of pointed value would be information in detail as to public works. For instance, in regard to railways, clear plans and statistics will be required exhibiting the works completed and business done, together with the reasons for, and plans of, any contemplated extensions.

As an example of how this might be done by means of an Institute, I would instance such a plan as that of the Capetown Docks exhibited in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. Those who have already invested in this remunerative undertaking, can there see at a glance how the coast lies, and what has been done. Those who are wishful to invest in the extensions can there see precisely what is proposed. Such a plan, with free inspection of records of vessels entering and dues received, is precisely the kind of information which might most usefully be exhibited in the Institute in regard to all Colonial public works asking for capital in England.

II.—*Industries.*

In addition to moneys advanced on the public credit, an enormous aggregate of English capital flows to the private enterprises of the Colonies. This flow would be largely encouraged, and certainly more wisely directed, by the provision in some central and recognized institute of ample information of a thoroughly reliable character as to all Colonial industries. Sheep-farming and diamond-mining, textile manufactories and gold-digging, lumbering and sugar-planting—these, and many other vigorous Colonial industries can well utilize English capital. But the investors in

England are, not unnaturally, anxious to learn all they can of the past, the present, and the prospects for the future, of any particular industry; and there is a very great deal to be learned, not only from the records of work done and the plans and explanations of processes and places, but, above all, from the juxtaposition, in some one Institute, of the different systems carried on in similar industries in different colonies. The Australian system of "growing wool" can be compared with the Cape system; the processes of growing coffee or cinchona in Ceylon can be placed alongside of those in practice in Jamaica. Wheat-growing in Manitoba can be compared, in all its features, with wheat-growing in India. By such means investors in England will be made familiar with many new industries in which to invest.

III.—*Trade.*

As the profit and gain resulting on the interchange of goods is at the bottom of our Colonial prosperity, so an Empire Institute would well perform one main function of "expanding the trade between the different British communities."

On the one hand, the manufacturer and the merchant of the mother country should be able, each one in his individual line, to find in this Institute classified samples of all Colonial products of interest to him. Our Colonies provide us with endless food-stuffs, raw materials, and semi-manufactured articles. A permanent Exhibition or Museum of these, replenished as occasion arises, would be of the highest value. The merchant could compare, at his leisure, the quality, price, and estimated supply of cotton, wheat, wool, and endless other products. The manufacturer could compare hides, fibres, minerals, woods—in brief, every type of raw material applicable to his needs.

On the other hand, there could be displayed full information concerning markets for exports. Samples of every class of goods in favour in any given Colony, whether with "European" settlers or native tribes or races, with details as to pattern, price, probable demand, country of origin, and so forth, would enable our manufacturers to steadily maintain or to secure the supply of these markets. For instance, the English hardware manufacturer would be able to compare samples of the German pots or American axes that are so commonly said to be ousting those of English make; or he could discover why American patent medicines or German musical instruments hold the Colonial market.

In addition to this, clear tables should be exhibited of the chances and changes of the export and import trade of each Colony, specifying the quantities and values of the chief articles, and the countries to which they were exported or from which they are imported. Comparative tables should also be on exhibition of the tariffs of import duties and of all such charges in each Colony.

In addition, a great deal could be accomplished by means of special information as to commercial rates and charges, including such items as means of communication, rates and freights, and time occupied. It will be observed that in this, as in other departments, very much may safely be left to the stimulus of private competition. It would be desirable to place on record all details concerning telegraphs and postal facilities along all routes.

In short, we might have in such an Institute the material for that instruction of our commercial travellers which so many in England are so anxious to perfect.

In this connection I would draw attention to the interesting Report of Mr. K. B. Murray to the London Chamber of Commerce on the commercial museums and "Export Pattern Associations" that are starting into existence in nearly every Continental capital, with the view of stimulating export trade by disseminating reliable information as to what goods foreign markets need.

IV.—*Employment.*

Perhaps, in popular estimation, the department of the Institute most in favour would be that devoted to what is popularly comprehended under the term Emigration, and in this direction crucial good might be done.

There has been an enormous growth in the population of the United Kingdom, despite emigration on a gigantic scale :—

Year.		Population.		Emigration in interval.
1801	-	16,943,000		
			-	1,220,000
1841	-	26,709,000		
			-	8,000,000
1881	-	34,862,000		

It is true that this increase has been easily absorbed by the growth of great cities, and, however much it may be matter of speculation as to how these great aggregations of human beings live, that they do live does not admit of question. In London alone there has come into being a respectable nation of five millions of human beings, living over an area of soil that practically produces no food or sustenance whatever, and which, by itself, purchases foods sufficient to absorb the supply of many Colonies. But there must be a limit to this power of absorption into cities, especially as such aggregations only stimulate and increase the growth of population. It is calculated that in these mother islands each hour 100 persons are born, and each hour 60 die ; and this means an increase of nearly half a million every year to the population.

Happily, this overplus of population, like the overplus of capital, in the mother islands is an overplus of precisely that commodity of which our vast colonial possessions most stand in need. All Australia only contains three million inhabitants as yet, but it can

support probably 200 millions. So, too, with the Canadian Dominion, and our South African Possessions; there is ample fertile soil now lying waste which, in a few years to come, will be yielding crops and feeding stock, and giving a surplus over all the first wants of the pioneer settlers.

The question is, How can this overplus of population find ready natural channels for balancing the supply and demand? I have had some considerable experience in endeavouring to reply to the questions of intending emigrants of all classes, and my general conclusion is that the transference of population from where it is a drug to where it is in urgent demand is chiefly checked by lack of widespread disinterested information. Intending emigrants have expressed a curious, but for the most part ungrounded, suspicion of all information from agents for particular Colonies; moreover, they have a wise desire to compare one colony with another before deciding. There is thus ample ground for supposing that a central Institute of the kind suggested would find a most useful task in supplying information of the kind, and in the guise most suitable for emigrants.

It is matter, perhaps, for future determination as to whether it will become possible or desirable to transfer to such an Institute the new *Bureau* instituted by the Colonial Office for giving reliable information to emigrants.

I think that a permanent exhibition of matters of great interest to all intending emigrants, of whatever class, will do great good. I have had inquiries from all classes, and these have usually centred round the question, "What is life like?" I find it best not to attempt any general description of Colonial life, but to tell of some particular spot where I had seen something of the particular Colony or particular form of life selected by the intending emigrant.

On the one hand, in this department might be grouped plans and models of dwellings, station-yards, and shearing-sheds, gold-fields, and so forth. And there should be life-size reproductions of shepherds' huts, waggons, and other incidents of Colonial life outside the large towns. In addition, it would be useful to have well-selected pictures and photographs, not so much of grand scenery as illustrating places in the Colonies and phases of the life that is lived there. For instance, a series of large-size instantaneous photographs of the main street in each Colonial capital at the busy time of day would be a useful source of interest. And so, also, would be representations of cattle-hunting, ostrich-farming, gold-digging, and so forth.

Collections, especially if in vivid groups, of the animals, birds, and fishes of Colonies help to explain life there. And these graphic aids would well supplement abundance of clearly-tabulated docu-

ments, giving information up to date as to cost of living and prices generally, rates of wages and salaries, supply and demand in employment, and other matters specially affecting the intending emigrant, be he labourer or civil engineer, mechanic or clergyman.

V.—*Subsidiary.*

Before I close this general summary of the scope of such an Institute, I will briefly enumerate certain subsidiary, but typical, subjects of direct practical use to the progress of the Empire, and which should be fitly cared for in such an Institute.

To the man of politics our Colonial Constitutions and Institutions are of the highest practical interest. Mr. Gladstone has frequently appealed to them; although, appealing in ignorance, his appeals have more than once condemned, instead of supported, his proposals. Our Colonial Governments have had a free hand, and they have accordingly placed on record many notable experiments in the raising of revenue and taxation, in systems of Education and of Land Transfer. In these and other matters sound and full information would be of much direct use. At present, as I know by experience, in regard to taxation more especially, I have myself been obliged to follow up some one point in the Colonial Blue Books in the Colonial Office library, the statistical records in the Statistical Society, and the current records and papers in the Royal Colonial Institute. It should be easy to concentrate such information, and especially current information, in some one building, and to make it freely accessible.

To the man of science, also, there are many matters of deep interest on which our Colonies hold much information. Mr. Francis Galton has well said that such an Institute should provide information for emigrants "as to the sort of people they will have to live among, and the kind of country in which they will have to live; precisely the topics of two popular branches of science, anthropology and geography." If to these we add geology and natural history, botany and meteorology, we see a group of sciences calling for much special information of direct practical value.

In regard to Anthropology, such information would be a means of enshrining valuable contemporary knowledge of races unfortunately doomed to disappear. The exemplary laws as to consanguinity in marriage among the Blacks of Australia, or the curious knowledge of surgery and medicine and painting possessed by the Bushmen of South Africa, are instances in point, which would not only be of lasting scientific interest, but also develop in Colonists, as well as in emigrants, a more human interest in races which are unhappily too often left to their fate under the curt condemnation of being "the lowest in the scale of humanity."

General Plan.

In a word, the general character of such an Institute might well be that it should afford such information as to the Colonies and Colonial life as is required for investors, manufacturers, traders, and emigrants in the mother country. In regard both to record and exhibition it would, I think, be most practical and useful to arrange, *not* by Colonies, but by subject. The inquirer would thus avail himself of the high advantages of comparison, and it may be added that visitors from the Colonies would also be enabled to see what to avoid and what to introduce in their own industries by the light of systems pursued elsewhere. This is the plan adopted in the Brussels Commercial Museum, the best on the Continent.

In general, it would seem undesirable to allow of any business transactions whatever being undertaken in the Institute itself. It would be a mistake to confuse matters by allowing the character to be assumed of a "Colonial Exchange." All the business side may be most safely left to private initiative, outside this National Institute. Commercial samples there may be, and commercial information of every type, but no commercial transactions. The Marquis of Lorne admirably states this in his too-brief note in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, where he says: "It is not the formation of a big shop that is desired; it is an institution in which to show sample products, encouraging Imperial trade and colonization."

It is obvious that a central feature would be a library and reading-room, where the records of the past and the movements of the present could be freely studied; and the Prince of Wales happily suggests the Institute would be "the proper locality for the discussion of Colonial and Indian subjects." These points are the main features in that most successful Royal Colonial Institute which, in 1882, on the petition of His Royal Highness and the Duke of Manchester, obtained a Royal Charter for the specified reasons that this Institute "has, since its establishment, sedulously pursued the objects for which it was founded by collecting and diffusing information . . . by collecting a library of works relating to the British Colonies . . . by forming a museum of Colonial and Indian productions and manufactures . . . by undertaking . . . statistical and other inquiries relating to Colonial and Indian matters," &c. &c. For several years past, in the Annual Report of the Council, the work done towards forming a permanent Colonial Museum in London is alluded to. Thus in the Royal Colonial Institute we have ready to hand a well-equipped and admirably-managed library, reading-room, and organization for discussion. The co-operation of the Royal Colonial Institute

should be secured from the very first, and its virtual amalgamation suggested, as one of the already-finished pillars of the new Institute. I venture also to suggest that the Royal Statistical and Geographical Societies, the Society of Arts, and other technical societies and institutes might and would usefully co-operate. Nor may it be forgotten that the London Chamber of Commerce is already taking active steps to establish in and for the City a Commercial Museum that will indeed embrace foreign as well as Colonial trade interests, but which might fitly be affiliated to this Empire Institute.

Creation.

In a letter to the *Times* (24th September) I wrote :—

"The suggestion I would make is that an organizing Committee be appointed, really representative of the interests involved, for the one purpose of determining the scope, scheme, and working details of such an Institute. The members should be appointed *ad hoc*, and their functions cease so soon as they have recommended a specific charter and bye-laws."

On the 5th November such a Committee was announced; and although, as the newspapers have pointed out, there is no member of it who has personal knowledge of our Australasian, South African, or Eastern Colonies, yet this Committee will pay all the more attention to the suggestions of those who do possess personal knowledge of the resources and aspirations of those Colonies. From the consultations of this Committee will issue, in its working shape, a complete "constitution" for the Empire Institute, including the *personnel* desirable in the permanent governing body, which would be, as it were, a body resembling the trustees of the British Museum, but composed of representatives of Colonial interests instead of science.

With regard to finance, the self-governing Colonies have promptly expressed their hearty willingness to contribute. The fixed expenditure would be in acquiring buildings and existing collections and records. This would require a present capital expenditure, which could be met either by donations from Governments and private individuals, or by a loan, the interest and annual charges for sinking fund of which could be paid by the Imperial and Colonial Governments. In the second place there would be the expenses of future management and upkeep. This might be charged to a special Endowment Fund, to consist partly of private and partly of Government gifts. Considerable economy would no doubt be realised from private gifts of exhibits and records, and, as I have said, by the co-operation of the Royal Colonial Institute, the amalgamation of the new Emigration Information Bureau, the absorption of exhibits at South Kensington, and other steps,

present organizations could be utilized, and much of the substance of the proposed Institute at once set up. There is certain to come forward the usual *questio vexata* of site. Some are urgent in favour of a central position—near Parliament and the Government Offices, and not too far from the City; and they suggest land on the Embankment; the site at present occupied by the Westminster Aquarium; or space to be found on the land that is to be cleared between Downing Street and the Houses of Parliament, certainly the best of the proposals. Others suggest the ample spaces of the more distant South Kensington site. No doubt the comparative merits of each will be fully and fairly considered.

Summary.

In conclusion, I would repeat that this Institute should *not* be a mere place of amusement, or a mere exchange for purposes of commerce; but an authorized place of instruction, where the inventor, manufacturer, trader, or emigrant, could easily make himself familiar with any particular information of any particular Colony or Colonial undertaking of which he may stand in need. And I suggest this having for many years past seen much of all four classes of inquirers from the mother country, and also from the Continent of Europe; and they are, after all, the classes who can benefit and be benefited by our grand Colonies. I have heard of the difficulty they experience when they wish to invest in, or manufacture for, or trade with, or emigrate to our Colonies—in acquiring reliable, clear, and full information. It is, therefore, evident that an Institute of the type I have described is what is now urgently needed to carry to its full development the opportunities presented by our rapidly-growing Empire.

At the very foundation of the lasting unity of the Empire are the material or economic bonds. The mother islands overflow with money, manufactures, and men; the Colonies and dependencies have superabundant lands and undeveloped resources. To promote mutual co-operation and advantage in interchange, sound knowledge is required. The proposed Institute will, I am confident, in this material and business-like manner, in the well-chosen words of its Founder, "draw closer the bonds which unite the Empire"; and thus form the most fitting memorial that could be desired to celebrate the enormous growth of the Colonies and Dependencies of the Empire during the fifty years of the beneficent reign of Her Majesty.

George Baden-Powell.

LAY REPRESENTATION IN CHURCH SYNODS IN AUSTRALIA.*

I UNDERSTAND that what is required of me is not argument as to the abstract propriety or necessity of lay representation in the Synods of the Church, but rather some information as to the actual working of our Synodical system here, and some opinion, so far as I have yet had opportunity of experience, as to the effect of lay representation in it. Still, before I proceed to give these to the best of my ability, it may be right that I should define the standpoint from which my view is taken. Let me, then, say at once that I am one of those who hold very distinctly that the faithful laity have an indisputable right to claim their place in all Church legislation, whether it deals with spiritualities or temporalities, with definition of faith or regulation of practice. Believing that the promise of the Indwelling Presence of Christ is made to the Church as a whole, and failing to see that the acknowledged sacredness of the ministerial commission limits to the Clergy the right to consider, and define by law or canon, the various ways in which the living power of the Church can best bear witness to her Divine Master, I had always held it, with Hooker, "a thing most consonant with equity and reason that no ecclesiastical law be made without consent, as well of the laity as of the clergy"; and, accordingly, when I was called to my present charge, I welcomed gladly, not only as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of right, the co-ordinate power of the laity in all our Synodical action. It is well to avow this clearly at the outset; for on our point of view much depends as to what we actually see.

Having delivered my soul in this prefatory remark, I proceed

* The following is the concluding paper in a series of three, which, it is hoped, may throw light on the question of the Representation of the Laity in the Church of England. Of the two previous papers, the former, written by the Archdeacon of Cloyne, was published in the *National Review* for April 1886, and shows the position of the laity in the disestablished Church of Ireland; the latter, describing the system of representation in the non-established Protestant Episcopal Church in America, was written by Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, U. S. A., and was published in the *National Review* for October 1886.—EDITORS *N. R.*

first to describe briefly the leading features of the Synodical system, of which I have actual experience.

(I.) We have three Synods at work. There is, first, the Diocesan Synod, meeting every year (since 1866); next, the Provincial Synod, representing all the dioceses (six) of New South Wales, meeting once, at least, in three years (since 1869*); lastly, the General Synod, representing all the dioceses (thirteen) of Australia and Tasmania, meeting once at least in five years (since 1872). This hierarchy of Synods looks fairly complete. In it the Church has not only recognized the internal unity of each Colony, but has anticipated the intercolonial federation which, in some form or other, must surely come. Each province is organized under its metropolitan; while the Bishop of Sydney, as Primate, has a presidency over all. But, in practice, the perfection of our system is marred by one great defect, which our sister Church in New Zealand has avoided—the weakness, as to legal power, of the Provincial and General Synods. This defect is due, partly to the method of the historical growth of our system; partly to the spirit of what the Germans would call "Particularism," which is an unfortunate characteristic of Australian Church life. The Diocesan Synods grew up first, and grew up in comparative isolation; they were formally recognized by the civil authority, especially in all that relates to Church property, and, accordingly, within certain limits, have legal power to enforce their decrees. The decisions of the Provincial Synod have a similar legal force, only in respect to matters referred to them by all the Diocesan Synods, or in case of appeal from any Diocesan Synod against the veto of the Bishop upon any of its ordinances. The General Synod, including as it does dioceses in various Colonies, and therefore under different civil governments, can have no recognition from civil authority; is relies wholly, and in practice does not rely in vain, on the moral force of its decrees. Hence follows an anomaly, utterly indefensible in theory, although less mischievous than might be imagined in practice, that all determinations whatever of the General Synod, and all ordinances† of the Provincial Synod, except in the two cases above noticed, are without legal

* As yet only one province (that of New South Wales) has been formed in Australia; but the determinations of the General Synod contemplate the formation of other provinces, probably as conterminous with the various Colonies, and so including all the dioceses which are under a common civil law.

† "Determinations" and "ordinances" are really the same things; but, for distinction's sake, the former phrase is used of the decrees of the General Synod, the latter of the Provincial and Diocesan Synods. Determinations or ordinances have to pass through the same stages as Bills in Parliament; the first and second readings, the Committee of the whole House, and the third reading. In this they differ from simple resolutions, and embody the permanent legislative results of the Synodical meetings

force until they have been accepted by the Diocesan Synods. It is an anomaly which could be remedied only by a self-surrender on the part of all the Diocesan Synods; and such surrender would be, I believe, absolutely refused by the jealousy of any loss of diocesan independence, which is at present a dominant force in some, at least, of the Synods. Practically it is largely mitigated by the deference naturally paid to the higher Synods in all that belongs to their peculiar functions.

Now, in all these Synods the laity are fully represented.

To the Diocesan Synod of Sydney every clergyman is summoned who has separate parochial cure of souls, and each parish elects two, or (under some rare circumstances) three lay representatives. The electors must be male residents in the parish, or regular members of the congregation, above twenty-one years of age, and each has to sign, before voting, a written declaration that he is "a member of the Church of England." The representatives must similarly declare themselves "communicants of the Church of England." No test beyond these declarations is imposed. It will be observed that by this arrangement the number of lay representatives must be at least twice as great as the number of clerical members of the Synod.* But it is provided that, although all sit together, and (as a rule) vote together, yet, on the demand of any five members, the voting on any rule or ordinance shall be by Orders, and that the concurrence of both Orders shall be necessary for the enactment of the ordinance. In any case, the assent of the Bishop is also necessary, unless, indeed, his refusal is overridden on appeal (as above noticed) to the Provincial Synod.†

In this way, the numerical preponderance of the laity is, to a great extent, neutralized; and in my experience there have been but few cases in which contrariety of clerical and lay opinion, as such, has necessitated recourse to this power of voting by Orders.

The Synod thus constituted has considerable power. Under our Constitutions which have legal force—

it may make ordinances upon and in respect of all matters and things concerning the order and good government of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the regulation of its affairs within the diocese, including the management and disposal of all Church property, moneys, and revenues, and for the election or appointment of Churchwardens and Trustees of churches, burial-grounds, Church lands, and parsonages. And all ordinances of the Synod shall be binding upon the Bishop and his successors, and all other members of the Church within the diocese, but only so far as the same may concern their respective rights, duties, and liabilities, as holding any office in the said Church within the diocese.

In particular it has, and has exercised, the power of "establish

*By a curious arrangement, parishes may, and do, elect as "lay representatives" clergymen who have no parochial charge.

† No such appeal has ever yet been made during the twenty years of Synodical action.

ing a tribunal," presided over by the Bishop, and composed of equal numbers of clergymen and laymen chosen by the Synod—

for the trial of offences by clergymen licensed by the Bishop within the diocese, as well those involving breaches of discipline, as questions of doctrine and the ritual of the Church. And the Synod of each diocese may frame rules and ordinances for the initiation and conduct of trials before, and the mode of proceeding under, such tribunal, and no sentence shall be pronounced other than that of suspension or deprivation of license or office, and of the rights and emoluments thereto appertaining.

It has also the power of making ordinances on such matters as the formation of parishes, the system of patronage, the method of election of bishops, the superannuation of the Clergy, and the constitution of the Cathedral Chapter. All their ordinances, it should be remembered, must have the consent of the Bishop, and, in practice, he has usually much to do with the initiation of them.

The Diocesan Synod of Sydney already numbers about 270, and is increasing every year by the constant formation of new parishes. The question has been already raised whether its numbers should not be reduced by alteration of the method of representation. Its sittings generally last a fortnight, and it has in each session much business to do, and many subjects to ventilate.

The General Synod (for it will be, for reasons which will hereafter appear, convenient to consider this next) is composed of two Houses, the House of Bishops and the House of Representatives. The House of Representatives consists of equal numbers of clergy and laity, elected by the Synods of the various dioceses out of their own members. Each diocese sends a number of representatives, varying according to its number of licensed clergy. At the last session (in 1881) the whole number was 89. The two Houses sit together for deliberation and transaction of business, but always vote separately, and the House of Bishops can always demand the adjournment of any business till it has had opportunity for private consultation upon it. The voting in the House of Representatives is always by Orders.

The powers of the General Synod are thus defined in a Constitution formally accepted by all the Diocesan Synods:—

The General Synod shall have power to make determinations upon, and in respect of, the following matters and things concerning the order and good government of the Church, that is to say—1. The constitution of an appellate Tribunal and a Tribunal for the trial of Bishops. 2. The framing of general rules for the formation of new dioceses and provinces. 3. The making of rules for the confirmation and due consecration of future Bishops and the election or appointment of future Primates. 4. The communicating with the authorities of the Church in England and in the various Colonies on matters relating to the general well-being of the Church. 5. The taking of measures for promoting intercommunion with other reformed Episcopal Churches, so far as is consistent with the principles of the Church of England. 6. The regulating of the relations of the Church to other branches of the Church of Christ. 7. The promoting of the cause of Home and Foreign Missions in the Church. 8. The consulting upon

any matters which may be brought before the Synod affecting the well-being of the Church, and framing regulations thereon. Provided always that no determination of the General Synod shall be binding upon the Church in any diocese unless and until such determination shall be accepted by the Church in such diocese.

Many of these powers have already been exercised. In respect of internal regulation of the affairs of the Australian Churches, the Synod is held to be supreme. In respect of relation to the Church at home, and to other branches of the Church of Christ, it is a fundamental rule of all our Synods*—

That no rule, ordinance, or determination shall make any alteration in the Articles, Liturgy, or Formularies of the Church, except in conformity with any alteration which may be made therein by any competent authority of the Church of England in England

The General Synod is, therefore, looked upon as the governing body of one branch (or province) of the Anglican Communion, which, on large matters of Church policy, may recommend initiation, but cannot well carry out such initiation without consent of the Church at home, or of the whole Anglican Communion as represented at the Lambeth Conferences. It has less to do with routine and administrative business than the Diocesan Synods; but its sittings are usually at least as long, and deal with subjects of higher and larger interest.

The Provincial Synod (under a Constitution recently framed by direction of the General Synod, and modifying in some important respects the system on which it has hitherto worked) occupies an intermediate position of some difficulty and indefiniteness, hemmed in, so to speak, by the Diocesan Synods on one side, and by the General Synod on the other. The provisions for representation, and the general rules for voting and for transaction of business, are much the same as in the General Synod.† The number of representatives at its last session was 61.

The Provincial Synod, thus constituted, has the two definite legal powers mentioned above: the consideration of appeal from an Episcopal veto, and the authoritative determination of matters referred to it by all the Diocesan Synods. Beyond these, the Constitution lays down that—

The Provincial Synod shall have power to make ordinances and determinations upon, and in respect of, all matters and things concerning the order and good government of the Church in the province. Provided (1) that no ordinance or other determination of the Provincial Synod shall contravene any determination of the General Synod. Provided (2) that such ordinances or determinations as are passed without reference from any Diocesan Synod shall not be binding upon the Church in any diocese, unless and

* This canon is expressly laid down as to our Diocesan and Provincial Synods, and clearly implied in relation to our General Synod.

† Hitherto the two Houses have sat separately, and the provisions for representation have been somewhat vague. Both these points have been amended under the new Constitution.

until such ordinance or determination shall be accepted by the Church in such diocese. Provided (3) that if any matter be referred to the Provincial Synod by any Diocesan Synod, the decision of the Provincial Synod shall be binding on the diocese so referring the same.

It will be seen that the Provincial Synod is, in great measure, a tribunal of appeal, and it seems clear that, both under this aspect and in relation to initiation of legislation, its main function will be to decide on questions concerning the dioceses, as being under one general civil law, and probably to deal, in the name of the Church, with the civil authority itself; as, for example, in respect of marriage and burial laws, regulations of Church property, and the like. Larger questions must go to the General Synod; matters concerning each diocese, of course, belong to the Diocesan Synods. But, within these limits, especially as population increases and the number of dioceses with it, there will be a useful intermediate function for the Provincial Synod also.*

(II.) This sketch of the Synodical system adopted, with some important modifications of detail, in the Australian Church generally, shows two things very plainly.

First, that the Synods are real and effective governing bodies.

Next, that in these the laity hold a distinctly co-ordinate position with the clergy.

On the former of these points it will be sufficient to remark briefly.

With the establishment and working in the Synods of representative government in the Church I am, so far as my brief experience goes, entirely satisfied. Of course, they show, in modified forms, the well-known weaknesses of representative institutions. They are not free from the intrusion of party spirit, and even factiousness, and from that tendency to a narrow "particularism" to which I have already referred as one great danger of Colonial Church life; they suffer occasionally under the plague of long speeches (especially, I must confess, from the clergy), which our sense of decorum prevents the Synod from putting down by the summary processes not unknown in other deliberative assemblies, and which make one long for the beneficent institution of the "Congress Bill"; they are apt to be somewhat jealous of innovations beyond the old beaten tracks, and to give occasion to those who are always ready to show "how not to do it." I am told, though I have never seen it, that on exciting questions their ecclesiastical character, and the solemn prayers with which they are opened, have not always saved them from disorder. But these evils lie on the surface, and for that reason are much exaggerated. In spite of all, we have deep reason to be thankful for the solid, earnest, useful work which our Synods have done, fully justifying the belief that on them, as true representatives of the Church, the blessing of God has rested.

Nor have I found that they interfere with proper episcopal authority. That authority is limited, and in my opinion too much limited, by other causes; by the practically irrevocable character of licenses once granted to the Clergy by the system of Patronage, which places the appointments to our chief parishes in the hands of nominators, and by the practical difficulty of dealing with the irresponsible power of money under a voluntary system. But the existence of the Synods, although, of course, incompatible with Episcopal autocracy, really tends to strengthen the Bishop's constitutional power. While, happily, he could not coerce the Synod, even if he wished so to do, he can do much to lead it with a leadership which, if wise and moderate, is gladly welcomed; most of the measures passed are prepared by the standing committee, of which he is chairman, and, after all, he has his veto, which, by its very existence, even when it is not exercised, is an important power. Never, so far as I have seen, is there any desire on the part of the Synod to interfere with his really spiritual prerogative; very seldom to tread dangerously on the debatable ground which lies between Episcopal and Synodical authority. Even if this were otherwise, the moral strength which he gains by the support of the Synod would far more than counterbalance any possible inconvenience or difficulty.

Such experience, therefore, as I have gained, entirely confirms my strong conviction of the necessity of obtaining or evolving a true representative system in the Church at home. Diocesan Conferences, and Congresses, and the like, are excellent as fields for discussion and schools of preparation for more definite action; but they cannot fill the place of Church Synods or Assemblies of real power and responsibility. Till in some way the problem of obtaining these is solved in England, the Church will not have full vitality of self-government, and that right harmony of legislative, judicial, and executive functions which is essential to its complete organization.

(III.) But I proceed to dwell in somewhat greater detail on the representation of the laity in our Synods under its practical aspects.

The method of representation in our Diocesan Synods is, to my mind, capable of much improvement. The preponderance of the laity is probably too great, and it stands in marked contrast with the equality of the representation of the two Orders introduced into the later constitutions of the General and Provincial Synods. It can be (as I have said) neutralized by the process of voting by Orders, which is made obligatory in the higher Synods. But where, as with Diocesan Synods, this form of voting has to be demanded, the demand has something invidious about it, and cannot well be other than exceptional.

It would be far better so to constitute the Synod as to minimize the necessity of resorting to it.

Again, the parochial basis of representation, though natural and perhaps inevitable in the early stages of Church growth, is now undesirable. It makes our numbers too large for practical work. In the country parishes it is difficult to find local representatives of education and standing sufficient to enable them to judge of large questions of Church doctrine and policy; and although such parishes may, and occasionally do, choose representatives from outside, still local feeling is naturally strong, and is apt to introduce too many members of the type of the rural churchwarden or city vestryman. This might easily be avoided by taking a large area in the rural deanery, or hereafter the archdeaconry, as the basis of representation. The change would at once lessen the number, and probably improve the quality of our lay representatives.

These, however, are simply defects in organization; and I pass from these to consider the practical merits of lay representation as such.

I have already ventured to say that I hold it to be essentially right, as according with the privileges and promises which Christ gave to His whole Church. I may now add that, so far as I can see, it is an absolute necessity here, under the existing conditions of Church life.

Our Synods could not work efficiently without it. For it, and it alone, places the Church in harmony with the whole tendency of modern civilization—seen especially in communities like this—by recognizing in it the principle of a true democracy, in the right of the whole body to some share in its own self-government, and the exercise of that right through representative institutions. The decrees of a purely clerical Synod, even if they were perfectly wise, and absolutely free from professional narrowness, would not command anything like general adhesion. Nor would Churchmen be content to leave to such a Synod the prerogative of initiation, reserving to the laity simply the power of acceptance or rejection. There are isolated instances, even now, of defiance of the Synod's laws by individuals or parishes; but the general obedience is secured, in Church as in State, by the consciousness that their laws are the laws of the whole body, and that the laity have had their full and fair share in framing and passing them. Perhaps, as I have said, this is felt even more here than at home, for Australian society presents a curious and instructive union of a more advanced democracy, with a more vivid, if not a stronger, sense of loyalty to the central authority which represents the whole. But the assertion of lay rights, and even its perversion to

jealousy of clerical influence, belong to all modern English society, and must be felt in all ecclesiastical life.

The matter comes, after all, to this—that, if Synods are to have working power, the representation in them of lay Churchmen must be frankly accepted. This consideration, if true, might seem to dispense with the necessity of dwelling on any others. But there are other ways not unworthy of notice, in which, in my opinion, the lay representation works greatly for good.

Before touching on these, however, let me premise that this opinion is conditional on that which appears to me absolutely essential for right working—viz. that clergy and laity should sit and confer together.* If this were not the case here, I am convinced, not only that we should be liable to dangerous collisions, but that the chief value of our Synods, as deliberative assemblies, as centres of Church unity, and as educating influences over their members, and through them over the Church at large, would be lost. What we want is mutual interpenetration of the clerical and lay mind, and the sense of real co-operation of clergy and laity under the bond which unites them in Church membership. These things would not be furthered, perhaps would be actually hindered, by the co-existence, and possible rivalry, of separate Houses. So far as Colonial Church experience goes, I believe that it would generally confirm the opinion here expressed; and the inference which I would venture to draw, that the cause of Church representation in England suffers greatly from what is apparently at present considered to be the inevitable necessity of constituting clerical and lay Houses of Representatives in separation from each other.

Under this condition, I proceed to glance at some of the benefits which we seem to derive from our system of lay representation. In the first place—in view of that argument which is sometimes put forth against the necessity of any formal lay representation, viz. that the laity have, and always will have, through patronage and otherwise, a large indirect power in the Church—I would observe that we find here, in the very consciousness of the possession of constitutional rights and privileges, an important safeguard against the temptation to use or abuse the arbitrary power of local pressure on the clergy by force of money or popular prejudice, which is the great bane of the voluntary system. I only wish that the power of law through the Synod over clergy and over parishes were far greater than it is. As things now stand, since licences are all but irrevocable, it is almost as hard as in England to

* I may note (though this does not properly belong to my subject) that in our higher Synods it is found almost equally essential that the House of Bishops and House of Representatives should meet in the same way.

remove by authority an unfit or incapable clergyman. On the other hand, since the clergy are mainly dependent for maintenance on their congregations, it is but too easy to oppress, and even drive to resignation, a clergyman who, however faithful and earnest, chances to be unpopular. What we need is more efficient control by authority under law, as a substitute for these collisions of arbitrary will. In proportion as we are approaching to this, and as the laity feel that they are not helpless in regard of constitutional power, they will, I believe, shrink more and more from the attempt to destroy, by vulgar and tyrannical influences, the right independence of the clergy. No doubt here, as elsewhere, men of high ability and character in the ministry will always hold their own and do their duty; but the average man needs at once the control and the protection of constitutional law.

In the next place, the very presence of lay representatives in Synods tends to raise them above the tendency to a virtual parochialism or congregationalism, which is another evil, natural enough under the circumstances of the life and extension of the Church here, but yet a very serious drawback to her unity and vitality. The discussions of the Synod must deal mainly with the Church as a whole—its actual progress and its calls to larger general development, its collective powers and needs, the task which lies before it in these new communities, and the spirit in which alone that task can be done. Its members cannot go back to their parishes without some enlargement of mind, not only beyond parochial limits, but beyond the narrow party conceptions which may dominate a single parish, but which are in great degree dissipated by the variety, even by the conflict, of opinions in the Synod. The Church here is still too much disintegrated; but without the Synod it would be a rope of sand—a congeries of congregations rather than an organic whole. To the Bishop himself, I may add, the opportunity of communicating his views, of appealing to Churchmen at large, and of hearing their mind and feeling in return, is simply invaluable. Beyond all other opportunities, the sessions of the Synod serve to keep him in touch with his people, and to diffuse whatever influence he is capable of exerting over the whole body of the Church.

Even more direct is the advantage of bringing the lay mind, properly so called, to bear on ecclesiastical thought and policy. In our Synods we have two classes of "experts," the clergy and the lawyers, each class having its strength and weakness, its fulness of professional knowledge, and its tendency to professional narrowness. They naturally exercise leadership, each in its own special line; but their influence needs, and receives, correction from the "laymen" (in the true sense of the term) of various degrees of

education and standing, who make up so large a part of the Synod. These bring in—what is of great value—the influence of a broader common-sense, a more untrammelled knowledge of the world, a fuller sympathy with the ideas and the prejudices of the mass of the community, a better conception of what is practicable in carrying out ecclesiastical ideals, and, perhaps, of the relation of spiritual influences to common life. So far as I have observed, this lay influence tends, not so much to originate as to test and judge what is originated by others. It is, perhaps, somewhat too Conservative, not merely of principles, but of practices. In the Church here it brings out very emphatically two feelings, of which it is necessary to take very full account—a sturdy Protestantism, sometimes enlightened, sometimes narrow and prejudiced, and an equally strong reluctance to sever, or even seem to sever, the Colonial Church from the old Church at home. Of course, the power of the lay mind has its drawbacks; but it is an important factor in Church life, and it is well that it should have a constitutional sphere of exercise, where it at once receives and returns influence. Even if it sometimes stops, or rather delays, progress, yet it tends to make that progress more solid and permanent.

But, after all, the greatest advantage of lay representation is the sense which it diffuses of lay power and lay responsibility in the Church. I need not say that this sense is, especially in the Colonial Church, about the one thing needful. In spiritual as in temporal warfare, the whole conditions of modern life make it more necessary than ever that behind the regular forces there should be "the nation in arms." Here the laity have large, often too large, parochial power, and bear, also, a greater share than at home of parochial work, especially in its more mechanical and financial aspects. But this is apt to carry with it little sense of responsibility, except of the narrowest kind. To see the Church well filled, and the parish prosperous, is the one idea of the churchwarden, the trustee, and the vestryman. It is mainly through the Synod that a larger and deeper idea of lay responsibility is brought home. For, as I have said, the Synod is not merely a talking and deliberating, but an effective governing body. As such it is regarded both from within and from without. I may note here, in passing, that the Parliament and the Government of the Colony recognize its position as a matter of course, and seldom, if ever, fail to give the necessary legal validity to anything touching Church property or organization which the Synod asks. Here, as at home, we want far more of the deep sense of Christian responsibility, not only among the few, but among the many of our lay people; we have not got rid of that pestilent fallacy that Church work is the business of the clergy, in which it is gene-

rosity or charity in the laity to help them. But, of all influences tending to bring about the right and healthy condition of things, there is none comparable to the influence of the lay representation in our Synods. It is an education in this important direction, not only of the representatives themselves, but of those whom they represent.

In these ways, among others, our lay representation appears to me to conduce greatly to the well-being of the Church. I only wish that its effectiveness could be increased, and that in two points especially. Though the laity preponderate in numbers, they do not, as a rule, take their full share of speaking and acting in the Synods. Whether this arises from their own reticence, or from the readier fluency of their clerical colleagues, I will not inquire. But, so far as I have noticed, the fact is so, and it is to me a cause of regret. In the next place, I fear that I trace, in ecclesiastical as in civil politics, a certain reluctance on the part of many men of higher education and standing to come forward and take their right place in public deliberation and public work. Especially in the rural parishes, representation passes frequently into the hands of men who, though shrewd enough and laudably earnest in work for the Church, are not well qualified for dealing with large questions. This has not, as yet, been so here to any dangerous extent. Our Synod has numbered in its ranks judges, high officials, members of both Houses of the Legislature, leading barristers, bankers, and merchants. But there is some reason to fear that the tendency is beginning to make itself more felt, and it is, I need hardly say, a subject of grave anxiety.

These appear to me to be some of the chief advantages to us of lay representation. There will be, in the considerations on which I have touched, little that can be new in theory to thoughtful minds, little which I myself did not anticipate long ago in considering the problem of Church representation at home. But there is, at least, this to be said, that I have tried to give the results of actual experience, not, indeed, long, but yet long enough to deepen or correct previous impressions without altogether destroying the impartiality of the "fresh eye." *Mutatis mutandis* (and I know that the *mutanda* will be many) they may throw some useful light on the experiments now being made in this direction in the Church at home.

ALFRED SYDNEY.

FRANCE AS IT IS AND WAS: GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY.

"Il faut savoir où telle pensée *est logée* en son auteur," is one of the profoundest thoughts expressed by that profoundest of thinkers, Pascal. If this precept were strictly adhered to, there would be fewer mistakes in the judgments passed on different races. The common phrase, "How such a nation has changed," is a merely superficial comment on outward appearances, for, as a matter of fact, races change very little. We do not sufficiently study the permanent but hidden sources whence the real nature of a race is derived. We neglect to learn accurately where such or such a parent force is "lodged" (*où telle pensée est logée*) and we omit to see that, according to this original cause, so will be produced the developments of the race in spite of all contrary appearances.

The true and persistent nature of a race is mainly to be discovered at those points where what the Germans term the prehistoric harmonies between the physical and spiritual elements are least disturbed; where the completest equilibrium is established in the individual specimens of a race—namely, where the *type* of the race is most perfect. Taking ourselves as an example, for instance, no nation has assumed greater varieties of aspect than the British; yet we shall be found unchanged if what constitutes our very cause of being be adequately bared to the touch.

We *seemed* different under Edward III. or Charles I., under Elizabeth, or Cromwell, or the Georges, or the present confused conditions of our life; but we are the Vikings we were a thousand years ago, and the home and the source of our "thought"—the idea of our very being—is "lodged" for ever in strength and faith, the power to do deeds ourselves, and the capacity of trust in others. Behave as we may under some passing impulse or delusion, if once the race realises that it is being attacked in its might or its faithfulness, it will to a certainty prove that its true nature is unaltered.

Just so, too, with the French. The *natural* nature of the race—that which constitutes their physical and moral unity as a race—has never changed. The spring whence flows their being, the home where *lodges* their thought, is found in dependence and

doubt. The Briton trusts others because he relies upon himself; the Frenchman doubts all men because he has no stubborn faith in himself, and, in general, no stubbornness of will.

Study the records of French history, dissect the finest fibres of the organism yclept Society; through every opposing semblance, through the basest servility and the fiercest revolt, through bigotry or atheism, and licentiousness or prudery, through despotism or demagogy, you will always seize the same guiding threads that lead to the centre of the maze, and you will find face to face with you a psychical unity that equally inspires, from the earliest ages down to the present day, all the apparent antagonisms of French society.

Under the Valois and the Bourbons, through Gallicans, Jesuits, or Voltairians, from Versailles and Louis XIV., down to the Malmaison of the First and the Compiègne of the Third Empire, you will recognize the same spirit fleshed in varying garbs, and know that the race-thought is lodged in the same places.

This is the chief reason which makes it in reality so much easier to understand society in France than in almost any other country; and, granted certain circumstances, gives a so much readier foresight into how they will meet them. You can almost always divine what they will do, because you have a sure key to why they will do it. But for this you must know them, not take them for granted, but live with them, live of their inner life, which they never, if they can avoid it, share with a stranger. They have a *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* for their lives as for their language, and "cela n'est pas Français" applies equally to the men and women of France under the age of Grévy and Gambetta as to those of the eleventh century, when Anna Comnena scribbled about them at the Court of Byzantium. No second-hand information will avail here; no listening at key-holes *à la* Vassili; no treasuring up of ante-room gossip. You must think with them, if you can, see with their eyes, sink a shaft deep into their mine, dig up their ore, whether copper, tin, or gold; for what is not theirs has no import. That done, they are easy enough to comprehend and to pourtray; but never seek to bring any external force to bear upon them, or apply any rules to them, save their own; you would drift into hopeless confusion, and their ever changing outward manifestations would so jumble together all your faculties of discernment that you might as well try to live in a kaleidoscope.

Probably the two best tests of what a nation is, of its qualities and defects, are religion and marriage. How a man mates, and how he believes, will give a tolerably sure clue to the nature of the man himself. In France the two are indissolubly bound together,

but marriage comes first. Marriage makes the human creature which is, later on, to believe or disbelieve; and while half of his belief is the result of teaching, the other half comes from the quality of his own mind. Now in both these matters, that of piety and that of marriage, France stands apart from almost all other countries. The French do not believe in love. This is a sweeping statement, it may be said, but if not accepted as a fundamental truth, the surest of all "Open Sesames" to the arcana of French society fails the observer.

In every other civilized country love is admitted as a possible modifier and framer of morals and manners. In Italy and Spain, where—whatever may be the internal orthodoxy—the habits of life are Catholic, love marriages do occasionally take place. They may be deplored as inconvenient to family projects, or imprudent or prejudicial to the man's interests or position, but a man is not lessened in the general esteem because he has married for love. In exclusive Austria (as also in more philosophical though scarcely less aristocratic Germany) the power of personal affection, *i.e.* the principle of "this one and no other," is so universally acknowledged, that the most frequent form of love-match is the least admissible, that of the utterest *mésalliance*, the union of a grandee among grandees with a milkmaid, of a prince with a peasant. Setting aside the heart dramas that make Austrian and German history so interesting in the past, our own age tells us of Archduke John—him whom Immerman* apostrophizes as

Oh! Theurer, lieber, Erzherzog Johann—

and his brave stable-maiden of a wife, respected, honoured, consulted by every Hapsburg in existence; and of Prince Oettinger Wallenstein, in Bavaria, and his beautiful Crescentia, by common consent exalted to the level of the bluest-blooded dames; and dozens of others may be quoted in nearly every European country —Catholic as well as Protestant. But not alone is the "accident" of practice there to confirm our statement, but the theory has been laid down, and the principle established, in the same mode in which we seek to establish it regarding France, by one of the acutest thinkers and one of the completest men of the world of modern times. The famous Prince de Ligne, writing at the end of the last century, to a Grand Seigneur of France, his friend, says :—

". . . Take heed of what you are doing: by the sales you are encouraging of your sons to the daughters of soap-boilers and *marchand de bois*, you will make of their children mere hucksters and pedlars—at best, petty *bourgeois*; whilst when an Austrian or Hungarian prince marries a peasant-girl for love, his progeny are princely as himself."

* The poet of the *Tyroler Tragödie* (Andreas Hofer).

In those words lies the whole secret—true then, still truer now. Nearly all the successive social modifications of French society may be traced to the fact of the inability of the French nation to conceive of real love, and from this negation has gradually grown up the formidable power of clericalism (as distinct from religion), of that clericalism which has mainly contributed to transform the external aspects of society in France to what we see them now.

France is the only country in the world in which a man is positively lessened if he has married for love. It casts on him a kind of taint of insanity, leads people generally to doubt of his being employable for any practical purpose—and, as a matter of fact, he hardly ever is so—and entirely isolates him from his kind. Of course there are particular cases in which some daring individual has in this way challenged public opinion; but if those (comparatively few) who have committed this folly would produce the long list of failure and misery it has entailed upon them—the exile in some distant province, the exclusion from common pursuits, the destruction of healthy ambitions, the distrust of their fellows, and ultimate admission by both of their own mistake—it would be seen that the price paid for, at best, a questionable happiness, is so high as to deter the immense majority from accepting such a risk.

Marriage is a business, love a phase to be lived through; and it is the attempt at mixing up the two that is so bitterly punished. A man may marry his cook if he likes it, or he may live with his mistress (provided he have some reason for it); in the one case, as in the other, he remains virtually single; and if he is of any practical value to society he is made use of, without any regard to the "encumbrances" that are left at home and never taken into account. But what is forbidden is that love shall be raised to the dignity of a social constituent, a source of consideration, a power to be parleyed with like money, or rank, or any genuine indisputable superiority. If that could come to pass, it would transform too many time-honoured customs and ways, and this brings us direct to the juxtaposition of religion and marriage in France, and to some of the most curious aspects of French society at the present hour.

A fact or two may prove more than whole pages of disquisitions. Under the later years of the Restoration, one of the greatest ladies in France, one of those with whose family almost every historic name in the country has been allied, was left a widow with an infant son. She had delicate health, and may be said to have owed her life to the talent and devoted care of a young and very distinguished physician. They were much attached to each other,

and her family so patronized the man who had preserved to them a (then) much beloved relative, that his fortune was to be considered made, and his fame brilliantly established; but the lady was a true Christian, taking the articles of her faith *au serieux*, and she decided for marriage. They married, and survivors of the wedding ceremony tell to this day how the great lords of her line assembled at the doors of the vestry to mock and insult bride and bridegroom as they passed. The event created a never forgotten sensation. The man was ruined; the woman crushed, driven into solitude, and held up to the eyes of her son, by all who bore his name, as an object of scandal and of shame. "But you all encouraged the intimacy at first?" was objected by certain simple-minded people. "Intimacy!" was the invariable retort; "yes, but we supposed it was of quite another sort! We could never have supposed one of our blood would commit the crime of marrying a plebeian! (and for love!)"

"Then why do you marry your sons to girls out of the gutter?" was sometimes rejoined.

"That is altogether different—we ennoble the individual woman. Her family disappears; *she dies to them.*"

And there we come to the greatest political as well as social transformation that has occurred in France since '89, and in which the clergy is the prominent factor. But of this anon. Reverting to our former theme: if love were to be acknowledged as a constituent element of society, as it is in England, an enduring force, what would become of the present system of education? and what of that tremendous power, the mothers? It is the mothers in France who are responsible for the men, and they refuse to admit of any rival, and what is termed the "world" sides with them.

One of the brightest and most illustrious of all France's sons, Alexis de Tocqueville, could tell a curious tale of this divided allegiance between the family and the wife. He knew what it cost him, spite of all his superiority, to be allowed to fill high places. Without the February Revolution of '48 he never could have done so. And, worst of all, the cause of the crime was a foreigner, an English woman. But Tocqueville's was a highly chivalrous nature, and the partner of his fault never felt the price paid. He loved on to the end, but was *she* forgiven? Never! Tocqueville's career was soon cut short; he died relatively young, and is now mostly spoken of by his own connections as "ce pauvre Alexis."

Now, about the education and the main educator, the mother. We have said she tolerates no rival. She is jealous of everything, to begin with, of whatsoever expands or elevates the mind, for this leads away from the spirit of dependence. She takes no in-

terest in classical studies, but rather votes Greeks and Romans subversive. "What 's Hecuba to her?" is more than true, for she dislikes Hecuba "consumedly," and will none of her.

But, then, where are the dangers and where the safeguards of her supremacy? They are two: love *and* marriage. If these could join together she would be lost; therefore, whilst recognizing both, but keeping them well asunder, she obliges each to destroy the integrity of the other. She is unconsciously the accomplice of all her son's shortcomings, for she calls all this by other names, and raves of "maternal affection" and "indulgence," for which reason let unconsciousness be pleaded.

What is the average "bringing-up" of the vast majority of Frenchmen? During the first seven or eight years of childhood wholly and solely the government of the mother, with all the fatal "spoiling" that an uneducated woman finds conducive to her own ease and comfort; with absence of all proper examples, "duty" being a word the boy never hears; with irregularity and disorder of more than one description pervading the household, and perpetual disputes between husband and wife, and conversations at meals that no decent person (let alone a child) should have his ears polluted by. From this home nurture he migrates to *le Collège* (whether lay or clerical). There begins his "battle," not of "life," unfortunately, but of all his worst instincts against the silliest, pettiest, of compressions, which makes learning hateful. Memory is the one faculty cultivated; cramming is resorted to unlimitedly, and here again "duty" is a word the sound whereof is unheard. Discipline, healthy discipline, which teaches sacrifice, consideration for others, and, above all, the respect of self, this discipline is unknown. The proud self-respect which through life guides a gentleman as to the things that he may do, fails the "bringing-up" of Frenchmen in both the systems—Catholic or lay—to which they are subjected. The lay teacher inculcates it not, because he ignores it, and the Catholic tramples it under foot because it is contrary to that so-called "humility" whence springs self-abasement, and whereon is founded (let this never be forgotten) the moral rule of the clergy in France.

Well, at from fifteen to eighteen this ill-trained youth escapes from the schools which, under every imaginable circumstance, he hates, and reverts to the domestic centre, where years have usually been far from bettering matters. He brings the semi-maturity of earliest manhood to bear upon what, in childhood, was a mere image to his sense, and he is at the outset deprived of any wish to discriminate or judge, because he is without all motive to admire or esteem. His mind has been left fallow, and his heart (if he happen to have one) beats for false and sickly sentiment only. All

human nature being, as he conceives, weak and unworthy, there can be but one virtue—indulgence, commiseration for inevitable wrong.

Here, again, he finds his mother, who seizes upon him, body and soul, and with far worse effect than during the earlier period of her sway.

The real aim of life is supposed by all to be enjoyment. The largest and surest source of enjoyment is money; so money must be got. This means marriage with a rich wife.

Yes! Marriage is the one goal which a French mother foresees while her firstborn is lying in his cradle. But as she (the mother) is to be protected before all else, and to retain possession of "her boy" as long as possible, marriage is to be to the utmost extent shorn of its dangers, rendered as little mischievous as may be. If the man be possessed for his wife of that pure, holy, ennobling, satisfying love which in Christian lands is, at all events theoretically, admitted as the basis of the conjugal union, he will be absorbed, carried away into other regions, and become half of a dual whole. He might, for his mother, as well be dead. Yet he must marry, and be wealthy, so that he may enjoy life. But marriage is the end; in order that it may be a "haven of rest and comfort," there must, in the beginning, have been something else! And here you obtain a clear vision of those two fatal halves of a Frenchman's life. Half a century ago, the process entailed far less misery, less wickedness, and less mental deterioration than it does in the present, because the immorality of France was, if more licentious perhaps, far less vicious; it was, so to say, a manner of innocent immorality and did far less harm. But, since then, what is dignified by the name of *la passion* has "come, seen, and conquered," and we have made acquaintance with the "Antonys," and, worst of all, with the "Dames aux Camellias."

Nor, as will be easy to see, has this militated in any way against the proper division of existence into two separate halves, but just the reverse: the wife, if in any degree a charming or superior woman, has more than a fair chance with a husband whose only distractions have been those of a lower species; but if you come to Traviates of an interesting kind, to Marguerite Gauthiers who may have surrounded themselves with imitation respectability to any amount, and in truth want nothing except the right to their neighbours' respect—if you waylay the heart, and subjugate whatever there may be of it, once, it has later in life but a remnant to dispose of, and the "other one," the legitimate companion, comes in for the small portion only of what in former times was reputed to constitute the whole happiness and dignity of life. The "dignity"

remains, and the wife lays claim to it entire, and that far, she gets the mother as a firm ally; but as the affections of a Frenchman rarely yield a second crop, she must content herself with the lesser harvest: the spring, with its exuberance, its freshness, its blooms, is not for her—it is over, and was another's; and when life wanes, there is nothing to recall between these two "partners." She is an object of the highest consideration as *la mère de mes enfants*, if there are any; but there is no blessed past they have gone through together, and that, with reflective radiance, rises like a rainbow and bridges over any transient storm. On the contrary there is mostly an unhallowed memory somewhere, that may assume a sudden form, and, in a crowded theatre or a railway station, confront the former lover, whose lawful owner will feel a tremor of the arm she leans on, nor guess at what has caused the electric shock, so little of magnetism is there between him and her. On such occasions he recurs to his mother, if she still live, for in former days she was the consoler. And in the hours of agony, and what the sufferer—if he be worth anything—likes to think despair, she was ever ready to pity and sympathise with what she knew could not endure. For there lies the mortal ill.

"But don't Frenchmen fall in love like other people?" is a natural question to ask. Assuredly they do "fall in love" after a fashion, but not quite "like other people." Our assertion is not that they do not "fall" (namely, tumble or drift) into love, but that they do not *believe* in love. They do "fall in love," but *avec des reserves*! and that calm reserve of themselves for future contingencies, there (where enthusiasm, wrapt self-oblivion, are the power and virtue of the circumstance) will be found at the root of all the weakness, the indifference, the emptiness of mind and soul that are now culminating in the contemptible pessimism that is the *soi-disant* inspirer of modern society in France. In whatever he attempts the Frenchman is half-hearted: he is supposed to love, he is "reserving" himself for marriage; he marries, and brings to his wife *ses restes*. He is always drinking from a riven cup. He knows the rift is there, and that one day it must break and lie shattered in his hands; and yet he would fain dream of pouring into that damaged vessel the pure nectar of the gods.

And so in all he does through life there is no integrity, he is never whole. Generally a part, only, of him acts, while the other parts look on. He is largely possessed by that peculiar dishonesty of our age, which aims at achieving pleasure without payment. Now, of all things in the world, pleasure will be paid for, as will success; perfect enjoyment being a work which, to produce, exacts a portion of your own very self, given in return as its fair price.

When Frenchmen go to the "Derby" the more philosophical

of them shake their heads, and ask why it is so different from *Le Grand Prix*? And what is still more puzzling to them is the University Boat Race; for here life itself, health, the chances of a future career are at stake—staked against the triumph of an hour. A phrase from a provincial English newspaper was much quoted in Paris *à propos* to the last Oxford and Cambridge Race, much pondered over, perhaps not thoroughly understood. It was as follows:—

. . . . it is impossible to doubt that strong qualities are fostered by boat-racing over long-distance courses. Men who can row a stern chase over a long reach of river, and win, may be trusted to go anywhere and do anything. They will not fail for want of pluck and that utter incapacity to take a beating which the enemies of England call our intolerable obstinacy.

Among the comments made on this passage (and they were numerous), the fact mostly dwelt on was that, in after life, so many promising young men were reputed to have failed in attaining eminence on account of this very athletic and exhausting triumph of an hour. True! but they had the "hour" in its perfect plenitude, and the Arabs have a saying that "he who commands the hour mostly commands the time."

It is not difficult to see how the man, whose life is thus prudently guarded, and whose spiritual and moral thrift is thus severe, how, as a matter of course, his capacity for dependence must have grown. The first proof given of this is the ready submission to whatsoever form of Government proclaims that it means to govern by the "strong hand" and uphold "authority." The Government that, on the coutrary, invites the nation to partake its responsibilities, and share in the "task of Rule," as Mr. Froude terms it, finds little favour in France, as her entire history will show; for responsibility is a "task" which requires self-reliance in the extreme, and the race-"thought" of the French is not "lodged" in that direction.

Whilst a genuine Briton would scarcely like the best and most model Government if he felt himself "governed," the Frenchman would tolerate the worst if he were quite sure of being "taken care of."

And this leads direct to the power of the clergy, and, above all, to their power at the present moment.

It will be perceived that in these pages we are studying what constitutes "Society," or those groups of the community who arrogate to themselves that name. This takes in a far greater mass of human beings, even in France, than is commonly supposed, and in fact only excludes the man who lives by the work of his hands, and him immediately above him who sells such handiwork over the counter. Christian belief—be it Catholic or Protestant, the faith held by Coligny or St. Vincent de Paul—is extinct in

Frenchmen, though they have come to such a depth of ignorance that they are themselves not altogether aware of it; only, the less they believe, the more they lean upon the clergy; and given the system of matrimony now accepted as law, the priest has gradually become the almost universal arbitrator. It is this dominion of the Church (quite apart from any faith of whatsoever description) that not only the existing Government in France has completely failed to observe, but that has been transforming—radically transforming—French society for the last quarter of a century without anyone taking the trouble to note what was going on.

We must cast a glance at pre-revolutionary times. Birth alone was the recognized source of superiority; recognized so commonly by all, even by those who worst hated it, that they acknowledged it as the "real thing," and resolved to destroy it. They cut off heads wholesale, because they could not admit of themselves obtaining that one unattainable object; everything else was attainable, but they refused to believe in an imitation: in *une noblesse pas née*.

Hence the fact that merit can, in France, realise no supreme distinction. Desert is only relatively rewarded. Glory, even, could not entirely succeed; for after Napoleon had frightened the world, and played battledore-and-shuttlecock with King's crowns, he gained his topmost steps towards Olympus by mating with a real (!) Emperor's daughter, and familiarly alluding to the lamentable victim of '93, discrowned, outraged, done to death by popular fury, as "*Mon Oncle*, Louis XVI." All his own fabulous triumphs had never stifled the secret longings of his innermost spirit!

Besides the want of all real reverence for desert, there has never been any consecrating medium in France since 1789. No one believed more in any, and the cry for equality rose higher and higher, because it cannot be *octroyé*, hanging as it does more upon men's consciences than upon decrees. But, as M. de Tocqueville remarks in his *Ancien Regime et Revolution*, when the power was gone, the vanities lived on; and now came once more the turn of the high-born, and after a most unexpected fashion. It has been noted that when the traffic between illustrious names and heavy purses first began, the principle acted upon universally was the total suppression of the bride's family. She, herself, was chosen and lifted up to the place of honour, and henceforth would divide a rank and title to which, until then, she could only look up with awful idolatry. But her belongings were reputed base as before, and remained base.

The proof of how radical was the feeling which prompted this, how ingrained in the popular mind, comes forth in the fact that no

sooner had the revolutionary storm swept by than the old system cropped up afresh, and the former mode of contracting marriage reasserted itself quite naturally. Beheadings and drownings, and prison massacres, had altered nothing. They were, after all, isolated facts; a few thousand aristocrats had been murdered, but the principle was not touched; and the principle was that rich plebeian wives should purchase high-born husbands. And from 1804 up to the last years of the Second Empire (towards 1866–7–8) the practice endured in full force. Girls were taken out of the surroundings of their homes, taught to look down upon them, and the children of the persecuted had it now all their own way, and made the executioners pay for violence by humiliation. But the point to note is, that they, the humiliated, did not think the price too high, but paid it submissively. That the aristocrats of France (though with blood already sadly mixed) should have despised the plebeians, is explicable enough; but the important fact is that, after all that had past, the plebeians still believed in them! From this has proceeded most of what is to be noted now in social France, and it is just the one fact least chronicled, and that for obvious reasons. The Restoration is, relatively, the period during which the fewest of these degrading bargains were struck. On the one side there was a foolish conviction of "finality," and a desire, from sheer exhaustion, for repose. On the other, there was a double current—military and civilian—of opposition so bitter that the passions of thirty years past were seething once more beneath the surface; and hatred (however disguised) was beginning to rage at the bottom of men's hearts.

This was the time when France had her one great chance of a Constitutional Monarchy with Parliamentary institutions. She possessed a solid middle-class, wealthy, well-educated, with fairly classical instruction, a good deal of moral sense (though based on the narrowest notions), a *bourgeoisie*, in short, out of which, with time and tranquillity, such a class of public men might have been made as would have saved the nation from the fatal follies and crimes that followed after the Revolution of 1830.

Till the Spanish marriages—which, like the battle of Leipsic for Napoleon I., were the *premier coup de cloche* of the July monarchy—France had, politically speaking, as many and as good elements of respectable Government as most countries; and, socially speaking, she disposed largely of all the elements of intellectual civilization.

Out of what was the now growing antagonism between the old Court groups and the rising *bourgeoisie* there were two manifest advantages made evident: the *bourgeois* strove to distinguish themselves, and become as nearly like English gentlemen as

possible; and the purely patrician class (the people of fashion, who had not yet entitled themselves *le Monde*) felt they could not, in the face of their adversaries, afford to be wholly useless, famous only for their frivolity (which invariably leads to worse!).

With all their political insanities and suicidal mistakes, the years between 1825 and 1848 were an epoch of splendid culture and brain development in France. From Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, Thiers, down to Tocqueville and Montalembert; from Chateaubriand and Joseph de Maistre down to Lamennais and Lacordaire, and Augustin Thierry and Michelet; from Balzac and Dumas *père* down to Mérimée and St. Beuve; from Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Vigny down to Alfred de Musset; every separate stream of intellect, science, religion, philosophy, history, fiction, poetry, æsthetics, or the arts, poured forth exuberantly from an overflowing source, and did not sink in the ground, losing itself in a barren waste, but fecundated every rood of the land it passed though. Society was cultivated, society was polite; society was healthy, preferring good to evil, and capable of enthusiasm. In a word, society *was*; for without all these things society is not.

But be it duly registered, the natural basis of this social edifice was conflict; the conflict between two rival powers neither of which could allow the other to prevail. If the vanities and love of show of the mere *noblesse de Cour*, and the restless ambition of their women led them to regard themselves as Jove's first-born sons, they still dared not refuse competition, and still less affect to disdain Power as the reward of merit. On the other hand, Power was in truth the exclusive privilege of the *bourgeoisie*, and in their ranks alone resided the modern reverence for merit, the recognition of the public worth of true citizens, and a certain capacity of independence handed down from the dignified traditions of *les familles Parementaires*. In the rank and file of this *haute bourgeoisie* the arrogance of the patrician class went a great way towards their better qualities, and in the conviction that no real amalgamation could ever exist between the two will be found the chief *raison d'être* of the high character with which some of the men of the *Tiers État* were (justly enough) credited —till now. France did owe in our age an enormous debt to her *bourgeoisie*. Money and clericalism have changed all this, and the transformation is the most radical that has occurred since 1789.

In the face of the ignoble servility with which every form of rule is submitted to, be it military despotism, the vulgarest plutocracy, or the brutal tyranny of the lowest and most ignorant mob, one question rises up: "What has become of *la haute bourgeoisie*? Where are the men who, from the L'Hôpitals and Harlays of past times down to the Royer Collards and Foys

and others of yesterday, were the barriers against all arbitrary enchroachments, and who invariably and sternly resisted Injustice and scorned Superstition? Where are they? They are still represented, but they have gone over to the other side. That fusion considered impossible has been made. It is complete. But how? There is no consecrating power, no equalizing medium in France; less, indeed, than ever. What sovereign influence, therefore, has reconciled these foes? There lies the mistake: Money has grown into the "equalizing medium," and the Church is the "sovereign influence." This is so tremendous a revolution that it is well worth looking into its details. That wealth should act as a counterpoise to a too narrow worship of mere birth ought not to be complained of; it is unavoidable, and generally promotes more elegant enjoyments, a higher level of female education, and by degrees superior culture and public activity in the descendants of rich men. But for this there must be free institutions, the capacity of independence and self-assertion in the race itself, and, above all, absence of superstition, and of those peculiar prejudices that unconsciously dwarf the national mind from the very cradle.

It is all this that is non-existent in France, where a throne is burnt as fire-wood in half an hour and a Dynasty swept away, but no really strong popular prejudice ever overthrown (and in France a prejudice is always popular).

In the days when girls were taken from their families and taught to regard them as "inconveniences" to be got rid of, the clergy were wholly on the side of the titled husband, and preached to their *pénitentes* what a glorious thing it was to be so lifted up to exalted spheres and privileged to bear sons who should perpetuate illustrious names! Nor was this one of the lesser causes of the hatred of the *Tiers État* for the Church.

But in the same proportion in which grew the enormous influx of wealth (legitimate and illegitimate) during the Second Empire, and its unholy power of submerging every worth, every honesty, every virtue—in the same measure grew the keen appreciation by the clergy of its applicability to their own interests. The Empire deliberately ostracised the Gallican clergy, who had been the honour of Christian France, and called back, illegally, the disciples of Loyola, thus casting the nation spiritually under the direct sway of the Pope in Rome. It soon became "fashionable" to adopt all the outward forms of ultramontane countries. Forms alone were needed. Faith was left in the keeping of the Father Confessor, who affirmed that that was his affair. What he aimed at was obedience, and he got it. Doctrine was set aside, but the strictest *pratiques* were enjoined. M.

Cousin was wont to say laughingly, "Oh! la Trinité incréé leur est bien égale! If only I would go to confess, and fast on Fridays, I might believe what I choose." And he, for example, lived pleasantly enough with the congregations. So did M. Thiers. "Les Jésuites ne me gêneut pas!" he would constantly repeat; to which, on one occasion, M. de Rémusat replied, "Non! ni le bon Dieu non plus!"

But, with all this, "society" in France had at last found its master. The priesthood reigned. They had found out where the gold-mines were situated, and also that to dispose of wealth unlimited for the clergy the industrial classes only were to be propitiated. They turned, therefore, to the *bourgeoisie en masse*; enrolled the children, boys and girls, in no end of picturesque "associations," became the general matrimonial agents, showed themselves lenient to every sin, and won over all the *bourgeoisie* mothers by procuring for them that madly-coveted and despaired of end, the positive and firmly-established equality with *les grandes dames*! Of course, the husbands were finally brought over too, for in their soul they believed any price worth paying for admission on absolutely equal terms into what they call *le vrai monde*. Money adroitly used did a great deal; but money did not do all, or the result would have been achieved sooner. No! the priest, when he once decided on subjugating the so-called "high classes," conjured with a yet more potent spell than coin. While directing monstrous sums from the pockets of the low-born into the hands of illustrious *quêteuses*, he set upon the said *quêteuse's* head an iron heel, and crushed her to the dust in the name of religion. He told her that there existed but one superiority, the pious submission to the Church; that the Church considered equal all those who strictly obeyed their pastors; and that when a duke's son took to wife the daughter of a stone-mason's pious helpmate (who was, of course, of exceeding wealth!) the plebeian took rank immensely above the merely high-born lady, who was infinitely less generous than the other in her donations to the Church! And thus the fusion is accomplished, and is solid, and the once independent French *bourgeoisie* is extinct.

The priest is now virtually the ruler of French society; it is he who, in reality, directs the movements of what St. Simon, in his telling language, called the "*Mécanique de la cour*," and what is now the *mécanique* of the *corps social*.

One of the inevitable effects of this has been to displace what was, till now, termed the "middle class." This has naturally descended to a very much lower level. But there is still a middle class in France, which, if democracy progresses, may be called upon to play a not unimportant part.

It is beyond our limits of space to enter fully upon this branch of our subject, for it leads too necessarily into the domain of politics, but it would be well worth the trouble of the English observer to examine narrowly the sources whence the genuine "middle class" in France is already beginning to issue. The "lower middle class" is the last hope of France; there are, in one sense, great elements amongst these people. In the petty tradesman (above all, the provincial one), the inferior schoolmaster, the humble village curé (but, at the head of everything, the hard-working shopkeeper), much is to be discovered that is absent from every other class. There is honesty, modesty, a desire for knowledge, a relative esteem for truth, a feeling of duty, and the respect for what is, in itself, respectable. But the very merits of this part of the nation (and they are indisputable) point to the establishment of pure democracy; it is here and nowhere else that exists the "Americanizing" process that is so much talked of—this points to a *régime* based upon toil, and which, possibly, may end by creating a Commonwealth distinguished by its moral excellence, and in which the municipal and communal institutions must expand with every succeeding year; but idealism will be weakened, and generations come and go before the science of Government makes any advance. This species of democracy creates no political traditions. However, there lies the future of France.

For the moment, mere wealth and sham piety hold despotic power. The very Jews are Catholics! And this is one of the most curious features of the whole. When Baron H. (who has had a severely hard pull to creep up into the "world"), sends £3,000 (75,000 francs) to Mdme. la Duchesse de B. for a *quête*, the object whereof is the conversion of Israelite children to ultramontanism, he contributes to the prosperity of establishments which his creed would oblige him to persecute; but he himself says to you: "Que voulez vous? je suis clérical, moi!" and he and his are seen at the balls of Mdme. de B., and her relatives (who are by no means unmindful of the good things that may accrue to themselves from infidel tributaries) murmur soft words about "tolerance," and "Providence knowing its own ways."

Besides, there is, as has been remarked, no question of religion in it all; it has been a question solely of authority which has been gained, and of a social fusion which has been made.

After religion, politics, and marriage, the three most serious fields of national development, it is by no means indifferent to mark how a nation amuses itself. Well, as a rule, the French do not amuse themselves. Horace Walpole had already found this out when, in the latest series published of his *Letters*, he says the

French are not a gay or light-hearted people, and that a "hearty ringing laugh is never heard amongst them."

"Society" having been, as has been stated, welded together by pressure from without, the situation has become, officially, what it was Mr. Gladstone's iniquitous purpose (in his Manifesto of last May) to represent as the social condition of England. All the "classes," namely, are on one side, and three quarters of the country on the other, these three quarters being composed of a mere tangled mass of "items" whose principle was that none should be "distinguished" above another. The consequence has been that in the so-called "world" there exists also a remarkable jumble, and, while the infinitesimal subdivisions into particular cliques separate society at every turn, when society comes together for its diversion, it does so in the form of a more or less anonymous and wholly uninteresting crowd. This has fostered the inclination for public amusements which were formerly not well affected by the then *élite* as the term was understood.

Charity is the usual pretext; for charity has many uses, and one is that it is supposed to prove to the masses the tender interest felt by the "Upper Ten" for their misfortunes. (In which it entirely fails.)

Exhibitions of paintings, bazaars, subscription balls, dramatic representations, all are now the rendezvous of "everybody," as are to a certain extent the coteries of the Princess de S——, and the fairs and *kermesses* where the chieftainesses of the various political sets join together to lure the *pièces de cent sous* from the pockets of the public. But the great feature in all these "amusements" is the unmistakable ennui of all who partake in them. The fact of there being a special motive for all these shows, or of their being the mere result of imitation, drives pleasure away, flying; and after a half day spent at the *Grand Prix*, the answer is easy to the question already quoted: "Why is it so different from the Derby?"

It is different because there, as elsewhere, French society is doing what it does not care for, and what does not suit its tastes. Here, again, is the half-heartedness we have alluded to. At Epsom, or on the racecourse of Pesth (the very next best thing to it), the vast multitude is, as it were, in a monster cauldron boiling over with national fun, they are "in it" with all their hearts, have plunged into it "neck and crop."

The French man (or woman) has been told to imitate what is done somewhere else, and they do so (awkwardly on the whole), but they do not relish it, and the outcome is boredom—a boredom that so permeates all the *couches sociales*, that while in salon life it has generated pessimism, it superinduces contempt and disgust

amongst the so-called "people," for whom the Government or the municipalities get up what they are pleased to entitle popular "fetes." At these rejoicings nothing can exceed the weary aspect of the lounging, lazy "masses," unless, indeed, it be that of the showily bedizened, dust-beladen, yawning groups of a *retour des courses* down the avenue of the Champs Elysées.

All sovereigns are hard to please. "*Mme. de Maintenon,*" declared Louis XIV. "*pas amusable.*" Perhaps since Le Peuple has been crowned King, all capacity of hearty, healthy enjoyment has ceased. What every individual in the whole nation is wildly seeking for is "distraction," forgetfulness of self, and this eludes them. It is this restless chase after an emotion, or an interest of any description, which lies at the root of the abominations that have been, and still are (though perhaps in a less degree), disfiguring French art in every shape.

Whether on the walls of the Salon, on the boards of the various theatres, or in the pages of the last novel, or (worse) in the latest collection of poems, the two distinguishing traits are invariably violence and vice. The universal impression among the 2,000 and more paintings at the Palais de l'Industrie is of nudity and bloodshed, as in every printed narrative in the world of fiction the honour of decent people is at once provoked by the details of useless indecency and of crimes committed *à froid.*

In a little work published only two years back, a French artist of high repute, Amaury Duval (M. Ingres' favourite pupil), while chronicling the events and the men of his own youthful days, and the coarseness and absence of idealism visible in all the French art of our time, draws the following parallel.

À propos to his raptured surprise over the monuments of Grecian architecture and sculpture, he writes:—"When I look back to the sensations produced in me on my first visit to Greece, to the awe-struck admiration so much grandeur and perfection inspired, and happen then to look downward at what is now around me, I ask myself to what a degree of baseness have we sunk, that men, who are seemingly in the enjoyment of their reason, can be thus led away, perverted, by what is termed *La Mode.* Alas! yes, there is the one word which is to excuse all! 'Fashion,' it is proclaimed, has inflicted a blindness so total, that absolute insanities, utterly monstrous productions, are taken into serious account, and an entire generation in France positively lays down as a law that the hideous alone is true to nature."

It may be said that Amaury Duval, who died a few weeks ago, was an old man when he published the above, but Eugène de Vogüé is a young one, a leader of the so-called "Jeunes." Let anyone ponder over the bitter record he draws up in a recent

number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, against the school of Disease to which belongs French art in the present time.* No foreign critic has hit *les jeunes* harder, though he evidently did not intend or wish to do so. Speaking of the "Realism" of modern French literature, this latest of young authors says: "In thus depicting human nature, they limit their field of observation to what in man is coarse, fatal, putrid (*pourri*), but the human animal is not all this alone. . . . We are a duality . . . there is the breath of life, the soul; and life begins where we cease to comprehend." And further on: "Other literatures" (he is alluding to the English and Russian) "probe to their depths the lasting wants of humanity . . . the enduring longings of our race . . . this escapes us" (the French) "entirely now. . . . It will be said that the works of fiction of our tongue flood the book-markets of the world. True! They are purchased from habit, and they amuse for a passing hour, perhaps; but, unless in cases exceptionally rare, the book that brings life and nourishes, that is seriously studied, read in the home centre, and helps to mould the mind of the readers—*that* book comes no longer from Paris. . . . The ideas that fecundate men's minds, the high universal thoughts that penetrate and transform European communities, no longer emanate from the soul of France. As miserable as our policy, excluded from material influence over mankind, our literature has ceased, by its own unworthiness to hold any portion of that intellectual empire which formed in other ages our chief patrimony."

No one abroad has passed a severer judgment upon the literature of modern France than that. But, let it apply in its complete severity to the passing hour alone; there is perturbation in the French mind just now; there is disease. But, as the young writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* himself remarks at the close of his article, there is better stuff for the future to be found in the hidden reserves of the French nature. It must be hoped, for the sake of human culture, that the good taste of France will awaken ere long and turn in disgust from the loathsome aspects of the existing school; that her artistic sense will be shocked by the deformity and ugliness of the manifestations of to-day; for she must again acknowledge the superiority of beauty as a matter of fact, before she can revert to what was once her supremacy in the domains of thought. France has passed through trials that may well overthrow the balance of any nation's mind, but it must not be believed that the land of Pascal and Descartes, Molière, Corneille, and Lamartine, can be destined to permanently descend to forms and

* *De la Littérature Réaliste*, by Eugène Metchior de Vogüé. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st June 1886.

expressions of imagination that would make Falstaff and Dame Quickly blush.

It is probable that science will be the saving of the French. The "little science" which, Bacon says, "leads to doubt," will expand into that higher, grander science which "leads to faith," or at all events, to wondering, loving awe, and the irrepressible longing for the Infinite.

The generation of this age—the men and women of from eighteen to forty or fifty, are more or less unconscious, at any rate irresponsible. They are the outcome of pain and wrong, and the appreciation of the right—of the fair, of the just, of the fitting—has come to fail them utterly. But those who know them thoroughly have hopes of the children who are growing up out of all this confusion, and seem already in the unblurred mirror of their souls to prefer the reflection of what is plain and simple to what is complicated or distorted.

It is in them that will have to be discovered where "the thought" of the race "is lodged"; not in the broken fragments of a society that is crumbling away; but our purpose has been with that society and its "actualities," and, we repeat it, its worst aspects—however contradictory they may appear—hang directly to its original characteristics of dependence and doubt.

It is a very uneasy task to paint truly the society of any country; for those who are of it, living with it, and *in* it, will not, and those who are *out* of it, cannot portray it with precision. A couple of months ago there was published in Berlin a short pamphlet, vigorously characterizing the vulgar frivolous calumnies of the *Nouvelle Revue*, and the ante-room and servants' hall pictures by which it is sought to satisfy the cravings of a democratic public. Whoever the author may be, he speaks with the authority of one who knows from the inside what he is speaking of, and does not rely for facts either on key-hole listeners or discontented ladies' maids. But recent publications in London merit exactly the same reproaches, by their abortive attempts at painting the contemporary society (or societies) of France. Mr. Child has fallen into the same mistakes as the proprietress of the *Nouvelle Revue*, though with less evident desire to abuse and vilify *coûte que coûte*, but in each there is the same evidence of ignorance, and, in the wild inaccuracy of all smaller details, the same proof of second-hand information and of the certainty of the "chiel" who is taking "the notes" being a hopeless outsider.

No! the living cannot delineate their kind with living truth. You must be dead to do that, and you must have been, while you lived, "one" of those whom you describe. In the *Greville Memoirs* and in the Duc de Broglie's *Souvenirs*, you see revivified

what was the society of their time, much even of what is still—that of our own. But because they possessed the real materials for reconstructing the true-truth, their lips were sealed until they themselves had for ever quitted the scenes they photographed.

Out of all the various testimonies to French social life that are deluging the habitable globe, some are irrefutable (because issuing from repetition by the public press of judicial scandals, and officially authorized facts); but out of all these there emerges one circumstance of paramount interest for the English student, which is, the radical difference in the juxtaposition of Government and Society in the two countries. In England, Government is in so far swayed, whether supported or obstructed, by the vast majority of a constituted community, in France the very smallest minority shackles, confronts, or browbeats it at every turn if hostile, or drives it, if friendly, into its worst and most fatal excesses and mistakes.

It should be distinctly noted that with us what is termed "society" never bears upon Government as an extraneous force. The meaning of the word itself is not the same. Society with us is, in fact, one with what governs it; it is from its ranks that those who rule are chosen, and all join in furthering a common aim. Government and society are absolutely fellow-workers in England, and it is hard work, the work of the country, that unites them. Society in England reveres political power, exercises or strives to exercise it, and, whether in support or in opposition, equally regards power as the supreme goal to be attained. In France it is the contrary; society is a body setting itself aloof, and scorning the task of mere government. In England, the pressure of the social forces becomes really and truly public opinion; in France, unfortunately, it makes itself felt through the noisy, vain, frivolous, but most mischievous, dangerous, and, alas! still potent medium of *la mode*. With us, it is the mysterious emanation of the vast national aggregate that compels a Government with Brobdignagian weight; with the French it is the flea-bites of the Lilliputians that sting and prick their rulers beyond endurance, goading them almost unto death; and the worst feature of the whole lies in the consent of the overweening majority to the assumption by so small a minority of the sovereign title of *La Société*—nay, far more even, of "The World"!

Most pyramids in France stand now upon their apex, with their base uplifted to the sky; and accordingly Fashion has decreed in this one country, of all others, that her High Priests shall in no way help their fellow-countrymen; they shall toil not, neither shall they spin; but, unlike the lilies of the field, they have lost claim to any superiority resting on the beauty of aspect. Beheld in no

matter which of their avocations, they are decidedly unattractive, having lost the grace, the delicacy of taste, the respect for the fitness of things, the sense of "decent splendour" for which they were once so renowned. Fashion has decreed that in their utter and total uselessness shall lie exclusively their title to supremacy.

There is no more curious proof of the antagonism between the social code of the two countries than the significance in each of the term "man of the world." In reality, no word can, in the English language, convey a more complete notion of superiority; for to be truly a man of the world a man must be everything else besides. He must be a politician, a diplomatist, a philosopher; well travelled and well read; a sportsman, a good talker; at home with all sorts and conditions of men, equal to every emergency; of temper not to be ruffled, and of health that never fails; a man of business, and a man of pleasure; a sound scholar and a thorough gentleman. Failing in any of these attributes, he is imperfect as a man of the world; and we instinctively recognize what Greville meant when, speaking of Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone, he deplored in different terms that neither could ever be a "man of the world"; whereas in the case of Lord Palmerston, his security of success was derived exclusively from his knowledge of men and the capabilities of power that are the prerogative of a genuine man of the world. The dictum of Prince Talleyrand holds good: "Pour être un homme d'État il est peut-être bon de savoir mourir, mais il est indispensable de savoir vivre."

Now to this representative of large-mindedness and many-sidedness, what is set forth by the French word, "*homme du monde*"? The utter contrary. To be to-day in France an *homme du monde* is to be the reverse of our "man of the world." The typical *homme du monde* must know nothing, do nothing, be nothing. At most it may be permitted him to be a musician or a painter, but only within the limits of amateur art, and of the proficiency reached by the women of his sphere. Any excellence beyond that disturbs the completeness of the type, blemishes the effacedness required, and threatens the perfection of the nullity which constitutes the sign of the divine right to reign.

All this would be of less importance were there any violent, any convinced hostility to be found to the pretensions of "society" in France; any resolute contempt—contempt *du fond du cœur*—for such a futile enemy, but there is none. The green dragon on Chinese banners strikes no terror into the hearts of Europeans; but these "outer barbarians" believe in the green dragon! Hence the weakness. If the French governing classes (those, namely, from which are at present chosen the men who legislate and wield official authority)—if they would, or could, believe in themselves,

they would at once decide to compete, instead of apparently shrinking from meeting, their adversaries "on their own ground." But they prefer to exclude the "world," as they allow it to style itself, from all possible contest with themselves, thus showing their own doubt of any merit of their own, and implying their faith *au fond* in the superiority of the foe. The fatal mistake of the governing body in France is the firm belief that there are games at which two cannot play.

If it were not for this curious self-abandonment, things would wear a very different aspect in France; and were the educated people (and they are to be found) to come into closer contact, a larger measure of Conservatism, under no matter what particular form, would speedily show itself to be the desire of the overwhelming majority of all Frenchmen. For the moment, and in the transitional condition of public affairs in France, it is not without interest to mark where a certain national "*thought is lodged*" in its author.

A Parisian.

THE BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE.

CONSIDERABLE attention is just now being directed to the state of the British Merchant Service, with the result that abuses are shown to exist which, if allowed to increase, may greatly imperil the welfare of the mercantile marine, and, in course of time, cause great hurt to the country at large.

The chief causes of complaint are :—

1. The large increase of foreign seamen who are shipped in great numbers, to the exclusion of British subjects, and who are thus the chief cause of the present acute distress amongst our own countrymen.

2. The brutality with which some masters and officers enforce obedience (*not discipline*) at sea, as shown by the Rev. E. W. Matthews' book, *Belaying-Pin Gospel*,* and which is probably the result of the number of low-class, uneducated men who have become officers of vessels.

3. The actual numerical decrease of British seamen, which, although partly due to the shipment of foreigners, is not altogether so.†

Lord Brassey has introduced the whole subject to a large number of readers. It is the object of the present paper to put the case from a seaman's point of view, and, as the writer has been twenty-six years in the service, has served before the mast, and is at the present time in command of a merchant vessel, he may be supposed to know something of the state of the case; and, possibly, may be able to suggest remedies for the drawbacks and abuses which at present exist.

From many causes the service has of late years become unpopular, with the natural consequence that the best of the young men, who enter as apprentices, or as boys before the mast, leave the sea before it is too late, and take to other professions. Especially is this the case with the youths—many of good family—who enter a training-ship or go at once to sea as apprentices; this is much to be deplored, from the fact that it is to this class to which we must look for our future officers and commanders. This

* Or, *Cruelties on the High Seas, Crimping, &c.*—S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, and Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, London. Price 1s.

† Let it be noted that, besides seaman, a large and increasing number of foreigners are holding positions as masters and mates of British ships. It may well be asked, "What would be the duty of a foreign master of a British ship, should war break out between his own country and Great Britain?"

departure of the best youths means the loss of the better trained and educated amongst them, resulting in the remainder of a lower class, who, from their early training and associations, have rougher manners and coarser ideas, which, exposed to a rough training at sea, often culminate in the brutal and heartless type whose doings and methods of commanding are so graphically exposed in Mr. Matthews' book *Belaying-Pin Gospel.*

With the loss in the other class, namely, of the best boys before the mast (the entire number of boys shipped in these days being far smaller than in years gone by), comes a decrease in the number of available seamen, the ranks often being filled up by those who at a later age, and being extremely "hard up," get shipped off on their first voyage as *able* seamen, by low-class and unscrupulous boarding-masters, and who, many of them, find themselves on board a ship, possibly for the first time in their lives, totally ignorant of their duties, which they pick up more or less quickly, and in a few voyages are manufactured into a low class of seaman with no amenability to discipline, such as would be the natural outcome of a long nautical training, and with all the vices which a previous low life on shore has instilled into them. These men leaven the mass of seamen, and, lowering the morality of the whole service, are often responsible for the bad behaviour of an entire ship's crew. Good seamen, seeing that they are in no better position than these men of lower abilities, become discouraged, and, as is only natural, demoralized, with the result that our seamen are, *taken as a whole*, degenerating, not alone in behaviour, but in efficiency.

The present system of discharges is in a great measure responsible for this. On the termination of a voyage each seaman is given a paper, called a discharge, on which appears the ship's name, nature and length of voyage, and the man's conduct during that voyage, which is tersely expressed by V. G., very good; G., good. In case of bad conduct no character is given; it merely being mentioned that the master "declines to report." This paper is signed by the captain of the ship, and is *of no value whatever*. These discharges may be *purchased* second-hand by any seaman in a shipping town in the kingdom, and all that a man who has misbehaved on a voyage has to do, is to buy one of these precious documents, call himself by the name written thereon and go boldly along to look for another ship with this, his "last discharge," in his hand, showing that on such a voyage he was very good, both in conduct and ability, and with this written lie he often gets a ship, although he may be a disreputable drunkard and a totally incompetent seaman.

It has been again and again suggested that the merchant

seaman should have a continuous discharge paper (like those in use in H. M. ships) which would show his whole sea service, and the character he has borne. This would do much to remedy the existing state of things; but, unfortunately, the idea does not seem to recommend itself to the authorities, who still issue the useless discharge-form already alluded to, with the consequence that the only really reliable men we have are those who are enrolled in the Royal Naval Reserve.

There is no doubt that drink has more to do than anything else with the disfavour with which the British seaman is in these days viewed by the ship-masters; and it is chiefly from this cause that preference is given to Scandinavians. It is unfortunate, but "Jack" will drink, and especially when he ought to be sober, *i.e.* when he is joining a new ship. But, though no excuses are ever allowed for him, yet, looked at in a charitable light, there is something to be said in his justification. He has always been accustomed, at sea, to the coarsest fare, the worst accommodation, and a hard life. He has been ashore, away from shipboard restraint, spending his money (as he always does) freely; and the time has come when he must return to his prison with hard labour, where he knows he may expect nothing but hard words and usage as a reward for his services for many long months. He thinks of the ease and freedom of shore-life which he is leaving behind him, and, to alleviate all his sorrows, he flies to drink, the only cure he knows, poor fellow, for his cares. And so, he staggers on board, half poisoned by the vile stuff with which the "land sharks" have drugged him, and thus he earns his bad name which, like a dog's, clings to him. But let the effects of drink wear off, and given a dark night and sail to be shortened, and it is not generally the British seaman who is found skulking in corners. No, in such a case he is (with all his faults) worth two of his Scandinavian competitor.

Let us now look at the higher branch of the service, the masters and mates. How do they compare with those of past days?

Here I may be met with the argument: "Being one of them yourself you are of necessity partial, and cannot give an opinion which will be of value." I will try to be fair and impartial, if possible; and here I may say that my remarks will not apply to the large and important mail and passenger lines.

Personally, then, to begin with, I may say that I am not satisfied with my own nautical knowledge, which, I think, might be up to a higher standard. But what inducements have I had to work up to such a standard. There is where the case lies in a nutshell. We all (or nearly all) of us, masters and mates, might with advantage be both better educated generally, and also have a better

acquaintance with the *higher* branches of our profession. If—and here lies the case—if it were of any pecuniary advantage to us, this would come to pass; but whilst shipowners do not move in the matter, how can we be expected to do so? If it were *necessary*, as has often been suggested, that commanders of mail and passenger ships, and of vessels employed by the Admiralty, should hold a higher-class certificate, then it would follow, as a matter of course, that the general education of masters and mates would rise to a higher standard in the future, and the young men now coming forward would have an incentive to work, and keep themselves efficient, such as we have never had yet. And until some such scheme of better education as this is accomplished, it seems improbable that officers and masters will become less hard and brutal in their dealings with their crews. The old proverb still holds good, a superior education has a softening tendency and goes far to eliminate the brutal in man's nature. Of course, I am here, as I said before, leaving out of consideration large mail and passenger services. There, no matter what a man may hitherto have been, he is obliged to behave himself, and bad language and brutal usage are both unknown. In such ships, also, a better class of seamen are generally carried, and drunkenness on joining, or bad behaviour on the voyage, are of rare occurrence.

It has been a revelation to me (and to many brother shipmasters I have no doubt) to learn from Mr. Matthews' book that so much abuse and brutality still exists at sea. We all know that some years back, and particularly in ships sailing from certain ports, the general rule was government by belaying-pin. But I had thought that in the last few years this kind of thing had almost disappeared. Some years ago I was myself in want of a ship, and would have gone almost anywhere. I was given an introduction to a man who had been master in a certain employ, but who was then on shore, manager. He asked me where I had been before, and learning that I had passed most of my time in passenger vessels said: "I don't think you'll suit. You see, we always calculate to *handle* our men before we get out of the harbour, or as soon after as possible, and we want a mate who can fight, and is not afraid to knock a few men down with whatever comes handiest; so, you see, if you 've not been used to that business you won't suit us." Fortunately I got a better offer, and was spared the experience. I have, however, seen a little of it in my time, and know what it is. And now let me utter a protest against such work. Is it *ever* necessary? I say emphatically *No!* It may be, in rare cases, necessary to maim, or even kill a man to stop a mutiny, but this seldom happens. Firmness is, of course, indispensable; brutality is not so: a crew of *seamen* can be brought into order by

legitimate discipline combined with that proper thought and consideration for their well-being which it is a master's business to show towards them, but which is, unfortunately, too often neglected. Of course there must be black sheep, and an unmitigated ruffian always needs to be shown, *at once*, that the master *is* master. Seamen are very like children, and, in nine cases out of ten, one show of firmness is sufficient. But the real truth of the matter is that far too many of us, both masters and mates, do not understand, or in any way realise, the true sense and meaning of "command." It seems to me that any case of brutal ill-usage brought home to, and proved against, any officer should be sufficient to cancel his certificate. Men who do such things are a disgrace to the merchant service, and go far to mould the popular, shore-going opinion of us, which (except amongst those who have travelled) is anything but flattering.

With regard to the alarming decrease of our seamen. It seems high time that something should be done to foster the growth of a better and more numerous class. Some authorities say that there are only 10 per cent. of British seamen at present in the merchant service. If this is so, it might prove an extremely embarrassing fact in some future day of war. And if this decrease has taken place in late years, with a largely-increasing population, and an increase in shipping tonnage afloat of seventeen millions in ten years, as the Rev. C. Griffiths, seaman's chaplain at Bristol, states, it seems possible that in a few years more the British merchant seaman will have been entirely driven out and extinguished by foreigners.

To remedy this state of things, and the prevailing distress, the old apprenticing system should be again resorted to, and only a small percentage of foreigners be allowed in any ship's crew. I suppose that a Government pledged to free-trade principles could not be expected to take any steps to further this last object, but shipowners and under-writers could manage the matter between them with little or no trouble. I fear that shipmasters, left to themselves, cannot be expected to do much. With a little encouragement the service could be made much more popular, and if a continuous discharge paper was instituted, and a small compulsory fee required from each man shipped, to be used, under Government care, as a universal pension or superannuation fund, I think we should, in time, get a more steady and reliable class of men, who would, in their turn, elbow the foreigner out of the field.

With regard to the improvement of masters and mates I cannot do better than quote a passage from the last issue of the *Nautical Magazine*, which shows the feeling with which this subject is regarded in the service.

Why is it that the very best masters and officers all try to get out of the service? Is not a remedy for that the first problem? Do the shipowners give a master a better position and better pay *now*, because he holds an extra master's certificate? Certainly not. Do the shipowners, as a body, now encourage their officers and men to pass the extra examination? Certainly not. Do shipowners, as a body, take "Conway" and "Worcester" boys, and gentlemen's sons as apprentices, or as boys, without a premium? Certainly not. If they will do none of these things, is it not rather useless to . . . take any steps to give lads a scientific education for a profession in which extra attainments and a liberal education, *as a fact, go for nothing.*

One more subject demands consideration, which is that the merchant seaman is not enfranchised. Here are some hundreds of thousands of men without any Parliamentary representation. A captain of a ship, as such, with a salary of from two to four hundred per annum, has no vote, though he is forced to pay income tax, and, unless he has a house on shore, has *no voice* in the representation of his country. I think this is worth the consideration of the Parliamentary party who have enfranchised the agricultural labourer.

In conclusion I would say, the merchant seaman is what his masters have made him. He is not naturally a drunken, insubordinate ruffian and nothing more. Shipmasters and officers would do well to consider this when calling "Jack" hard names, and should endeavour, mentally, to put themselves in his place.

To show the state of destitution which at present exists, I cannot do better than give an extract from a letter of appeal from the Rev. R. F. Winter, of St. Andrew's Mission, Liverpool. He says, after appealing for funds :—

During the past week I have given more than forty bed-tickets a night, and for this (Monday) evening I have over fifty applicants for bed-tickets. I ask all who have a home, where they are sheltered from the cold during the day as well as night, to send a shilling to help the starving sailors. I say starving, for the cup of coffee and two biscuits they get is not much, while it is all they have during the day. Unless immediate help is sent, these men will have to walk the streets on Wednesday night. . . . I shall be glad to receive a few pairs of boots and warm clothing for distribution to the poorly clad amongst them. One man has only a cotton jacket without a waistcoat, while others have walked their boots off their feet trying to get work.

The distress in London has already been powerfully placed before the public, by the Lord Bishop of London, and by Lord Brassey, President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and I need not specially refer to it. But it is a fact that deep distress prevails all round the kingdom, and calls for remedy.

W. B. Whall.

OPEN SPACES AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Of late years a marked increase has taken place in the number of urban parks, gardens, and playgrounds of the United Kingdom which are accessible to the public. This activity on the part of municipal authorities, and of philanthropic societies and individuals, is largely owing to the growth of a public opinion favourable to the creation of pleasant oases, refreshing to the mind and body, wherever the undue extension of bricks and mortar has banished man from the humanizing influences of nature, and has turned the soil into a stony wilderness. The credit of giving the impulse which set this public opinion in motion is due, in a great measure, to Miss Octavia Hill. She it was who, in season and out of season, was never weary of preaching, often to deaf ears, the importance of preserving open spaces for the benefit of the poor, and especially of their children. She it was who first put into practice the principles she preached, and turned a fetid London court into an "open-air drawing-room." Her example has been largely followed. Within the short space of three years the Metropolitan Public Garden Association, through the generosity of the public, has alone been enabled to throw open to the people of London four playgrounds and seventeen gardens, and, of these, one of the former and one of the latter have been permanently transferred to the care of the local municipal authorities. This transference of open spaces from the care of an association supported by voluntary subscriptions to that of a public body like a local vestry or district board, means, of course, an increase (though an infinitesimal increase) of the rates, and there are those who, from not thoroughly appreciating the important issues involved in the matter, question the justice or the propriety of a public authority increasing the burdens of the people, for what they consider to be a luxury rather than a necessity. Such a doctrine will find no support at my hands, even supposing these open spaces could be regarded as luxuries. I believe that there are luxuries of a public character, such as museums, art galleries, &c., which the Government of a rich and prosperous nation is justified in providing for the benefit, refinement, and enjoyment of the people committed

to its charge; but the question will arise, can parks, gardens, and playgrounds, means for the preservation of the public health, be considered luxuries? Should they not much more justly be ranked amongst public necessities? Health is one of the first of these, and in my opinion no expense should be spared, and no opportunity neglected, to increase the average standard of the nation's health and strength. If a people's average standard of vitality be lowered, that people will assuredly be handicapped in the race of nations by so much as that standard has been lessened. The health of the mind is largely dependent on the health of the body, and although, occasionally, a powerful and healthy brain may be found in a diseased body, as a rule the mind and the body act and react one upon the other, so that a nation (and it should be remembered that a nation is nothing more than the aggregate of the men and women composing it) will only have as much muscular power and brain force as may be the sum total of these qualities possessed by the men and women of which it is formed. A simple reference to the last census returns will show that this country is increasing at the rate of 300,000 a year, and that these 300,000 are not added to the country population, but are absorbed by the large overgrown cities of Great Britain and Ireland. Now it is a well-known and universally recognized axiom of hygienic science, that, other things being equal, the health of a population is in inverse ratio to its density; in other words, that the more the people are congregated together, the more unhealthy do they become. This being the case, it will be readily seen that *unless steps are taken to counteract the operation of this natural law, the inhabitants of our towns must degenerate in health*, which is as much as to say that this is the destined fate of two-thirds of our population, for at this moment there are in Great Britian two men living in towns for every one living in the country.

Now what are the most obvious steps to be taken to counteract this natural tendency of disease to dog the steps of men when crowded together? Why, to open out the population as much as possible, or, if this cannot be done, at all events to break up these dense masses of humanity by intersecting them, wherever and whenever possible, with open spaces. If this be the first remedy, then surely it is the duty of those who are the guardians of the public health to provide such open spaces; for individuals cannot be expected to buy them for the general good, and in no way, in my opinion, could public money be more legitimately spent than in thus preserving and improving the health of the community. I trust that I have clearly shown that the providing of public gardens and open spaces in large towns is no question of ornamental luxury, but one very closely connected with the health of

the people, and as such should be considered a most legitimate object for the expenditure of public money.

If it be right that the people inhabiting our large towns should be provided at the public expense with parks, gardens, and playgrounds, for similar reasons I think many will agree with me that, where possible, gymnasia should be attached to elementary schools, and that systematic instruction should be given to the children in gymnastics and calisthenics. The body should be trained as well as the brain. At present our system is entirely a one-sided one. We starve the body and overwork the brain, and the former takes its revenge on us by refusing to nourish the latter; the brain, unable to bear a strain, which would be no strain if the body were properly cared for, frequently breaks down, and broken health ensues, followed sometimes by insanity, and even death. Germany, Switzerland, as well as Norway and Sweden, have for long been alive to the necessity of caring for the body in order to get the best work out of the brain; and although the inhabitants of these states, being mostly country bred, are not in such urgent need of physical training as are the populations of our crowded towns, the sums expended by the Governments of these nations on the compulsory gymnastic training of the young would appear incredible to the educational authorities of this country. Whilst I have been writing, the physical aspect of the education of women has occupied the attention of the British Medical Association, and its President, Dr. Withers Moore, has been giving the following strong expression to a belief that women are suffering through overpressure in brain-work whilst at school and college.

"From the eagerness of woman's nature," says Dr. Withers Moore, "competitive brain-work among gifted girls can hardly but be excessive, especially if the competition be against the superior brain-weight and brain-strength of man. They require," he asserts, to be protected from their own willingness to study." And how, we may add, can they be better protected than by being encouraged to turn some of their energies towards the improvement of their physical natures by means of calisthenic and gymnastic exercises, or by healthy open-air games suitable to their sex. In a pamphlet which has lately appeared, Mr. Alexander, Director of the Liverpool Gymnasium, discusses the provision in England for physical education, points out its inadequacy in every respect, and states what are the nature and extent of the required reforms. He maintains that there are many teachers in charge of existing gymnasia who would be glad to have their services utilized in the day-time. That the obstacle to physical training is the eagerness with which result fees are looked after, so that the teachers cannot spare the school-children during the day. Surely the remedy for

this is to include gymnastics in the school course, and to grant fees for successful physical as well as mental training, say, in accordance with the school-average width of chest.

Mr. Alexander says :—

> Let there be a central training-school where certificates will be granted to those who pass an examination of proficiency; let there be a code of exercises decided upon of a light, recreative, and popular character, with plenty of mental stimulus about them, as there should be about all exercises. Let the exercises be useful, such as swimming drill, by which children can be thoroughly practised in the movements before they enter the water, thus facilitating their swimming lesson. If the Education Department will not give the necessary half-hour per diem for this, then at least give it directly after school-hours, and watch the beneficial result that will surely take place. One or two professional instructors could visit the schools in each town in order to keep up the standard of efficiency, and inspections could take place at convenient periods. *The experiment, to have a fair chance, should share in the result fees.*

To show that it would be an easy matter to calculate the result fees to be given for average increase in circumference of chest in consequence of gymnastic training, I annex a form prepared by Dr. W. P. Brookes, of Much Wenlock, who, for many years, has taken a deep interest in the question of physical training, and by which it will be seen that from statistics taken in the Much Wenlock National School for six months, from August 21st, 1871, to February 21st, 1872, in the case of six boys who went through a course of drill and gymnastic training consisting of the use of Indian clubs, the vaulting-horse, horizontal and parallel bars, the average increase in chest circumference was $1\frac{5}{6}$ inches; whilst in the case of six other boys who went through a course of instruction in drill alone, it was but $\frac{11}{24}$ of an inch. I shall produce one more witness to the necessity for physical training, namely, Dr. George Fletcher, who has had large experience as a medical officer. In a paper on "The Management of Athletics in Public Schools," read before the medical officers of schools in January last, Dr. Fletcher insists that a large amount of exercise in pure air is required to keep lads in bodily health, and he contends that all games and physical exercises in schools should be regulated, and be under supervision. The experience I have gained as Chairman of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association has shown me the wisdom of this remark. Ordinary town lads are unacquainted with the games in which English school-boys of a higher social grade delight. Their ways are rough, they are unaccustomed to discipline, and, if turned loose into a playground without supervision, are unable to avail themselves of the advantages offered them. Their sport degenerates into bullying or horseplay, with no good physical result. Gymnastic apparatus, under these circumstances, becomes a positive danger, and broken heads, arms, and legs are certain to be the result if the lads are allowed to use them without supervision or instruction; but under a good teacher they soon

learn discipline, enjoy themselves, and become as keen followers of organized games as any school-boy at Eton or Harrow. Dr. Fletcher's words are :—

It should be remembered that, as regards compulsion in games, bodily exercise should be as carefully supervised by the masters as mental exercise; for it is not wise that boys should be left to manage these physical matters entirely by themselves, thinking that you can trust nature, and all will come right, and that the boy for whom exercise is desirable will be prompted by nature to take just the amount required for his health. No such thing. In the general routine of lessons a boy is compelled to conform to certain rules for the education of his mind; this is not here left to nature nor to the boy's disposition, for, if it were, there would, in most instances, be a miserable deficiency of brain exercises, or, in a few rare cases, a mischievous excess. If a boy does not like his Virgil or his Euclid his masters do not leave him to take what he likes of those subjects; he is compelled to enter into them, and to get through a certain amount, and often will soon excel in some branch of study from judicious compulsion; so with games—do not allow the boy to play only when he chooses; at any rate, you are improving his bodily vigour, and he has had every chance of excelling in some branch of athletics. Let it be fairly instilled into the minds of parents by masters, that the education of the *body* is not far behind the education of the *mind* in importance, and the *amount* and *kind* of exercise both of mind and body should be always considered together.

Englishmen, as a rule, do not look to the Government to introduce reforms unless these reforms are first demanded by a large section of the community. This characteristic of the national temperament has its strong and also its weak side. If, on the one hand, it makes the people self-reliant, on the other it is a distinct discouragement to the spirit of amendment in governing bodies, who, instead of being continually on the alert to discover and put into practice improvements in the management of their different departments, as a rule consider it rather the duty of an official to throw cold water on all suggested innovations which threaten to alter the orthodox routine of work. The result of this customary apathy on the part of our officials makes it necessary for reformers to acquire popular support before bringing the question of any reform to the notice of governing bodies, and in order to obtain this support the public must be educated, and urged to action, by the subject requiring reform being constantly presented to their attention. Bearing these facts in mind, those of us who believe that in order to preserve the national health and physique at the proper standard, reforms in our system of education, and in the management of our towns are imperatively demanded, should not be disheartened because so little apparent progress would appear to be made in the popularization of national hygiene and of physical training, but should lose no opportunity of promulgating their views, on the platform, through the press, and by all those means of spreading information and of influencing public opinion which modern civilization affords. Action has already been taken in this direction by the Manchester Open Spaces Committee, and by

the Metropolitan Public Garden Association. The former has obtained the signatures of the following influential and eminent persons to a petition urging the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the question of physical training:—H.R.H. the Princess Louise, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, His Grace the Duke of Westminster, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Suffragan for East London the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's London, the Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester, the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Meath, the Rt. Hon. Lord Wolseley, the Rt. Hon. Lord Aberdare, the Rt. Hon. Lord Tennyson, His Honour Judge Hughes, Maj.-Gen. E. G. Bulwer, C.B., Edwin Chadwick, C.B., Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., M.D., Sir T. S. Wells, Bart., F.R.C.S., Sir James Paget, Bart., Sir Henry E. Roscoe, LL.D., M.P., Sir William Roberts, M.D., Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D., City of London School, Rev. E. C. Wickham, M.A., Head Master of Wellington College, Rev. J. M. Wilson, M.A., Head Master of Clifton College, Bristol, Rev. Saml. A. Barnett, St. Jude's Whitechapel, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Matthew Arnold, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Robert Browning, D.C.L., Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Professor J. G. Greenwood, Principal of Owens College, Manchester, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., William Abraham, M.P., Joseph Arch, M.P., Thomas Burt, M.P., E. N. Buxton, M.P., William Crawford, M.P., B. W. Foster, M.P., Albert Grey, M.P., W. H. Houldsworth, M.P., George Howell, M.P., S. Morley, M.P., John Wilson, M.P., J. E. Morgan, M.D., Professor of Medicine, Victoria University, Manchester, Jno. Tatham, B.A., M.B., Medical Officer of Health, Salford, Ernest Hart, Esq., F.R.C.S., Chas. Roberts, Esq., F.R.C.S., Walter Besant, Esq., John Ruskin, Esq. Sympathy and general approval, without signature of the form sent, have been expressed by: The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Derby, the Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., Sir John Lubbock, Bart., John Tomlinson Hibbert, M.P. The Metropolitan Public Garden Association has sent the following Memorial on the subject to the "Education Commission," and a somewhat similar one to the School Board of London.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Assheton Cross, M.P., G.C.B. (Chairman), and the Members of the Royal Commission on Education.

The Memorial of the members of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association,
Respectfully sheweth,—

That your memorialists are of opinion that increased facilities for the physical training of the young of both sexes, and further provision for their wholesome recreation, are much needed in all the larger towns of the United Kingdom; and feeling that this is a subject which is within the lawful scope of the inquiry of the members of the Royal Commission on Education, they humbly beg to urge its consideration.

They base their belief upon the following grounds:

1. That physical training is not at present one of the obligatory subjects for the ensurance of a Government grant in elementary schools.
2. That several teachers in Board or Voluntary Schools are unable to give instruction in gymnastics or calisthenics either in the playgrounds or the rooms of the schools.
3. That there is a want of some fund from which the maintenance, out of school-hours, of existing playgrounds can be defrayed.
4. That there is great difficulty in obtaining, in densely populated districts, adequate open spaces for public recreation.
5. That there is a marked difference in bodily health and vigour, and in a predisposition to disease and immorality between the young in the country and those in towns.

They believe that these difficulties might be overcome in the following ways:—

1. By the alteration of the Code of Education, so that physical training should be included among the obligatory subjects, and in this way necessarily introduced into each department of every elementary school.
2. By assistance given towards the introduction of instruction in physical training into the curriculum of all training colleges.
3. By the enforcement of a regulation that all playgrounds in connection with public elementary schools should be kept open, *under supervision*, for the use of the children and young people of the neighbourhood between and after school-hours.
4. By a grant of further powers to local public bodies for the purchase of land for open or covered gymnasia, and for suitable recreation grounds for the use of the general public.

They believe that if these suggestions were carried out, the following results would ensue to the rising generation:—

1. A decrease in juvenile mortality, a better physical development, and a greater amount of bodily health.
2. An increase in the mental powers.
3. A decrease in crime, drunkenness, and immorality.

It is therefore the earnest desire of your memorialists that the members of the Royal Commission on Education should take this matter into their serious consideration, and consent to hear evidence upon the need of better means for physical training and increased facilities for wholesome recreation in all towns.

And your memorialists will ever pray, &c.

A National Physical Recreation Society has lately been established, for the promotion of the physical education of the working classes, under the presidency of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., supported by the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, Colonel G. M. Onslow (Inspector of Military Gymnasia), Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., the Hon. T. H. W. Pelham, and Mr. T. C. Edwardes-Moss, M.P., of athletic fame, with Mr. A. Alexander, F.R.G.S. (Director of the Liverpool Gymnasium), as Honorary Secretary. An association with such influential leaders should be able to work wonders in the improvement of the physical education of the people, and in the confident hope that at no distant period the bodies of the poorer children of this country will be as well cared for as their brains, I ask those who read this paper to assist in forming a public opinion favourable to the maintenance, by municipal authorities, of open spaces, playgrounds, and gymnasia in towns, and to

such alterations in the Education Code as will bring up a generation of English men and women, physically capable of bearing the burden of the high civilization and extended empire they have inherited from their forefathers. *Civium vires, civitatis vis.*

Appendix.

Statistics of the Drill and Gymnastic Training given to Twelve Boys in the Much Wenlock National School, from August 21st, 1871, to February 21st, 1872.

Drill and Gymnastics.

Increase, after Six Months, in the circumference—

Boy.	Of Chest.	Of Upper Arm.	Of Fore Arm.
	Inches. Inches.		
1	From $27\frac{1}{2}$ to $28\frac{3}{4}$ = $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch	Nil.
2	,, 28 ,, $29\frac{3}{4}$ = $1\frac{3}{4}$,,	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch.
3	,, 30 ,, $31\frac{3}{4}$ = $1\frac{3}{4}$,,	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch	Nil.
4	,, $27\frac{1}{2}$,, 29 = $1\frac{1}{2}$,,	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch	Nil.
5	,, $28\frac{1}{4}$,, $30\frac{1}{4}$ = 2 ,,	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch	Nil.
6	,, $27\frac{1}{2}$,, $30\frac{1}{4}$ = $2\frac{3}{4}$,,	$\frac{3}{4}$ inch	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Average increase in circumference of chest = $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches, *i.e.* nearly 2 inches.
Exercises:—Indian Club, Vaulting Horse, Horizontal and Parallel Bars.

Drill Alone.

Increase, after Six Months, in the circumference—

Boy.	Of Chest.	Of Upper Arm.	Of Fore Arm.
	Inches. Inches.		
7	From $24\frac{1}{2}$ to $24\frac{3}{4}$ = $\frac{1}{4}$ inch	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch	Nil
8	,, $27\frac{1}{4}$,, $27\frac{3}{4}$ = $\frac{1}{2}$,,	$\frac{3}{4}$ inch	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch.
9	,, $29\frac{1}{2}$,, 30 = $\frac{1}{2}$,,	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch.
10	,, $26\frac{1}{4}$,, $26\frac{3}{4}$ = $\frac{1}{2}$,,	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch	Nil.
11	,, $25\frac{1}{2}$,, 26 = $\frac{1}{2}$,,	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch.
12	,, $25\frac{1}{4}$,, $25\frac{3}{4}$ = $\frac{1}{2}$,,	$\frac{1}{4}$ inch	Nil.

Average increase in circumference of chest = $\frac{11}{24}$ inches, *i.e.* nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

W. P. BROOKES, Trustee.
EDWARD STROUD, Schoolmaster.

Brabazon.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY: REALISM *v.* IDEALISM.

Part I.

"But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth; nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour; but a natural, though corrupt, love of the lie itself."

Bacon, *Essay on Truth.*

Ancient writers used the words "lie" and "liar" much more freely than we do. A lie used to signify anything that was untrue on a subject on which it was important that people should not be misled, no matter how serious and convinced its propagator might be, or appear to be; and a man was a liar in whom the truth was habitually wanting, however infatuated he might be with his own errors.

Such principles as these, it is to be feared, are wholly unfit for our degenerate days. We have restricted the meaning of the word "liar" to that species of unveracity in which the utterance of a false statement is unaccompanied by any belief in its truth on the part of the utterer; to the case of a man who, when he utters a lie, is not serious in uttering it; who is enough of a liar to wish to deceive others, but not enough to have deceived himself; the species of lying which is superficially described as "wilful lying."

It is doubtful if this modern practice is either perfectly sound or altogether convenient. Courtesy and charity are, indeed, indispensable virtues in literature as in life; but the line where courtesy and charity infringe upon sincerity must be drawn somewhere. The growth of heresy is of all things the likeliest to make sincere heretics, and we cultivate the growth of heresy when we extend undue deference to error.

The world has long allowed itself to be befooled by a class of men calling themselves philosophers, and never were such floods of nonsense poured upon it by this class as now. But the evil is of old standing. In nothing is truth more indispensable than in philosophy. In no human pursuit are men more entirely free from responsibility for what they say, and in none are there a greater number of men who utter absurdities, firmly believing them to be the purest products of human wisdom. And this is not an unnatural consequence of the position which philosophers claim for themselves, and which is freely allowed them by the world. If a man professes a religion, if he teaches a branch of

science, he is held in some restraint by the acknowledged tenets of his religion, by the known acquirements of his science. If he professes to be a philosopher, he is loosed from any obligation to respect religion, to acknowledge the common morality of mankind, or even to pay the smallest deference to common sense. His principles may be such as would not be tolerated in practice. His very talk may be a jargon which neither he nor anyone else would or could apply to any ordinary purpose; but if it is put in a long process of seemingly logical reasoning, it is philosophy, and, as such, is entitled to respect.

Now, if there is any class of men who ought to be willing to submit their reasoning to the test of results, surely it is philosophers. They assume the name of lovers of wisdom, and they occupy themselves with the questions of most importance to mankind. If, instead of truth, they are found diligent in the pursuit and propagation of error, their own professions are surely enough to supersede the necessity for any nice inquiry as to how they come to be so mistaken. If any pursuit justifies a classification by results, surely it is theirs; and a classification of philosophers into lovers of truth and lovers of lies would serve more than any other to promote the object of philosophical inquiry. A classification by results does not necessarily extend to motives; but it at all events excludes flattery. We may excuse a man for going wrong, we do not praise him for it; and if we find a man, or a sect, admiring and clinging to lies, it is more useful to themselves, as well as to others, to tell them that their notions are false and their confidence in them groundless, than to praise them for the ingenuity which they have displayed in their invention or defence.

That the obligation to respect common-sense is disowned not by small and obscure philosophers, but by men of world-wide renown, is only too easily proved.

Modern philosophers talk much of a subject and object, two things which they always put in direct contrast with each other. What is meant by a subject is easily known. Every philosopher who uses the term tells you this without reserve; and, as they all agree, there can be no doubt the word has a distinct and well-recognized meaning. It means the mind of the thinking person (himself) about whom the philosopher reasons. It is not so easy to know what is meant by object. Being always found contrasted with subject, we might suppose that if subject means me, object must mean not-me. But philosophers will not allow you to come to a conclusion so rapidly as this. Reams of reasoning have been expended in endeavouring to determine what an object is; and, as the result, a large number, perhaps it may be said, a large majority, of modern philosophers have arrived at the conclusion

that object means me, and me only. Many of them, indeed, have made desperate efforts to explain that it means me in a different sense from subject; but no one of them has given the faintest intelligible indication of how this double constitution of mind answers to the reality of thought.

Take for illustration a particular object, space. This is what is called an abstract notion; and a notion is universally called an object. Space is abstract, because it is abstracted in thought from things with which it is always found in combination. I think of a street; I abstract from the notion of the street the notions of length and breadth, and I have a notion (an imperfect one) of space. Now the word "subjective," as used by philosophers, has a meaning as clear as subject. It is used in opposition to objective, as subject is to object. When philosophers get hold of a notion, such as space, they begin to inquire whether it is subjective or objective; and a majority of philosophers have decided in regard to space (as they have in regard to all other objects) that it is subjective.

What do they mean? If they mean merely that the notion of space is in the mind, they need not have wasted a moment's time on the inquiry, because all notions are in the mind; a circumstance which, obvious as it is, seems to have given extraordinary trouble to philosophers. The majority of modern philosophers find it impossible to conceive that an object may be both in the mind and outside of it; and that it may be in the mind precisely because it is outside of it. But when philosophers say that space is subjective in opposition to being objective, they do not mean merely to assert the obvious truism that space is in the mind as a notion. They mean to deny that it is outside of the mind as the object of that notion. This they do very consistently, in one sense, seeing they deny that there is any outside of the mind. But as they have raised the question of an outside, if they say we do not think of an outside, they contradict themselves. Nor can they affirm that, when I say a thing is outside of my mind, I mean merely that it is inside of it. There is only one meaning left for them. that when I speak of space as being outside of me, of my living in space, I am speaking of a thing which either does not exist, or which does not exist in the manner in which I suppose it to exist. When we speak of space, we speak of it primarily in relation to body; but as these philosophers only admit of body as a notion in the mind, space, for them, can only exist in the mind; whereas, to our ordinary way of thinking, space and the bodies contained in it are external to the mind, which apprehends them only partially through its bodily functions; while the mind itself is, through the body, capable of local movement; that is, of occupying different

portions of space, and of observing different bodies according as it does so. This subversion of common thinking has an apparent resemblance to the scientific correction of the ordinary notion of the movement of the sun; but whereas the physical theory has resulted in a larger and clearer conception of the laws and structure of the material universe, the philosophical one has resulted only in mystification of thought, confusion of language, and self-contradiction in the representation of facts. It has, therefore, not justified itself, and must be held to be an unwarrantable rejection of the common interpretation of experience. This, in the phraseology of Sir William Hamilton, is a denial of "the veracity of consciousness."

There is this difference between truth and error, that (except in matters of testimony) truth never requires to be certified by authority; while errors live on the authority of those who assert and maintain them. In science there is a demonstration for every ascertained truth, but in philosophy nothing is more common than for people to believe the strangest things on the authority of some great name. In support of the notion that space is subjective, it is only necessary to mention one name, for there is none of higher authority among philosophers, that of Immanuel Kant.

John Stuart Mill, who agrees with Kant in this doctrine, repudiates the charge that Kant and those who hold with him deny the veracity of consciousness; but he is obliged to admit that the "world at large," and (according to him) the majority of philosophers, believe that consciousness testifies to what they deny.

I conceive, however, that Sir William Hamilton, in resting his philosophy on the "veracity of consciousness," and making this a test between the objective and subjective theories of knowledge, has not only contradicted himself (a thing he does much oftener than even Mill has charged him with doing), but has surrendered the defence of the true theory to set up in its place a fiction which cannot be maintained even against the assaults of the subjective school. What it is that this school does deny I shall state when we have further examined what it asserts.

In the eleventh chapter of his *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, Mill propounds a counter theory, on the subjective principle, to the common belief in the existence of an external world, namely, that the belief in an external world is generated by association; and in the next chapter he endeavours to prove that this theory does not hinder us from believing in the existence of other intelligent beings besides ourselves: that it does not, as Dr. Reid asserts, leave the subjective philosopher "alone in the universe." His proof, if it is good for anything, only amounts

to this, that it is possible such beings (as other men) may exist altogether outside of our own consciousness, that is to say, not only unknown to, but unknowable by us. To justify us even in this extraordinary belief demands, Mill solemnly assures us, a philosophical generalization "exactly parallel to that by which Newton proved that the force which keeps the planets in their orbits is identical with that by which an apple falls to the ground." How those who have not attained to this generalization have acquired their belief in the existence of other men, Mill does not explain, while he fails to see that his own principles have cut him off from every step in the process by which he himself seeks to attain to it; and in reducing his conclusion to a real belief in the existence of other men, he forgets that he has prohibited us from drawing any inference as to external existence from what is contained in our own consciousness. Mill asserts that a belief in the existence of other human beings presents no difficulty to the subjective philosophy which it does not equally present to the objective. True, with one exception: that the objective philosophy accepts, and the subjective rejects, the one solution of the difficulty, if there is one: the principle that causes produce effects. If Mill's argument is successful, it simply brings back causation under the name of generalization, and brings it back in one particular case, when he has denied it in all others. But the subjective philosophy cannot have the loan of the principle of causation when it wants it, and deny its existence when it does not. In his argument for believing in external existence, Mill innocently says, "I conclude that other human beings have feelings like me," and, "I must either believe them to be alive, or to be automatons." On the contrary, he was bound to believe them to be neither; he was bound to believe them to be mere phenomena, and artificial phenomena, of his own consciousness. For in the second chapter of the same book he has told us that, "what we term an object is but a complex conception made up by the laws of association out of the ideas of various sensations, which we are accustomed to receive simultaneously. There is nothing real in the process, but these sensations,"* and, according to his laws of association, the only reason we have for supposing a human body to be a distinct object, even of our own consciousness, is the acquired habit of thinking its various parts and qualities together. Thus the "planets," the "apple," and the "ground," in his illustration, are all simply groups of artificial associations in our minds. By a

* Mill's method of deducing objects from association, with its consequences, will be more fully explained in the second part of this essay. The object of the present preliminary survey is to ascertain the true principle by which this (as well as other fundamental theories of philosophy) is to be tested.

"generalization" which he has no right to make, Mill calls them "permanent possibilities of sensation."

Thus, in self-contradiction, Sir William Hamilton is a venial offender, compared with John Stuart Mill. It is scarcely possible to give an idea of the inconsistency with which the latter conducts his whole argument. Thus, in opposing his opponent's theory, he holds that the rejection of acquired consciousness is not a denial of the veracity of consciousness, and lays it down as a general principle that the fact that a thing is in our consciousness in our "present artificial state," is no proof that it was in our consciousness originally; yet when he comes to prove his own theory of association he commences by saying that "the theory postulates, first, that the mind is capable of expectation," and he proves this by showing that the mind has the habit of expecting now. Thus, he either takes our present condition to prove what was in the mind originally, or he accounts for one acquired thing by assuming another. Yet, it will scarcely be believed that when he comes to apply his theory (in chapter xii.) to Mind, he abandons the problem as insoluble, and takes refuge behind one of the doctrines of Sir William Hamilton which he has most successfully combated, that of the paradoxical character of ultimate facts. He does not, indeed, here speak of paradox, but of "final inexplicability"; but he makes a parting insinuation against the theory he confesses his inability to overthrow in the observation, which is as little candid as true, that "one mode of stating it (the fact to be explained) only appears more incomprehensible than another, because the whole of human language is accommodated to the one, and is so incongruous with the other, that it cannot be expressed in any terms which do not deny its truth." Yet, after this account of the result of the final test of his own theory, he quietly observes, "No such difficulties attend the theory in its application to matter; and I leave it, as set forth, to pass for whatever it is worth as an antagonistic doctrine to that of Sir W. Hamilton and the Scottish school respecting the *non ego* as a deliverance of consciousness."

In reality, the difficulties of the theory, which have already been partly explained, are exactly equal and parallel in the cases of mind and matter respectively, and the difficulty before which Mill finally succumbs is as a gnat to a camel, compared with those he has already swallowed. In the same chapter he has the following passages :—

1. "Reid seems to have imagined that if I myself am only a series of feelings, the proposition that I have my fellow-creatures, or that there are any selves except mine ['known to me' he should have added], is but words without meaning. But this is a misapprehension. All that I am compelled to admit, if I receive this theory, is that other people's selves also are but series of feelings like my own."

2. "If, therefore, we speak of the mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to

complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future; and we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind, or Ego, is something different from any series of feelings, or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox, that something which *ex hypothesi* is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself as a series."

The latter passage contains the difficulty before which Mill succumbs, and it reminds one of the Scottish mariner who had sailed round the world and come home to "dee in a dub" at his own door. The difficulty not only arises in connection with the most elementary fact in psychology, which the theory should surely have mastered before travelling so far, but, according to Mill's principles, there is no reality in it. It will be observed that it is the same difficulty that he surmounts so buoyantly in his reply to Reid. If my mind can be conscious of other thinking beings distinct from myself, these are surely real objects, and my mind, or consciousness, cannot be merely a series of feelings; but if it is merely a series of feelings, then self-consciousness, like the knowledge of these other beings, so lightly assumed, is only one of these feelings, as independent, as arbitrary, and as inexplicable as the rest.

In the thirteenth chapter of this *Examination* Mill animadverts severely upon Sir William Hamilton's reiterated charges of rejection of the testimony of consciousness, which he calls an argument *ad invidiam*, and which, he says, is applicable to all psychologists deserving the name. I am of opinion that not only Mill, but all subjective philosophers, however comparatively plausible may be their schemes, do reject the testimony of consciousness. But the veracity of consciousness is not, in my opinion, a sufficient foundation for philosophy.

Nothing could be more confused and contradictory than Sir William Hamilton's long analysis of consciousness. Sir William Hamilton says that philosophers have often been accused of confounding the distinction between faculties of the mind with a distinction between separate entities; and he says no charge can be more groundless; but Sir William Hamilton forgets that it is one thing to say in words that a distinction is recognized; and another consistently to maintain it.

Sir William Hamilton calls the mind "a simple substance," a definition which conveys to me no intelligible meaning. I do not think we know enough of the mind (Sir William Hamilton himself recommends his pupils to think so) to give an absolute definition of it; but, until it is explained to me how diversity of operations can consist with simplicity of constitution, simplicity is the last epithet I should think of applying to the constitution of any intelligent being. Sir William Hamilton says* it is the whole

* *Metaphysics*, Lecture 20.

mind ("the same simple substance") that performs every operation and receives every affection of the mind; yet he says we are capable of attending to several things at once. Sir William Hamilton might possibly have been able to reconcile these statements; but, whether the mind is simple or not, it is necessary, in analysing its various powers, to bear in mind that the things we distinguish in analysis are found conjoined in operation. This Sir William Hamilton has completely failed to do. Because he finds consciousness intervening in every act of the mind, all our active faculties are attributed to consciousness. Not only so, but our passions are also ascribed to it, although with a difference, which seems to be purely arbitrary.* Consciousness is said to be "their condition," while the knowing faculties (memory, imagination, reason) are declared to be "nothing but consciousness in various relations." Yet, in the same chapter where this declaration appears, we find memory defined as "the power of retaining knowledge in the mind, but out of consciousness."

Sir William Hamilton is a nominalist, but the distinction of the various powers of the mind is not an affair of words. It is based on the nature of the mind, and, as he himself acknowledges, corresponds with its operations. If every element we find in a combination is to be called the combination, there is an end to all distinction; and this is precisely how Sir William Hamilton treats consciousness. Consciousness begins with feelings and sensations, and it rises to knowledge, but not without the intervention of various mental operations. If these operations were merely consciousness, they would result merely in a repetition of feelings and sensations; but the work of the elaborative faculties, memory, imagination, and reason, is carried on in consciousness, and its product, knowledge, is produced in consciousness. The function of consciousness is, in fact, as Sir William Hamilton himself says, receptive. It is not a faculty, but the universal capacity, which contains all the faculties, and all the other capacities of the mind; but, because it is this, it is none of these in particular. The possession by the mind of a passive, receptive capacity is the fundamental guarantee for the reality of our knowledge; and Sir William Hamilton, by confounding this with our active faculties, not only throws away this guarantee, but also throws suspicion on the work of the active faculties themselves. This may be illustrated by a reference to Sir William Hamilton's theory of Attention, which Mill, curiously enough, pronounces to be "the best we have." I do not believe with Sir William Hamilton that we attend to several things at once. What occupies our attention is some central object, with associated objects

* Lecture 20.

grouped around it. Attention dismisses from the mind, or reduces to semi-consciousness, objects not connected with the object of attention, and it brings into the mind, through memory, objects associated with it. But attention, like physical vision, is capable of very rapid changes. The moment we begin to ask what we are attending to, we have ceased to attend to it. Attention is solicited by the objects of consciousness, as the eye is solicited by the objects of sight. The eye fastens upon some central object, but it is impossible for us at any time to tell what are the actual boundaries of vision. The moment we raise the question the eye turns to the boundary, and it ceases to be a boundary. So it is with consciousness and attention. An object may be in our consciousness, and may not be at the time, or may never become, an object of knowledge. Knowledge demands a recognition of what an object is; it requires a judgment, which is the work of reason. We are conscious day by day of the rumbling of wheels in the street, but though we know generally what it is, we do not recognize at the time, and we could not recall afterwards, the hearing of this particular sound at a given time, when we were occupied in a certain way. Thus, while consciousness is co-extensive, though not synchronously co-extensive,* with knowledge, knowledge is not co-extensive with consciousness.

If Sir William Hamilton is unfortunate in his analysis of consciousness, he is not more happy in that of the other intellectual powers. It is not much that he differs in his distinctions from other philosophers; it is much more important that he ignores commonly-received distinctions, which are never without just significance. Reason he simply degrades, by splitting it into two. One half, which he calls the Elaborative or Discursive faculty, has, according to him, one function only, that of comparison. The other, which he calls the Regulative faculty (a name apparently borrowed from the Kantian philosophy) he conceives to be nearly convertible with Reid's, and certainly with Stewart's, notion of common sense. This, he says, "being merely the complement of the fundamental principles or laws of thought, is not properly a faculty, that is, not an active power at all. As it is, however, not a capacity, it is not easy to see by what other word it can be denoted."

But if the fundamental laws of thought are not a faculty, the power of applying them is, and they are applied in the work of judgment, or, as Sir William Hamilton would call it, of comparison. The judging faculty is thus also the regulative, and this faculty, in its complete functions, is commonly recognized as Reason.

* We, of course, know more than we remember.

Now the two horns of the dilemma between which subjective philosophers are constantly placing themselves are these: either we have no consciousness of not-self, or we are unable in our consciousness to distinguish between self and not-self. In either case they and all others may cease to talk about philosophy, for we are simply incapable of knowing anything. If we do clearly distinguish between self and not-self, then our knowledge of external things is a true knowledge of things that exist in the mode in which they do exist. This is the conclusion of reason, and a philosophy which cannot reach this conclusion has wandered by the way. Such a philosophy, whatever authority may attach to the names by which it is supported, cannot be too plainly denounced as a subversion of human reason.

Thus what is challenged, or denied, by the subjective philosophers is not so much the veracity of consciousness as the competency of reason. But Sir William Hamilton, by his analysis of the mental powers, has not only disqualified himself for defending this position; he is, by his own reasoning, compelled to abandon that which he himself has chosen, and to place the last refuge of philosophy in belief. This, in as far as he supports it by argument, may amount to a mere change in phraseology; but the extraordinary thing is that that for which he demands our belief is precisely that which he himself thinks he has demonstrated to be unknowable, because contradictory to our reason.

Into this dilemma Sir William Hamilton has brought himself through the incapacity into which his analysis of our faculties has reduced him of realizing wherein knowledge consists. The huge concessions he has thus been induced to make to the subjective school makes any defence of his chosen position against them logically untenable. There is, perhaps, a deeper error, which is the root of the whole. Sir William Hamilton seems never to have appreciated the distinction, I do not say between the words apprehend and comprehend, but between the notions which these words convey. We comprehend the finite; we apprehend the infinite. We comprehend the nature of the currency, we apprehend the nature of space. Sir William Hamilton, at all events, seems to have formed to himself an ideal notion of the nature of knowledge, which is comprehension, and to have refused the name of knowledge to anything that did not attain to it, while by his own definitions he was compelled to give the name of knowledge to everything contained in our consciousness. There is, however, a very real knowledge which is apprehension, not comprehension; but which differs from and transcends belief in being firmly ratified by reason; and of this nature all our knowledge, when thoroughly analysed, turns

out to be: for when we reach the boundaries of knowledge we find the infinite everywhere, and the finite nowhere. Sir William Hamilton has quoted a passage from St. Austin in justification of his substitution of belief for knowledge, which in reality condemns it. St. Austin says: "We know what rests upon reason; we believe what rests upon authority." "But reason itself," adds Sir William Hamilton, "must rest at last upon authority; for the original data of reason do not rest on reason, but are necessarily accepted by reason on the authority of what is beyond itself. These data are, therefore, in rigid propriety Beliefs or Trusts." Sir William Hamilton thinks that no valid objection can be taken to this reasoning. The only objection to it is that it ignores the fundamental distinction between knowledge and belief. Authority means the testimony of others; the testimony on which reason rests is that of our own experience; and there is in the nature of that experience that which distinguishes it from anything learned from external testimony.* There is thus very valid ground for maintaining the common distinction, which Sir William Hamilton, as the champion of the "veracity of consciousness," ought to have upheld. But Sir William Hamilton, like John Stuart Mill, is a great logician, the last man from whom sound reasoning is to be looked for.

No one was more impressed with the imperfection of our knowledge, if it is proper to bestow such a name on a limitation for which the grounds may be discovered in reason itself, than Sir William Hamilton; but, rejecting the true mode of expressing what he felt as imperfection, and what is at least to be acknowledged as limitation, he was led, as has been said, by the predominance of the feeling, into various unwarrantable concessions to the subjective philosophy. He calls our sensations, the consciousness derived from external things, intuitions; which is surely surrendering the whole ground between him and his opponents. If our sensations are derived from external things, they are not intuitions. The knowledge of external things is a process, in which the active or reasoning faculties have a part, and can only be valid if that process is valid. The surrender is made more complete, because it is extended to the whole domain of knowledge, by the doctrine which he adopts, and insists upon with all the earnestness of a subjective philosopher, that "all our knowledge is relative." This is, in truth, the fundamental principle of the subjective philosophy, and the very key of the whole position. Sir William Hamilton adopts this position because of another false analysis. He puts as the only counter proposition

* The fact of the testimony being delivered is a matter of experience, but the substance of the testimony is not.

to the relativity of our knowledge, that we should have knowledge of a thing which he calls "the absolute"; that is something which is unrelated to anything else. Mill has very clearly shown that there is a substantial reason for our not knowing such a thing; that no such thing does, or can exist. Sir William Hamilton himself, in fact, shows that it is contradictory to reason, and yet insists that we should believe in it.

But while Mill has very well shown that Sir William Hamilton ought not to have said that "all our knowledge is relative," but that "part of our knowledge is relative," he does not see that he is no more at liberty to set up the subjective position than Sir William Hamilton himself. What is meant by saying that all our knowledge is relative? It does not mean merely, as Mill acknowledges, that we only know of things which have relations. There is a very sufficient reason why we should only know of such things, because only such things are to be known. But this is what Mill calls a trivial interpretation of the phrase. What is meant by it is that our knowledge is only of relations. Now this is simply a contradiction in terms. The knowledge of relations contains the knowledge of things related. To know a relation without any knowledge of the things in relation is simply a form of words wholly empty of signification. To know a relation we must know one or other of two pairs of things: a subject and an object, or two objects. It is true that we may know them only imperfectly, but if we know no more than that they have this relation, we know that they exist, and exist in the mode indicated by the relation; and this knowledge is the final subversion of subjective philosophy.

In the controversies between Mill and Hamilton, it is curious to observe how Mill, in correcting Hamilton's logical inconsequences, assumes the place of the realist. Mill seems to enjoy the transposition. He seems to delight in giving his opponent, or rather the sympathisers of his opponent, such pieces of information as this: "If we lived till doomsday we should never find the proposition that 'water rusts iron,' in our concepts, if we had not first found it in the outward phenomena."

Part II.

Mill's complaint of the invidiousness of the charge that subjective philosophy rejects the veracity of consciousness, is, no doubt, equally applicable to the extended charge that it denies the competency of reason. But it matters little whether or not the charge is invidious. It must be maintained on the simple ground that it is true. It is nothing to the purpose to say that all philosophers

occasionally reject the common belief in the testimony of consciousness, or in the conclusions of reason. All philosophers do not labour to subvert the work of reason in general, or to show that instead of being always trustworthy when working in accordance with her own laws, Reason is, by her own nature, habitually determined to mislead us. All philosophers do not lay down positions which are destructive of the processes of reasoning which they themselves employ. That this is true of all subjective philosophers is, in my opinion, demonstrable. One of the most candid of them, Ferrier, has declared that no man can be a philosopher in ordinary life. But, whatever may be the case with subjective philosophy in general, the charge is most easily brought home to the school of Mill, while, as compared with Kant, and the German Idealists who have succeeded him, this school is certainly the most genuine and thorough representative of subjective philosophy. Kant has endeavoured to save the laws of mind, but his demonstration of them has no more validity than the fundamental principle of idealism allows it. It sinks at once before the criticism of a thorough-going exponent of the subjective theory, such as John Stuart Mill.

The great constructive doctrine, and the great instrument of criticism of the English Psychological School, to which John Stuart Mill belonged, the school of Hartley and James Mill, is the "law of inseparable association." This law John Stuart Mill accuses Hamilton and Mansel of ignoring. He says (*Ex. of Sir W. Hamilton*, ch. xiv.) :—

> The best informed German and French philosophers are barely aware, if even aware, of its existence. And in this country and age, in which it has been employed by thinkers of the highest order as the most potent of all instruments of psychological analysis, the opposite school usually dismiss it with a few sentences, so smoothly gliding over the surface of the subject, as to prove that they have never, even for an instant, brought the powers of their minds into real and effective contact with it.

What is this great doctrine, of which the world at large is unaware ?

It is thus stated by James Mill, as quoted by J. S. Mill in the chapter referred to :—

> Where two or more ideas have been often repeated together, and the association has become very strong, they sometimes spring up in such close combination as not to be distinguishable. Some cases of sensation are analogous. For example, when a wheel, on the seven parts of which the seven prismatic colours are respectively painted, is made to revolve rapidly, it appears not of seven colours, but of one uniform colour, white. . . . Ideas, also, which have been so often conjoined that whenever one exists in the mind the others immediately exist along with it, seem to run into one another, to coalesce, as it were, and out of many to form one idea, which idea, however in reality complex, appears to be no less simple than any of those of which it is compounded.
>
> It is to this great law of association that we trace the formation of our ideas of what we call external objects, that is, the ideas of a certain number of sensations received together so frequently that they coalesce, as it were, and are spoken of under the idea

of unity. Hence what we call the idea of a tree, the idea of a stone, the idea of a horse, the idea of a man.

In using the names "tree," "horse," "man," I am referring, and can be referring, only to my own sensations; in fact, therefore, only naming a certain number of sensations, regarded as in a particular state of combination; that is, of concomittance. Particular sensations of sight, of touch, of the muscles, are the sensations, to the ideas of which, colour, extension, roughness, hardness, smoothness, taste, smell, so coalescing as to appear one idea, I give the name of a tree.

To this case of high association, this blending together of many ideas in so close a combination that they appear not many ideas but one idea, we owe, as I shall afterwards more fully explain, the power of classification, and all the advantages of language.

Some ideas are by frequency and strength of association so closely combined that they cannot be separated. If one exists, the other exists along with it, in spite of whatever efforts we may make to disjoin them. For example, it is not in our power to think of colour without thinking of extension; or of solidity, without figure.

Upon these examples James Mill goes on solemnly to reason, but it is unnecessary to follow him farther. It will occur at once to any unbiassed mind that to explain the thinking of two things together by their invariably appearing together in thought, or the suggestion of one thing by another by the fact of its constantly suggesting it, is no explanation at all; the question is, why do they appear together, and how did the one thing come to suggest the other originally? How are the habits begun which account for so much? This the exponents of the association theory are at pains not to explain.

But this is not all. James Mill's illustrations are very instructive. If the term invidious can be applied to a mode of conveying impressions to the mind, I think it may fairly be applied to his "for examples." His first example conveys the insinuation that a series of distinct sensations appearing successively in the mind are, by the rapidity of their sequence, converted into one sensation. But there is good reason to suppose that Mill was mistaken in his interpretation of the facts to which he refers.

In vol. v., p. 127, of Flint's *Physiology of Man*, it is stated that "it has been shown by Professor Rood that the letters on a printed page are distinctly seen when illuminated by an electric spark, the duration of which has been measured, and found to be not more than forty billionths of a second."

But an impression made on the retina of the eye persists for a variable but sensible time. It has also been ascertained that the innervation of the brain producing a sensation has an appreciable duration. It is thus evident that the time necessary for producing an impression on the retina accords with the speed of light, of which 474,439,680,000,000 waves enter the eye in a second to give the perception of red, but it does not accord with the time needed to produce sensation, so that unless the impression on the retina persisted, no sensation at all would

be produced by the electric flash. Now the rapidly revolving wheel does not rival the electric flash in speed, but the separate impressions it makes on the retina are much too rapid to produce separate sensations. Each successive impression of colour on the retina is thus added to the preceding one, and the physical impression of white made upon the retina before any sensation is produced. This explanation which shows a single sensation from a physical cause is confirmed by the fact that in this experiment any variety of colours produce an effect similar to that of their mechanical combination.

Having by the first illustration established a position damaging to the integrity of our sensations, James Mill in his following examples makes use of this position to undermine associations based upon what are commonly conceived to be necessary laws of thought. To conceive of colour, or solidity, without space and form, is in the judgment of human reason to conceive of an object without the fundamental condition of its existence. It is as if we were to conceive of a man as a bookbinder without ever having had any notion of a book, or of binding. But if such notions are a mere creation of association, whence did the association originate, and how came the notions into it? John Stuart Mill makes an elaborate attempt,* if not to account for the origin, at least to explain the nature of the notion of space according to the association theory, but every line of the explanation implies space as an objective existence. The notion of space conveyed by feeling is held to be (for the most part at least) a notion of succession derived from the duration of muscular motion. It is rendered simultaneous by sight, which brings us impressions apparently simultaneous from many different and "distant" points. Surely it is unnecessary to discuss such an explanation. What notions of "motion," or of "distance," can we form without assuming space?† Sir William Hamilton takes the trouble to argue that the conception of external space can be derived from the perception of colour alone. It would have been more to the purpose had he argued that the possession of sight, the mere possibility of such a faculty, presupposes external space. If we see, it is folly to argue about the existence either of external space, or of the objects perceived in it. If we only imagine we see, we at all events imagine the reality of the dimensions, as well as of the other qualities of the things seen.

As a proof that "inconceivability," considered as a test of necessary association, is a mere product of habit, John Stuart

* Chiefly borrowed from James Bain.

† Thus, Mr. Bain explains that the conception of six inches is derived from the impression arising from the *shortening* of a muscle

Mill says that until the discovery of the Antipodes it was deemed inconceivable that people could stand on the bottom of the world without being nailed on. He alleges that there have been instances in the progress of science of a fact being deemed inconceivable at one time and its opposite at another, and he adds, "If anything which is now inconceivable by us were shown to us as a fact, we should soon find ourselves able to conceive it." From such examples he proceeds to argue that "inconceivability is thus a purely subjective thing, arising from the mental antecedents of the individual mind, or from those of the human mind generally at a particular period, and cannot give us any insight into the possibilities of Nature."

It is noteworthy that subjective philosophers from the time of Hume have used the word "Nature" in a purely arbitrary and unphilosophical sense. What is Nature to them?

In this argument we find the new doctrine of association identifying itself with one of the oldest and stalest devices of scepticism, the attempt to discredit reason by an appeal to the mistakes due to imperfect observation, or inaccurate use of the processes of reasoning. Granting that inconceivabilities have been assumed where they did not exist, does this afford the smallest presumption that there are no true and final inconceivabilities? And if the conclusions of reason are ever refuted, by what are they refuted but by the revised processes of reason itself? It is an utter misrepresentation to impute to men the owlish stupidity implied in Mill's assertion that their notions of what may or may not be conceived are simply due to experience. If our notions, whether of what is, or of what is possible, are contradicted by experience, we are not satisfied with the mere fact. Our reason instantly demands an explanation of it. We may be compelled to abandon our old theory, but until we have found one that will reconcile the new facts with the old, we feel that our knowledge does not harmonize with our reason, and we spare no pains to make it do so.

Moreover, the irreconcilable discrepancy between common and scientific observation and reasoning, which sceptics are so fond of finding, has no existence except in their own imagination. Science never discards the facts of common observation, but only adds new ones to them. Nor does it ever supersede popular conclusions, but only restricts their range. The sun still rises in the east and sets in the west, and "up" and "down" are terms as significant as before the discovery of gravitation, or of the Antipodes, only we know that if we apply them in a given direction they are applicable only at a particular time to that part of the earth on which we stand.

Mill, however, goes on to assert that our most irreducible notions of inconceivability are due to experience only. In the second chapter of his book on Sir William Hamilton, in which he insists upon "the entire inaccessibility to our faculties of any other knowledge of things than that of the impressions which they produce in our mental consciousness," Mill lays down a doctrine which occupies a fundamental place in the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, but is in glaring inconsistency with the philosophical principles of Mill himself. He says :—

> It would, no doubt, be absurd to assume that our words exhaust the possibilities of Being. There may be innumerable modes of it, which are inaccessible to our faculties, and which, consequently, we are unable to name. But we ought not to speak of these modes of Being by any of the names we possess. These are all inapplicable, because they all stand for known modes of Being. We might invent new names for the unknown modes; but the new names would have no more meaning that the x, y, z, of Algebra. The only name we can give them, which really expresses an attribute, is the unknowable.

The doctrine of "the unknowable" has been founded by Mr. Herbert Spencer on Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Mansel's theories of "the absolute" and "the infinite," and the most successful achievement of Mill in his examination of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy is the demolition of these theories in his sixth chapter. Hence it is remarkable to find him setting up in anticipation the theory of the unknowable, which is their legitimate outcome.

Whether there is or is not an "unknowable," is surely a matter of no concern whatsoever. It is certainly a thing with which philosophy has nothing to do. It is a highly reasonable supposition that there is much really existent which is unknown to us; that of the sum of existence we know only a very small part; but it is an utterly unreasonable supposition that there is anything unknowable, of which the existence or the non-existence can in any way affect either us, or anything known to or conceivably knowable by us. If anything within the range of our possible knowledge could at any time past, present, or to come, have been, or be, affected by any other thing, that other thing would not be unknowable by us, although it might very possibly remain unknown to us.

It is, however, a favourite notion with Mill to introduce arguments designed to crush our conception of necessity from the supposition of what may happen in worlds "differently constituted."

"We cannot conceive two and two as five, because an inseparable association compels us to conceive it as four." . . . "We cannot conceive two straight lines as enclosing a space, because . . . the mental image of two straight lines which have once met is inseparably associated with the representation of them as

diverging." The conception of a round square, and of a body at once white and black, are declared to be equally excluded by association, but we are afforded an illustration from an anonymous writer to show that such incompatibilities could be easily reconciled by an experience contradictory of our own. To enable us to conceive that two and two might make five, we are requested to suppose that the Deity might impose that belief upon the inhabitants of another world, which, we are assured, is not beyond the power of omnipotence. A similar supposition suffices to show that our notions of geometrical form are equally arbitrary. As there are many speculators who attempt to reason away the rigidity of mathematical conclusions, it may be as well to say that it is easy to conceive of the inhabitants of this, or any other world, mistaking a curved for a straight line, but it is impossible for anyone to conceive that two straight lines, according to definition, can enclose a space. Thus, when Mill says it is begging the question to say that something is necessary when half the philosophical world fails to see the necessity, that half of the philosophical world must, before its evidence is taken, be required to state its belief without contradicting itself. Mill gains a legitimate triumph over Sir William Hamilton in exposing the inconsistency of the definition of judgment given in his Logic with that in his theory of consciousness. It is no answer to say Sir William Hamilton intended, but neglected, to state that a logical judgment differs from a psychological one. It was Sir William Hamilton's business, if he intended to draw a distinction between logical and psychological judgments, to say wherein the distinction lay, especially as in his psychology he makes any real distinction seemingly impracticable by asserting that a judgment consists solely in comparison. In my opinion there are two distinctions between a judgment properly psychological and a logical judgment. The former is passed upon a single group or object presented to the mind, or, it may be, upon a single sensation; the latter is a comparison between two objects or notions presented distinctly as such: the former judgment, again, contains a reference to and rests upon the principle of causation, while the latter is merely formal. Mill acknowledges the former of these distinctions; but as, in common with the whole school to which he belongs, he explains the principle of causation entirely away, as being nothing but "immediate, invariable, and unconditional" sequence,* he cannot really admit the latter. His contention, accordingly, is that the distinction is extra logical and insignificant. Upon his opponent's inconsistency he remarks, with unwonted solemnity:

* So that we are wrong in saying the wind raises the dust. We ought to say, the wind is the unconditional antecedent of the rising of the dust.

"Coming from a thinker of such ability, it almost makes one despair of one's own intellect and that of mankind, and feel as if the attainment of truth on any of the more complicated subjects of thought were impossible."

But what a disastrous triumph does he here gain for himself and his own cause! He says that in another world, with a different experience, they may believe that two and two make five; but he does not say that any experience would enable us to believe that if two and two make four, four do not make two and two. To say this would be to subvert his own reasoning, and makes his opponent's conclusions equally valid, or rather invalid, with his own. He could no longer address to an opponent the remonstrance he does address in this chapter: "It is necessary to renounce one of these theories or the other." Yet what link is wanting in the chain that forces him into this position? He establishes the identity of our logical and our psychological judgments, yet the main use he makes of the former is to subvert and discredit the latter. He denies that any of our notions are necessary, yet he demands, in the name of necessity, the abandonment of an inconsistent position.

As if to leave no inconsistency uncommitted, Mill gives us (chap. ix.) his definition of philosophical certainty: "We mean by knowledge, and by certainty, an assurance similar and equal to that afforded by our senses . . . it is philosophically maintainable that by the laws of psychology we can conceive no more, and that this is the certainty we call perfect." He also reproaches Sir William Hamilton (chap. xxviii.) with being deficient in the knowledge of physical science necessary to a philosopher. A more equivocal expression than the evidence of our senses it is scarcely possible to use in any connection; in Mills' philosophy it is simply destitute of any meaning whatsoever. Before we can believe the evidence of our senses, we must have senses to believe. If our bodily organs are only psychological entities held together by associations of thought, they can have no real sensations, and can perform but imaginary functions. If, on the other hand, we have real bodily organs, and real senses, we see and handle a real world with these organs, and the "psychological theory" of consciousness is an idle fiction. Mill tells us there is no such thing as absolute scepticism; philosophy, then, must consist in believing anything that is certainly false. What more dismal philosophical creed could there be than that which takes away the reality of our senses, and interprets mind upon the basis of physical observation? Mill is eager to urge that philosophical scepticism does not involve religious scepticism, and often avails himself of Sir William Hamilton's authority for this purpose. This is un-

doubtedly true as a matter of fact. Many philosophers, like Pascal, have availed themselves of philosophical scepticism as an instrument to enforce religious belief. But they do so only at the expense of their own logic. In all such philosophers the *dictum* of Victor Cousin on Kant applies: "*L'homme est absous, le philosophe ne l'est pas.*"

Errors in philosophy have usually a long history; but that of Kant and Mill need be traced only a little way. Kant was a solemn and respectable German, who had never left his native Königsberg. In his day the prevailing philosophy of Europe was derived from these islands. It consisted of a strong web of sophistry woven by a humorous Scotchman from a warp and woof supplied by an English pedant and an Irish enthusiast, and wound round some elemental mixture of fact and fiction. Kant, who was unable to understand Scotch humour, made a vigorous attempt to drag the truth out of its cerements by main force, and naturally pulled away a large amount of the surrounding entanglements with it. Thus, chiefly through his modifications, the elephantine wit of the Scottish comic philosopher continues to dominate modern philosophy to this day. David Hume is the true progenitor of Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel, as well as of Kant, and the whole of German Idealism is thus his work. Mill was an independent believer in the gravity and sincerity of Hume, but while Kant only yielded to the subjective philosophy after a strenuous effort to satisfy the supposed necessity of reaching the original data of consciousness, Mill, as we have seen, treated both its original and acquired data with equal contempt, assuming the latter to be without validity because acquired, and explaining away the former by a reference to assumed laws of association, which have either to be sought for among the objects they are intended to explain, or stand in the position of sole and unauthenticated bases of philosophy.

Sir William Hamilton questioned, and Mill affirmed, the sincerity of Hume. As a destructive criticism of the only forms of philosophy with which he was acquainted, Hume undoubtedly believed in his system. As a positive theory of human knowledge it is impossible that he, or any other man, could believe in it, for the simple reason that it is destructive of itself. Whatever else is true, it certainly is not. There is a letter extant from Hume to Reid in which he plainly indicates his belief that his system was not a final one. I have already noticed his unphilosophical references to "Nature," in which he did believe.

The subjective philosophy has flourished chiefly in England and Germany; the objective in France and Scotland. Is the one Teutonic and the other Celtic? What seems more certain is that

the quality in which Scottish intellect agrees with French is logical clearness and thoroughness; and although logic seems to be of all intellectual possessions the most simple and elementary, it is perfectly true that a logician is born, not made. If this quality is Celtic, the Scotch must have derived it from their Gaelic contingent. But why then should it be so conspicuously absent with the Irish? Perhaps it is due to the combination of the solid but misty German with the vivacious though flighty Celt. But there is also a danger on the side of definiteness and distinctness; and if there is any justification for the subjective philosophy, it is in the ultra-dogmatism of the positive, or objective school. All that we really know of mind and matter respectively, shows that the qualities known of the one are entirely distinct from the qualities known of the other. If we assume these known qualities to be all that is knowable, we necessarily put an insuperable obstacle in the way of any communication between the two. It only accentuates the difficulty, if, after defining God as possesed of a nature as "spiritual" as our own, we invoke His assistance to surmount the incommunicability which we attribute to Him as fully as to ourselves. But while it is certain that mind and matter do exist in intimate communion, it is equally certain that the link which unites them lies wholly beyond our observation. Reason forbids our forcing this gap in our knowledge by an absolute hypothesis, because she will not permit us to assume that we and matter are the only existences. She equally forbids the explaining away of the distinctive qualities of mind at the bidding of the physical theorist. All that physiologists have done in demonstrating the physical antecedents of thought have not carried us one step across the threshold of thought itself, and except in defining on its own side the bounds between itself and psychology, physiology has never been anything but an intruder on the ground of philosophy. The pretension that the progress of science is necessary to that of philosophy is groundless. Science advances step by step from age to age, as one discovery is piled upon another. The knowledge which it brings us is useful, but not indispensable. The problems of philosophy are alike for every age, and to every age their solution is indispensable. It depends upon that solution whether we live as rational and responsible, or as irrational and irresponsible beings.

Robert Scott Moffat.

A PRACTICABLE EXPERIMENT IN HOME RULE.

The term "Home Rule," as the events of the last six months testify, may be taken to cover any change in the relations of the different parts of the United Kingdom, from total separation to a scheme of local self-government which would fail to awaken apprehension in the minds of the most timid. It is the object of these pages to indicate a method by which Home Rule, even to the extent of the formal meeting in Dublin of a representative assembly of Irishmen, might be incorporated into the present Constitution without violating any of its sanctions or straining one of its parts, and that, too, with the immediate result of increasing the influence and insuring the supremacy of the Imperial Legislature.

The considerations that have at any time led people to regard Home Rule favourably, arise mainly from two sources: first, the desire to relieve Parliament of much of the business which congests its activities and threatens to overwhelm its power of work; and secondly, the inclination to recognize, so far as is compatible with the maintenance of Imperial unity, the aspirations of Irishmen, as such, to enjoy a more definite and distinct political existence than has hitherto been accorded to them.

Now the former of these considerations is entitled to full respect; and the second, provided that it is not a manifestation of particularism, and merely aims at giving Irish opinion a clearer and more direct influence upon Irish affairs, need not excite hostile criticism.

It is, however, necessary to examine most carefully the methods by which it may be proposed to give practical effect to these ideas; the field of speculation is novel, and the results obtained may therefore entirely belie anticipation. It was in the machinery of his proposals that Mr. Gladstone so completely broke down, and laid himself open to the charge of creating a state of friction that could only issue in separation.

The establishment of a legislature which, however cautiously its functions might be limited in theory, would be forced by the pressure of opinion to emancipate itself from irksome restraint and claim co-ordinate authority with the Imperial Parliament—the

certain rivalries and too probable conflicts that would follow—afforded a sufficiently gloomy prospect; but, as if to ensure the failure of his plans and stamp them with every mark of hapless want of foresight, Mr. Gladstone suggested the creation of an Irish Executive, responsible to an Irish Parliament whose powers he hesitated to define, and whose pretensions he knew himself impotent to restrain.

The choice of Ministers from the majority of an Irish House of Commons, invested with powers of general taxation and with the duty of preserving order, would have the effect of removing the only moderating influence which is now felt above the strife of parties, and of tainting the Executive with the worst passions of faction. We have only to consider what might be now taking place in Belfast, supposing Mr. Parnell were presiding over an Irish administration, in order to measure the evils we have escaped by the failure of Mr. Gladstone's schemes. In 1800 the Union became a political necessity to save the men of '98 from extermination at the hands of the propertied and sectarian clique who controlled the government of the country; the object of that Union, from a patriotic Irishman's point of view, was to rescue the nation from the excesses of either faction, and to prevent one ascendancy being exchanged for another in the vicissitudes of party contention. That object was gained, and a recurring system of bloody reprisals averted, by reserving for the decision of the Imperial Parliament questions which, on Irish soil, could only have been solved by violence, with the result that, in the course of little more than eighty years, the ecclesiastical difficulty has disappeared, and the healing hands of time and experience are rapidly assisting at the solution of those agrarian, educational, and social problems which sum up the political condition of the country.

Enough has occurred within the period mentioned to indicate the lines upon which alone the progressive amelioration of Ireland can be carried on: it is as clear as daylight that concessions unaccompanied by a firm and resolute administration of the law are accepted as signs of fear, and made the occasion of further demands; and it was unfortunate, to say the least, that just at the moment when, by patient continuance in well-doing, a new social order was likely to be created upon firmer economical foundations, opportunity was taken, in obedience to the clamour of a faction, and under the imperious necessity of obtaining a Parliamentary majority, to throw the Irish question back into the crucible of political agitation.

The result, however, has not been so bad as might have been anticipated, when we consider the inexperience of the great bulk of the electorate to whom the question was referred, and the in-

fluence of the man in whose name the appeal was made. One stage in the controversy has, at any rate, been reached; one phase of the dispute is irrevocably closed: it may at least be said that no proposal for the establishment of a legislative body taking its mandate direct from the Irish people, and administering law in Ireland through the medium of an Irish Executive, will ever again form part of the programme of an English Minister.

From the new point of departure, which the decision of the constituencies has emphasized and confirmed, the Cabinet of the United Kingdom can approach the consideration of Irish matters with a freer hand and an atmosphere cleared of a great deal of political smoke. The "mandate to maintain the Union" imposes upon the Minister who seeks to extend in Ireland the principle of local self-government, an obligation to work on lines that will bring the connection of the Imperial Parliament with Ireland more vividly than hitherto before the minds of the people of that country, and teach them that it is as much an Irish Parliament as an English or Scotch one. It may well be doubted whether the introduction into Ireland of something analogous to the County Boards we are anticipating in this country, would much assist the solution of the problem. The present system of Irish county administration is open to amendment in various important respects; but in the present condition of politics, a county board would instantly become a centre of Nationalist feeling, if not a nucleus of disloyal agitation.

Before changing the hands in which local government rests, at the risk of its falling into those of men whose aims are political and their methods frequently unconstitutional, it may be as well to consider whether some means cannot be found to identify local control with a large development of Parliamentary activity, so far as it may affect Ireland, and thus to reconcile all but irreconcilable opinion with existing Parliamentary institutions.

The germ of the change I advocate is discoverable in that principle of devolution which led two or three years ago to the establishment of Grand Committees, and the consequent relief of the Parliamentary machine in respect of much of its routine work.

The essence of the principle, so far as it was then applied, lay in the granting by Parliament to a limited number of its own body, who were deemed specially conversant with the subject matter to be discussed and shaped into a *projet de loi*, of those deliberative and legislative powers which are inherent in its constitution. The grant of those powers implied no usurpation of the rights of Parliament, still less any derogation from them; as they were granted, so they might be revoked; should they not be exercised for the public advantage, the power of Parliament to

amend, alter, or overrule the decision of a Grand Committee remained unimpaired: the significance of the change lay in the admission that the legislative apparatus was too cumbrous for much of the work required of it, and that smaller bodies of men, with special information upon and closer sympathy with the objects before them, might, as a rule, be trusted to dispose of the details of legislation more expeditiously and more effectually. The principle of devolution has, then, the sanction of precedent and the testimony of experience in its favour; let us see how far circumstances permit its application to the difficulty of reconciling Ireland to the Imperial Parliament, and connecting that reconciliation in the public mind with an improvement in the efficiency of the Parliamentary machine, so far as the interests of all the three kingdoms are concerned.

The proposition I have to submit is briefly that an Act should be framed empowering and authorizing Her Majesty to convoke the Irish, Scotch, and English representatives respectively in Dublin, Edinburgh, and London, for a six weeks' or two months' session every autumn, to be devoted exclusively to matters of internal and domestic interest.

To these assemblies absolute control of Private Bill legislation should be delegated, subject, of course, to the veto of the Queen in Council, and under such rules of procedure as would safeguard all the interests involved. Next, they should be entrusted with the consideration of the initial stages of all Bills limited in their operation to Ireland, Scotland, or England. From this category it would be essential to exclude exceptional measures for the preservation of law and order, as these are not in the main local interests, but the chief concern of all civil government, and there would be an obvious difficulty in gaining the consent of the representatives of Ireland to the first reading of a Crimes Bill. How far other Bills should be dealt with locally is a point which may be very fairly argued; but there would be no harm in allowing them to pass through every stage except the third reading, which would then be reserved for the decision of the combined legislature assembled at Westminster. In order, however, to secure, where necessary, a re-examination in detail into the provisions of any Bill, which was of exceptional importance or had been the subject of acute local controversy, it should be competent for any member adequately supported to demand its recommittal before a Grand Committee of the whole House. The amount of time that would thus be saved, not only by expediting the process of lawgiving, but by narrowing the field of dispute, is not the least part of the gain, but it sinks into insignificance compared with the advantage derived from the prominence such a method of conducting public

business would give to local opinion, and the influence upon legislation that would thus be secured to national feeling.

It is a further advantage of the scheme that it is open to few objections on general grounds : no doubt exception will be taken to many of its details, when they are fully elaborated; but the object of this paper is only to project an outline, and criticism of the microscopic order can best be met as it arises, either by showing it to be misplaced, or by appropriate modifications of the design.

The idea of submitting Bills affecting Ireland and Scotland to Grand Committees of Irish and Scotch members has already been broached, and the scheme suggested in these pages merely aims at providing these Grand Committees with a coherent principle, a complete organization, more definite functions, and a local *venue*, without disturbing the present relations between the Legislature and the Executive in any part of the Kingdom. The tie between these would be maintained by the attendance of the departmental minister, whether Irish or Scotch, at the meetings of the provincial parliament to explain and defend the policy of the Government ; but his responsibility to the Legislature at large would continue unimpaired, and at their hands only could he receive censure or indemnity.

In drawing up the rules of business it might be necessary to place it beyond the province of the local delegations to pass votes of censure upon the Government or any member of it, while their right to adopt abstract resolutions implying the propriety of constitutional change, or to recommend alterations of fundamental law, should be restricted to the privilege of presenting petitions for the consideration of a Grand Committee of the whole House. A reorganization of the Irish Office would necessarily accompany these changes. The Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant might advantageously become an Irish Secretary of State, with an Under Secretary, whose appointment might be subject to the condition that he must be representative of an Irish constituency ; and the occasion might well be taken to divest the Lord Lieutenancy, if it was thought advisable to retain it, of all political colour or ministerial responsibility. The appointment would then be made for a fixed term of years, and the functions of the holder would be limited to the representation of the social and ornamental attributes of English Royalty. Dublin Castle would no longer be a name of sinister import, and the great experiment of choosing a Viceroy from the members of the reigning family might at last be tried without any risk of associating the dynasty with the fortunes of an unpopular political party.

I have been speaking of Ireland alone, although I advocate the

adoption of the same plan in England and Scotland, because it is in the interest of Ireland that it is mainly suggested, and in its application to that country that the principal difficulty would have to be overcome. Full reliance may be placed on the law-abiding instincts of Great Britain, and the acquiescence of its population in any arrangements that may be necessary to adjust the Constitution to the special demands arising from the critical condition and peculiar history of Ireland. Nor, I believe, would many years elapse without a large balance of advantage accruing to both England and Scotland by the change. The prospects of English legislation would be materially improved by the removal of the Irish Members from Westminster during the greater part of the time occupied by the discussion of English measures, and we, as English Conservatives, would not so often have to submit to being out-voted on purely English questions by a hostile combination of Irish and Scotch votes. To take one instance out of many, does anyone suppose that the Church of England would ever be in serious danger if the consideration of questions affecting her fate were reserved for the representatives of English constituencies ? When the united House of Commons did assemble, much greater opportunity would be offered for the examination of the Estimates, the discussion of fiscal policy, and the exercise of a more general supervision over the devious currents of Imperial politics. At the same time, sessions would be shorter and less acrimonious ; a great deal of the temper generated in the Parliamentary atmosphere arises from a mutual misapprehension of local peculiarities. North of the Tweed, even Sir George Campbell might earn the reputation of a useful Member of Parliament, and at Dublin the energies of Dr. Tanner might be bestowed on something better than frivolousness and irrelevance.

Scotland, moreover, would be able to express herself with more clearness and decision on her own needs, with the result, I feel sure, of greatly strengthening and developing the latent Conservatism of Scotchmen. Nothing is more remarkable to one who undertakes the study on the spot than the strong Conservative element in Scotch Liberalism, unless it be the Liberal instincts of Scotch Conservatism ; and if Scotch domestic questions were less directly mixed up with English ones, and Scotch Conservatism was free to pursue its own line of development, I believe you would see in Scotland the creation of a strong body of independent opinion, which in its local aspects might, from an English point of view, be decidedly Liberal, but which, at the same time, might be trusted, in the contentions of general politics, to identify itself with the genuine Conservative tendencies of the English people.

We have, too, to consider what the course of events is likely to

be in the next few years, and, in determining policy, the probable action of an opponent must be carefully weighed. It is clear, however guarded the language in which his purpose is veiled, that Mr. Gladstone hopes to avenge his recent defeat by making Home Rule a Scotch and a Welsh question, as well as an Irish one; and, if he has the time and influence at command, the next Election may be taken on an appeal to race prejudice, as fervid and malevolent as the memorable invocation of class feeling with which he last went to the country. The result would, I venture to think, be a still more crushing defeat, but at the cost of such irreparable mischief to the relations of the different parts of the United Kingdom as one shudders to contemplate. To obviate the risk of such a disaster, and give to Scotland, and, if necessary, to Wales, a more vivid sense of their corporate identity and a political existence, more definite and self-dependent, without any structural changes in the Constitution, but by a simple redistribution of its functional energy, is not so much a task that the Conservative Party might well undertake, but rather an obligation it ought to discharge.

There is one remaining question to which it is necessary to allude, inasmuch as it may be made the ground of objection from a Constitutional point of view, and that is how far the relations between the two branches of the Legislature would be affected by the change. Both Houses have, as everyone knows, a concurrent jurisdiction over all matters of Private Bill legislation, and if the power of dealing absolutely with this class of Bill were granted to the English, Irish, and Scotch members of the House of Commons, sitting severally in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, how could the rights of the House of Lords be properly safeguarded? The case of England would offer no difficulty, Committees of Peers could sit during the autumn session to deal with all Private Bills originating with them or sent up from the Commons; but the Scotch and Irish Members, it may be urged, would be less ready to accept the co-operation of Scotch and Irish peers. That co-operation might, I conceive, be tendered in one of two ways, which would be equally effectual and unobjectionable. The representative peers of each country might, as separate bodies, receive delegated powers to deal with Private Bills as fully as if they constituted the whole Legislature, or, as they are numerically few in proportion to the elected members of the Lower House, it might be arranged that all Private Bills should be submitted to joint committees of Peers and Commoners, or that for all purposes of Private Bill legislation, peers and commoners should, in Scotland and Ireland, sit together, the Peers, for this special object, forming a section of the assembly, elected from a

particular aristocratic class. The present representative character of the Irish and Scotch peerages, so far as their legislative privileges are concerned, would facilitate the adoption of such a plan, and, if carried into effect, it might, by the introduction of a permanent Conservative element into its constitution, go far to reassure the timid as to the use an Irish House of Commons might put their powers of Private Bill legislation. Whether this development of the germ of the representative principle, now found in the Upper House of Parliament, could eventually be expanded, so as to permit a reconstruction of the House of Lords upon comprehensive lines and the incorporation of other elements into its hereditary constitution, and whether such a reconstruction, conceived in a spirit of prudent and respectful statesmanship, would not invest that assembly with a power and permanence commensurate with its present dignity and historical influence, are questions of profound and pregnant importance, but lie beyond the scope of our present inquiry.

In the meantime, it is admitted on all sides that the House of Commons has its hands too full, and that procedure must be reformed if Parliament is ever to reconquer the control of its own time. By the simple expedient here suggested, which is limited to the methods of business and involves no organic change, a reform of procedure could be effected, beneficial in operation and fertile in result. The popular chamber brought into direct communication with the three peoples, would be invested by the new conditions of its existence with a kind of trinity in unity of powers. By a proper distribution of work between the different members of the body, the control exercised by the whole over its parts would augment as their activity expanded, and the development of the legislative energy of Parliament in three separate channels would be accompanied by a proportionate enhancement of its collective dignity as the sole representation of the national unity. Wearing a triple aspect towards its local responsibilities, it would encounter with single front the obligations owed to the Empire. Quickened and reinforced by the multiform life thus poured into its ancient constitution, and sobered by the momentous union of interests it would be called upon to protect, the meetings of the House of Commons at Westminster would be attended with an importance and impressiveness worthy of the grand inquest of the nation.

Nor is the adaptability of the idea to the special needs of the Empire less apparent in relation to the exigencies of the Irish Question. The maintenance of things as they are might have been possible a year ago, but, since Mr. Gladstone attempted to dig up the tree of the Union in order to prove that it was not growing, something must be done to restore its shaken hold upon

the soil, and to regain for a sound political principle its place in the confidence and respect of the Irish people. That can be effected by making the Parliament of the United Kingdom, in a more intimate sense than it has ever yet been, the Parliament of Ireland. If her representatives met separately in Dublin, a living symbol of her share in our Parliamentary institutions would be placed before the eyes of that country. Irish measures would be framed with a more habitual regard to the wants of Ireland and the demands of Irish opinion ; their initial stages would receive the sanction of an Irish assembly; and, with a view to the responsibility resting upon it to prepare Bills for the final decision of the Imperial Legislature, the task would be undertaken in a spirit of sobriety and self-restraint now too frequently absent. The proposals of the Irish section of the House of Commons, thus formulated and advocated in this temper, would meet with a consideration and a respect which, whatever the immediate fate of this or that Bill, would lay the foundations of an ultimate agreement between the representatives of the three countries.

So out of the contentions and misunderstanding of centuries might gradually be evolved in the consciousness of each people a deeper sense of mutual obligation and a firmer faith in their united destinies; and there would at length dawn for all a day of purer concord, of riper liberty, of more stable and enduring social order.

ALMERIC FITZROY.

AFTER HORACE.

In spring the zephyr breathes again,
And keels are carried to the main;
The river bursts his frosty coat,
On swelling waves the cygnets float;
No more the North-wind moans on high,
But sheep on meadows softly lie,
And Luna sheds a kindly light
Where Nymph and Dryad dance at night.
O comrade, now, while life is thine,
To Bacchus pour the festive wine,
And on thy rustic altar now
To Faunus pay the duteous vow,
And crown with vernal wreaths thy head:
There is no joy among the dead.
Death visits with an equal lot
The splendid house and straw-built cot.
For thee the shadowy threshold waits,
The Stygian flood, and Pluto's gates:
Where thou, in darkness lapt, alway
Shalt mourn the loss of upper day.

Harold A. Perry.

WHY SHOULD WE BREAK UP THE MARRIAGE CODE?

A Reply to Lord Bramwell.*

It is at the request of others—not from the self-confidence which might naturally be ascribed to me, had I of my own accord undertaken to answer a great lawyer on a question of law, civil and ecclesiastical, and a veteran statesman upon a question of profound social interest—that I attempt such a reply as may be within my powers to the recent essay of Lord Bramwell upon this subject. I earnestly wish that the duty had fallen upon another; if only because, upon such a question, names weigh with the many much more heavily than arguments; because Lord Bramwell's reputation alone would countervail with most readers the soundest law and divinity, the highest authorities, judicial and theological, that I might quote. Upon the scriptural controversy, neither he nor I can claim to speak with authority. Upon the social bearings of the law, he seems to have little, and nothing new, to say; and it is upon this point that experience and prolonged and careful thought may enable me to add something to what has already been written on a subject so long and loudly if not exhaustively discussed.

Judges of even higher credit than Lord Bramwell's—and especially of far higher authority upon a subject of this kind—contradict emphatically his view of the law as it stood before Lord Lyndhurst's Act, and as that Act affected it. Lord Hatherley, Lords Brougham, Cranworth, Wensleydale, and Chelmsford—the four latter speaking *ex cathedra*, and pronouncing the judgment of the House of Lords—laid down the absolute invalidity of all incestuous or forbidden marriages with unmistakable emphasis. Prior to Lord Lyndhurst's Act, all incestuous marriages stood upon the same footing. They could only be challenged in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and only during the lifetime of the parties. This was a mere point of procedure. As I understand, the man who had pretended to marry his sister or his sister-in-law, and his so-called wife, were liable to be prosecuted in the Church Courts *pro salute animæ*. The formal object of the prosecution was to

* *Nineteenth Century*, September 1886.

save their souls by putting a stop to the incestuous intercourse. As the death of either party terminated that intercourse, there was no basis for proceeding after the continuance of the sin had become impossible. By this accident of procedure and jurisdiction, there was no direct means of pronouncing the marriage void and the children illegitimate after the death of the parents. But, indirectly, the question might be raised, as it was raised in the case of *Fenton* v. *Livingstone* before the House of Lords. Lord Hatherley observes that: "Our opponents represent Lord Lyndhurst's Act as that which first invalidated the marriages in question, saying that till then they were only voidable. I stated in the House of Commons ten years ago * that this was a gross mistake, that such marriages were absolutely invalid at all times, and from the time of Henry VIII. had been so dealt with by statute." In *Fenton* v. *Livingstone*, Lord Brougham pronounced that it (marriage with a deceased wife's sister) "was clearly illegal by the law of England. That law treated it as incestuous by the rules of the Ecclesiastical Courts, which alone has cognizance of this objection to a marriage. It could not be questioned, except during the lives of husband and wife [*i.e.* in the Church Courts]; but it was illegal, and if questioned while both parties were alive, it must have been declared void *ab initio*. And why? *Because it was contrary to law.*" Lord Brougham's colleagues unanimously concurred. The House of Lords, consisting of four judges fully Lord Bramwell's equals, pronounced these marriages *to have been void, not voidable, before Lord Lyndhurst's Act.* It is strange that Lord Bramwell should be ignorant of this most important decision; or that, if aware of it, he should have stated the contrary in the most peremptory terms, without reference to the adverse judgment which, I believe, is still a binding precedent—if a case involving the state of the law before 1835 could now arise.

It is equally strange that Lord Bramwell should lay down a construction of Lord Lyndhurst's Act repudiated by authorities fully equal to his own, *inter alios*, Lord Selborne and Lord Hatherley, without frankly stating, for the benefit of unlearned readers, that his view was individual and exceptional, not to say heretical. The overwhelming weight of judicial opinion, ever since the Act passed, is against him. Lord Hatherley pronounced the following points beyond dispute: that Lord Lyndhurst's Act made no difference between incestuous marriages, and applied exactly in the same manner to marriage with a sister as with a sister-in-law; that it did *not* declare any then existing incestuous marriage to be good, but simply prevented any suit in the Ecclesiastical Courts for declaring void such existing marriage. The effect of

* Written a quarter of a century since.

the Act upon future marriages of that class was not to render them void *ab initio*—that they already were—but to provide that they should be treated as void *whenever* brought under the cognizance of the law; to deprive them, in fact, of even the form of legality or possibility of validation.

To men familiar with the course of English legislation, the logical inconsistency of such an Act is not surprising—is in perfect accord with the almost invariable usage of Parliament. The actual state of the law was intolerable. The *de facto* validity of a marriage absolutely void *de jure*, and the legitimacy of the children, turned upon the chance of prosecution, the time of its commencement, and the length of the offenders' lives. The object to be attained was the absolute prevention of such marriages in future. Those already contracted had to be dealt with—must be validated or avoided—by the action of Parliament. *Ex post facto* penal legislation, the aggravation of penalties for the worst crimes already committed, nay, even the introduction of a new certainty of punishment, was contrary to all Parliamentary traditions and precedents. Therefore, wicked and abominable as all these marriages were held by the authors of the Act, since they could not be all avoided they were *all* legalized —marriages between own brothers and sisters as much as those within the forbidden degrees of affinity. No one who knows the history of legislation as Lord Bramwell does, or even as I do, can possibly infer from this peculiarly English act of inconsistent mercy any toleration, any lenient judgment of forbidden marriages, on the part of the authors of the statute, of Parliament, or of English society. Their judgment on the subject is to be found exclusively in their provision for the future, which rendered such marriages null, illegal, and ineffectual to all intents and purposes. As concerns the question in hand, the most significant feature of Lord Lyndhurst's Act is that it placed marriage with a deceased wife's sister on exactly the same footing, both for the future and the past, with the most hideous forms of consanguineous incest. Lawyers at least as well qualified to judge of such a point as Lord Bramwell pronounced that Lord Lyndhurst's Act left the parties living in incestuous marriage liable to punishment in those cases where personal punishment might be possible. The law, then, past and present, is morally and technically the exact opposite of that laid down by Lord Bramwell. These marriages were always forbidden and incestuous. Parliament could not aggravate the position of former offenders, and was therefore compelled to protect them and their children from the more or less remote possibility of proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court. For the future, the hands of the Legislature were free. It left these mar-

riages void *ab initio* and contrary to law, in Lord Brougham's words; but it ensured their actual avoidance.

The theological view of the question turns on two passages of Scripture; the 18th chapter of Leviticus, and the declaration that man and wife are one flesh. From the latter, Lord Bramwell draws an inference which, from any other advocate of his cause, would have been received with laughter. If A. and Z., as man and wife, are one flesh, not only are Z.'s relatives A.'s, and *vice versâ*, but B., A.'s brother, and Y., Z.'s sister, are made brother and sister—by a marriage with which they had no concern! Even were "one flesh" a literal fact, this inference would not hold. A.-Z. is brother-sister to X. and Y. and to B. and C., but no relation is thereby created between B. and Y. Lev. xviii. forbids marriages between persons "near of kin," and proceeds to define nearness of kin by particular instances. The prohibitions are all addressed to the male sex, are all within the third degree, and are examples only, leaving a number of incestuous unions of the worst kind forbidden only by inference. Because a nephew may not marry an aunt by blood or marriage, it is universally inferred that an uncle may not marry a niece. There is no direct prohibition of this or of several other confessedly unlawful marriages, whether precluded by consanguinity or affinity. But affinity is treated as constituting precisely the same nearness of kin as consanguinity in the same degree. The brother may not marry the brother's widow: therefore, by parity of reasoning, the widower may not marry the wife's sister. Were nothing expressly said upon the subject, this inference, resting on exactly the same footing as all the other inferential prohibitions accepted by Jews and Christians alike, would be conclusive, and would hardly have been disputed even by those who have defied it. But in verse 18, a man is forbidden to "take a wife to her sister to vex her beside the other in her lifetime." There are varieties of reading and construction, but only one that seems of any importance. Some theologians, perhaps seeking to find a basis for that prohibition of polygamy which is nowhere directly to be found in Scripture, perhaps distressed by the apparent inconsistency of the limitation "during her lifetime," have construed the text, not "a wife to her sister," but "one wife to another." But the traditions of the patriarchs, the practice of the Jews up to and after the promulgation of this law, and its subsequent interpretation, history and common-sense, alike put such an interpretation out of the question. It may accord with the Hebrew: it does not with the fact. But from this express limited prohibition, Lord Bramwell and his party infer a *permission* contrary to the clear purport of the chapter at large. By tradition, Jewish and Christian, by common-sense, by

the emphatic language in which we are told more than once that marriage between those near of kin, whether by affinity or consanguinity, "is an abomination," or "is wickedness," we are compelled to infer from the prohibition of the brother's wife a prohibition of the wife's sister. Moreover, in the next preceding verse, to take a mother and daughter or grand-daughter is forbidden in language which suggests contemporaneous union; but the reason given for the prohibition, the nearness of kin, clearly extends it beyond the lifetime of the relatives specified. In its construction, in its connection, in its contradiction, in its special condemnation, "during life-time," of a marriage which would otherwise have been forbidden by inference, verse 18 is exceedingly perplexing; and it seems most unsafe to base upon such a verse an exception to a general rule which admits of no other. Still, so far as this verse goes, it seems to me an argument in Lord Bramwell's favour, though an eminently weak and unsatisfactory one. There seems, indeed, no need of the verse whatever, since by general rule marriage with a sister-in-law was already forbidden, not during her lifetime, but for ever. What we should have expected, had the Lawgiver intended what Lord Bramwell says he must intend, would be an *express permission* to marry a sister-in-law after her sister's death.

The prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister rests, then, upon the general rule of construction applicable to the chapter as a whole, specially applied to the prohibition of a brother's wife. But this prohibition itself is in conflict, silent but direct, with a special command belonging not to the moral but to the social law, the tradition of the Levirate expressly sanctioned in another passage. Leviticus xviii. says: "Thou shalt not take thy brother's wife." Elsewhere, it is ordained that, a husband dying without issue, his brother [in practice, his nearest kinsman, however distant] must take his wife and "raise up issue to his brother" or kinsman. This law or tradition is far older and of far wider application than that of Moses. It arose, according to the best authorities, in the days of polyandry, and is a relic of that unnatural system. It must be observed that in Lev. xviii. the prohibition is positive and without exception. It is difficult to believe that the writer had the law of the Levirate in mind. That law, as a common practice, belonged to a far earlier age, a very different state of society from that in which, as I believe, the law of Moses was promulgated. It belongs to a semi-barbarous and purely agricultural society, a state of things and thought in which the extinction of a family was, on religious rather than on social grounds, regarded as a terrible calamity. The Lawgiver, I suppose, not seeing it in operation, forgot it. But it was too deeply rooted

in tradition, as is shown by the story of Tamar and the Book of Ruth, to be altogether omitted from the code. It is, therefore, inserted in a different place, and the list of forbidden marriages takes no cognizance of it whatever.

With the Levirate, however, Christendom has confessedly nothing to do. It derives its marriage code from Lev. xviii., and (the 18th verse omitted) that code is consistent, clear, and logical; strictly accordant, moreover, with the Christian doctrine of the unity of wedlock. Are Christians—Lord Bramwell asks—bound by this law? If the Bible, and the whole Bible, be the religion of Protestants, I should say "Certainly." The prohibitions are not meant for the Jews exclusively. The Canaanites are to be cast out expressly because they had not observed this code, because incestuous unions, some forbidden by blood, some by affinity, had rendered them "abominable." The sin which called for the extermination of a whole race not descended from Abraham must be a sin against nature; a sin of yet deeper dye in all, at least, who recognize a revelation in the moral law of the Old Testament. But have Christians a right to enforce their moral law upon others? Lord Bramwell says it is persecution to do so. I venture to doubt whether he paused to think or look for a parallel. It *may* be persecution to punish those who proclaim in the streets that property is robbery; it is no persecution to visit them with long years of penal servitude if they act upon that doctrine, though but to take a loaf or a farthing from its legal owner. So it would be persecution to forbid Lord Bramwell to argue this question; it is no persecution to tell him: You shall not do what the great majority of your countrymen consider immoral.

And here we come to that aspect of the question which Lord Bramwell has scarcely touched, and on which, it appears to me, the issue turns, and ought to turn, by which I believe it will and should be decided. I understand Lord Bramwell to admit that Society has the right to promulgate a code of forbidden degrees, a law of incest. It is certain that all civilized societies have done so, whether upon religious or upon distinctly social grounds. Probably the aid of religion has been invoked to enforce, by its awful sanctions and unseen penalties, the dictates of instinct, experience, domestic convenience, and common-sense. As Lord Bramwell thinks it right and just to forbid marriage with a step-daughter on the narrowest possible grounds—because the step-father's age is generally unsuitable, and his influence likely to be overbearing—he must confess that, if marriage with a deceased wife's sister be open to objections as strong as these, about the weakest that could be invoked to support a prohibition of marriage, the law as it

stands is justifiable. He promises to discuss both the convenience and the inconvenience of these marriages, but confines himself practically to one single point of alleged inconvenience, the rare case in which a widower desires to marry his sister-in-law. He ignores, or nearly so, the effect of the proposed change upon that great majority of widowers who have no such wish, and confines himself absolutely to the narrowest possible view of the question, the interest of widowers, their children, and the children's maternal aunts. Aunts, says he, are the best stepmothers. Aunts, we reply, are better than stepmothers. One half of them, the father's sisters, happily cannot change their relation. How can the wife's sister be made a better guardian by *becoming a stepmother*, by having children of her own to care for? In this argument, Lord Bramwell tacitly assumes that the sister-in-law cannot remain with her brother except as his wife. Wherever this is so, it is the fault of Lord Bramwell's faction, an infinitesimal minority of the people, a yet more infinitesimal minority among those poor for whose case he invokes our especial compassion. The case of those widowers who have but one room is, no doubt, an awkward one. It leads to much mischief, to many forbidden unions; but, of those unions, one of the rarest is the only one which Lord Bramwell proposes to legalize. We may, therefore, set this particular case aside, unless we are prepared, on the same grounds, to legalize all the forms of incest to which the "single room" gives rise. Nothing but the selfish and sinful passions indulged in defiance of law by Lord Bramwell's clients, and the agitation factitiously kept up by the richer among them, has made it difficult for an aunt to undertake, as sister and aunt, the charge of her sister's children. Narrowing the case, as he narrows it, to the position of widowers, for one happy marriage he hopes to make, he makes at least three unhappy homes, excluding from them the sister who has no wish to be her sister's successor.

But the question cannot be so narrowed; as has been repeatedly shown by the Marriage Law Defence Union, and was shown at length by several speakers at a meeting immediately after Lord Bramwell's speech in the House of Lords. The noble Lord might have condescended to learn what impression his reasoning had produced upon a meeting presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to glance at arguments which the principal organ of the Church of England thought it worth while to reproduce in detail. But those arguments he, like all advocates of change, finds it safer to ignore. The relation between brother-in-law and sister-in-law does not begin with the wife's death. It must be radically altered *during her life* by the proposed change. Sisters-in-law cannot be possible wives

and continue to be actual sisters. Lord Bramwell himself would probably admit that they could no longer, as aunts, take charge of a widower's household; that the permission of marriage is the prohibition of sisterhood. But the interest of widowers and their sisters-in-law, though that interest is altogether against the change proposed, is but a very small part of the interests at stake. The character of the relation during the wife's life is a far more important question; affects directly the well-being of fifty families for one that is concerned directly in the question of marriage with sisters-in-law. It nearly concerns a great majority of families on what terms brother and sister-in-law are to meet. You *cannot* make the wife's sister a stranger to the husband. If the marriage be what it should be, what, let us hope, the great majority of English marriages are, the sister of the wife he loves—her intimate companion for eighteen or twenty years, still the object of the closest affection, the most confidential trust she bestows outside of her own household, her favourite guest, her nurse in sickness—cannot be to the husband as an ordinary visitor. She is far too intimately associated with those recollections of his wife's girlhood and childhood in which he is deeply and fondly interested. At present she is generally as near, very often nearer and dearer to him than his own sisters. She is certainly, in every family in which the old faith is held, into which the polluting idea of an unnatural passion has found no way, the husband's sister because she is the wife's. The wife's trust, the wife's reliance on her help at need, the wife's frank confidence in both, draws them far too near for any other relation than that of brother and sister.

But, again, suppose a difference of ten, twelve, or fifteen years between the sisters. The younger has been to the elder, before marriage parted them, almost as a daughter; has been nursed in her arms, has been watched, taught, caressed, loved as a child is only loved by a mother or an elder sister. As a child she comes into her married sister's house, becomes, by right of nature, by habit, by necessity, almost a daughter of that house, the petted darling alike of husband and wife, perhaps ere yet they have children of their own; perhaps, in her turn, the nurse and guardian of those children. As she grows into maidenhood, is she to cease, can she cease, to be what she has always been? What, again, in case of orphanhood? For one home in which the aunt may be the best stepmother—though a far worse guardian than had she never been more than aunt—there are dozens in which the married sister and the brother-in-law are the only available and suitable guardians of fatherless and motherless girls. Is such a home to be closed against them? Is the husband to refuse the guardianship and guidance of their nearest male relative, the shelter of the only

home open to them, to the companions or the charges of his wife's girlhood, to those, it may be, whom, through difference of years and frequency and intimacy of intercourse, he has already learnt to love and cherish as children of his own?

It is a mockery and a snare, if no worse, to say that the possibility of marriage should make no difference. It alters, it poisons, the whole relation. To all wholesome natures, the impossibility of marriage is the exclusion of passion. It matters not exactly where the line is drawn: wherever it is drawn by the law of this or that nation, but above all by immemorial usage and domestic tradition, there the sacred protection of natural feeling and domestic love follows it. No wise man, in youth or in the prime of life, would undertake, even though his wife's feeling and faith urged him to it, the domestic guardianship of young cousins or of strangers who in a few years may be attractive maidens in the bloom of youth, just when the toils and cares of wifehood and motherhood are telling upon the mistress of their home; when her charm, the bond by which she holds her husband's heart, is one of memory, of association, rather than of passion. No man hesitates to adopt his niece or his wife's niece, because as yet no loathsome notion of passion has been permitted to touch the relation. No man feared—till this evil agitation, notoriously got up for the gratification of the passions of a few rich men, defiled the relation and impaired the trust that belongs to it—to adopt his wife's sisters as inmates of his home. And honest, pure-minded men and loving husbands and brothers will still open their homes to the orphan sisters of their wives, at whatever peril; but that there is peril, that slander is certain and trouble likely to follow, that the peace of the home may be endangered, that this kinsman will interfere with well-intended but offensive counsel, and that with cowardly mischief-making, is unhappily a fact; and for that fact I, and the thousands who have felt and been situated as I, have to thank Lord Bramwell and his like. The question is not one that concerns the few hundred widowers whose advocate he is. It concerns us, husbands and fathers, wives and mothers, brothers and sisters in law, far more deeply. For one of *them* there are thousands of *us*; hundreds probably who have to consider whether we dare or dare not adopt those who, but for him and such as he, would be sisters in fact and by acknowledgment as they are already sisters in law and in love. The wrong he, and the unthinking men who have followed such guidance as his, have done to us, the wound they have given to the purity, peace, and comfort of English homes, rankles deep, bitterly, unpardonably; and till they shall give us very different reasonings and very different evidence from any they have yet even alleged, we have the right to say, in our own interest as the

vast majority, and in the interests of our posterity, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*

There is more than one sentence in Lord Bramwell's argument which suggests that he has given but very hasty and very careless study to his subject. It is simply absurd to ascribe the present law to priestly or other "asceticism." It is the natural and logical consequence of the code accepted by the Christian Church from the law of Moses, confirmed as the spirit of that law is by the Christian teaching which makes husband and wife, in regard to their relatives, one flesh. It is an essential, inseparable part of that law. It is difficult, if not impossible, to see how the Apostles or the earliest Fathers could have taken any view but that they did take, could have based their marriage code on any other authority, or could have construed nearness of kin in such a way as to exclude the wife's sister. Such a sentence could only have been written in haste by one who had studied neither the history nor the logic of the question. The bearing of the proposed change upon other relations of affinity has been treated with equal haste and heedlessness. It is not necessary that the law should be logical; it is quite possible to legalize this one alone among a number of marriages forbidden by the same principle. But it is impossible to secure respect for such a law. The wife's sister is nearer of kin than her own daughter, the wife's niece. If she be not "near of kin," neither is the step-daughter. The legalization of these marriages destroys at once the logical and the moral basis on which all prohibitions grounded on affinity rest, and have rested for 1,800 years. It may be possible still to *forbid* marriage with a wife's niece or daughter; it will be impossible to prevent or punish it; to retain for a palpably inconsistent prohibition the respect of the nation, or the sanction of society. Such marriages can no longer be denounced as immoral and abominable, when once the rule placing affinity and consanguinity on the same footing, the immemorial basis of the Christian marriage law, has been infringed.

Equally reckless is Lord Bramwell's appeal to foreign marriage codes and Romish dispensations. The conditions of Colonial life are so utterly different from ours that the absence of mischief there would be no guarantee for the working of such a change at home. And it is absurd to say that laws which have scarcely existed for a generation, few of them for more than half a generation, have been put to the test at all. The marriage law and practice of Germany, and of the Northern and Western States of the American Union, are not examples, but hideous warnings. A cankerous licence, a social rottenness simply indescribable, has followed step by step the first relaxation of Christian tradition.

And lastly, Lord Bramwell reminds us that the Church of Rome grants dispensations for marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and ventures to ask, Would they be granted for brother and sister? Is he ignorant, then, that they have been granted for marriage with a brother's daughter? The immorality of Italy, the still more widespread and revolting licence of French society and literature, may be traced, in all probability, mainly to this practice of dispensation; though that practice was denounced by the old law of France, by the old principles of the Catholic Church, as inapplicable to marriages "forbidden by the law of God," among which marriage with a wife's sister has always been ranked. When once the possibility of dispensation within the Levitical degrees is recognized, the value of the law, the security of all relations of affinity is sapped to the foundation. In the same way, the licence taken by Lord Bramwell's clients, the half-hearted indulgence accorded to them in society, has impaired the strength of our own law and tradition, and invaded the peace and purity of our homes. So far from making this a ground for legalizing that licence, and extending to still forbidden marriages the social half-toleration granted to the first infraction of the code, this experience is a striking and signal proof of the folly, if it be harsh to say the wickedness, of the agitation to which Lord Bramwell has lent the authority of his name; the strongest possible reason for refusing to weaken such support as the law of England still gives to the immemorial tradition of every Christian society, and the sanctity of the relations created by marriage.

PERCY GREG.

LIFE AT THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

The word University has a very different meaning in Scotland from that which it bears in England. At Oxford and at Cambridge Learning has her favourite seats, chosen for her long ago. She is there richly endowed, she gathers her sons about her in homes of her own, she is the ruling spirit of the towns which she has made famous. In Glasgow and Edinburgh, on the other hand, she stands on one side, overshadowed; her voice can scarcely be heard in the din of commerce, of manufacture, of civic life, which goes on around her. But this is not all. The Scottish Universities fulfil an ideal and perform functions totally different from those of their richer and more highly favoured sisters south of the Tweed. In England the idea is, in the first place, to afford to young men of the upper and of the upper-middle classes the best possible education, both intellectual and moral; and, in the second place, to endow learning and research with a secure and congenial home. In Scotland the idea is to afford to all comers of the male sex, rich or poor, young or old, the means of improving themselves intellectually, and of fitting themselves for the learned professions. The very wideness of the scope of this intention, in respect of the persons for whose benefit the Scotch Universities are supposed to exist, narrows the sphere of operations in regard to each student. The endowment of research is, at the Scottish Universities, almost entirely, the moral training of the students is totally, neglected. This is, indeed, almost a matter of necessity. The endowments are hardly large enough to provide adequate teaching power for the fifteen or sixteen hundred lads and young men who crowd the class-rooms at Edinburgh or Glasgow, and leave nothing to spare for learned leisure; while it would take a whole battalion of proctors to look after the behaviour of so many undergraduates, living, not in halls, but in separate lodgings. It would be impossible to imagine a system of college discipline, of board and lodging, which would suit both the son of the wealthy merchant and the son of the small shop-keeper who can live comfortably on fifteen shillings a week. The theory of the English Universities is to take lads of nineteen or twenty, and, for a reasonable sum, give them a liberal education, and turn them out, in three years' time, well-

mannered young men, accustomed to the society of their equals, and (to use a convenient phrase) "free from vice." The theory of the Scotch universities is to give the opportunity of acquiring knowledge, as much or as little as may be desired, during six months out of the twelve, for eight or ten guineas a year.

The obvious danger of the Scottish system is that the Universities may degenerate into large middle-class day-schools; and this fate has, to a considerable degree, overtaken them. For many years Scotland has been living upon her old reputation in educational matters—a reputation earned in the days when she was the only one of the three kingdoms in which primary schools were established by law in every parish. Until lately, at least, a larger proportion of her population were able to read and write than was the case in England or Ireland. But this state of things is fast passing away; and in the point of secondary education, the truth is, Scotland has always been (but for her Universities) lamentably deficient. In a few of the larger towns, besides Edinburgh and Glasgow, there are "High Schools," which correspond to the grammar-schools of England; but they are only available for the boys who live within walking distance of them. Schools in which the pupils reside, or at which the masters keep boarding-houses for the boys, have been until lately almost unknown in Scotland, and they are still by no means common. One reason of this has been that the boarding-school system of education is necessarily an expensive one, and the Scotch were, until recent times, a poor, and are even now a frugal people. But another reason lay in the Puritanical principles which have taken so deep a hold of the Scottish character. A Scotch parent lays down a tolerably narrow path, and determines that his son shall walk in it up to the age of fifteen or sixteen. If with such a training he shall afterwards wander into the broad way, his blood be upon his own head. Home life, home influences, count for everything to the average Scotchman, so far as the education of morals is concerned. The due performance of religious observances is a matter of prime necessity; and Scotch parents are always unwilling to confide the task of seeing that their boys learn the Shorter Catechism and forbear all amusement on Sundays to any schoolmaster, however zealous. The effect of the dislike of boarding-schools, and the absence of good secondary day-schools has been to turn the Universities into grammar-schools of a rather inefficient type, so far as a considerable portion of the students is concerned.

The one redeeming feature of the system has been the superior character (in very many instances) of the old parish schools. Many of the masters of these schools had passed through the curriculum at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, and were well able to drill

boys in Latin, Euclid, and the rudiments of Greek. At almost all parish schools a little Latin, at least, could be learned; and as soon as a boy could struggle through a page of Virgil, and had stowed away a fair number of Euclid's propositions, he was considered ripe for the University. The Universities were, of course, compelled by the very theory of their existence, to adapt themselves to this state of things. Boys presented themselves in scores for matriculation, who could not pass the simplest examinations; and Glasgow, at least, met the difficulty by providing classes which might be profitably attended by those who had not yet climbed over the *pons asinorum*, or mastered the Greek alphabet. These classes are now attended in large numbers, not by boys only, but by men who, somewhat late in life, have caught the sacred flame, and have determined to begin a University career at the age of thirty. The system is a bad one in every respect. One might almost as well begin to learn Greek without a master, as in a class of one hundred and twenty students for one hour a day. It was an odd sight to see at Glasgow some years ago him who was justly described as—

> Bearing all that weight
> Of learning lightly, as a flower,

helping some horny-handed son of the soil to battle with the mysteries of τύπτω. If the same professor received elegiacs from some of his students in which even his fastidious ear could scarcely detect a blemish, the result could hardly be ascribed by anyone to the excellence of the system.

Each of the Scottish Universities comprises four "Faculties"—Arts, Medicine, Divinity, and Law. Edinburgh still maintains her old reputation as one of the best medical schools in the United Kingdom; and the law lectures are believed to be also exceptionally good at Edinburgh. Only those students who are intended for the ministry of the Church of Scotland attend the Divinity classes at any of the four Universities, the dissenting Presbyterian bodies having Divinity Halls of their own. Divinity students always attend four years at the "Arts" classes, unless they pass a preliminary examination, and so escape the first year. Medical and law students, as a rule, spend only two years at Latin, Greek, and logic, before they proceed to their special studies. It must be understood that "a year" means, at a Scotch University, a "session" of barely six months, from the beginning of November till the end of April. There are, it is true, short "summer sessions"; but these exist only for medical students. This arrangement of the year is necessary on account of the poverty of a large number of the students. And an incidental benefit of considerable importance arises from what seems at first

sight a very bad arrangement of the academical year. The work of a Scotch University professor is, while it lasts, exceedingly arduous; and while some of the chairs at Edinburgh and Glasgow are supposed to be worth two or three thousand a year, many of them are but poorly endowed. To be absolutely master of one's own time for six months of the year is a great boon; and constitutes an attraction which helps the northern Universities to fill their chairs with exceptionally able men.

As might have been expected from the absence of good secondary schools in many parts of Scotland, lads begin their University studies at a very early age. Sixteen is a very common age for matriculation even now; and this is an improvement upon the state of things which existed some years ago. Assuming that a lad of sixteen goes to a Scotch University with a fair elementary knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, he will generally finish his "Arts" course in four years; that is, four sessions of six months each, extending over four years. For the first session he will probably "take" junior Latin, junior Greek, and junior mathematics, spending two hours a day in the Latin class-room, and one in each of the other two. If he chooses to be lazy, and declare himself "not prepared," too often in the course of the session, the professor may refuse to sign his "class-ticket," and thus compel him to go over the ground again, if he wishes to take a degree. The second year he will take senior Greek, and senior Latin, exchanging, in Greek, Homer and Xenophon, for Euripides and Demosthenes; and, in Latin, Virgil and Cicero for Horace and Tacitus. For one hour each day in each class he is expected to be prepared to translate when called upon; for the second hour he may have merely to listen to the "prelections" of the professor, who reads for his benefit a play of Aristophanes or one of Juvenal's Satires, as the case may be. His third session he spends upon logic, moral philosophy, and, perhaps, English literature; his fourth is devoted to natural philosophy; that is, a taste of statics, dynamics, and science generally, and (if his talents lie in that direction), senior mathematics. But it is well understood that every student is at liberty to arrange his studies as he sees fit, and to present himself for examination for his degree in arts in each of the three departments of classics, mental philosophy, and natural philosophy, if and when he has a mind to do so, and not otherwise. In all these classes prizes are given, as at schools; the names of the prize-winners being decided (in accordance with long-established custom) by the votes of the students of the class. As a rule, the plan works remarkably well.

Lectures begin every day at eight o'clock, and are generally over by one or two in the afternoon. Of course there are no "chapels," in

the English University sense of the term. There is a "University Chapel" at Glasgow; but it is used only for fashionable sermons on Sunday afternoons; education at the Scotch Universities (apart from the Divinity Faculty, which is quite an affair by itself) is purely "unsectarian." When lectures are over, the students either go back to an early dinner at their lodgings, or betake themselves to the reading-room of the library, or to football, or the gymnasium. There is no boating, and but little cricket, at any of the northern seats of learning. Most of the students spend their evenings in preparing for the next morning's lectures; for, as a rule, the Scottish youth goes to college to work, not to play. Evening amusements he has none. In the first place he cannot afford them; and in the second place, theatres and cards are alike forbidden by the stern law of Scotch Puritanism. His only recreations are football, and a long walk on Saturday afternoon.

This is a fair sketch of the daily round of an average Scotch student, so far as one can take an average of so miscellaneous a body as the students of a northern University. It will be seen that the life is a singularly narrow one, and that it affords very few opportunities of social intercourse. There is, in fact, no "student life" in Scotland: there is not a trace (except at St. Andrew's) of the collegiate life which is the great charm of Oxford and of Cambridge. Scotch students are not a body of young men associated together for any object, but a number of isolated youths, each leading his own life in his own way, scattered up and down over a great city, and brought together for two or three hours a day for purposes of instruction. They do not "keep terms," they "attend classes." They form into little groups, each group composed of two or three youths of similar tastes; and life-friendships are often the result of these early acquaintances; but the fact that they have nothing in common, except their studies, from the day the session opens to the day it closes, prevents anything like fellowship on a wide scale, or anything resembling University life in the proper sense of the word. There are debating and other societies, as a matter of course; but they are generally in a languishing condition. Many of the students harbour the idea that in spending time with their fellow-students they are neglecting their work and giving somebody else an advantage in the race. There is, indeed, one period when there is abundance of "student-life" at the Scotch Universities, though it lasts for only a week or ten days every third year. It is the proud privilege of the undergraduates to elect the Lord Rector, who is an important personage, practically as well as theoretically, in University matters. Of late years rectors have been chosen more for the popularity of their political principles than for their literary or scientific eminence;

and the great body of the students range themselves for the time under the rival flags of the Liberal and Conservative Associations. Very often, however, there is a third body, the Independents, who profess to be superior to political considerations and to recognise only academical or literary distinctions in their choice, and who do useful service by adding to the uncertainty of the final issue, and thereby increasing the excitement. The rival associations hold meetings on alternate evenings in the class-rooms—meetings in which peas generally take the place of arguments, and which are often enlivened by free fights of a harmless character. Nobody is supposed to do any work while the election is going on. The "courts" (as quadrangles are called in the north) are kept alive with electioneering hand-bills, parodies, and squibs of all descriptions—with songs, badinage, and cheering at anything or nothing. At length the eventful day dawns, the election takes place, the last volley of peas is delivered, and next day everybody settles down to work for the ensuing six months.

The education given at the Scottish universities is carried on solely by means of the lectures delivered by the various professors, supplemented by exercises and oral and written examinations upon the subjects of those lectures. Even the assistants whom the professors engage to help them in the work of their classes are appointed and paid by the professors themselves. Many of the students who aspire to a degree in arts avail themselves of the services of private "coaches," but these tutors have no official position, and are not able to command more than a very moderate renumeration for their labours. The entire absence of tutors is, of course, another result of the poverty of the establishments themselves, and of the majority of their pupils; but although the want is a great one, it is not an absolutely unmixed evil. It is true that Scottish students are deprived of what must ever be one of the most important means of education—the companionship of a superior mind, and the guidance, the encouragement, the stimulus which only a tutor who knows his students personally can possibly supply. It is true that an education which neglects this method must always turn out men whose mental faculties are wanting in polish, who have wasted time over antiquated books, or in struggling through mazes which a few clear words might have made plain to them. Rawness, crudeness of thought, and a certain intellectual egotism are characteristic of the self-educated man; and he who adds to the teaching of books only the instruction he can derive from the lectures and criticisms addressed to two hundred men as well as to himself, is seldom free from these mental weaknesses. But, on the other hand, the necessity which is laid upon the Scottish student of planning out (in great part) his own

work, of selecting his own authorities, of struggling unaided with his own difficulties, tends to make him self-reliant. He who climbs the hill of knowledge with his hand clasped by that of an experienced guide attains a higher eminence, and is able to command at less cost a wider survey; he is prevented from wasting his strength in needless enterprises, and is taught to avail himself of all the steps which have been cut by his predecessors. He is able to look down with a smile at his fellow-climber, who, struggling along by himself, reaches, panting and bewildered, and overflushed, perhaps, by his success, a summit which he himself has easily surmounted some time before. Yet it may be that the very difficulties (needlessly encountered though they may have been) of the less fortunate traveller, have had the effect of hardening his muscles, and stimulating his keenness of vision, of increasing his self-dependence and his power of resource.

A similar effect follows, or, at least, generally follows, from the mixture of classes in both the schools and the colleges of Scotland. To be educated with one's equals produces certain results—perhaps, on the whole, the best attainable. But to be educated with one's social inferiors and superiors, or even with one's inferiors only, produces other results which may rival in importance those obtained by the opposite method. The aristocratic system (as the former plan may be called for the sake of convenience) is indubitably the best for those who are intended to live and work entirely among men of their own class, and who regard an intimate knowledge of the classes immediately beneath their own, of the ways of life, of the habits of thought and feeling of the men who compose these classes, as a thing of little or of no importance. To throw a youth of gentle nurture into the mixed company he must meet with at a Scottish University would probably result in some deterioration of his manners for the time being, unless he chose to live in an unhealthy isolation, or unless he had opportunities for mixing in better society than the great majority of his fellow-students could afford him. But, on the other hand, under the aristocratic system of education, a youth is brought up to know but one class of his fellow-men, and unless he is fortunate enough to be country-bred, and to retain some of the associates of his boyhood, he is very unlikely to gain the knowledge of any other class later in life. To know men, it is not sufficient to meet them merely as ministrators, whether in a humbler or in a less inferior position, to our wants or our pleasures. To know men we must consort with them under circumstances which place us, at least for the time being, or in some respects, upon an equal footing with them—we must share with them conditions, interests, hopes, and fears. An undergraduate of a Scottish University has the oppor-

tunity, at least, of becoming acquainted with many sorts and conditions of men. The richer country gentlemen in Scotland generally prefer to send their sons to Harrow and Oxford; but youths from every other section of the community are to be found in the class-rooms of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The son of the mill-owner sits on the same bench with the son of the small shopkeeper; the merchant, the country minister, the laird, the "tenant-body," send their boys to undergo the same educational treatment. This democratic system may have its weak side, but it must result, and it does result, in widened sympathies, and in welding together the various classes of the country. Among the lads and young men who form the great majority of the students, there are always a few of maturer years—men who, somewhat late in life, have determined to cultivate classic fields, or to exchange the desk or the counter for the pulpit. These men are naturally shy, reserved, and uncomfortable, given to associate with each other, and to avoid the boyish fun of their fellow-students.

Everyone has heard of the terrible struggle with poverty which some Scotch students undergo. It might be difficult to match to-day the stories which are told of the difficulties which have been surmounted in past days; but there are at this hour a considerable number of students, especially at Glasgow and Aberdeen, who not only support themselves by working at a trade during the summer months, but save enough in that time to live upon during the other half of the year at college. How they accomplish this, with no other help than, perhaps, a ten-pound note from a bursary or a sympathising relative, is, and must remain, a profound mystery to all who are unacquainted with the virtues of oatmeal as an article of diet, and with the blessing of a healthy appetite. Even with these advantages the struggle is often painful in the extreme. It is true that many men have come safely through the ordeal, and have afterwards not only done good and useful work but have attained distinction in the professions; and it is impossible not to admire the pluck and resolution of these raw-boned hungry youths, who can sacrifice to their ambition not only their share of the amusements natural to their age, but many of what are commonly called the necessaries of life. But the system as a whole cannot be defended. It is very doubtful whether it is for the advantage of the community that the professions should be crowded by competitors from the classes below: the result must inevitably be to lower, in some respects, the standards of the professions themselves. And it is quite as doubtful whether it is good to encourage any considerable number of lads or young men to struggle into a class above that in which they were born, and to which their

parents and friends belong. That a boy of talent and resolution should be able so to raise himself is one of the conditions of healthy national life; but that the attempt should be too often made is hardly less than a national misfortune. The system does not result, as at first sight it appears to do, in turning the best youth of the country to the best advantage. One consideration sometimes forgotten is that the shopkeeping, trading, and farming classes are deprived of a large number of their most intelligent and energetic members. "Who devote themselves to more important labours," it may be replied. But the question is rather whether these more important labours might not have been as well or better performed by those who were, in a manner, born to them. And there is another side to the picture. Of all the young men who maintain this gallant and unequal struggle with poverty—an enemy thin, and pale, and strong as Death himself—at the northern Universities, some fall back, disheartened, if not permanently soured by disappointment; some succeed, and of these most become tolerable, a few become distinguished ministers or doctors; but a very large proportion never emerge from the struggle at all. There is not a churchyard on Scottish soil which is not the resting-place of some bright-eyed youth who has paid for his ambition with his life, who has been vanquished in the fight, and has crept wearily home to die. The success of the few is noticed and admired; the sad failure of the many is forgotten. Even of those who "win through," a large number are permanently weakened in health. They are not overworked, as many Oxford and Cambridge men overwork themselves; they are starved into disease. We may admire, from many points of view, a democratic system of education. We may congratulate ourselves upon the spread of knowledge among all ranks of the people, and upon the facilities which that system affords for the exercise of legitimate ambition. But an institution which takes for its aim the instruction of many hundreds of young men belonging to all ranks of life cannot possibly afford the best means of education, since it cannot bring teacher and pupil into anything like close intercourse with each other; and the very facilities afforded for enabling young men to rise in the world, are a source of weakness, by lowering (in some cases) the standard required of professional men, and by tempting to a contest with fate which is often barren and not seldom fatal. The system of the Scottish Universities has, undeniably, its merits; but it has also its disadvantages and its victims.

J. Leys.

THE PRESENT STATE OF PEASANT PROPRIETORS IN GERMANY.

Much has been said and written lately about the life and ways of peasants and labourers in France, Italy, and also the more southern parts of Germany, but nobody, up to the present, has alluded to the centre and the north, where soil and climate both offer a greater resemblance to those of England than in any of the countries already mentioned. The characteristics of the people, too, are not unlike those of the English agricultural population, though, on the whole, they are, perhaps, better educated, and add to their great capacity for labour an extraordinary and unremitting thrift and frugality. It is due greatly to the gradual disappearance of these qualities that the peasants owe their present ruinous condition and the great diminution of their numbers, a fact much regretted in Germany, as they are a most stable and conservative element in the country, which is now being more or less absorbed into the large landed estates, or cut up into very small portions, which, as they constantly change hands, thereby lose their value. During the last ten years the division and mortgaging of peasants' properties has formed the subject of serious inquiries. Their present state is looked upon as a very critical one, and it is feared that, little by little, they will disappear entirely, and that thus Germany is entering upon an era which heralds the decay of all old civilizations, such as, for instance, in Italy, after the fall of the Empire, when the inhabitants will live on the ruins of the peasant properties of former centuries in poverty, dirt, and gross ignorance, for no education can exist without material well-being.

Peasant properties range in Saxony from thirty to three hundred morgen,* but where the soil is poor thirty morgen is so small a holding that the proprietor cannot eke out a means of livelihood from it. The good old Saxon usage, according to which one son inherited the whole property, is disappearing; the land is divided into small and ever smaller parcels amongst all the children, or one of them takes over the whole of the highly-mortgaged suc-

* A morgen is one-third more than an acre.

cession, and pays the other heirs in money. In a few years he is so overburdened with debt that the usurer has little trouble in ousting him from his inherited house and home. Small holdings of ten or fifteen morgens can, with thrift, unremitting labour, and under fortunate circumstances only, support their owners, as, for instance, those that are situated near great towns or close to railways or rivers on which there is much traffic ; but, as a rule, these people have not enough to satisfy their hunger, yet sufficient to prevent their dying of starvation; their existence is a wretched one: they are of no use to the country, and a small misfortune often obliges them to sell their land. Here the old adage comes true: "Small holdings eat themselves up."

Though it must be hoped, for the good of the commonwealth, that the peasant properties will not all be absorbed into the large estates, it cannot be denied that the great landowners have done much to further agriculture by introducing a more practical and economical mode of farming which, in the last thirty years, has trebled the gross income of the arable land. They have made use of scientific discoveries for practical purposes; they further progress by constant experiments; they introduce new seeds, new manure, a better race of cattle; they make use of new machines, and change the whole plan of farming; in fact, they put good results before the eyes of the peasants, who proverbially mistrust anything new, and often have not the necessary means required for farming in its very best form. But this is not all, for at agricultural meetings they impart the results of their experiments to the peasants, and sell to them, at low prices, new kinds of seed, grain, and young cattle, for they consider it a pleasure to contribute as much as they can to the development of agriculture. In spite of all this it is true that within the last quarter of a century the peasants have constantly been losing ground, that the arable land gives a low percentage, that wages have risen, but the labour itself has become worse, that agricultural produce stands low in price, and that much land is highly mortgaged. About fifty years ago German farmers underwent a similar crisis, which was, however, not of so serious a nature as the present one, for, though the acme of agricultural production has by no means been reached, one cannot now-a-days hope for such a rise as was possible then, when farming was in its most elementary condition. In those days the only rivalry Germany had to fear was that of the Western Powers of Europe, but now it has to count with Russia, Hungary, America, India, and Australia. The peasants in those days had no mortgages, and were only allowed to encumber their land to a quarter of its value. The so-called "cut-throat" of these days, who only waits till the property is sufficiently loaded with debt to pounce

upon it, did not exist then. The crisis brings, however, with many sad things some good ones. It obliges the peasant to be thrifty, frugal, and laborious. From 1850 to 1870 agriculture in Germany had its golden time, and in the districts where much beet-root for the fabrication of sugar was cultivated it lasted even somewhat longer; but nothing is more difficult to bear well than too great prosperity, and it is no wonder that the rural simplicity began to vanish. The good days are over now, and where there used to be abundance there is want instead. After the flood comes the ebb, and the only thing to be done is to retrieve what has been lost, by economy and simplicity. Much hope in Germany is pinned upon the State, and that this does not remain inactive has been shown by the imposition of the corn duties and the large subventions given to agricultural institutions. Great good has also been done to the peasants by the winter schools for farming. In these days much is expected of farmers; the time is past when they were supposed to do without knowledge or thought. He who wants to make his living by agriculture, must not only work hard and live thriftily, he must also be intelligent, not content to follow in the rear, but strive to march with the advanced guard. There is always room in the van.

Professor Miaskowsky has published in Smoller's *Year-Book for Law, Administration, and Political Economy in the German Empire*, an inquiry into the agricultural development of the country. This paper opens out an interesting vista into the state of the hardly-pressed peasant class. He makes the following remarks upon the retrograde movement of this important social element.

> The greatest part of the capital which the peasant requires for momentary embarrassments, or for the amelioration and varying use of his farming, or for the regulation of the succession with the other heirs, he borrowed formerly from his neighbours and relations, or a shopkeeper in the nearest town, and sometimes from an endowment or a savings bank. Even at the present time the rural population adheres to this way of borrowing money in provinces where there is still a healthy, simple life, as in Sleswig Holstein, some parts of Hanover, Westphalia, and Brandenburg; but in Saxony, and still more in the less wealthy districts, this unorganized method of lending money is going out of fashion. The loosening of family ties and of neighbourly feelings naturally contributes much to this, but most of all the large amount of capital which flows to the State, the communes, banks and companies of all kinds, and which enhances the value set by capitalists on papers that can be realised at any moment.

If, therefore, there is no proper organization where the peasant and small proprietor can borrow at low interest, without the fear of having his credit foreclosed, he falls into the hands of the professional usurer. This curse of rural populations approaches from the smaller towns in the most varied disguises sometimes as a pedlar who forces on them brandy or haberdashery, or as a cattle-lender who puts cows into the empty stable, or

as a dealer who sells and exchanges cattle. Thus in nearly all German provinces the usurer attaches himself to the peasant like the parasite to the tree; nor does he rest until the tree is entirely covered, and, deprived of its life, rots away at the roots. The hawking and cattle trade, as well as the money-lending, are simply a means of obtaining as much land as possible, and the peasant's insolvency leads to his selling his home either through the ever-ready business friend, or through his helpers. In order to save expense the sale is made out in the name of the peasant, who generally realises but a small sum, whilst the usurer makes enormous profits.

It was to meet these difficulties that rather more than twenty years ago loan companies on the following system were formed. These loan companies are restricted to one parish, for the smaller they are the more easily they manage their own affairs; and it is also thought that it gives them a greater *esprit de corps*. Some objections were in the beginning raised to the poorest class joining them, it being feared that they would wish to monopolize the administration; experience, however, has shown that, with a ready feeling for the fitness of things, the most wealthy members have, on the contrary, been chosen. The credit which these companies require has been brought about entirely by the joint liability of all its members. For instance, in the case of any money being required, each member has to pay an equal share. Supposing a company had 100 members, and £50 were required, every member would have to pay 10s.; if, however, 10 members were incapable of paying, the remaining £5 would be equally divided amongst the other 90 members. In this way the joint liability assumes a far more harmless aspect than is usually ascribed to it; to the richer members there is not the slightest risk, and, during the many years that these loan companies have existed, there has not been a single case where a member has suffered from it. If the loan company does by any chance contract a debt, there are always good securities, for in the country there is hardly ever a want of actual property, it is the scarcity of ready-money which is felt. The joint liability is also the best way of checking irregularities, as it brings the whole weight of the company to bear upon the administration. The first duty of the company is to find the necessary capital for improvements in agriculture or the temporary wants of a member. This money has, in the beginning, generally to be borrowed, and often not without difficulties and hardships; but these have the good effects of giving strength and courage. The necessity of having to inspire confidence promotes order, punctuality, and good work. If the money was at first to flow too freely, thrift would soon be thrown overboard. When the

credit has once been established, experience shows that the capital is never wanting, even in great crises such as those of 1864–66–70, when these loan companies flourished wonderfully. Of course it need not be said that they only can be of use when the population is willing to work and help themselves. The primary duty of these companies is to furnish money; but this is not their main purpose, it is only the means by which they seek to attain their aim, which is to better the condition of the members morally and materially. They do not only lend the money for agricultural purposes, but they make sure that it will be properly laid out in improving the state of the peasants and labourers, in developing their social and physical powers, and furthering an increase of energy and self-help. The loans which the company makes to its members are of three kinds: (1) at three months; (2) for a longer time, but with yearly payments; (3) and this only to the wealthier members, on a running account. The three months may be extended to two years, but never to more, and notice must be given at the proper time. For such articles as artificial manure, seed, fodder, &c. &c., the payments are generally put off to the next harvest. The loans are made only on good security, at the usual interest, with 1 per cent. provision. This is not too high, considering what otherwise would have to be paid to the usurers, and the immense advantages derived from the company, whose members all indirectly profit from this interest. It is a useful thing to connect a savings-bank with these companies, as the country people generally prefer hiding away their money to placing it out at interest far away from their home. Cheques are considered a dangerous institution in Germany, with which it is wise not to acquaint the agricultural population. The company consists of the committee which decides, the cashier who executes, the administration which conducts, and the general assembly which judges. Nobody is paid except the cashier. The committee ought to be composed of five members, the administration of nine, but often, in rural populations, it may be difficult to find so many capable individuals, and, in that case, they have to content themselves with less. The knowledge derived from elementary schools, coupled with public spirit and a strong and trustworthy character, is really all that is needed. It must not be supposed that, even before the unfortunate turn for the worse came, the German peasantry reposed on a bed of roses. In Saxony, for instance, one of the richest and best-cultivated countries in central Germany, which is at the same time blessed with a most hard-working and frugal population, a rich peasant and his family rose, during the winter, at 4, and in the summer at 2 or 3 o'clock. They tasted meat on Sundays only; the

rest of the time their fare consisted of black bread, salt butter, potatoes, soup made with flour and vegetables, and the fruit, dried or fresh, they grew in the great orchard at the back of the cottage. The men would, perhaps, drink a glass of small beer during the day, but the women's only beverage is, and has been since time immemorial, the weakest coffee, so weak, indeed, that it has been surnamed "Blümchen Coffee," or "little flower coffee," because the sprig painted on the bottom of the cup shows plainly through the liquid. Until the snow covers the ground none of the family wear stockings, the grown-up members only being provided with wooden shoes. In summer they all work in the fields the livelong day, the women with cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads to preserve them from the burning sun, and their coarse flannel skirts kilted up to their knees; when they return home in the evening the girls attend to the cattle, and sometimes one of them has to sleep in the stables. They often look weather-beaten and worn at twenty; their mother, though not over fifty, is an old wrinkled crone; she attends to the kitchen and the housework, and spends her days on her knees scouring the spotless wooden floors and stairs, or burnishing the old oak settles and chairs till they shine like metal. The foremost luxury these people know is a warm room; it is heated by the huge stove, and the windows are never opened during the winter, for that would be waste of fuel. In the sleeping-room there is no fire; the mass of bedding piled on to the beds nearly mounts up to the low ceiling. These feather-beds, the pride of the housewife, are collected through generations, and in the evening the old women and children can be seen resorting to the pasture-ground of the immense flock of geese which belongs to every village, to pick up patiently every little bit of down. But all is not work; there are sunny hours, too. During the long winter evenings the girls go to their spinning-room, where they talk, and laugh, and sing, while the wheels fly round, and their lovers and brothers come, after their day's work is done, to escort them home. In summer there is the Sunday dance at the inn, or under the linden-tree on the village green, whilst the elder men sit smoking before their doors. The married women can be seen going to church in the morning, with their great lace ruffs, their silk aprons and gold-embroidered caps, with streaming ribbons; they hold in their hands the old-fashioned *Gesangbuch*, and a posy of sweet-smelling flowers and strong herbs, which is to prevent them from going to sleep in the drowsy air of the village church during the two hours' sermon. These people give their daughters sometimes £1,000 apiece when they are married, and an outfit of house and

body linen for life, but constant work and strict economy are their watchwords.

A relaxation of these has at once brought about a marked decline in their prosperity, and no exertion of the State or of individuals will remedy it, unless the sufferers themselves are content to return to ancient frugality. It would lead too far to enter upon the political and educational questions which have influenced the character of the rural population, as well as of the Franco-German war, which left a decided mark upon the generation which took part in it. It is to be hoped that, little by little, the peasants will shake themselves free of these extraneous impressions, and that the good old German qualities of integrity, thrift, and simplicity will reassert themselves, and restore to its former great, solid, and happy position a class so necessary to the well-being of the whole country.

W. Paget.

CANON KINGSLEY AS A NATURALIST AND COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Eversley is a parish favourable to the study of natural history, owing to its extensive wastes, in which wild plants and animals always abounded. The derivation of the word from the Anglo-Saxon *léah*, an open pasture among woods, and *eofer*—ever, in modern English—a wild boar, suggests that big game of that sort was still found in the woods of this neighbourhood late in the Saxon period. In fact, the Parish of Eversley was probably one of the last lairs of the wild boar in the South of England, and the existing village green formed, in all probability, in early times, an open pasture among the woods, or one of those natural clearances in which the earliest Saxon villages appear to have been built.

Kingsley lived for a short time as Curate of the parish, after leaving Oxford, in a small cottage on the green, commencing his life-long work in the midst of a rustic population, whom he himself described as fond of poaching and regular in nothing but in non-attendance at church. It is not surprising that, in spite of his pleasing outlook on the green, enlivened as it was on summer evenings by young people playing cricket and by groups of gossiping elders, the prospect that lay before the highly-educated and well-born young clergyman, who had suddenly passed from a college where he had been extremely popular to a rural curacy and a cottage, proved at first dull and irksome.

Within a year his position, from a worldly point of view, had improved; he had received the gift of the living, and become the Rector of Eversley instead of the Curate, and his good fortune was completed by an early and happy marriage. But at the first blush, before he knew even the names of the members of his flock, he wrote to a friend in despair: "I am alone! My parish is particular for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat-bogs."

The young Curate's future course of life had not been at that period precisely shaped; but even before we have marked out our intended careers, with pains and care, instinct, or a consciousness of the natural bent of our powers, sometimes declares their character, and we enter, half unconsciously, the road we shall never quit. In one of the earliest letters written from the cottage on the green, Kingsley referred to the happiness which his new mode of life already afforded him, attributing that result of his labours to the daily performance of duties such as an energetic and

conscientious curate could not possibly avoid in a parish so benighted as Eversley then was. In that same year, 1842, his mother paid him a visit, and reported the people already devoted to her son. In a letter of hers, written at this time, she sounds the key-note of successful curacy, and of every other kind of useful ministry, when she mentions her son's power of attracting sympathy and confidence, and his hearty interest in whatever lay in his path.

Persons who do not comprehend the character of rustics would be astounded at his estimation of the humble folk around him. "The clod of these parts," says their Rector, "is the descendant of many generations of broom squires and deer-stalkers; the instinct of sport is strong within him still." "Well, he has his faults, and I have mine," he says somewhere; "but he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless, civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome; a far shrewder fellow, too—owing to his dash of wild forest blood, from gipsy, highwayman, and what not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure South-Saxon of the chalk downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy and tall of bone; swaggering in his youth, but when he grows old a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately, and courteous as a prince."

Old people in Eversley could remember the time when the royal deer sometimes used to stray into their parish, whence they seldom returned; and Kingsley himself believed the character of his flock had been greatly influenced by their sporting proclivities, and the freedom enjoyed by a thinly scattered population in a wild district.

It is not surprising that the Rector who estimated his flock so highly should have been himself esteemed by them. His opinions on subjects relating to the working classes were reflected in his private intercourse with the rustic people about him. To the labourers of Eversley he became a friend and father. His bearing towards them was entirely unconventional, and at a time when hand-shaking was not so common as it is now, he never omitted that friendly form of greeting. He would join the labouring men occasionally at the bar of the village inn in passing, taste their beer, smoke a pipe with them, make them laugh, and sometimes make them cry. All this was the genuine expression of his sympathy, and the manly race among whom he lived thoroughly appreciated his conduct, knowing well the worth of their friend and teacher, and comprehending his eminence outside their circle.

Kingsley's life at Eversley consisted in the unwearying performance of duty, without noise or apparent effort. The village church was now always full, the dissenters desisted from their opposition and came to church, drawn thither by the Rector's power of attraction, the magic of a good man's influence. All that Carlyle so passionately preached in regard to "work" and "duty," Charle

Kingsley habitually practised in his daily life at Eversley. "I have learnt," he said in a letter to an old schoolfellow, "to do the duty which lies nearest me; and if a man be busy about his duty, what more does he require, for time or for eternity."

"All the poor," said one of his parishioners to me, still grieving for his loss, "flocked to him. I never saw such affection for any man before, or such a sway as his was, and all because they loved and trusted him." "And the rich too?" I asked. "When the people come round a man the rich must follow," was the reply; and I daresay that, in the simple life of a country parish, the squire and farmers cannot long resist the influence which wins their humbler neighbours, though such a prophet on the labour question as the author of *Alton Locke* may not at first have been understood.

Some squires and farmers, thirty years ago, would hardly comprehend his treatment of the poorer class, his shaking hands with humble folk, and his advocating Sunday recreation for people shut up in cities. I mentioned his humour. Some persons would hardly understand his famous picture of a village pump, which he sent up to an examiner at Cambridge with a paper on mechanics in the mathematical tripos. He was first-class in classics and second in mathematics. The candidate had to "describe the common pump"; and Kingsley, having no more to say on the subject, drew a great picture of a pump on a village green, padlocked and chained, with a stately beadle, and people waiting with empty buckets, and a notice on the spout, "This pump locked during Divine Service." Those who dislike such humour may be glad to know that, from a Curate, he filled his church to overflowing. Radical as some might deem him from his sympathy with the popular movements of forty years ago, his busy life at home, "unresting, untiring" in the performance of duty and of daily drudgery, condoned all faults, even among those country gentlemen and others who could not share some of his opinions.

Occasionally, though rarely, Kingsley followed the hounds. His love of sport was undisguised. "Is it not a joy," he says, "to see such a thing alive? It is to me, at least." He is speaking here of a noble fox-hound, for which Mr. Morrell gave £200. "Well worth the money," says the Rector; and then he thus describes "Virginal" finding a fox. "Old Virginal's stern flourishes; instantly her face quickens. One whimper, and she is away full-mouthed through the wood, and the pack after her; but" (surely this is a saving clause) "not I. I am not going with them. My hunting days are over. Life, as my friend Tom Brown says, is not all beer and skittles; it is past 2 now, and I have four old women to read to at 3, and an old man to bury at 4; and I think you will respect me the more for going home and doing my duty."

A many-sided man usually excites some prejudice, and the sporting tastes which would not have damaged him at Eversley might have done so elsewhere. But it is one thing to feel a passion, or a natural inclination, another thing to indulge it too freely; and the Rector, as a sportsman, was most abstemious. In spite of a few days' fishing in the season, and an occasional ride to the meet on a well-bred screw which he usually rode, preferring clever hacks of breed, though slightly blemished, and not caring to indulge in costly horse-flesh, he was from first to last a great worker. When in training, as a Curate, for the busy life before him, he described a day's routine in these words: "I have since 9 this morning cut wood for an hour; spent an hour and more in prayer and humiliation, and thereby established a chastened and happy tone which lasts till now; written six or seven pages of a difficult part of my essay; taught in the school; thought over many things while walking; gone round two-thirds of the parish visiting and doctoring; and written all this."

He practised music for the sake of the singers, and medicine for the sake of the poor scattered over a wide parish, and acquainted himself with the wages and wants of the people generally. If definitions are needed as to the best and most useful life a country parson can lead, there can be no doubt it should be practical and active rather than meditative. The rigid methods of effeminate ascetics, hermits, and sin-hunters, ever self-accusing, preferring "holy thoughts" to good actions, a cell and a scourge to a parish and a constant round of duties, was not the choice of the energetic Kingsley, either as a Curate or Rector. We are told, by those who best know, that the practical life he led was one secret of the great influence which he enjoyed; that he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers, pitch hay with the hay-makers. He knew every fox-earth on the moor; the master of the fox-hounds and his huntsmen and whippers-in in scarlet attended his funeral, and the hounds were brought to the spot outside the churchyard wall, to honour the friend of sport and manly exercises, who would ride to the meet no more. He knew, from knowledge gained as a follower of "the gentle craft," where the trout lay, and the still holes of the chub. Surrounded as he was by streams and ponds, he allowed himself a little fly-fishing, and he would have used the rod more—the rod that hurts fish only—but for want of time; so he employed it rarely and for relaxation, as in the case of his other sports.

Whatever may be said of fishing in the abstract, or of the moral or immoral influence of sport, the social habits of the Rector placed him in sympathy with his people. He was at home with all classes among them. With the farmer he discussed the rotation

of crops, and with the labourer the science of hedging and ditching; and yet, while he seemed to ask for information, he often gave more than he received.

The rustics of his flock oddly but affectionately called their famous Rector "Uncle." They had found him through many years without variableness, their best and wisest, as well as most witty and amusing friend. He had started all their best institutions, or at least made them flourish—church-going, for example, instead of loafing about unlaced and idle; cricket, schools, clubs, and more modes of making the best of the blessing of existence than I can find room for in this catalogue. He had effected in his parish as much or more than Professor Henslow at Hitcham, or Mr. Rham at Wingfield, or Mr. Stubbs at Granborough. He stands among the first of those country clergyman who have taught their flocks "pure religion, breathing household laws," by the influence of acts and deeds.

Those who are familiar with the life of Kingsley must be aware that he shared one of the commonest tastes of country people, and one which usually fascinates the young, and which Professor Henslow encouraged with excellent effect in his Suffolk parish. He had always been a naturalist. As a schoolboy he used to climb the tallest trees and examine the most unapproachable birds' nests in the topmost branches, doing so as a student bent on observation and not for the purpose of taking the eggs or destroying the young ones.

At Oxford he had passionately devoted himself to zoology and botany. At Chester, where he resided a short time, he founded a most useful Field Club. At Wellington College he riveted the attention of the boys by delightful lectures on the wonders of nature, and at home on the moors or in the fir plantations of his "winter garden," nothing relating to his favourite study escaped his notice. "Feed on nature," he says in his well-known essay called *My Winter Garden*, and he shows the same love for the same good old dame in these simple verses:—

Come wander with me, she said,
Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the Manuscript of God!

And he wandered away and away
With Nature the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more wonderful tale.

Beyond the boundaries of Eversley, after the publication of his

earliest volumes, Kingsley was weighed at first in such scales as the world employs in its estimation of a man not yet well known and not at all understood. To some his theology, as the friend and champion of Maurice, seemed extremely faulty; to others, after *Alton Locke* was published, he was little better than a Chartist of the Feargus O'Connor type. To Eversley alone, both in the early days of his notoriety and afterwards of his fame, he was always the same single-minded, faithful friend and teacher, a perfect parish priest.

Professor Hoppin of Yale College, in his book on the "Old Country," written after touring through the places he describes, assured us, and might have told Kingsley if he had been at home when he called, that America loved and honoured him, and that a great enthusiasm existed for him in England; but Eversley knew nothing of this outside fame except by the merest hearsay. It only knew him as a parson such as Eversley had never seen before.

In Mrs. Kingsley's life of her husband,* a letter by their son sketches, in a homely way and from memory, the Rector and his boys walking to Bramshill on a Sunday evening, and describes the kind of conversation that beguiled the way.

He says that on Sunday evenings the whole family generally walked over to the services which were held in the schoolroom at Bramshill. "Sweep," the retriever, would follow them stealthily a short distance, and then stand, with ear cocked and one paw up, hoping against hope that he might be allowed to come on. And very unwillingly his master used to send him back with a sorrowful "No! go home, Sweep." The Rector would then stride on. Then he would pause and look down the cultivated valley winding through the purple heaths, the rectory among its trees the nearest roof, and then the hamlets and the village greens, with, perchance, cricketers upon them. Even for such a lapse as cricket on a Sunday evening he had not always a reproof. "For cricket," he would say, "is better than beer; and the poor lads don't get a chance to play on week-days. But," he would add, speaking to his children, "remember, you do."

As they cross the moor, which has since been sown with self-scattered fir-seed, and is fast becoming a forest, his talk would drift, perhaps, from sport to natural history. He would point out the fox's earth as they passed, and direct attention to the tiger-beetle that whirred from beneath their feet; or the night-jar, which the approach of the party had disturbed a few hours before evening, its usual time of flight. And ever and anon some incident of a pleasant stroll would strike a deeper chord of his reli-

* *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of Life.* Edited by his Wife.

gious nature, and then, sometimes, a few words spoken with the insight which poets possess, would entirely remove some of the troublesome stumbling-blocks which his young hearers, in the course of their cogitations, had not been able to dispose of unaided.

It is pleasing to recall the distinguished Rector's attachment to dumb animals among the traits of his everyday life. Like Mrs. Somerville, he believed that some of the created beings inferior to man were destined to share the blessings of a future state of existence. His dog and his horse were his friends. As a perfect horseman, possessing the patience and much of the skill of a Rarey, he was a pattern to all who ride, reasoning with the animal he governed, and talking to it in gentle tones, mindful that the panic-fear both of horses and children is increased by harsh punishment. A Scotch terrier named "Dandy" was the Rector's companion in all his parish walks, a diligent attendant at cottage lectures and school lessons, and a friend of the family during thirteen years. He was buried near home, under those fir-trees on the lawn, beneath whose shade his master himself now lies. *Fideli Fideles* is the inscription on Dandy's grave-stone. Close by lies Sweep the retriever; and "Victor," a Teckel, presented to her distinguished Chaplain by the Queen, rests on the same spot.

Even in this brief narrative, one would not willingly omit to mention the Rector's cats, the delight they afforded, and the affection they yielded, nor the "natter jacks" (running toads) of the garden, the sand-wasps which frequented a cracked window-frame, the fly-catcher that nested every year beneath the master's bedroom-window, and the favourite slow-worm of the churchyard.

Kingsley's children were taught to handle gently even toads, frogs, and beetles, these being, as he would tell them, "the works and wonders, like all things He has made, of a living God." That such lessons were effective, his little girl proved one day by requesting "Daddy," before numerous guests, "to look at this delightful worm," a very long one which wriggled in her hand.

"Study nature," he says. "Do not study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God. Study the forms and colours of leaves and flowers, and the growth and habits of plants; not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God! Study the sky! Study water! Study trees! Study the sounds and scents of nature! Study all these as beautiful in themselves in order to re-combine the elements of beauty."

When Mr. Darwin published his paper on climbing plants, the Rector wrote from Eversley to thank him for having made the study of nature a "live thing, not a collection of names." *Lathyrus nissolia* had been an old puzzle of his. The mystery was solved

The explanation of the filament at the petiole end of the bean was equally satisfactory. "My work," he added, "lies elsewhere now. Your work, nevertheless, helps mine at every turn."

Kingsley's oral or written teachings in the department of natural history seem to me the most fruitful of his many labours. Who can measure the effects of his delightful lectures at Wellington College when it was first erected among the fir-woods of his own district. He recommended the collection of specimens for the College museum, and declared to Sir Charles Lyell, whom he addressed on the subject, "I shall go shamelessly a-begging for typical forms of any kind, the intermediate gaps to be filled up by the boys themselves." At Chester he engaged in the same useful work, starting a class on physical science, which grew into the Chester Natural History Society, numbering 600 members, with a president, a secretary, monthly meetings, summer excursions, and winter courses.

Would that every country curate were such a naturalist as Kingsley! Many a picturesque sentence in his writings bears witness to his love of that "Winter Garden" he described so well, and of its four native evergreens—the Scotch fir, holly, furze, and heath. The fir plantations of Bramshill stretch nearly four miles from the rectory gates, and there are none in England superior to them, no Scotch firs in the country better than the big trees in Bramshill Park.

The Bagshot sand formation of this district is particularly favourable to the Scotch fir, but there are spots where belts of clay alternate with the rolled gravel and sand of Bagshot, and here every kind of tree, English or imported, except the elm, grows well and rapidly. Lord Eversley has a rare collection of beautiful trees at Heckfield, which Kingsley delighted in, and which the noble owner can still enjoy at the patriarchal age of ninety-two.

The fir woods of Bramshill Park, which I passed through in travelling to Eversley from Strathfieldsaye and Heckfield, were a source of constant delight to Kingsley. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and in this parish they are literally pathless, and well-nigh endless. Seated beneath the noble Scotch firs on the Rectory lawn, he could scan a wide prospect of fir forests, which, in letters and idylls, he often mentioned. The house at Bramshill was built for Prince Henry, son of James I., whose death opened the way to a throne and scaffold for Charles I. It is said to be the finest Jacobean mansion left in England. Noble specimens of tufted chesnuts and of oaks grow in clumps about the house, or in avenues at the approaches, but the Scotch firs are the great boast f Bramshill, and the tree is said to have been re-introduced here by mes I. "But whatever may have been the date of their re-

introduction," says their chief historian and admirer, "here they are, and no one can turn them out!"

Some years since, however, several devastating heath-fires had encroached upon the fir-woods of Bramshill, and every able-bodied man stood ready at all times to turn out. One Sunday the Rector, whose church had been empty till his coming into the parish, was preaching to a crowded congregation, when a messenger arrived with news of a fire. His neighbour's ox was in the pit, so, leaving the Curate to conclude the service, he rushed out, leaped over the next fence in surplice, hood, and stole, and went, in sporting phrase, "straight away" for the fire. And no one was more active and useful than he was in arresting that devastating enemy.

It was at Bramshill that Abbott, Archbishop of York, an ancestor of his own, met with that sad misfortune of his life, the shooting of a keeper, and thus he tells the tale. "I went, the other day, to Bramshill Park, the house of the *seigneur de pays* here, Sir John Cope (now succeeded by Sir William), and there I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbott, in James the First's time, shot the keeper by accident. I could fancy the noble old man, very different then from his picture as it hangs in the dining-room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fatal tree as the bolt glanced and turned; and then the death-shriek, and the stagger and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester; and the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking in his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in childhood. He never smiled again! As I sat under the tree there seemed to be a solemn and remorseful moan in the long branches, mixed with an airy whisper of the lighter leaves, that told of present as well as past."

Among the woods the phenomena of a self-grown fir forest, the shedding of the seed, and the gradual extension of the young plantation, were sights of intense interest for Kingsley, and he has described them well. As a clergyman, his close observation of the facts of nature, and his love of natural science, became instruments of great use in dealing with ignorance, that parent of idleness and source of vice. People found him a man of infinite attractiveness, and the customary inattention of the young vanished in his presence. They hung on his lips, and listened to his "message" with rapt attention. His church, we are told by that editor of his *Life* who lost in him the best of husbands, while his parish lost the best of friends, became the very centre of village life. Even the gipsies on the waste spoke of Eversley as their

parish church, wanderers as they were, and declared, after his decease, in their picturesque style, that he went to heaven on the gipsies' prayers.

When Wellington College was founded in honour of the Duke, four miles from his house, Kingsley helped the new institution, as Dr. Benson, its head-master—the present Archbishop of Canterbury—said, wonderfully, and in the readiest and most modest way. His mere presence helped the games, and filled the boys with energy. The "Kingsley" steeplechase was the event of the year. Then his lectures on geology and natural history, says the grateful head-master, were among the most brilliant things he ever heard, and riveted the attention of 200 or 300 boys for an hour and a half, or two hours, and many good proverbs of life sparkled among them. He wrote an admirable paper on school museums, and induced the Royal College of Surgeons, and various friends, to present the college with many exquisite natural history specimens. It was he who started all the collections, and his little speeches at the close of winter-evening lectures, especially an harangue in pure Dorset dialect, delighted both the boys and their learned masters.

As at Wellington College, so at Chester, where he once lifted a lump of coal from the table, and exclaimed to a breathless audience, "A diamond, nothing less," and then unfolded the science and the poetry of the life of plants and all about the sunbeams prisoned in the coal. "Those were bright afternoons, all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years, perhaps without exchanging a word, now met on equal and friendly terms in pursuit of one ennobling object, and found themselves all travelling in second-class carriages together, without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited, with nosegays and wild flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow-creatures.

Kingsley died in his fifty-sixth year. His grave, which is still often sprinkled with flowers cast down upon the turf by humble hands, is close to the wall which divides the lawn of the Rectory from the churchyard, under the shade of those favourite Scotch firs beneath which he was often seated. A Passion flower, with its cruciform stamens, symbolical of his faith, is sculptured on a marble cross erected to his memory, and, in addition to the date of his death, January 23rd, 1875, there are three words inscribed, conveying the story of his life and hope, "*Amavimus, amamus, amabimus.*"

HENRY EVERSHED.

CORPORATION REFORM.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Once more I take up my pen to write to you a few lines upon a matter of much interest to myself, and, I trust, also to your readers. And let me beg the latter at the outset not to conceive from the title of this letter that I purpose to run a tilt with my goosequill against the great Corporation of the City of London, which is the windmill that incites to combat most of the civic Quixotes of our age. I trust, Sir, that in my long life I have acquired some measure of caution, if not of wisdom; and so I will leave such mighty themes to more ardent pens. I would wish simply to write down a few thoughts which have occurred to me as a citizen of London and also of a thriving West Country town, and as one who has, during his life, received much benefit from various corporate bodies, with reference to the better adaptation of our various trade and professional guilds to the wants of the age.

I have said that I have much to thank them for, and so, indeed, have I, and many of my kin. From the time when I was first breeched and imbibed, not without manifold fustigations, the principles of accidence and some smattering of the classics at our old Grammar School at S——, to the present day, when I carry my fourscore years to the Hall of my Company to join in the promotion of goodwill towards men (not without the accompaniment of a good dinner), I have been continually their debtor. It would, therefore, be superfluous for me to assure any of the friends and members of such guilds who may chance to cast their eye upon these words, that, if I am a critic, I am, indeed, a friendly one. But I cannot help thinking that if the friends of these bodies had been less partial to their failings, and more ready to modify them so as to bring them into harmony with the times, many a painful controversy would have been avoided.

That a monstrous deal of nonsense is talked about them is unquestionable. Men seem to require of corporate bodies a more exact behaviour, and more careful ordering of their business, than is expected of individuals; and upon the smallest suspicion of extravagance in their administration, they begin to shout, "Down with them! down with them!"—not without hope that they may

themselves reap some benefit from their fall. And yet this is most unreasonable. If, upon the whole, the duties of these corporations are well performed, and with as much care and zeal as that of a capable and honest individual, is it not foolish to cry out upon them if they occasionally make merry together? For my part, I am a great believer in a good entertainment, where men of different classes and walks in life meet to enjoy themselves, predisposed to merriment and good fellowship. Many and many a civic feast have I attended, and have derived benefit from them of all kinds, and chiefly in that I have generally been brought into pleasant contact with someone of a different sphere in life from myself. When such men meet, disposed to think the best of each other, they never part without mutual esteem and advantage. I would that there were many more of such meetings. And, indeed, Mr. Editor, I am not sure that it is not a good thing to confess, as I once heard a candid bishop say, that a good dinner is a good thing in itself. Many a one have I partaken of, and it is a comfort to think, in one's old age, that there are some things which no Radical Commission can ever take from you. But here am I, rambling again, as usual. In short, then, I do not propose to deal with the propositions that have been made from time to time to abolish these corporations altogether, to take from them their property, and to blot out a continuous history of centuries. It would be beyond the limits of this paper and my abilities to establish the value of such societies, whether from the point of view of sentiment or of experience. I wish merely to point out certain flaws in their constitution and management, which are easy of remedy, and the healing of which would, I believe, vastly strengthen and invigorate the whole body.

If one might take as a type of such corporations the Livery Companies and the Inns of Court, my meaning will soon be made plain. Their peculiarity of constitution is that they are what are called "close corporations." Their affairs are entirely managed and their funds administered by a governing body, the members of which are self-elected. The general mass of the members of the corporation have absolutely no voice in the management of its affairs, or in the appointment of its officers. They have no information as to the property of the corporation whose members they are, and are entirely ignorant of the manner in which it is appropriated. This is where these societies are in conflict with the spirit of the age. To this also they owe their comparative weakness, and inability to resist aggression. To this may be mainly attributed such abuses and errors as may have, from time to time, crept into their administration.

Now, Sir, I am well aware that this form of constitution—this

monopoly of authority by a self-elected governing body—is of very ancient date. Whether it be a Latin tradition, and owe its origin to the form of the "societates" of old, or whether it be an adaptation to secular matters of a monastic constitution, or whether all such constitutions are to be ascribed to some common theory of government, Teutonic or Frankish, it may be doubted. One thing is clear, that in England, at all events, it was the common form of government for all but municipal corporations somewhere about the date of the Wars of the Roses, if not earlier. The trade guilds, the great monasteries, the cathedrals, chapters, the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the schools at Eton and Winchester, were governed by bodies of a similar constitution, co-optative, and independent of all external control. Most, if not all, of these corporations were of a religious or quasi-religious origin. Even the trade guilds, so far as we know their history, probably originated as societies for the purpose of united devotion and reciprocal help amongst fellow-craftsmen in times of rejoicing and mourning. In the days when each guild had its patron saint, and often its peculiar altar in the neighbouring Church, it would be thought no unworthy object of men who exercised the same craft to band together merely for the sake of hearing mass at the same altar, or of assisting at the requiem of a departed fellow-craftsman. Religion in such days entered into the daily life in a manner in which, ostensibly at least, is now unknown.

One would be inclined to suspect, therefore, that something of the monastic spirit of "obedience" was at work in the minds of those who built up the constitutions of these societies. But, indeed, obedience and discipline is the prevalent tone of life previous to the Reformation. There we see the first protest of nascent individual intelligence against restraint, and from that day to this individualism has become more and more powerful in England, and might almost be said, even now, to be the distinctive peculiarity of British people. British men insist upon having the management of their own affairs. As a rule they are very tolerant of the exercise of power by those placed in authority, provided that they have full information as to the manner in which, and the means by which, that power is exercised; and, more especially, provided that they are confident in their ability to dethrone from office anyone who has lost their confidence. This not only seems to be a natural tendency of the national mind, but, more than that, the people are being daily educated more and more to regard it as their birthright to have a voice in the management of all affairs by which they, their families, or fortunes, may be affected. Quite apart from the mere extension of political power, men who, even fifty years ago, would have been content to be governed by

others, are now accustomed to act for themselves, and to make their voice and influence felt in the matters of daily life. Trades-unions, building, and co-operative societies, joint-stock companies, clubs; in short, any gathering of human beings in which all may speak, and the majority prevails, and in which all details of management are ultimately in the hands of all the members, is an instrument of education in this direction

Here then, as it seems to me, is the great fault and weakness of these close corporations, as at present constituted. They are absolutely out of harmony with the spirit of the age, in that the general body of the members have no voice in the management of their own affairs. The surprising thing is that this should not have been rectified years ago; and in no case is it so surprising as in that of the Inns of Court, which is to all intents and purposes a close trade corporation which continues to exercise over the members of its own craft the same absolute powers of regulation and discipline as the livery companies once exercised over the various handicrafts. The Inns of Court have an absolute control over the admission of persons to the profession of a barrister, and they have an absolute power of ejecting them (thereby depriving them of their means of livelihood) without, so far as I know, being compellable to assign even a reason for so doing. And when we speak of the Inns of Court, we really mean, not the general body of the members of the Inns, or their elected representatives, but a small body called Benchers, self-elected out of the general body of members, who have the entire control of the funds and affairs of the Inns of Court, and *the regulation of the profession*, and who are absolutely irresponsible. As a matter of fact, the persons selected as Benchers are men of the highest honour and capacity, and doubtless the affairs of the Inns of Court are conducted with the utmost ability and discretion. But the general body of the profession have no guarantee that such a state of things will continue. It certainly does seem an extraordinary thing, at the close of the nineteenth century, that one of the most powerful of professions should be so far behind the times as to allow not only the administration of their corporate property, but their very means of livelihood, to be entirely at the mercy of any body of men, however able and honest, in whose selection they have no voice, who deliberate in secret, and publish no record of their deliberations, and render no account of their stewardship.

I have referred to this peculiarity of constitution as a matter in which these close corporations are out of harmony with the times. I said, also, that it was the cause of their comparative weakness. The result of it is that the general body of the members of these societies, instead of being ardent supporters, are either lukewarm

or hostile to them. Drawn, as a rule, from a class of persons who dislike a "fuss," they are very long-suffering, and acquiesce, with an occasional grumble, in existing institutions. But they are discontented all the time; they think that they are deprived of their just rights, and, like all men who are kept in ignorance of the disposition of property, they all think that they are more or less robbed by those who have the management of it. I myself have long been a member of the "Court," or governing body, of the Livery Company to which I belong, where I have ever preached the necessity of a greater liberality of constitution, not altogether in vain. At our Livery dinners, however, I almost invariably find that my next-door neighbour, if a liveryman, is full of resentment at what he considers the abuses of the constitution of the Company, and not only so, but, if they have the opportunity, the liverymen have no scruple in proclaiming their views very roundly before the assembled guests. And I believe that the same discontent is prevalent amongst the general body of members of the Inns of Court. You may wonder, Sir, how it is that I come to know anything about the Inns of Court. But a bachelor brother of mine, who died some years since, was for many years a barrister on this circuit, and through him I have come to know many others. I have frequently heard them say that they would not personally lose anything if the Inns of Court were abolished and disendowed to-morrow; that they had paid large sums to their Inn, and got very little in return; and that they would not care to strike a blow in its defence.

A greater liberality of constitution, and more publicity of proceedings, would also be a sure guarantee against any abuse of administration. I believe that, as a rule, these corporations are governed with the utmost ability and integrity; but, as I have said, there is no guarantee for this unless the full light of day shines upon their proceedings. In the present state of public opinion, complete publicity by itself is a certain preventive of abuse. And then, again, whatever sphere of usefulness may be selected for the employment of the corporate funds, the governing body cannot but receive valuable help from the criticism, suggestions, and active co-operation of the general body of the members; men of various pursuits and callings in life. Though now, as I have said, lukewarm or hostile, if taken into confidence they would become the warmest partizans of the society, would take an active interest in its affairs, and would be ready to devote time and labour to the promotion of its objects.

The friends of these venerable societies, still pregnant with so much power of doing good in their generation, must not be content to let them remain merely venerable survivals of a form of

constitution suited to a bygone age, but irretrievably opposed to the present. One of the lessons of the present century has been that privilege begets suspicion, and that if you wish men to work harmoniously together in defence of a common object you must take all classes of them into your confidence, court their criticism, and place no limit that can be avoided to their freedom of speech and opinion. No confiscatory reform, no violent disregarding of vested interests is asked for, but merely one of those Medean immersions by which the old man is melted into a new creature, the same in existence, in personality, having all the experience and tradition of age, but equipped with the vigour and freshness of youth. This has ever been the spirit of our reforms in this country, and so they have been gradual, consistent, permanent. It is a change which the most fossilized Tory need not fear, and which the most ardent Radical, if honest, cannot but welcome.

I have often wished, Mr. Editor, to have an opportunity of saying this *urbi et orbi*. I trust that, even if you do not agree with me, you will at least give me the credit of wishing all prosperity and usefuless to these ancient societies, to which I myself, and so many others, owe much of our wealth, knowledge, and enjoyment of life.

John Reynolds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Ireland's Only Chance.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Members of Parliament have lately said, "I am not prepared to see a repetition of Cromwell." Cromwell is celebrated for other acts than the comparatively simple matter of quelling rebellion. When he found a parliament incapable of organization, weak and vacillating, he permanently dissolved it. Vacillating members of parliament are perhaps wise to hope Cromwell's acts may not be repeated.

It seems we have no Cromwell, neither does a statesman yet appear with sufficient power to carry the necessary measures to finally settle matters in Ireland to the joy of those thousands in that unfortunate country who long to see law enforced, and to the destruction of the lawless.

We profess not to contemplate separation for this sound and definite reason, that Ireland is too near to England to leave her to the possible advances of an adverse foreign power; neither can we forget our duty not to forsake the many thousands of loyal Irishmen in Ireland who would, indeed, be in a bad way, were Ireland to have Home Rule. Were it not for these reasons, we might gladly part with her. Yet we actually *do* contemplate separation, for Home Rule is but a step to separation. Keeping her as she is even is contemplating separation, for we take no steps to exterminate the Irish National League, and *the Irish National League is rebellion.* Countenancing rebellion, as we do, tends to separation.

Now let us look at this so-called "National" League under Mr. Parnell. Who are its organizers and chiefs? Patriots? No! They are for the most part professional agitators, and they find their business pays. Many of them make their living by it, and depend on it for their daily bread. They teach defiance to, and evasion of, English laws. Large numbers of the Irish are forced to subscribe to, and become members of the League for fear that if they did not they would be boycotted. What becomes of the money that is collected

by the League? the sum amounts to many thousands. A small portion has relieved evicted tenants, &c. Where is by far the greater part? Is it in the pockets of the Irish Members of Parliament who belong to the League, and are its chief supporters?

Though we cannot allow Ireland to be separated from Great Britain, surely England should be able to crush rebellion, and defend the many thousand law-abiding loyal people in Ireland against outrage. We see that weak temporizing measures, toleration, advocacy of Home Rule and flirting with Home Rule, have led us into most hopeless confusion. Are our friends and relations in Ireland to go through another stage of murder and outrage, and are they to be ruined because the League will not allow the tenants to pay their rents? Most tenants, if permitted, would willingly pay their much-reduced rents.

Let us not deceive ourselves by the flattering idea that we can induce the world to believe that we are contemplating voluntarily giving the Irish Home Rule. If we give it to them it is because the majority of our Parliament dare not refuse.

This is what the representatives of the League have been working for for years, and they have at last succeeded in finding English Ministers ready to become their tools: they have found those who are ready to believe that the consequence of refusing Home Rule will be serious. They have probably held before their eyes the prospect of a repetition of murder and dynamite, and there are those who are ready to believe that it is better to avoid these consequences by granting Ireland Home Rule than to crush the assassins who have dared to encourage murder and outrage.

Many contemplate Home Rule because they shrink from the consequence of coercion.

Many hesitate to advocate coercion, because they think it would prove too long and too severe.

It is absurdly said twenty years' coercion is the alternative to Home Rule, and that it will be necessary to repeat Cromwell. We need not repeat Cromwell's *excesses*, and if the following strong measures are adopted, the time that will elapse before Ireland is in order will be very short.

The first act should be to destroy the organization of rebellion; kill the working power, and the rest will be simple.

If anything short of the following measures are adopted, they will fail, because the organization will be left to plan murder and atrocity, such as we have suffered. The League is too well organized to be despised; it, and all other rebellious organs, should be rooted out.

It is high time to arrange these matters, which, by effeminate weakness, have been allowed to become so complicated; the day for simply enforcing law is fast slipping by; it would now be but a use-

less half-measure to enforce the law, if the well-organized League is left to encourage rebellion, conspiracy, murder, terrorizing by dynamite and otherwise, &c. &c.

The League chiefly controls the elections in Ireland, therefore the Irish Members of Parliament are chiefly *the representatives of the League.*

Ireland is in such a lawless state that she is unfit at present to send *loyal* representatives to a Parliament, either at Westminster or elsewhere. Hence, as an Irish member and a rebel are in most cases equivalent, *is it not foolish to allow rebellion a recognized right to be heard?*

I. Unseat Irish members, and for the present allow no election to take place in Ireland.

II. Give notice that after seven days from date of notice, all acknowledged members of the League, or any similar rebellious society, are liable to be exiled from Great Britain and Ireland.

III. Stop the Irish press, or that very great part of it which promulgates rebellious views.

IV. Stamp out opposition to law relentlessly; give persistent rebels a long rope and a short shrift; crush all rebellious societies, in case of outbreaks; hang ringleaders and transport others.

V. Take all the usual steps to enforce law and order, allowing no hesitation or delay, and omitting no details.

It will be found that if these powerful measures are adopted and promptly acted upon, that the task will be very much less than trembling, fearful hesitation anticipates. All trouble will die out before firmness. The only fear is that sufficient rascals may not remain so as to be available to suffer to serve as examples to the less guilty. Twenty years coercion, forsooth! twenty days is ample to bring an unarmed state to order. Our forefathers used to arrange these matters somewhat quicker; they would not greatly appreciate the advance of the times if they knew the English of the present day think to take twenty years to quell a rebellious state. Let us hope we may soon re-acquire the simple art of dealing with rebellion, and cease to be the laughing-stock of foreign statesmen.

If it is desirable to kill an animal, is it not better to strike at the head than the tail? Therefore, do not begin by punishing the lower orders, the tenants of Ireland, who refuse to pay rent under the orders of the League, &c. Begin by exterminating the League, their members of Parliament, the rebel press, &c. Put these down with a heavy and quick hand, and you will see that the greater part of those who belong to the League (that is, those who are forced to belong to the League) will be only too glad to be freed from this malevolent organization. Clear Ireland of her agitators, and the whole country will rejoice after the reaction has had time to work.

The people of Ireland will soon learn that the leaders of the League are not patriots, but that they are, for the most part, adventurers who prefer pay to patriotism.

Let those statesmen who oppose coercion in its strongest form, realise that none but the strongest measures can succeed in the case of the state of Ireland at present.

Those feeble humanitarians, whose natural effeminacy leads them to oppose strong measures, are the most cruel, as their weak measures invite opposition, and eventually cause endless trouble and punishment, and often, unfortunately, those who suffer are not those who offend; for example, see late opposition in Ireland, murders, dynamite outrages, &c. Those who have suffered most in Ireland are not the law-breakers, but the gentry, landlords, agents, loyal farmers and their adherents, who, with their wives and families number many thousands, and who suffer because there appears to be no one to enforce English law and order. It is they who, suffering from the cruelty of weak statesmanship, have the greatest cause to protest against the members of Parliament I refer to in my first lines, and who have most reason to be, and are, "prepared to see a repetition of *some* of Cromwell's acts."

Yours faithfully,

C. Hamilton.

Land Owners and Land Labourers v. *Tenant Farmers.*

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

I beg the favour of being allowed space for a rejoinder to the replies of Mr. C. T. Roberts and Mr. Henry R. Farquharson to my letter on this subject.

These gentlemen say a great many things, but they do not venture to say that the prime contention of my argument is wrong, namely, that if an estate were *properly* farmed with the aid of an agent and bailiffs, and without tenant-farmers, there would be more money left for the land-labourer and the landowner.

Mr. Roberts obviously clean forgot it; while, though the member for West Dorset approaches it, he only does so in attacking minor propositions. The latter says that I base the whole of my argument on the large profits which he represents me as alleging to be made by the farmer. But I have not based my argument on the assertion that they are large, but on the broad fact that the farmer makes some profit, and it is true that I have, with knowledge, offered an estimate of what that profit, with good farming, might be. It is true, also, that Mr. Roberts scouts this estimate of mine, that a tenant-farmer can, from 500 acres,

at one pound an acre all round, make, in addition to interest on capital temporarily invested, five hundred pounds a year; and he professes to believe there is no survival of such a person.

But, first, I know myself many farmers in different parts of England who would chuckle in their sleeves at this correspondent's credulity, though, of course, they would not for the lives of them cool such warm partizanship as his by open contradiction. Then, secondly, Mr. Roberts lays the extent of his acquaintance with the matter open to considerable doubt. For example, he confesses, without necessity and very indiscreetly, that he does not know what I mean by "the rural disaffection so long rife in England," and he emphasizes his want of information by adding that he does not believe I or, presumably, anybody else does either. If he will go about the country and talk freely with the labourers, without revealing hostility to them, he will soon learn in all parts what it means; he will find that it means much deep and bitter discontent, and an angry, though at present impotent, desire to do something to effect a change; and I would remind him that the words "rural disaffection," do not as yet, in regard to England, necessarily imply either cattle-houghing, or any other form of "moonlighting," or even that lesser kind of villainy called "boycotting."

Again, with continued avoidance of my main proposition, Mr. Farquharson points to "the unalterable laws of political economy," and says that, "at present farms are a drug in the market." I have not said anything to the contrary; and when, from this premise of his, he claims to have derived "incontestable proof of the incorrectness of my assertions," I would remark, that dissatisfied tenant-farmers who are giving up their farms do so, not because no profit is made, but because it is not so much as it used to be, and that the decrease in demand for farms is partly due to the same cause, and partly to exaggerated and alarming talk about that cause.

What that exaggeration is may be inferred from the fact that tenant-farmers, past and present, are frequently heard to declare that farming will never pay (*i.e.* them, the tenant-farmers) until wheat sell at eight shillings a bushel, or, roughly speaking, double its present price; which means that it will never answer the purpose of the tenant-farmer to grow wheat until it yield a profit which might very fairly be called exorbitant.

Mr. Farquharson affirms that my suggestion, as to a landowner gradually re-entering upon his lands and causing them to be farmed by an experienced agent with bailiffs, is ill-timed and is not likely ever to be much adopted.

Why not adopted? Because, says he, of that love of ease which has induced landowners to invest in land at all. Well, but I say it is both their interest and their duty to sacrifice a little of this ease, and that only a very little of it would have to be sacrificed. In the Australian

Colonies there are landowners who, with the aid of headmen, farm thousands of acres of corn-land in addition to vast sheep-pasturing, and yet they find time for hunting, shooting, and fishing; and, if their inclinations lie that way, to go into Parliament also; and they bring their sons up to the same mode of life. If the Australian gentlemen can do that with headmen, why should not the gentlemen of England come in time to do a similar thing, with the help of an experienced agent overlooking bailiffs? If they do not, then the deep discontent and disaffection so rife among English rural classes may tell very disastrously against those institutions which Conservatives most highly value. To remedy this well-grounded discontent is not to bribe the labourers; it is only to grant them justice and humanity. Thus relieved and satisfied, they would become willing listeners to their best advisers.

And why ill-timed, as Mr. Farquharson calls my suggestion? Surely no time could be more suitable for a commencement of the change than when many tenant-farmers are so willing to depreciate their holdings.

Mr. Roberts and Mr. Farquharson both insist that the tenant-farmers are a most valuable and admirable class of men. The latter says my sketch of some of them has too much colour, and then proceeds to lay it on thicker himself by introducing the words drunken and dissolute. The descriptive passage that I did write implied that, while the labourers' families are under-fed and thinly clad, the farmers' families indulge in pretentious and expensive habits; and that many tenant-farmers drink and bet freely, but certainly not that they all do so, or that many, or even (so far as my actual words went) that any, do so to the extent of drunkenness and dissoluteness. Still, I here ask permission to add to my incidental remarks against the tenant-farmer.

I add that a great part of his ill-success of late years is his own fault; that his reduced profits are in great measure due to his own bad farming, resulting from insufficient and niggardly employment of labour. Mr. Farquharson will again point to the unalterable laws of political economy, and ask, who will believe that a farmer would do anything contrary to his own interest? But, I say, do not merely seek from those cold abstractions what a farmer ought to do, but go about and see what he does do. Look at the acres of grass cut and left for days and days in the wet; then, after that, at the wheat, barley, and oats in the same deteriorating condition; and ask the labourers why? They will tell you (though one's own knowledge makes it sufficiently obvious) that there is not enough labour on the farm, that when the favourable few days of good weather come, from time to time, the farmer, through his economy in labour, is unable to snatch at them. Here it may be interposed against me that harvest-work is generally piece-work, set at so much the acre, and that, therefore, the farmer can have no interest in limiting the number of hands in harvest-times. But let it also be remembered that neither the partly unemployed labourers, nor those

wholly so and on tramp, are at the service of every farmer every day or week of the year; that is, just when and where every individual farmer may have instant need of them. Where ten men are wanted all the year round, only five are employed; and two or three of these are not allowed to work half their time in winter.

Why? Simply because the tenant-farmer has found labourers abundant and cheap of late years, and, instead of employing more of them, has followed the niggardly plan of throwing longer hours and harder work on fewer. This tends to keep down wages, no doubt; but it does three things besides: it increases the disaffection of both the employed and the unemployed, and it spoils the farmer's own chances of a fairly good year, and the landlord's of getting his full rent.

But it may be objected that the farm-labourers are a prejudiced and, therefore, an untrustworthy source of information to back up my own with. Well, I think these men know something of the agricultural history of the acres they have worked on from youth. However, let us turn to the gentlemen who prepare our statistics for us. Are they prejudiced, or, in the main, inaccurate? From their compilations I gather that in forty-five years the population of the United Kingdom has increased from twenty-seven to thirty-six millions, an increase of one-third. In the same period the deficiency of the wheat-supply made good by importation has increased by four or five times; that is, this deficiency has increased from twelve to fifteen times more than the population has.

Now, bad seasons, the increased spending power of the manufacturing populations, and the wise turn that has been taken in laying down more arable land to pasture, and so competing with the Colonies and the United States in beef and mutton, instead of in wheat—these things account for some parts of the discrepancy, but not all. What has had a great deal to do with it is niggardly farming.

And I stand by my first contention. The land must be possessed, and it must be tilled. Both functions may, of course, be vested in only *one* class—the tillers, as peasant proprietors, though, as I have already said, I do not believe they would prosper under that arrangement; but there is no necessity whatever that there should be a *third* party, namely, the tenant-farmer, standing between the owner and the tiller simply to divide the profits into three instead of two. At the same time I admit the obvious need of occasional exception in regard to glebe lands and lands of which the present beneficiaries are female.

It may be asked, why would the landowners be more likely to give better wages than the farmers? Well, with two parts of the profit they would certainly be more able to do so than the farmers with only one; and the landowner who engaged in the enterprise of such a change as is suggested, would also be one to see the wisdom of instructing his agent and bailiffs to farm more productively than the tenants have been doing

—that is, to employ much more labour, which course would of itself send up wages to a living rate.

As to the landowners, Mr. Roberts has only gall and wormwood for them; and, as to the land-labourers, Mr. Farquharson dismisses their discontent and misery with a sententious reference to the laws of supply and demand, as though in ample settlement of that branch of the subject; but for the tenant-farmer they both manifest unbounded compassion and admiration. I submit that, as between the farmers and the labourers, the latter, being not only necessary but much more numerous and much more suffering, are the worthier objects of sympathy.

No one will object to the gig and the tidy garden which Mr. Farquharson so moderately claims for the occupying farmer; but when my opponent talks of the farmer's "luxuries," and says that these "very luxuries make them (the farmers) of much service to the (farm) labouring classes, who are thereby found additional employment," it makes one smile to see this desperate clutching at such a straw of an argument. Why, where do these "luxuries," as he calls them, for the most part come from but from the land? And would it not be more in the pocket of the farm labourers, in addition to their present wages, to share in halves with the landowner almost the entire cost of these "luxuries" of the farmers, than it is to get a fractional percentage of them?

Finally, though the gist of both Mr. Roberts's and Mr. Farquharson's arguments goes to show that there is not sufficient profit from the land for all three of the present parties concerned, namely, owner, tenant-farmer, and tiller; yet neither of the two letters contain one word of suggestion as to which of those three parties may be more fitly expected to retire than the tenant-farmer.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient Servant,
Joseph Alan Scofield.

A Voice from Malta.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Will you kindly allow me a short space in the pages of the *National Review*, that I may publicly offer my thanks to the distinguished writer of the article headed "Sunny Days in Malta," which appeared in the September number of your valuable periodical, and to you for publishing the same?

It is really consoling in these "dark days" for Malta, when so many prominent English journals and reviews seem to delight in giving the most disagreeable descriptions of these islands and their inhabitants, to

find a loyal, warm-hearted English lady, who steps boldly forward and with unprejudiced pen informs the world (the English world especially) that, after all, there is something good in that little group of rocky islands peeping out of the foamy waves of the Mediterranean Sea. Had the author of the article in question resided a little longer in Malta, and had she had the occasion to approach a few Maltese, superior in condition and education to the "faithful Giuseppe," or the shopkeepers in the by-streets of Valetta, she might, perhaps, have given a better account of the inhabitants of these islands, and very likely would not have said that they are such "sharp traders that the very Jews retire from the contest," and that "Malta is the place where literally there are none to be found." Nor would she have piqued the vanity of some of our ladies by saying that, to whatever rank she belongs, the Maltese woman is to go to church in her "faldetta," which rather ungraceful costume is being gradually left to the fair portion of the lower classes. However, I am not going to quarrel with so good a friend of Malta for that, especially under the present circumstances, when it has become quite fashionable to find fault with whatever exists on these islands. Of course we are in all respects widely different from our fellow British subjects of the mother country, but that does not absolutely prove that everything is so very bad with us.

The English who come to Malta see very little of the Maltese, and what they see is not always apt to produce the best impression, because they generally only come in contact with people of the lower orders, from which are recruited their servants, and the tradespeople who deal with them. Above that, the most absolute separation may be said to exist between English and Maltese, and, therefore, I think it is hardly fair to stigmatize a whole nation—however small it may be—with the faults and defects which pervade the very lowest strata of its society.

This misjudgment, it must be avowed, every Maltese of some education resents very much, and it contributes in no small degree to hinder that *entente cordiale* which should exist between people living so closely together.

But, if English people of such a turn of mind as the one who wrote the article you published in your September number were to visit Malta a little oftener, and write about it in such a style, I feel quite sure that the social condition of this community would be greatly altered, and the results prove highly beneficial, both to ourselves and to the English who have found so comfortable a home on the sunny shores of our little isle. I am glad, however, to be able to state that a right good step in that direction has lately been given by the Imperial Government by the appointment of two first-rate English gentlemen respectively to the posts of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Malta; but together with such able and popular heads of the Government we still

require a much stronger influx of well-disposed and sympathizing English visitors to effect this most desirable improvement in the social condition of the island.

I beg clearly to point out that I have limited my observations to the social question, and in no way entered on political ground.

Before concluding, I feel that I must apologize for presuming to impose upon you, and upon the readers of the *National Review*, a letter written in a language which is totally foreign to me, and which I know to possess but most imperfectly.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,
A Maltese.

Valetta, 20th October, 1886.

The Indian Civil Service.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

All questions connected with the Indian Civil Service are of such grave importance that I feel sure a little more space will be accorded to a few more remarks on the subject.

I am glad to find that Mr. Keene objects principally to the tone of my letter. I earnestly ask him to forgive that: it resulted from the deep interest I take in the question, not from any wish to cause him a moment's pain. My experience of Indian departmental officers leads me to the conviction that, as a class, they subscribe most heartily to Pope's notion, "whatever is, is right," and think that this notion applies, with unquestionable exactitude, to the present relative position of the English and Indians in India. Now, when Mr. Keene made a suggestion which appeared to treat the "higher appointments" as the Englishman's preserve, I surmised the presence of "the curiously departmental point of view." However, I am glad to find that I was mistaken.

On the general question I will now cite a quotation:—"The selected candidate for the Indian Civil Service, during his two years of special training, has to acquire much knowledge of the first importance—Hindû and Muhammadan law, Indian history, political economy, and so on, without a knowledge of which he is altogether useless. Two years is not too much time to devote to the acquisition of these subjects; but it is equally imperative that every official should understand thoroughly the language of the people *for whom*, and *among whom*, he is employed. Now as this last is but means to an end—the means by which the other

knowledge is utilized—it would seem but reasonable to confine it to the narrowest limits, for the whole time devoted to it must be subtracted from the time which could be spent in the acquisition of substantial knowledge." Mr. Keene will be interested to hear that these words are taken from an article which I wrote on this subject in the *Homeward Mail*, September 18, 1871 ; and I think that he will find in them little to object to.

The method of escaping from the dilemma which I then proposed, and now re-iterate, is a change in the method of conferring appointments and promoting officials in India. For the purpose of first appointments to the Civil Service, India is divided into four parts, *i.e.* Bengal, N. W. Provinces, Bombay, and Madras. When a candidate is selected, he is allowed to choose, as far as choice is possible, to which of these four districts he will be sent. But it happens that each of these huge stretches of territory is composed of a cluster of large districts, in which different languages are spoken, and different customs prevail. Hence it follows that every candidate should have a colloquial knowledge of several languages ; otherwise he may be called upon to serve in a district the language of which is unknown to him. Every officer is liable to be, and in fact frequently is, moved from district to district, little regard being paid to his linguistic fitness for any place. And this leads me to another quotation :—" The solution of the linguistic difficulty lies in the appointment of young civilians to definite districts, there to remain until they had acquired the languages fitting them to serve in other places. Under such a system each candidate need learn but one language previous to starting, and would be furnished with a great incentive to continued study when in India. . . . Unfortunately the ' exigencies of the service ' are held to require a constant circulation among the servants of the Government, so that there is small hope of so satisfactory a settlement of the difficulty. By the action now taken the difficulty is simply ignored ; and young men sent to India must, after undergoing two years' training in England, be retained on ' general duty ' while they learn the elements of the language of the province in which they may be placed." These sentences were written by me in the *Homeward Mail*, April 12, 1872 ; and they are just as applicable now as when I wrote them. Mr. Keene will see that I am quite aware that " there *is* an interval between a young civilian's landing and his being put into serious duty." The letter of Mr. Boult, in your last issue, shows the practical experience of one who has studied a colloquial Indian language in the way that has been thought efficacious ; and I need only call attention to the startling confirmation which his letter affords of my remark about " the awful injustice " that must result from an imperfect knowledge of the spoken dialect by those administering, in a district, what is called justice.

What I propose is, briefly, this:—India should be divided into linguistic areas; and the necessary trouble should be taken to ascertain the average number of fresh officials which is required for each. A candidate, on selection, should be allotted to one of these areas, and he should be required to pass a really good examination in the *one* language in which he would be examined. This would give him the needful time for law, history, &c., and would give him *fixity of thought and purpose*. When arrived in India, he should go to the district the language of which he has studied; and there he should remain, without hope of transfer, until he had acquired the languages of the districts in which promotion may lie. This would induce *habits of application* in India itself, and cure the propensity to drop all serious study as soon as a man is really at work. In this way we should, without undue pressure, secure a body of officials who possessed a colloquial knowledge of the languages current in their districts, and who would feel that local attachment which steadies a man and makes him really useful. One of the most painful consequences of the present system of promoting and transferring officers consists in the unsettled habit of mind it induces, and the feverish anxiety it creates, in them all. It is not reasonable to expect men to give serious work to districts which they are taught to regard as mere stepping-stones to something else. I do not in the least exaggerate on this point; for I could instance places in which the officers in charge have been changed six and seven times in a year. Such a system must keep the official class in a constant flutter of greedy excitement, almost compelling them to give more attention to the chances and changes of promotion than to the real work of their districts.

Mr. Boult's remarks on the necessity of insisting on a knowledge of the cursive forms of Arabic are most pertinent. What he says of the dangerous ignorance of English officials is incontestable truth; and, what is worse, the great majority of these officers pass the whole period of their service without acquiring the power of reading their official documents. It was to assist in remedying this grave defect that I edited the posthumous work of Prof. Palmer to which Mr. Boult alludes.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERIC PINCOTT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 47.—JANUARY, 1887.

CONSERVATISM AND YOUNG CONSERVATIVES.

It is not unnatural that a Party smarting under the consciousness of defeat should evince a scanty appreciation of the virtues of their conqueror. Dwindling numbers, a discredited leader, and a condemned policy are conditions unfavourable to dispassionateness of judgment. Under such provocation, a certain obliquity of mental vision is readily condoned, and a modest exaggeration, nay, even a mild acerbity of language, may be accepted without protest. No one, for instance, would quarrel with Mr. John Morley for drawing "laughter and cheers" from his audience at Leeds, last November, by telling them that "Tory principles are things of shreds and patches, rickety puppets, which are only paint and wood, and wire and squeak." This is the slightly-acidulated banter of a politician suffering from a pardonable dyspepsia. Nor, again, does the most sensitive of Conservatives yield to any other emotion than uncontrollable laughter at the transpontine gambols of Sir W. Harcourt. When he solemnly warns his countrymen that, "one of these days, when it suits their purpose, the Tories will swallow 'Home Rule,' as they have swallowed everything else," we recognize the speaker's unimpeachable right to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, upon the general capacity of the political stomach for such absorption as he describes. And when, amid "roars of laughter," he exclaims that "one of the consolations of a Tory Government is that they begin at once to shunt their rubbish," we remember how perilously near he is said to have once been to joining a Tory Administration himself, and we are disposed to join enthusiastically in the chorus.

If such mentors lead the way, there is sure to be no lack of a following. Radicals are gregarious in attack, though divided and fugitive in defence. Adulterated versions of the gibes of Mr.

Morley and Sir W. Harcourt are poured from provincial platforms, with a crescendo of froth proportioned to the dilution of spirit. "The Tories have clambered into office by abandoning their principles; they have stolen our programme, and are masquerading in borrowed plumes." This is the splenetic howl of the baffled Gladstonian as he contemplates, from the outer darkness, the intolerable spectacle of a Conservative Government called to power by the voice of the people—*i.e.* upon his own admission, divinely appointed—and daily consolidating its hold upon the popular affections by a policy of dignified self-confidence and beneficial reforms.

These charges represent the excusable effervescence of troubled and remorseful souls. I do not suppose that they very seriously disturb the equanimity of the Government, and I suspect that they are taken for what they are worth by the country. No doubt they will be freely repeated in the coming years, and every good Bill introduced and carried by a Conservative Ministry will be exposed to the taunt of having been stolen from the repertoire of their opponents. By this ingenious device the Radicals can lay claim to a monopoly of all successful legislation. If they are in power, the particular Measure for which they wish to take credit, though it may have been largely shaped by Conservatives, and, perhaps, only brought into being by their aid, is yet the offspring of pure and unmixed Radical parentage. If, on the other hand, it has been passed by a Conservative Government, and not unlikely in the teeth of considerable Radical opposition, it is then discovered if fortunate in its results, to have been a supposititious infant abstracted from the Radical nursery, and surreptitiously introduced into the Tory cradle. In either case, the Radical paternity is triumphantly vindicated, and the eternal sterility of the Tory Party conclusively proved.

Now, why is it that these charges of inconsistency, plagiarism, and general depravity are received with such profound indifference both by the accused parties and by the public at large? Mainly, no doubt, because of the extravagance and falsity of the charges themselves. Those who make them, by trying to prove too much, let it be seen that they reflect too little.

But there is another reason, of much deeper and wider significance for the prevailing sense of tranquillity which these accusations have so signally failed to disturb. The country takes a different view of the character, principles, and aims of the Conservative Party from that which is pressed upon its notice with such suspicious wealth of declamation by the opposite side; different, even, from that which it formerly entertained itself. The fact is that there are two Conservative parties; the one a living and corporate

reality, strong enough at the present moment to place, and to retain, an acceptable Government in office, and dependent for its stability upon its successful appeal to popular sympathies; the other, a lurid phantasmagoria of Radical invention, a Frankenstein that is only conjured up on provincial platforms or by the editor of the *Daily News*, but that somehow vanishes when the fumes of procreative rhetoric have dispersed. Sir W. Harcourt may conceive that he is uttering an epigram when he describes the Conservative Party as a combination of "all the prejudices of caste, all the interests of classes, and all the passions of party"; though even here he will find few people innocent enough to agree with him. But if he thinks that, as a definition, his phrase imposes upon a single individual, or is regarded by any rational human being as anything but the most absolute balderdash, he is strangely mistaken. The country can distinguish with sufficient clearness between the real and the mock sun, between the original and the caricature. It knows well enough that the Conservative Party is no more composed of bloated aristocrats, or feudal despots, or grabbing landowners, or selfish monopolists, or any other of the agreeable ingredients attributed to it in the Radical vernacular, than the Jockey Club is composed of jockeys, or the Crystal Palace is built of crystal. A British jury does not form its verdict of the character or conduct of the defendant from the highly-coloured epitome of them supplied by the leading counsel for the plaintiff. It listens to the speeches, but it decides upon the evidence.

If there is one fact more than another which has been forced upon the popular consciousness by the events of recent years, it is the absolute hollowness of party nomenclature. The venerable distinctions between Conservative and Liberal are played out; the old watchwords and symbols and cries are so much obsolete property, which encumber the stage and interfere both with the dramatic unity and with the forward movement of newer pieces. The Conservatives of to-day—let us admit the charge at once—are not the Conservatives of 1832–67, nor the Conservatives of 1867–85. It would be extremely absurd, and in the highest degree discreditable, if they were. Two successive and gigantic enlargements of the voting area cannot be accomplished without leaving a permanent effect upon the nature and conduct of parties. Canute may, perhaps, have contemplated the first wave that touched his feet unmoved, but he is popularly credited with having shifted his chair when its legs were washed by a second.

Nor is there anything to be ashamed of in this necessary modification of attitude.

> New times demand new measures and new men.
> The world advances, and in time outgrows

> The laws that in our fathers' days were best;
> And doubtless after us some purer scheme
> Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
> Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.

Policies must not only be sound and right in themselves, but they must be adapted to those for whom and to whom they are proposed. The statesman who attempts to rule a democracy by laws framed on aristocratic lines is foredoomed to failure. Principle is a much-abused word; but, understanding by principles the fundamental and inalienable tenets of faith which politicians, supposedly the most immoral of men, can hold as firmly in one sphere as theologians, reputed to be the most moral, in another, I am not aware of any principle the abandonment of which has even been suggested to the Conservative party by either of the processes of Enfranchisement above alluded to. But, accepting for the moment Lord Beaconsfield's definition of Conservative principles as "the defence of the capital institutions of the country," we may admit that an important transformation has taken place in the methods and weapons of defence—the criterion of public utility being now advanced where abstract merit was once paraded as justification supreme—and that a valuable impetus has been given to the progressive application of those principles in the new-born energy for genuine reforms.

We may even go farther, and admit that the present alliance with the Unionist Liberals, in the durability of which there are many who see a new ray of salvation in the troubled atmosphere of British politics, is exerting a Liberalising influence upon the attitude of a Conservative Cabinet. Neither would the most devoted follower of Lord Hartington be found to deny that the co-operation with his former opponents, induced by common resistance to a grave national peril, has exercised a moderating and conservatizing influence upon his own opinions. The effect is reciprocal, and it is not worth while squabbling about the relative degrees of variation.

If, however, a change has taken place in the meaning of the term Conservatism, how much greater is that which its rival, in the Gladstonian acceptation of the word, has undergone? I need not now allude to the admitted disappearance of all the old catchwords from the Liberal creed, to the latter-day contempt for individual liberty, born of an excessive passion for central control, or to the utter oblivion in which the old Liberal doctrines of economical reform and peace, with or without honour, have been plunged. This might be stigmatized as ancient history. But the purely ephemeral connotation of modern Liberalism may be demonstrated by incidents of yesterday and to-day. Only a year

ago a book was compiled by an industrious hack under the title *Why I am a Liberal*, various and conflicting definitions of Liberalism being therein propounded by the then apostles of the faith. But this compilation is already obsolete, and the prophets of 1885 are the outcasts of 1886. A new religion was wanted, and the same inimitable purveyor has been equal to the occasion. He has recently presented the world with another volume, entitled *The New Liberal Programme*, in which, last year's suit of clothes having been discarded as old-fashioned and ill-fitting, a brand-new set of garments is manufactured for the party by such trusted artificers and masters of the craft as Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Page Hopps. At this rate, we may expect an annual restatement of Liberal policy and principles, recurring with as much regularity as Guy Fawkes' Day, or the Budget. Indeed, if a particular man tells you now-a-days that he is a Liberal, he gives you little more information about himself than did Plato's definition of general man as a two-legged animal without feathers.

There is another conviction that the dismal experience of broken promises and unredeemed pledges, with which the British elector has become painfully familiar in recent years, has impressed upon the public mind. It is this—that it does not much matter from which party reformatory measures proceed, provided only that when once their necessity has been proven, they are not unreasonably delayed, and that their provisions meet the ascertained requirements of the case. The spiritless procrastination, and more recently the immedicable impotence, of Liberal Governments, have shaken the confidence of the country in Liberalism as an effective instrument of legislative reform. Time was when the elevation of a Liberal Ministry to power was hailed as the signal for some great constructive enterprise, or financial achievement, or for a crusade against some notorious wrong. Latterly it has sunk into a synonym for deepening disaster in Ireland, and a merciless waste of public treasure and blood in Africa. The cornucopia of Liberalism has for years been reported as bursting with the fruits of a glorious harvest; privileged persons have even overhauled and discoursed upon its contents; but long as it has brimmed full, it has for some time obstinately refused to brim over.

Under these circumstances the country has shown a commendable sagacity in transferring its allegiance, if only, as our adversaries contend, temporally and experimentally, to the other side. I see nothing despicable in such a transfer, even if regarded from the most material or selfish point of view. There are thousands of electors, to whom the difference between Government by the opposite parties is nothing more than the greater or the less chance of securing certain advantages peculiarly affecting themselves. Having

tried one party and found it barren, they are quite prepared to test the fecundity of the other. Still less is there anything despicable in the attitude of the party which accepts such a situation, and endeavours honestly to take advantage of it. It is because the present Government is showing so strenuous a desire to profit by its opportunities that it is fortifying its hold upon the public esteem,—and to profit honestly, that it receives the confidence of its own supporters.

I believe that at the present moment there is a more widespread activity, and a more genuine enthusiasm for reform, in the ranks of the Conservative party, than at any previous period during this century. There have at other times been sections or groups of the Party, as for instance, the young England party of fifty years ago, which have been inspired by magnanimous and philanthropic motives to individual exertions in the cause of political or social amelioration. Lord Beaconsfield, again, in later years, and as head of the entire Party, taught his followers the invaluable lesson of taking the initiative, and created for them a policy, in domestic as well as in foreign affairs, which will ever be associated with his name. But it is not till now that the party as a whole can be said to have been impregnated with these more generous ideas,

> Totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

I hope I shall not be thought rash or presumptuous if I attribute this fact very largely to the growing adhesion of younger men to the Conservative side, and to their increasing influence in shaping its policy. No more remarkable phenomenon has been witnessed during the past ten years, or still more during the last six, than the wholesale and continuous conversion of the younger generation to Conservative views. Mr. Gladstone may boast the unparalleled distinction of having made as many perverts from his own creed in his old age, as he ever made converts to it in his prime of manhood. Fifteen years ago the current of political opinion among the young set as strongly in favour of Liberalism as it now runs in the counter direction. Conservatism has often been stigmatized as the creed of the upper classes and the old; of those who have that which they wish to keep, and of those who have learnt from experience that to keep that which they have, is better policy than to sacrifice it in the vain hope of getting that which they have not. Liberalism, as certainly, was the creed of the middle and lower classes—acquisitive, or smarting under vexatious disabilities—and of the young, whose imagination was fired by its brilliant theories and resounding phrases. Now, however, the middle classes have ceased to be acquisitive, having for the most part acquired the objects of their ambition; the lower classes suffer from fewer

political inequalities; and the young have been disillusionized by the spread of education. The result is a prodigious absorption into the Conservative body of many of the most distinctive elements of the old Liberal Party. When I speak of the young men, I do not allude to the hot-headed and indiscriminate Conservatism of our great Public Schools—they, no doubt, reflect the hereditary proclivities of "the classes"—nor again to the ever-increasing and cultured Conservatism of the Universities, though a moral might well be drawn from a movement that has attacked and penetrated the most acute and speculative of societies. But I speak with particular reference to the young men of the middle and lower classes, clerks, apprentices, shopkeepers, mechanics, and artizans, who at each succeeding election are found enlisted in larger numbers in the Conservative ranks. Lord Carnarvon declared in 1882 that three-fourths of the literary power of the country, and four-fifths of the intellectual ability were arrayed on the Conservative side. This assertion, which was amiably denounced at the time by Mr. Gladstone as "the inconsiderate outburst of a good man," would, if made at the present moment, be regarded as the obvious reflection of a well-informed person. Perhaps if I say that three-fourths of the young men of the middle-classes, and four-fifths of the young men of the upper classes, are possessed at the present time of a strong Conservative bias, though I may not escape with the lenient criticism of the earlier verdict, I may yet hope in four years time to be vindicated by a repetition of the later.

The House of Commons is commonly regarded as a microcosm of the temper and opinions of the nation. If, therefore, my argument about the younger generation of Englishmen throughout the country be true, we might expect to find some reflection of the fact in the character and composition of that assembly. Such anticipations will not be disappointed; for the newly-elected House will be found, upon examination, to supply most direct and unmistakable testimony of the truth of the contention. It comprises an unusually large proportion of young members, being much in advance of its more recent predecessors in this point; and of those young members an unusually large proportion sit upon the Ministerial benches. For the purposes of the argument, I may divide the young members into two classes: (I.) those between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, who are indisputably young, in the ordinary acceptation of the word; and (II.) those between the ages of thirty and forty, who are still young in the Parliamentary sense, forty being the time of life at which a Member is commonly supposed to pass from the first burst of exuberant adolescence into the more sober atmosphere of achieved manhood.

Of the 670 Members composing the House, we find that 47 in all belong to Class I., and 143 to Class II.; *i.e.* 190 members, or 28 per cent. of the entire House, are under the age of forty-one. When we remember that the House of Commons was once described as "an assemblage of old gentlemen with bald heads and large stomachs," the significance of these figures will not be denied.

But here I propose to omit from any further calculations the contingent supplied by Mr. Parnell. Their ages and numbers do not affect the point at issue, which is the comparative representation of young Conservatives and young Liberals from the constituencies of Great Britain. Nor does it prove anything, except that Mr. Parnell finds as willing, perhaps more willing, instruments among the younger than among the older heads of Ireland.

Abstracting the Parnellites, we find that, of the Conservative Members, 22 belong to Class I. and 70 to Class II., or 92 in all under the age of forty-one. Of the Gladstonians, 9 belong to Class I., and 36 to Class II.; whilst of the Gladstonians and Unionist Liberals combined 14 belong to Class I. and 45 to Class II.

The respective proportions may then be determined as follows. Of the whole House, 14 per cent. are young Conservatives, 7 per cent. are young Gladstonians, and 9 per cent. young Gladstonians and Unionist Liberals combined. Of the Conservative Party 29 per cent. are young men; of the Gladstonian Party 23 per cent.; and of the combined Gladstonian and Unionist Liberal Party 22 per cent. Of course, if I added the Unionist Liberals to the Conservatives, as I might do with at least equal justification, the numbers would be by so much more favourable to the Conservative, as they would be less favourable to the Liberal total.

But it might, perhaps, be insinuated that the large excess of youthful representation on the Conservative side is due to the territorial influence of the nobility and squirearchy in divisions of backward and bucolic shires. A moment's analysis proves that this is not the case. Of the 22 Conservative Members in Class I., 8 represent Boroughs, and 4 of these Metropolitan Constituencies; whilst of the remaining 14, some represent county divisions which, like Darwen and Widnes, are inhabited by teeming urban populations. Of the 70 Conservative Members in Class II., 38 represent boroughs, and 12 of these Metropolitan Constituences; whilst the residue of 32 represent counties. Of the whole 92 Conservative Members under the age of 41, an exactly equal number, viz. 46, are returned by boroughs and counties.

Finally, still further contracting the field of our examination, and confining it solely to the Metropolitan area, we find that out of 48 Conservative Members returned by constituencies within that area, 16, or one-third, are young men; whilst of the whole 62

Members of all persuasions returned by the Metropolis, the proportion contributed by young Conservatives is no less than one-fourth. That figures such as these should be presented by London, the mercantile and industrial centre of the Empire, the focus of all that is most masculine and enterprising in our national life, and the home, not of the aristocracy, but of the crowded millions, is a sign which cannot be misread.

From the aggregate of these calculations, it will be seen that the young men of the Conservative Party are a powerful factor in the House of Commons, no less than in the country. In many cases, indeed, at the recent election, constituencies showed a marked repugnance to older men, and elected comparatively untried and much younger candidates over their heads. This is a fact which will be regarded in a different light by different persons; though by most, I believe, the wider opening which seems now to be offered to the rising generation, and of which, since the extinction of pocket boroughs (once defended by Mr. Gladstone on the ground of the scope they afforded for youthful ability), they have been largely deprived, will be welcomed with acclamation.

A word, in conclusion, about the probable attitude of these younger men. It might, perhaps, be supposed, from the general silence and docility which they displayed in the short session of August and September last, that they are prepared to enact the part of dumb machines, placidly swelling a mechanical majority. But I incline to the belief that such an inference will be found a mistaken one. Expediency recommended as little intervention as possible in the tedious discussions of that melancholy time. The same restrictions will not operate in an ordinary working session of Parliament. Many of these men have been educated together at the same public school or university, have discussed and exchanged opinions, and are prepared to act upon a common basis, defined by a generous interpretation of the aims and duties of the Conservative Party. They are animated by ideas very similar to those indicated in an earlier portion of this article, viz. a hearty contempt for the sham distinctions of party titles, a healthy freedom from the shackles of old superstitions, an unfeigned sympathy with the struggles and aspirations of the labouring classes, and an active interest in the inexhaustible work of reform. To some of them, it will not be sufficient that the national institutions should be defended solely upon the ground of merit, irrespective of any attempt to deal with recognized anomalies or abuses. Unofficial Liberals have been observed, at no distant date, successfully interpolating their own dogmas into authorized programmes, and claiming almost to re-write the orginal text. It will be for independent Conservatives to impress upon the Government the

necessity of dealing boldly with certain questions, which, without the impulse of such pressure, they may excuse themselves from taking in hand. Of such a character will be the Reform of the Church and of the House of Lords. Many Conservatives have, directly or indirectly, pledged themselves to measures in this direction, and many more are secretly inclined in their favour. Both must sooner or later, and the sooner the better, be permanently incorporated as planks in the Conservative platform. There are other and larger questions looming in the future, such as the consolidation, and possibly the constitutional reconstruction of the Empire itself, which Conservatives must push to the front, and aim at investing with a practicable character. That there exists in the new House of Commons so numerically powerful a body of young Conservatives, actuated by these and kindred feelings; and that they are representative of a far larger and a daily swelling proportion of the youth of all classes in the country, the sons of this generation, but the fathers of the next, and who are no less eager or earnest than themselves; this is not only the most striking phenomenon in the present political situation, but the surest guarantee for the future usefulness and stability of the Conservative Party at large.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

P.S.—These pages were already in print when the Resignation of Lord R. Churchill burst upon the country like a thunderclap from a clear sky. If we were to accept that explanation of this extraordinary act, which is advanced with interested alacrity by our opponents, it might be imagined that the type of Conservatism above described had sustained a fatal blow in the loss of one who was popularly regarded as its principal embodiment and leader. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, jumps at the agreeable conclusion that the retirement of Lord R. Churchill from the Council-Board means the relapse of the Cabinet, and, therefore, of the Party, into the groove of what he calls "old Tory influence." It would be a sufficient answer to these transparent inuendoes, to point to the negotiations immediately re-opened by Lord Salisbury with Lord Hartington. A Conservative Premier, who spontaneously invites the co-operation of the chief of the Liberal Party in the preparation and execution of his policy, can hardly be accused of a re-actionary conspiracy, or of retrogressive desires. Apart, however, from this evidence of the patriotic liberal-mindedness of the Conservative leader, I do not believe that the Party itself would tolerate any such relapse as is insinuated, or that they regard the defection of Lord R. Churchill as in any sense a rebuff to their own form of belief. They must deeply regret—however they may criticise—the

loss of one whose career had appealed in a marvellous fashion to provincial, and especially to young Conservatism; who, more than any other man, had taught Toryism to the democracy, and explained democracy to the Tories; and whose courage and ability were, in no small measure, responsible for the robust condition in which the Conservative Party finds itself at the present moment. But that the Party is to break up because one of its leaders has performed gratuitous self-effacement; that a policy is to be abandoned because one of its spokesmen has ceased to speak officially for it; or that the Government of the country is to collapse because a Finance Minister cannot frame a fancy Budget: these are chimeras which Radicals may find it easy to invent, but which Conservatives ought not to find it difficult to disprove. The very Conservatism, to some extent shaped by Lord R. Churchill, will rally with all the greater loyalty round Lord Salisbury, that those who profess it realise the exceptionally trying position in which he is placed, that they repose an implicit confidence in his statesmanship, and are not prepared to retreat one inch from their ground simply because Agamemnon has retired in a sulk to his tent. Who can tell how soon the danger of some Patroclus may not call him again into the field? But be that so or not, I see no reason for anticipating either of the two results so confidently predicted by our adversaries, viz. that the Party will forthwith resume the cast-off slough of ancient Toryism, or that a compact and sanguine majority will sacrifice its opportunities because one of its leaders has chosen to sacrifice himself. The obligation to the Party is superior to the obligation to any individual unit of it, however important. Cohesion is the supreme duty of the hour.

G. N. C.

CARLYLE, THE "PIOUS EDITOR" OF CROMWELL'S SPEECHES.

WHATEVER may be thought of Carlyle's characterization of Oliver Cromwell, of Carlyle, as editor of the Protector's speeches, no suspicion has hitherto been felt. Indeed, though some research among the contemporary records of the Protectorate, such as the Thurloe State Papers, and the Pell, the Nicholas, and kindred MSS. in the British Museum, convinced me of the utter falsity of Carlyle's Cromwell, it was mere accident that led me to test the accuracy of the text given by Carlyle of Cromwell's Speeches. Nor was it otherwise than a thorough surprise to find, in several instances, that his text was utterly untrustworthy, and that, in the use and abuse of his position as editor of Cromwell's speeches, Carlyle has himself afforded a signal example of "Sluggardism, Imaginary Editorship, Flunkeyism, and Falsehood."

That a writer, who by sophistical arts seeks to win his readers over to his opinion, should be an honest workman is, perhaps, barely probable. Yet, deeming that Carlyle was to himself sincere, that his belief in Cromwell was genuine, it seemed almost a certainty that he had done his utmost to record his hero's words with an accuracy as complete as possible. On the contrary, however, so slovenly, so careless was he, that, judging from a limited examination of his text, he did not copy correctly the modern reprint from which he transcribed Cromwell's speeches; nor did he compare that reprint with printed versions of higher authenticity; far less did he even look at the MS. reports of those speeches, which are in the British Museum; and so tricky was he that, on two occasions, he makes as though he had printed the speeches from the original manuscripts.

A suspicion of Carlyle as editor, if a personal explanation may be permitted, was aroused by finding among the Thurloe State Papers a speech of Cromwell's, delivered on an important occasion, which was not in my copy of the "Third enlarged edition" of the *Letters and Speeches*, and which had not, therefore, been included in "the small leakage of new Cromwell matter" that "had oozed in upon" Carlyle

since the publication of his book. Nor was it till several years passed by, that he became aware of the existence of that speech.

Such an oversight on the part of an editor who advertizes his wares so lustily as containing the only complete and veritable Cromwell, seemed to me strange; and, anyhow, it proved that Carlyle had not spent much time over that most extraordinary collection of Cromwellian curiosities, the Thurloe State Papers. This speech, also, is printed in Burton's Diary of the Protectorate Parliaments, and in the Parliamentary History, quarries whence Carlyle drew much material; and it is entered on the Journal of the House of Commons. Nor was that speech occasioned by a side-eddy in Cromwell's career; it was called forth by the formal offer made to him by Parliament of the Protectorship, in lieu of the coveted Crown (25th May 1657). And, curiously enough, Carlyle bases his account of that proceeding on a reference to the Commons' Journal, whilst the missing speech actually figures conspicuously on the same page; so that, with the volume open before him, his right hand must have touched the speech that he so strangely overlooked. If Carlyle did not take his reference to the Journal at second-hand, he can hardly escape the verdict of "wilful negligence."

My faith in Carlyle as a literary workman, again, was shaken by finding that he had not utilized some valuable reports of Cromwell's speeches (Nos. viii., ix., and xiv., of Carlyle's series) printed in the Thurloe Collection. The authenticity of these reports is unquestionable; for their first possessor was a leading official in the Protectorate Government, Mr. William Rowe, the Registrar of the Court of Admiralty;* and these versions are occasionally superior in simplicity and vitality of language to the reports of these speeches in the British Museum, in the collection No. 6125, of the Additional series of MSS.

A collation of both authorities might have produced those "authentic utterances of the man Oliver" to which Carlyle lays claim. This view of an editor's duty, however, did not come within his vision; so I undertook that task, and found myself, to my astonishment, required to make in these speeches at least eighty corrections. Many, doubtless, are trivial, though some are

* The letter (Sloane MSS. 4,317, folio 262) giving the pedigree of these reports, from the Rev. Theophilus Rowe, Mr. W. Rowe's grandson, to Dr. Birch, the editor of the Thurloe Papers, 6th September 1740, was, with his valued and obliging attention, shown to me by Mr. Bickley, of the MSS. Department, British Museum. When the pains that Dr. Birch took to enrich the Thurloe Papers by additions from other sources, the skill and accuracy he displayed as editor, and the admirable indexes that he furnished to each of the seven folio volumes are considered, keen indignation against Carlyle's treatment of the labours of such men as Dr. Birch is surely justifiable.

not so, and the general tendency of the alterations is to bring one nearer to Cromwell's actual words. In this computation Carlyle is dealt with handsomely. An occasional substitution of "who" for "that" has not been reckoned into the calculation. Erroneous interpolations of the editor's own words into the text giving a false interpretation of the sentence, or instances of punctuation and division of sentences that tend to mislead the reader, have also been excluded; and restoration of omitted words, ranging in number from four to eleven words, has, in each case, been reckoned as a single blunder. Some of these additions were not very important, still it is interesting to know that when the Protector described what had been done to secure the "liberty of men professing godliness," he added after "godliness," "under the variety of forms among us"; that he enforced an expression of regret at having delayed a reply to Parliament, by reiterating, "I say, I could have wished I had given it sooner"; and that he brought home an appeal to the House of Commons by stating that "it is you," and "none but you," that could supply the information he desired.

That the truth of this description of the quality of Carlyle's text should not be wholly taken on trust, the following extracts from these speeches are given, not of malice, but because they relate to one common subject, Cromwell's refusal of the crown, showing the necessary corrections by printing the words to be omitted in brackets, and the inserted words in italics.

Speech VIII., iv. 186.—I should be very brutish did I not acknowledge the exceeding high honour and respect you have had for me in this Paper (*i.e.* the "New Instrument of Government"). Truly, according to what the world calls good, *and* hath [nothing but] *all* good in it, according to [worldly approbation], *the world's comprehension* of sovereign power, you have testified your value and affection as to my person, as high as you could; for more you could not do. I hope I shall always keep a grateful memory of this in my heart; and by you I [return] *give* the Parliament this my grateful acknowledgment; whatever other men's thoughts may be, I shall not *know* [own] ingratitude. But I must needs say, that [that] *what* may be fit for you to *do* [offer, which] may not be fit for me to undertake. . . .

Speech IX., iv. 191.—Truly, Mr. Speaker, it hath been heretofore, I think, a matter of philosophical discourse, that great place[s], *that* great authority, [are] *it is* a great burthen. I know it *is* so. . . .

Speech XIV., iv. 294.—I have only had the unhappiness . . . not to be convinced of the necessity of that thing [which hath been], so often insisted upon by you, to wit *that* the title of King *was* [as] in itself so necessary as it seem[s]*ed* to be apprehended by your*selves*. And [yet] I do, with all honour and respect *to the judgment of a Parliament*, testify that (*cæteris paribus*) no private judgment is to *lie* [be] in the balance with the judgment of *a* Parliament. But in things that respect particular persons, every man, who is to give an account to God of his actions [he] must, in some measure, be able to prove his own work, and to have an approbation in his own conscience of that he is to do, or to forbear. And [whilst you are] *in your* granting others [liberties] *liberty, you will not sure* [surely you will not] deny me this, *which is* [it being] not only a Liberty, but a Duty, *which* [and such a duty as] I cannot, without sinning forbear, *to wit*, to examine my own heart, [and] thoughts, and judgment in every work which I am to set my hand to, or [to] appear in or for.

Speeches VIII., IX., and XIV. were delivered on formal occasions, interviews with the House of Commons or its delegates, and all relate to the tender of the crown to Cromwell; and they are, therefore, somewhat brief and measured in tone. Accordingly, it seemed desirable to examine against the MS. original, Carlyle's text of a speech more stirring in character; and chance led me to select Speech V., the Protector's opening speech to his second Parliament, 17th September 1656; and the following corrected extract (vol. iv. pp. 93, 94) gives a fair idea of the result.

But we will not, I think, take up *much* [our] time *in* contemplating who these enemies are, and what they are in the general notion, *but to* [we will] labour to specificate our enemies, to know [what persons, and bodies of persons they practically are], *who they be and are* that seek the very destruction and Being of these [three] Nations.

And truly I would not have laid [such a] *this* foundation, but to [the] *this* end, *that* I might very particularly communicate with you; for which *end* [I think] you are called hither at this time; that I might particularly communicate with you about the many dangers *that* [these Nations] *this Nation* stands in [from] *in respect of both* enemies abroad, and at home; and *also to* advise with you about the remedies and means to obviate these dangers which . . . strike at the very Being and interest of these Nations, *in the general, especially at the Interest of the people of God in these Nations.* And, therefore, [coming to particulars] *that I may be particular*, I [will] *shall* shortly represent to you the estate of your affairs in that respect. . . . Why truly your great Enemy is the Spaniard. He is, *he is* a natural enemy, he is naturally so: he is naturally so throughout, *as I said before, throughout all your enemies, through* [by reason of] that enmity that is in him against [whatsoever] *all that* is of God, *that* [which] is in you, or *that* [which] may be in you.

And, finding that the first six pages of Carlyle's text afforded, on the average, ten blunders per page, and that a sentence, twenty-six words long, was omitted from Cromwell's noteworthy declaration about "his poor invention," the government of England by the Major-Generals (p. 116), I struck work; and turning to Carlyle's commentary on Speech V., I read the following passage with an amazement that doubtless will be shared in by its readers:—

The Speech, reported by one knows not whom, lies in old Manuscript in the British Museum; and printed in late years in the Book called Burton's Diary; here and there in a very dreary, besmeared, unintelligible condition; from which, as heretofore, a pious Editor strives to rescue it.*

Carlyle, it may be noticed, makes, on this occasion, no positive assertion that he has copied Speech V. from the original MS., though an impression is created that he has done so. But when he reaches Speech XVII., he has greater courage; he boldly asserts, that "the copy given here is from the Pell Papers, and in part from an earlier Original; first printed by Burton's Editor; and now reproduced, with slight alterations of the pointing, &c., such as were necessary here and there to bring out the sense, but not such

* If by these words a description of the MS. (Brit. Mus. Add. 6125) is intended, they are, it may be mentioned, utterly inapplicable.

as could change anything that had the least title to remain unchanged." *

But what is the fact? A comparison shows that Carlyle could not even make a faithful copy of the second-hand copy from which he drew his text; it contains, when compared with the print in Burton's Diary, between eighty and ninety errors; words, even a sentence eighteen words long, omitted; and misreadings, such as "government" for "governor," "sects" for "sorts," or "bad" instead of "false." And to these errors may be added fifteen inaccuracies, elicited by a reference to the MS. originals. Nor should it be forgotten that this text, so full of blemishes, is still further confounded by false and arbitrary punctuation, a misleading arrangement of paragraphs, a grotesque use of capital letters, and the constant interruption caused by Carlyle's noted outbursts of ejaculatory "mumblement."

When such an editor, heedless of his own example, ejaculates against an imaginary literary offender, "he fills me with terror, this two-legged Rhetorical Phantasm," and advertizes his publication, so disfigured through indolence and restless vanity, and by self-glorifying assertions that he has "gathered from far and near," "fished up from foul Lethean quagmires," "these authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself," surely such an editor becomes "a most mournful phenomenon"?

One more proof must be given of the untruth of Carlyle's assertion that, thanks to him, "the world shall see" Cromwell's words "in their own shape." Of all those speeches, perhaps, the most remarkable is the speech the Protector delivered on the dissolution of his last Parliament (4th Feb. 1658). No drama contains a more stirring situation than that event. The turn of the tide set strongly against Cromwell; his strength and vitality were ebbing; he was bankrupt in financial and political resources; gusts of popular agitation beat against him from every quarter. The Parliament that from its election to its close he had managed, purged, and drilled, had broken away from him. The Army that he had bribed, cajoled, and bullied was on the verge of mutiny. The City of London was almost in revolt: Fifth Monarchy men, Republicans, and Royalists were busy.

Cromwell was, as ever, equal to himself, and to the occasion. Parliament was his own creation, a danger that he could in a moment disperse. He suddenly made up his mind. Fleetwood

* Carl., iv. 362. The words "earlier original" prove that Carlyle took his information about these MSS. (Lands. MSS. 754, fol. 330; Add. MSS. 6125, fol. 83) at second-hand, from "the thing called Burton," for as the MS. speech in the Pell Papers was transcribed by one of Thurloe's clerks for transmission to Pell at Zurich, no other copy could well be "earlier," or more trustworthy

intervened in vain; "You are a milksop," Cromwell retorted; "by the living God I will dissolve the House"; and so he did; and he died Protector, and was buried with a king's burial.

No words could bring one more face to face with Cromwell in that final struggle with opposing fate, than his last words to his last Parliament. It might have been supposed that Carlyle, as a student of human nature, as a historian, as a hero-worshipper, would have taken some heed regarding such a speech. He did not even refer to the printed source from which he indirectly copied it.*

Carlyle's version of the speech is obviously only a summary. The Pell Papers, however, supply a MS. that gives, with accuracy and fulness not to be surpassed, an apparently verbatim report of Cromwell's last and almost dying speech of the 4th Feb. 1658.

Of the authenticity of this document no doubt is possible. It was sent by Mr. S. Hartlib, then employed in the Council of State Office, to Mr. Pell, Cromwell's representative in Switzerland, who is assured that the report, evidently examined with care, was "taken at" Cromwell's "elbow," though "there is much nonsense" in it.†

Nothing but an exact reproduction of this MS. could give an idea of the outburst of self-justification and of invective that Cromwell poured forth against the Parliament that he feared, hated, and despised. His pent-up fury roars aloft like an explosion from a mud volcano, in full blast. But I am dealing with Carlyle rather than with Cromwell, and so I must content myself by stating that the text, as given in the *Letters and Speeches*, is a faithful but meagre outline of the Protector's words. In one point, however, the MS. and the hitherto accepted version of the speech are in direct and rather singular antagonism.

Cromwell, among the opening passages of his address, declared, as we have been accustomed to suppose, that, "I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth,—I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertaken such a Government as this." On the contrary, the MS. reporter makes the Protector assert that he could *not* call on God to witness that he should have preferred a shepherdship to the Protectorship.

Although no certain light can be thrown on the contradiction that thus arises between these rival authorities, I will quote the

* Carlyle casts a doubt upon a statement, as unsupported by contemporary authority, that to Cromwell's closing words, "Let God judge between you and me," some among his audience retorted "Amen"; but, if Carlyle had verified the reference supplied by his authority the Parliamentary History, he would have seen that Phillips, Milton's nephew, was that contemporary authority whose existence he denied.

† Lands. MSS. 754, fol. 342. Vaughan's *Protectorate*, vol. ii. p. 442.

passage in question, with sufficient of the context to do the sentence justice. It must be understood that Cromwell prefaces that sentence by an expression of his anger and disgust at the position in which he was placed by the refusal of the Commons to recognize his House of Lords. If he had undertaken for the second time the Protectorate, he reminds his hearers that it was because the House of Commons had positively "drawn him," against his will, to accept "the place he now stood in," and that his acceptance was based on their distinct pledge, given in the "Petition and Advice," to carry out the conditions on which they offered the Protectorate, and that they would work heartily with his Upper House. It was, therefore, Cromwell asserted—because

"You that were then in the Legislative capacity agreeing upon such a state of Government as that was which you brought to me, and I sought not of you, 'that' I lookt that the same men that had made that frame, would have made it good to me, when I came to act your Petition and Advice. Give me leave to interpose this. No man, no man, but a man mistaken, and greatly mistaken, could think that I that hath a burden upon my back for the space of fifteen or sixteen years, unless he would beforehand judge me an atheist, would seek such a place as I bear."

So far the two versions of Cromwell's words in the main agree; but the next sentence in the Pell MS. reads thus:—

"I cannot say it in the presence of God, in comparison of which all we that are here like poor creeping ants upon the earth, that I would have been glad, as to my own conscience and spirit, to have been living under a woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than to have undertaken such a place as this was. But undertaking of it, upon such terms as I did, known to you all that did advise and petition, that I undertook it for the safety of the nation, and I doubt if you had offered it to the meanest man in this Roome, he would not have undertaken it, really if he had but wisely considered his own person; but upon such terms really I took it, and I am failed in these terms."

Whether Cromwell asserted that he should, or should not, have preferred a shepherd's life to the career of a chief magistrate whose sway was thwarted by a factious popular assembly, is a matter of little moment; for, after all, either way, that was the sole purport of his declaration. There is not much sanctity about such an assertion; it contains no disclaimer of ambitious, or selfish aims, though it be enhanced by an appeal to God, and by language that is misleadingly emphatic. So I will content myself by assuring those in favour of the "can" version of the sentence, that it rests on the authority of Phillips, one of Milton's nephews, and is supported by its context in the speech. This passage also appears thus, in notes of Cromwell's last speech taken by a member of Parliament,—"You knew that I was not inclining thereto,"—to the acceptance of the Petition and Advice—"I call God and his angels to witness it. I then wished you well to consider it, and told you that were it not the necessity of the nation required it, I should rather choose to lodge and keep sheep under a hedge, than take it upon me."*

* Tanner MSS., Bodleian Codex, 51. Bisset, *Essays on Historical Truth*, p. 349.

On the other hand, it must be urged that it seems almost beyond belief that the "cannot," which stands out on the MS. conspicuously, as clear as print, was overlooked by its careful examiner, who added an omitted word, or a circumflex, if needed, and touched up even single letters into clearness. Perhaps, after all, Cromwell substituted, in his heat and agitation, the word "cannot" for "can"; and it was thought desirable that Pell should have an exact record of the Protector's actual utterance.

Carlyle as editor, and Carlyle as commentator, are, it might be expected, near akin. Yet an inaccurate text of a speech, or even a delusive guarantee of its accuracy, is of little moment compared with the mischievous effect wrought by deliberate mystification as a historian. Take, for instance, Carlyle's attitude towards the books on which his life of Cromwell is based. What other writer is there in the wide field of literature, pretending to the honoured title of historian, who has decried and derided the authorities which furnish the materials for his works? Carlyle does so systematically, perpetually. With "line upon line, precept upon precept," with here much, and there a great deal more, does this false prophet direct against the printed collections of State Papers, and contemporary correspondence, that form the memorials of Cromwell's career, a reiterated stream of abuse and complaint. Is this attitude of an injured inquirer justified? Carlyle must have known that it is so baseless as to amount to a fraud upon his readers. He must have known that the Rushworth and Nalson Collections are formed of public documents, edited with reasonable impartiality, and accompanied by a commentary supplied by those who either saw, or took part in the events they describe. Those "huge tomes," the Thurloe Papers, are the letters and documents that Cromwell's most intimate adviser and secretary hid away, after the Restoration, in the ceiling of his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Happy accident revealed these papers; they are the secret history of the Protectorate, the reports and letters of Oliver's spies, traitors, and Major-Generals. That "thing," Burton's Diary, is a fragmentary but faithful record of the sayings of the members of Cromwell's Parliaments, illustrated by the reprint of Cromwell's Speeches from the British Museum MSS., which Carlyle copied in so slovenly a fashion. No historian could desire more authentic, valuable, and interesting materials for study. To track out in the Thurloe Papers Cromwell's tricks and devices is most entertaining sport.

Such are Carlyle's "waste rubbish continents," and "shoreless lakes of ditch water." Are the "inanities" that he thus pours forth against every document or statement written or published either during, or shortly after the Protectorate, except Cromwell's *Letters*

and Speeches, and against every publication relating to that period except his own, to be regarded merely as clumsy banter, not meant to be taken on the foot of the letter, as a bad joke? It is a sorry plea to urge in behalf of the historian of the "noblest" of "Human Heroisms," that to attract attention he is forced to practise knavish and ridiculous literary distortions, like a pattering, grimacing mountebank.

The joke, however, has been successful; "it holds the field." Generations of Carlyleans have been diverted by watching the posture-making that their "pious editor" performs over the Memorials and Chronicles of Puritanism; and they term it an exhibition of "grim humour"; they deem that Carlyle indulges in this "quaint playfulness," merely for its own sake; that those word-antics have behind them no by-ends, no crafty object. And though the fumes of vanity and conceit withheld from Carlyle the sacred gift of humour, still he had some touch of splenetic fun about him. If so, what amusement was afforded to him by the simplicity of his followers? Why, they are his by-ends, they are living witnesses to the power of his craft.

By arousing their easily provoked scorn, he wins them over, and teaches them to ape his airs of superiority. He poses before them as a worn-out traveller across a trackless wilderness, "those unspeakable Historic Provinces"; he proclaims that all is barren, that naught is to be found there but his two heroes—Cromwell and himself. And the Carlyleans believe in him: wrought upon by his swagger and his assertions, they fancy that they also have journeyed across those "rubbish continents"; that he has been the cleverest of guides, and that his followers are nearly as clever as their leader. They do not see that their Sage from a far country is, in truth, a veteran conjuror, who distracts their attention from his feat by an outbreak of sham rage against his assistants. Nay, he has so low an opinion of his admirers, that he seeks to befool them by any mode of deception, however ridiculous. Confident in his powers, he undisguisedly works upon the want of thought of the most thoughtless reader. To create the idea that until his appearance the Cromwell Speeches have been hidden away from public view, he asserts that "of these speeches, all, except one, which was published by authority at the time, I have to believe myself to be the first actual reader, for nearly two centuries past." What can be Carlyle's object in that exception from his statement of the speech "published by authority," save to create the impression that he is the sole discoverer of the other of Cromwell's speeches? although it is obvious to the most careless peruser of Carlyle's book, that all those speeches have been for more than a century before the world, published and republished in the Parliamentary

Histories and in Burton's Diary. What presumption it is, that Carlyle should assume that Godwin, Lingard, or Hallam had never read those speeches.

Again; Carlyle demands, as of right, that all the printed collections of correspondence, written during the years with which he has to do, should be reduced "to the essence of them," as the only means by which these documents could be adapted to his use. These letters are the letters that the advisers of Charles II., such as Nicholas or Hyde, wrote to each other or to their friends, whilst starving in France or Holland; or they are the letters of "intelligence," that in those days took the place of newspapers; or the spy reports, the communications between Cavaliers, Ana-Baptists, and Fifth Monarchy men, that Thurloe received or intercepted. Letters such as these are valueless if "boiled down": their genius lies in their familiarity, in the accidental phrase, the by-gone expression, and the flavour of the years when they were first passed from hand to hand. The study of the Clarendon, the Ormond, the Nicholas papers, should not be undertaken solely to gain positive information, but to learn to look at the world in which the writers lived from their point of view.

To a philosophic radical, thoroughly satisfied with himself, such an idea is but foolishness; and no one but a quack historian could suppose that the many-sided ways and thoughts of men could be "elaborated" into an "essence" fit to be assimilated by the irritable digestion of an impatient phrase-monger.

Carlyle, however, in a very effective fashion, proves that mock groans, and grumbling without a grievance cannot be indulged in with impunity. His causeless complaints, in the two following instances, come home to him with comical insistency. His artificial indignation waxes hot against the "pedants and dullards," his historic predecessors, and he scolds at them for having failed to sift out and tabulate, for the guidance of future students, "those thirty thousand, or fifty thousand old Newspapers and Pamphlets of the King's Library," that were the cause and product of the Cromwellian Revolution.

But did Carlyle never enter the library of the British Museum? did he never see the "King's Pamphlets"? or how could he have helped knowing that the indefatigable collector of that renowned and singular feature in our national archives had prepared a very complete catalogue of those pamphlets, quite sufficient for the reasonable needs of a commonplace inquirer? Carlyle, also, occasions the same feeling of doubt regarding his acquaintance, in the vaguest manner, with those collections of State Papers "the Rushworths, Whitelockes, Nalsons, Thurloes." Were all his references to those authorities taken at second-hand? or was it with impudent

reliance on impunity that he complains that those dreary old folios, "printed to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot rubbish," are "not so much as indexed." "Surely," he complains, "you, O Dryasdust, might at least have made an index for these huge books. Even your genius, had you been faithful, was adequate to that!" The Dryasdusts may well retort upon Carlyle and these fatuous "babblements" of his: "What a pitiful creature you are! Everyone of those folios is indexed; the index to each of the seven volumes of the Thurloe Collection is first-rate in style and accuracy. If you are not an ignorant imposter, you are a wilful ——."

And, as he is ungenerous towards the chroniclers of years ago, who, unconscious of the coming Carlyle, did not frame their collections for the sole benefit of the true Mr. Wordy among historians, Carlyle is equally ungenerous towards an editor of the present century, who, by a partial selection made out of the Protectorate newspaper-files, to the glorification of Cromwell, supplied Carlyle with exactly what he wanted, and saved him the trouble of hunting for picturesque paragraphs among the *Scouts* and *Mercuries* of the Commonwealth. This Cromwellian's *Cromwelliana* is constantly used by Carlyle, but not a word of thanks has he for the help afforded by so sympathetic a Dryasdust. On the contrary, his services are ignored, whilst, to air his wonted method of simulating knowledge, Carlyle assumes, by his repeated invective against that "hideous old Pamphletary Imbroglio" whence *Cromwelliana* was drawn, that he had greatly fatigued himself over those "fifty thousand old newspapers." Had Carlyle turned over a few of the "King's Pamphlets," he would have found, thanks to the catalogues and his own observation, that those little books were very manageable. Carlyle, also, would have found that of all printed pages, a newspaper page is the most identical with the taste and feelings of its time, an influence wholly lost in a modern reprint; and he might have discovered that Milton and his fellows, the Protector's censors of the Press, had occasionally let slip some sly hit, or ironical remark in a newspaper corner, which showed that the public opinion they sought to stifle, did not always pipe to the tune of *Cromwelliana*.

The advantages that Carlyle gains by the singular attitude that he assumes as editor are obvious. By that reiterated wail of sophistical indignation with which he keeps in evidence the painful labour that befalls a pious editor, he wraps up his "ingenuous" readers in an artificial atmosphere that obscures their power of observation. Thus, aided by a twilight of his own devising, Carlyle endows his imaginary hero with a semblance of reality, and endows his readers, also, with implicit faith in Carlyle the

historian. These simple-minded ones are convinced that such an earnest denouncer of "imaginary editorship" must have acquired by hard experience the right to scold at his "purblind" brother editors, and had mastered those seven dreary folios, the Thurloe Papers. And if I do accuse Carlyle of having framed those gibes and flouts for the purpose of creating a belief that he had acquired that right, though in reality those gibes are justified neither by his exertions nor by their results, he himself renders that charge justifiable. He would only be charged with doing indirectly that which he has done directly; for does he not, by his comments on Speeches V. and XVII., assume, though most unwarrantably, that he bases his edition of those Speeches upon the MS. originals in the British Museum?

But would Carlyle better his position if that accusation proved unfounded? Not at all. If he was the conscientious editor that he assumes in his own behalf—then he must be asked why, as he has studied the books that he derides, does he consign to a "wise oblivion" circumstances discreditable to Cromwell that those books contain? Thus, either way, he abuses the simplicity of those who trust him, and they must place the insult to their account, just as may seem to them best. The proofs of this assertion that are in my possession cannot, to my regret, be now put into circulation, though the want is, in some measure, supplied by an essay on Cromwell's character that appeared in the Spring number of last year's *Quarterly Review*.

Carlyle's own pages, however, show that the trick of suppression was practised by him. He has practically suppressed one of the most important, certainly the most unique, among Cromwell's speeches, being the only speech, of which any substantial report remains, that the Protector made to his army officers; a speech also which reveals the whole policy of Cromwell's Protectorate, and was addressed to men he could not deceive. This speech Carlyle hides away by a partial, misleading analysis; and he did so because he dared not give it publication in full.*

The occasion of that speech was the first indication given by Parliament of the intention to make Cromwell king. It is thus described by Carlyle:—

> Friday, 27th Feb. 1657.—The Parliament keep fast within their own House. . . . preparatory to the great work now on hand of settling the Nation. In the course of which same day, with an eye also to the same great work, though to the opposite side of it, there waits upon His Highness, Deputation of a Hundred Officers, ex-major-generals, and considerable persons some of them; to signify that they have heard with real dismay of some project now on foot to make His Highness King, the evil effect of which, as "a scandal to the People of God," "hazardous to His Highness's person, and making way for the return of Charles Stuart," are terribly apparent to them. Whereto His Highness presently makes answer.

* *Carlyle*, vol. iv. p. 178.

And Carlyle in his summary gives a fair idea of the opening passages of the speech in which Cromwell disparages the remonstrance that was before him by an expression of ironical surprise at the alarm that actuated the officers. Surely, he said, they need not be so startled at the idea of him as king? The word "king" stood in the Instrument of Government as originally presented to him, "when they boggled not at it"; whilst "for his part, he loved the title of king, a feather in the hat, as little as they did." Then came the real purport of the speech, which Carlyle has concealed, Cromwell's counterblow to the censure on him implied by that address. He retorted against the officers that it was not his, but their fault that public affairs had got so out of gear that a restoration of Monarchy seemed to Parliament the sole remedy. If that was the case, Cromwell told his hearers that this was the cause—because he had obeyed them, the army officers, throughout the whole of his Protectorate—

"That they had made him their drudge upon all occasions—to dissolve the Long Parliament, who had contracted evil enough by long sitting—to call a Parliament or Convention of their naming, who met, and what did they? Fly at liberty and property, insomuch as if one man had twelve cows, they held that another that wanted cows ought to share with his neighbour. Who could have said anything was their own, if they had gone on? After their dissolution, how I was pressed by you (said he) for the rooting out of the Ministry; nay, rather than fail, to starve them out.

"A Parliament was afterwards called, they sat five months; it is true we hardly heard of them all that time. They took the Instrument" of Government "into debate, and they must needs be dissolved. . . . Some time after that, you thought it necessary to have Major-Generals; and the first rise to that motion (then was the late general insurrections) was justifiable; and you Major-Generals did your parts well. You might have gone on: who bid you go to the House with a Bill, and there receive a foil.

"After you had exercised this power awhile, impatient were you till a Parliament was called. I gave my vote against it, but you were confident by your own strength and interest to get men chosen to your hearts' desire. How you have failed therein, and how much the country hath been disobliged, is well known."

The reporter of Cromwell's words, presumably a member of Parliament, adds at the close, that "these were some of the heads insisted on in his speech, though, perhaps, not the same words, yet the full sense." And as the authenticity of this report should be proved, it may be mentioned that the MS. original forms part of the collection of Cromwell's Speeches known as No. 6,125 of the Additional MSS., British Museum, and is, therefore, of the same historic value as several of the series published by Carlyle, and possesses even higher authority than the condensed summary that he utilized of Cromwell's speech when he dissolved the last Parliament.

That Carlyle should have suppressed, as far as he could, the address to the army officers was indeed unavoidable. For it proved, by Cromwell's own words, that the famed overthrow of the Long Parliament was not his act, but the act of the army; that

the "Little Parliament" that the military junto had "named," had turned out to be a gang of Socialists; that Cromwell had governed these Nations as nominal Protector, but in reality as nominee of the army officers, but that still they had not been satisfied, without a tangible share in the Protectorate, and had compelled him to place England under their rule as the Major-Generals; though it may be noticed that this was "his poor invention" when Cromwell stood before Parliament.

A mere glance at so humiliating a confession must have convinced Carlyle that "this will never do!" If I publish this speech, he must have felt, what then becomes of my "Governing Man—Supremely Able Man—Pattern Man—Great Man—the strongest and terriblest of all Englishmen"? And although Cromwell by no means revealed the depths of treachery and cruelty to which he descended, as the "drudge" of the army officers, his avowal is wide enough. Cromwell frankly confesses that he is an utter impostor, and that the supposed "Governing Man" had been throughout his reign "the acting apparatus" of his servants. And no one could more handsomely acknowledge than "the most Puritan of Puritans," that Puritanism was a farce. In appearance "to see God's own law made good in this world," was what Cromwell and his followers had lived and died for; but in reality those lives and deaths had been devoted, that he might govern for the benefit of the army officers.

This is the gist of Cromwell's speech—that he and the Major-Generals had played their parts to their own satisfaction, so long as the nation was gagged; but that when the national will declared itself in Parliament, he had been foiled, and so had they. And who was to blame? They had trusted the Parliament; they had compelled him to summon Parliaments, though he had given his "vote against it." But now his associates must see that he was wiser than they were; and most of all they must now acknowledge, that he was their friend, and not Parliament.

Cromwell evidently convinced his hearers that he alone could stand between them and the nation; for it is stated at the close of the MS. report, "that the officers since that time are quieted, and many fallen from the rest." And that it was by corruption, not by command, by a bargain that if they kept him in his place, he would keep them in pay and profit that Cromwell swayed the army, is proved by the last words he addressed to his military commanders. Their suspicions were again aroused; again, just twelve months further on in time, Cromwell met his malcontent officers; he had dissolved, for the last time, their common enemy, the Parliament; and Cromwell again made a similar appeal to the unrighteous compact they had so long maintained. "'Gentlemen,'

he said, 'we have gone along together, why we should now differ, I know not, . . . for now it hath pleased God to put me in a capacity to protect you; and I will protect you.' And then he drank to them, and many bottles of wine were then drunk."*

This seeming jovial old cynic makes no pretences; with a call of "glasses all round," he congratulates the army that England is tied up and muzzled, and assures his fellow revellers that if they will but go along together with him, they shall share, as before, in the power and the emoluments of the Protectorate. Such was Cromwell's farewell to his "Ironsides"; and this Puritanic "Fagin," this Receiver-General of the gains derived from the stolen liberty of England, whose sole policy was to keep his fellow plunderers in good humour, Carlyle invokes as "my brave one," "clothed in the Eternal Splendours," and declares, with, I trust, unconscious blasphemy, that of him was written, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Was Cromwell's avowal that throughout his reign he had been his servants' slave, the only ugly feature in Cromwell's career that Carlyle has consigned to a "wise oblivion"? This, at least, is certain—that such an attempt, made in the least degree, supplies a measure of a historian's trustworthiness. And that Carlyle dreaded some awkward revelation about Cromwell seems a certainty. What motive could there be, save to discourage research and turn aside inquiry, in his reiterated assertion that the Thurloe, Milton, and Clarendon State Papers—contemporary documents that alone can tell the truth about Cromwell, and of the feelings and impressions of those who watched him—are "dreary old records" so elaborated by human stupidity that, "for all serious purposes, they are as if non-extant . . . a stagnancy, a torpor, and confused horror to the human soul." Such statements are so false, that they cannot be excused, even as a bad joke; they must have been dictated by fear and uneasiness. Carlyle was not such a fool as to venture so far without a serious object. For whence can more striking and valuable information be derived, than from the private letters, secret reports, and personal memoranda of the chief actors in a Revolution? Surely some insight into the inner and truest feelings of that time is gained by the gossip even, and by the accidental revelations that occur among writings jotted down without any thought of publication, such as the proposals made by Cromwell's spies to inveigle the king's men into a sham plot to murder the Protector, or by an appeal to Thurloe from a pretended Royalist for a forged commission signed "C. R." to lure thereby to his destruction a credulous Cavalier?

* Tanner MSS., Bodleian Codex, 51.

Nor was it in utter ignorance that Carlyle made those absurd statements. So indolent, indeed, was he, that he evidently never opened Vaughan's *Protectorate*, to which he refers; for, unconscious that this book was a collection of the correspondence between Thurloe and his clerks, and their brother officials in Switzerland, Mr. Pell and his colleagues, he asserts that "new, and still waterier" than the Thurloe State Papers, "are Vaughan's *Protectorate* and others not even worth naming here"! But Carlyle did know something about the Thurloe State Papers. He mentions that they contain "spy letters, intercepted letters, letters of intelligence"; and with their queer disclosures he may have been acquainted. And yet he has the audacity to push aside those singular and piquant documents as being "very watery." Any traces of moisture upon those pages would be the imprint of blood and tears shed by and for those, whose lives were destroyed, or made a misery by Cromwell's detestable plots against the people he had sworn to protect, the men that his agents trepanned, and who paid the penalty of their folly on the scaffold and among the plantations. These were the men that Cromwell was "very apt to *barbadoes*"; and perhaps the jaunty way in which Carlyle refers to that enslavement of Englishmen in West Indies is the most offensive of all the miserable expedients by which he seeks to conceal the remorseless and venal cruelty of the Protector and his Major-Generals.

Such petty manœuvres Cromwell would have despised. "Give me an Oliver," he would have said, "without any rhetoric"; and Carlyle would be to him a very scurvy disciple in the schools of Puritanic prophecy, wholly purblind to the "heavenly purposes" that inspired their Captain-General. If Cromwell ever resorted to concealment, it was in statecraft, and not for shame. Was he not the appointed instrument to do God service? If he beguiled his subjects into death, and cheated them out of freedom, he did so in the name, and with the approval of the Lord.

Cromwell, therefore, would not have regretted that by study of the secret archives of his government, his hidden works should be made manifest. In itself, he might have approved my publishing an account of his most successful stroke of policy, the so-called Insurrection and Rebellion of March 1655, and of the lies he told about it.* He would have gloried in proclaiming that the insurrection was his contrivance from the beginning to the end; that he sent forth his detachments of spies and traitors, who lured over the King's emissaries, and created throughout the north and west of England the semblance of a wide-spread Cavalier revolt. And

* The essay in the *Quarterly Review* to which reference has been made

though Cromwell only obtained a single outbreak—the Cavalier occupation of Salisbury on the Sunday night of March 11th, 1655—still his device answered its purpose. He trapped the luckless Penruddock and his associates, and put them to death or consigned them to slavery—had not his judges refused their co-operation, he would have sacrificed yet more victims—and by their appearance before the judges on the scaffold, he imparted the desired aspect of reality to his concocted insurrection.

The treachery that Cromwell thus practised against his subjects was to the uttermost mean and cold-blooded. It was not a master touch of sagacity to foil, by premature action, an imminent danger. All was quiet in the land; he positively was unable to provoke the people to rise against him. That sham rebellion was Cromwell's crowning effort as "drudge" to the army officers; it was deliberately plotted to justify the institution of the Major-Generals, and so to provide power and pay for his mutinous servants. To use, regarding Cromwell's own actions Cromwell's own words, "I doubt he whose pen is the most gentle in England, in recording" such conduct, "would have been tempted, whether he would or no, to dip it deep in anger and wrath."

REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE.

JUBILEE REIGNS IN ENGLAND.

The country is preparing to celebrate an event unparalleled in its history—the jubilee of the reign of a queen.

In the thousand and sixty years which have elapsed since Egbert was made King of all England, there have been but three occupants of the throne whose reigns have been so prolonged as that of Queen Victoria. But Her Majesty will, in the course of this year, have reigned, in one sense, longer than any English sovereign; for of the three kings whose reigns will have exceeded hers at the Jubilee celebration in June next, not one actually ruled for so long a period as fifty years. King Henry III. was crowned on the death of King John in 1216, but the regency was entrusted to the Earl of Pembroke, and it was not until 1222 that the King was declared of age. King Edward III. succeeded to the throne on the deposition of his father in 1327; but it was not until 1330 that he assumed the government, so that he only ruled from that date to his death in 1377—47 years. King George III. practically ceased to reign six weeks after the completion of his fifty years' reign; but if we except the period during which his former mental affliction lasted—namely, from the beginning of November 1789 until the following February—His Majesty's actual rule fell below the period of fifty years. It is proposed first to inquire into the origin of Jubilees, and then, by reference to the works of the principal historians, to show the vast national importance of the reigns of the three monarchs who have worn the English crown for more than fifty years.

Jubilee is so-called from a word in Hebrew which signifies a ram, because it was proclaimed with the sound of trumpets made of ram's horns. Jubilee, among the Jews, denoted every fiftieth year, being that following the revolution of seven weeks of years, at which time all the slaves were made free, and all land reverted to its ancient owners. An account of the institution of this festival is to be found in Leviticus xxv. 8–17.

The learned are divided about the year of Jubilee, some maintaining that it was every forty-ninth, and others that it was every fiftieth year. The ground of the former opinion is chiefly this, that the forty-ninth year being, of course, a Sabbatical year, if the Jubilee had been kept on the fiftieth, the land must have had two

Sabbaths or have lain fallow two years, which, without a miracle, would have produced a dearth. On the other hand, it is alleged that the Scripture expressly declares it to be the fiftieth year—Leviticus xxv. 10, 11—and, besides, if the Jubilee and Sabbatical year had been the same, there would have been no need of a prohibition to sow and reap, because that kind of labour was forbidden by the law of the Sabbatical year. The authors of the Universal History endeavour to reconcile these opinions by observing that, as the Jubilee began in the first month of the civil year, which was the seventh of the ecclesiastical, it might be said to be either the forty-ninth or fiftieth, according as one or other of these computations was followed. The political design of the law of Jubilee was to prevent the too great oppression of the poor, as well as their liability to perpetual slavery. By this means a kind of equality was preserved through all the families of Israel, and the distinction of tribes was also preserved, that they might be able, when there was occasion, to prove in the Jubilee year their right to the inheritance of their ancestors. The Jubilee served also, like the Olympiads of the Greeks, and the Lustra of the Romans, for the readier computation of time. After the Babylonish captivity the Jubilee was no longer regarded. Jubilee in a more modern sense denotes the Jubilee year in the Roman Catholic Church which is observed every twenty-fifth year from Christmas to Christmas. During its continuance plenary indulgence is obtainable by all Catholics on condition of their penitently confessing their sins, and visiting certain churches a stated number of times, or doing an equivalent amount of meritorious work. The Jubilee was first established by Boniface VII. in 1300, and it was only to return every 100 years. But the first celebration brought such stores of wealth to Rome, that this was called the golden year, which occasioned Clement VI. in 1343 to reduce the period of the Jubilee to fifty years. Urban VI. in 1389 appointed it to be held every thirty-five years, that being the age of our Saviour, and Paul II. reduced it to every twenty-five, that every person might have the benefit of it once in his life. Jubilees afterwards became more frequent, and the Popes granted them as often as they or the Church had occasion for them. There is usually one at the inauguration of a new Pope. The last ordinary Jubilee was observed in 1875.

It may be interesting to record that the first mention of a reign of fifty years in this country is that of Ethelbert, King of Kent, one of the seven Saxon Kingdoms, who succeeded to the throne in 566 and died in 616. During this reign occurred events of transcendant interest and importance, for in 597 St. Augustine came over on his mission.

King Ethelbert was baptized, becoming the first Christian King, and St. Augustine was made Archbishop of Canterbury. The code of laws published in English during this reign is the first of our written laws, and the earliest in any modern language. But we pass on to consider the three reigns indicated above.

King Henry III. was twice crowned; firstly, on his father's death, when he was but nine years old. This is the sole instance of a coronation taking place elsewhere than at Westminster, for, the Abbey being in the hands of the Dauphin of France, the King was crowned in the Abbey of Gloucester. On regaining possession of Westminster he was again crowned there in state on Whit Sunday by Stephen Langton, having the day before laid the foundation-stone of the Lady Chapel. The Chronicles of the period relate that the feasting and entertainments exceeded those held at any previous coronation. Sharon Turner, in his *History of England*, says: "Henry's reign was above all others abundant in public prosperity and comforts. In no part of our history do more striking indications of improvement appear in every department of national excellence than under this depreciated king."

Lingard says: "Gentle and credulous, warm in his attachments, and forgiving in his enmities, without vices, but also without energy, Henry was a good man and a weak monarch. But, under his weak but pacific sway, the nation grew more rapidly in wealth and prosperity than it had done under any of his military progenitors."

All historians seem to agree that, in spite of many adverse circumstances, the wealth of the country seems to have increased steadily during this reign. Trade received an immense impulse, and Lombard Street became the head-quarters of Italian finance. In Pearson's *Middle Ages* we read:—

> The marvellous works of Roger Bacon show that optics and mechanics were intelligently studied with a view to invention, and the great prophet of Science speaks with a serene confidence of possible results, which religion taught him to under-value, but which have been the triumph of later centuries; of carriages that can go without horses, boats that can sail against the wind, and glasses that can reflect distant objects. To him, or to this time, belongs the discovery of gunpowder. Literature had a little declined before the more absorbing interest of political struggles, but the reign produced one of our greatest lawyers, Bracton; and Bacon and Duns Scotus were the glory of the Schools. Fifteen thousand students were entered on the Oxford books, and Cambridge was growing into importance. The separation from Normandy had consolidated Norman and Saxon into one English people. Not to speak English was the mark of a foreigner; and no longer, as in old times, of a gentleman. The very Government was compelled to translate its more important manifestoes into the vernacular. The law of Englishry was dying out, and it had been found possible to abolish the ordeal which was not now, as it had once been, the refuge of the weak from the strong. Wealth, intelligence, unity, and the growth of law were slowly moulding the nation for higher destinies.

Of all the Kings since the Conquest, Henry received the least

money from the tenants of the Crown. His reign commenced in stormy times. The Barons had called the heir of France to the English throne, and did him homage. They were led to adopt this course by the fact of King John having armed, in order to annul by force all that he had promised by Magna Charta. The statistics or provisions of Oxford contain the first attempt to form a Parliamentary Assembly, by enacting that thrice every year the newly-formed royal Council should meet, together with twelve men elected by the Commonalty of England, and consult on the affairs of the Kingdom. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the leader of the Barons, secured for himself, as Ranke puts it, "an imperishable memory" by his design of summoning, first of all, representatives of the Knights of the Shires, and directly afterwards representatives of the towns and the Cinque Ports, to form a Parliament in conjunction with the nobles of the realm.

Henry was renowned for piety and devotion, and for his regular attendance on Public Worship. His greatest work was the restoration of the Abbey of Westminster in its present, or nearly in its present form.

His veneration for his Anglo-Saxon ancestors attracted him to Westminster and the Confessor's tomb. His sons were the first of the English Princes who were called by Anglo-Saxon names, and his eldest son was the first prince ever born at Westminster. The Abbey was built entirely at the cost of the Crown. On it the King lavished vast sums of money, and the most renowned painters and sculptors of Italy were requisitioned for its embellishment. The shrine destined to receive the body of Edward the Confessor was raised upon a mound which was the last funeral tumulus in England, and to this, with great pomp and ceremony, was the corpse transferred. Henry III. appears to great advantage as a legislator. The Common, as well as the Statute Law of England, received considerable improvements in his reign. Several circumstances concurred to promote the improvements of the Common Law. The most important of these were the settlement of the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, the withdrawal of the clergy, who were great enemies to the Common Law, both from the Bench and the Bar, in obedience to a Canon made in 1217, the establishment of the Law Colleges, the Inns of Court, the decline of trials by ordeal and single combat, and the statute subjecting pleaders to a fine for absurd and foolish pleading. The Statutes concerning the Exchequer, which were made in 1266, are the first of our Statutes in the French language. All the preceding Statutes had been in Latin. There are some curiosities amongst the regulations for the preservation of the peace issued in the 36th of Henry III.

Watch was ordered to be kept from sunset to sunrise during the nights between the Feast of the Ascension and that of St. Michael, in the villages by four or six stout and good men armed with bows-and-arrows and other light weapons, in the towns by a company of twelve, and in the cities by companies of six stationed at every gate. If any stranger attempted to enter or depart after the watch was set, he was instantly arrested, and confined for examination until the following morning. Nor could a traveller who arrived by daylight remain longer than two days in any village or township, unless it were during the time of harvest, or his host would become surety for his conduct. For the greater security of the merchant who is on his road, the mayor and bailiff were bound to furnish him with a guard, if required to do so; and if he numbered his money in their presence, and were afterwards robbed, he could recover the amount of his loss from the inhabitants, who were judged guilty of a breach of their duty to the King by neglecting to pursue the measures necessary to preserve his peace in their neighbourhood.

Amongst curiosities found in the Chronicles of the period, it may be interesting to quote the Chronicle of Dunstable, which records that in one year of this reign, wheat was sold in many places at 8s. a quarter, but never rose in Dunstable above a crown. In another Chronicle we find that during this reign occurred the first mention of coal in England, the King having granted a Charter to the town of Newcastle in which he gave the inhabitants a licence to dig coal. Gold coin was first struck in this reign. The importance of the reign cannot be better exemplified than in the words of Lord Macaulay :—

Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed ; that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders—islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that Constitution which has ever since, through all ages, preserved its identity; that Constitution of which all the other free Constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the Common Law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the Imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges, which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical, indeed, than the languages of the South, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone. Then, too, appeared the first dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

Fuller, in his *Church History*, thus refers to the King :—

Quiet King Henry III., our English Nestor (not for depth of brains but length of life) as who reigned fifty-six years, in which terme he buried all his contemporary princes in Christendom twice over. All the months in a year may in a manner be carved out of an April day—hot, cold, dry, moist, fair, foule weather, being oft presented therein. Such the character of this King's life, certain onely in uncertainty sorrowful, successful, in plenty, in penury, in wealth, in want, conquered, conqueror.

Henry died at Westminster, November 16, 1272. He was buried first in the tomb vacated by the removal of the Confessor's bones, and in 1291 re-interred in the one which we now see. Thus commenced the line of royal sepultures in the Abbey. At the re-interment his heart was delivered to the Abbess of Fontevrault, to be deposited, in accordance with a promise made in early life, with the ashes of his kindred in Anjou. "The last relic," says Dean Stanley, "of the lingering Plantagenet affection for their foreign home."

We now turn to King Edward III., with whose name are linked some of the most splendid achievements of the English arms. Edward III., King of England and Wales, and Lord of Ireland, was born on November 13, 1312, at Windsor Castle, whence he had his surname, after the manner of that age. His mother, Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, was accounted in her time one of the most beautiful women in the world. Prince Louis, the eldest son of the King of France, being with many of the French nobility at the English Court, earnestly endeavoured to have the Prince named after King Philip, but this suggestion was strongly opposed by the English nobility, whose wishes ultimately prevailed. At his Coronation in Westminster Abbey, in 1327, the sword and shield of state were first carried before the Sovereign. During his reign Edward issued writs of summons, which are extant to this day, to assemble no less than seventy Parliaments or great Councils. His frequent need of supplies to enable him to carry on his numerous and long-continued wars were the cause of this large number. His military successes were indeed extraordinary. He killed two kings in one day and routed a third, and had two kings, those of Scotland and France, his prisoners at one time. So great was his reputation abroad that on the death of Louis of Bavaria he had the offer of the Empire, which he declined. He was the first English King who bore the arms and title of France.

The circumstances attending the death of the King of Bohemia, one of the two kings mentioned as having been killed in one day, are peculiarly interesting. Froissart relates that the King, though old and blind, was not to be dissuaded from entering the battle of Crecy; he therefore caused his bridle-reins to be fastened to those of two of his attendants, one on either side. All three were, after the battle, found among the slain, with their horses standing by them. The King's crest was three ostrich feathers, and his motto *Ich Dien*, I serve, which the Prince of Wales adopted for himself and his successors in memorial of that great victory. Hallam, in his *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, referring to

the commencement of the war against France, writes of the English king:—

The first advantage which Edward III. possessed in this contest was derived from the splendour of his personal character, and from the still more eminent virtues of his son. Besides prudence and military skill, these great princes were endowed with qualities peculiarly fitted for the times in which they lived. Chivalry was then in its zenith, and in all the virtues which adorned the knightly character, in courtesy, munificence, gallantry, in all delicate and magnanimous feelings, none were so conspicuous as Edward III. and the Black Prince. As later princes have boasted of being the best gentlemen, they might claim to be the prowest knights in Europe; a character not quite dissimilar, yet of more high pretension. Their court was, as it were, the sun of that system which embraced the valour and nobility of the Christian world; and the respect which was felt for their Excellencies, while it drew many to their side, mitigated in all the rancour and ferociousness of hostility.

Edward III. was as much attached to Windsor as Henry III. was to Westminster. The characters of the two monarchs are well exemplified by this—the one of a quiet disposition and strong religious tendencies, choosing for his chief work the erection of a church which was to excel all others in beauty; the other, endued with indomitable energy, and fascinated by the martial spirit of the age, bestowed his care and thought rather upon making his favourite residence one of the most splendid and one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. He built St. George's Chapel, St. George's Hall, the King's palace, the lodgings in the east and south sides of the Upper Ward, the keep or tower in the Middle Ward, the houses for the custos and canons in the Lower Ward, together with the whole circumference of the walls and their several towers and gates. Being desirous of honouring the memory of King Arthur, and of restoring the Round Table, Edward caused solemn jousts to be held at Windsor, and it was then that he formed the design of instituting the Order of the Garter. It was the peculiar appendage of the institution of the Round Table that it should combine festivity with martial exercise. The knights who were to engage always dined first with each other at the table which was made round that there might be no precedence and no distinction of rank.

The diameter of the table was 200 feet. The King made Windsor the perpetual seat of the most noble Order of the Garter. He himself first took the habit in the Chapel of St. George from the hands of the Bishop of Winchester—which Bishop is by statute always prelate of the Order—and then he proceeded to give the habit to the other twenty-five Knight Companions. The full institution took place on April 23, 1349, being the Festival of St. George, when the King and all the Knights went in state to St. George's Chapel to hear Mass celebrated by the Bishop of Winchester. King Edward celebrated two jubilees, one of his age, and the other of his reign. Amongst the ordinances made at the jubilee

of the King's age was one that thereafter all pleas should be used in English, and that all law cases, pleadings, sentences, decrees, judgments, and contracts, should be written and enrolled in the English or Latin tongue, the French being wholly laid aside. This was not, however, fully carried out. The King at this time again confirmed Magna Charta, which in his whole reign he is said to have done no less than twenty several times. From this jubilee dated the custom of bestowing alms on Maundy Thursday. The year 1376 being the fiftieth of the King's reign, he kept a second jubilee, and "in consideration thereof bestowed pardons, immunities, and graces, and showed many notable acts of bounty and goodness to his people as in the first jubilee." During this reign the Houses of Lords and Commons were established. Before, the Barons and Knights of the shires had consulted together, but in the year 1343 they sat apart for the first time. The following extract from Henry's *History of Great Britain* is interesting in connection with the large number of members of the legal profession who now enter Parliament :—

In these days (King Edward III.) of chivalry and superstition, when disputes were more frequently determined by the sword or by ordeals than by law, the profession of a lawyer was neither very lucrative nor very honourable, and consequently was embraced by few men of probity and credit. This brought the profession into such disgrace that practising lawyers were declared incapable of being chosen members of Parliament by a statute of 46 Edward III. 1372.

The title of Duke was introduced by King Edward about a year before he assumed the title of King of France. He created his eldest son, Prince Edward, Duke of Cornwall. This was done with great solemnity in full Parliament at Westminster, March 17, 1337. Shortly before the King's accession John Wickliffe was born, and his name is first mentioned in history about the year 1360. His reputation and influence became so great that, in 1374, he was one of the Commissioners sent by the King to Bruges to treat with Pope Gregory XI. respecting the repeal of the Statutes of Provisors and Præmunire. Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," lived during this reign, and was one of the King's pages. We will now conclude our notice of King Edward III. by extracts from the principal historians. Hume says :—

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward III., and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious, also, that occurs in the annals of their nation. The ascendant which they then began to acquire over France, their rival and supposed national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end ; but the domestic government of this prince is really more admirable than his foreign victories, and England enjoyed by the prudence and vigour of his administration a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity than she had been blessed with in any former period, or than she experienced for many ages after. He gained the affections of the great, yet curbed their licentiousness ; he made them feel his power without their daring, or even being inclined, to murmur at it ; his affable and obliging

behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed those disturbances to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the frame of the government seemed so much to authorise.

Von Ranke has written:—

In the French and Scotch wars the now united nation, which put forth all its strength, came for the first time to the feeling of its power, to a position of its own in the world, and to the consciousness of it. A period followed in which England seemed to have obtained the supremacy in Western Europe. Peace was made with the Scotch and French; the Prince of Wales went to reside at Bordeaux, and mixed in the Spanish quarrels with the view of uniting Biscay to his territories in Southern France. As the result of these circumstances, English commerce flourished immensely, and, in emulous alliance with that of Flanders, began to form another great centre for the general commerce of the world. It was still chiefly in the hands of foreigners, but the English made great profits by it. Their riches gained them almost as much prestige in the world as their bravery. The whole government assumed a popular character.

Sir James Mackintosh thus refers to the period:—

Civil architecture was beginning to revive; castles were being used for solemnities and festivities which before had no other purpose than security. The architecture of churches had almost reached its highest perfection; a new and singular art which, though it spread magnificence from Seville to Norway, has left scarce any account of the names of its professors. The contrast of vastness with minute finish; the power of structure to exhibit changes of light and shadow—transitions from awful gloom to splendid radiance, the variety and intricacy of parts, yet appearing as a whole to the fancy, which characterises this noble art, have formed a mental connection between it and religious worship which acquires additional strength from age to age. The reign of Edward was distinguished by Chaucer, the greatest poetical genius, if not the greatest poet, with the single exception of Dante, whom Europe had produced, probably from the death of Lucretius, and who undoubtedly surpasses every English poet, except Shakespeare, in the variety and fertility of his faculties. Under this reign, says Sir Matthew Hale, the law was improved to its greatest height. The judges and pleaders were very learned. The pleadings were more polished than those of the time of Edward II.; yet they have neither uncertainty, prolixity, nor obscurity. So that at the latter part of this King's reign the law seemed to be near its meridian.

Sharon Turner's tribute of praise is contained in these words:—

It is a general persuasion amongst Englishmen that the reign of Edward III. is the most illustrious period of their ancient annals. Our navy established its predominance over the most celebrated fleets. Parliament enjoyed in full its Constitutional powers, the Clergy evinced a disposition to emancipate themselves from the Papal despotism. England appears with new features after his death. She became a country of larger mind and nobler manners, hastening rapidly to more glorious destinies.

The superiority of the long-bow over the cross-bow was fully established in the reign of Edward III. The bow was twice the length of the arrow, which was 3 feet in length. So skilled did the English archers become in its use that they could use it with precision to the distance of twelve-score yards. Everything was done to encourage its use. Proclamation was made, according to Rymer, that all persons should practise archery on the holidays out of the hours of divine service, and every game which might compete with that exercise was strictly forbidden. These pro-

hibited games were quoits, hand-ball, foot-ball, stick-ball, canibuca, and cock-fighting.

The first toll we read of in England for mending the highways was imposed in this reign. It was that for repairing the road between St. Giles's and Temple Bar. Oxford attained great eminence at this time, and in Speed's *Chronicle* it is recorded that there were 30,000 students at that University. Queen Philippa evinced her interest in Oxford by founding Queen's College. Edward was a linguist of considerable attainments, for he could not only speak the English and French, but also understood the Spanish, German, and Latin languages. He died June 21st, 1377, which was a Sunday, and the Day of St. Alban, the proto-martyr of England, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

An annual obit was ordained to be held for ever in memory of his death on June 21st, in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. In this year of grace 1887, on the day preceding the anniversary of the death of one of England's greatest Kings, the country hopes to be celebrating the Jubilee of the reign of one of her greatest Queens.

The reign of George III. brings us into modern days. George III. was the first Sovereign of the House of Hanover who was born in England, and his reign is the longest occurring in English history, having lasted 59¼ years. His coronation excited unusual interest, and, it is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, so great was the demand for places that front seats along the line of procession cost ten guineas, whereas, on the coronation of George II., the highest price was about half a guinea. The same authority tells us that at the coronation there appeared for the last time the English representatives of the Dukes of Aquitane and Normandy, who ranked before the Archbishop of Canterbury. Thus passed away the last vestiges of our dominion over France.

Archbishop Secker, who officiated, had baptized, confirmed, and married the King. During the ceremony there occurred an incident which aroused the fears of the superstitious. The largest jewel in the crown fell out. This was afterwards regarded as having indicated the loss of America. The importance of this reign and the character of the King cannot be better described than by reference to Alison's *History of Europe* :—

The reign of George III. embraces, beyond all question, the most eventful and important period in the annals of mankind. Whether we regard the changes in society, and in the aspect of the world, which occurred during its continuance, or the illustrious men who arose in Great Britain and the adjoining States during its progress, it must ever form an era of unexampled interest. Its commencement was coeval with the glories of the Seven Years' War, and the formation, on a solid basis, of the vast Colonial empire of Great Britain; its meridian witnessed the momentous conflict for American independence, and the growth, amidst Transatlantic wilds, of European civilization; its

latter days were involved in the heart-stirring conflicts of the French Revolution, and overshadowed by the military renown of Napoleon. The transition from the opening of this reign to its termination is not merely that from one century to the next, but from one age of the world to another. New elements of fearful activity were brought into operation in the moral world during its continuance, and new principles for the government of mankind established never again to be shaken. The civilization of a new world, in this age, was contemporary with the establishment of new principles for the government of the old; in its eventful days were combined the growth of Grecian democracy with the passions of Roman ambition, the fervour of plebeian zeal with the pride of aristocratic power, the blood of Marius with the genius of Cæsar, the opening of a nobler hemisphere to the enterprise of Columbus, with the rise of a social agent as mighty as the press in the powers of steam.

The following, from the same chapter, refers to dangers which have not wholly passed away:—

It was the fate of George III. to be called to the throne of the only free empire in existence during the age of revolutions; to be destined to govern the vast and unwieldy fabric of the British dominions, when torn at one period by internal convulsion, and menaced at another by external subjugation; to be doomed to combat, from the commencement to the end of a reign extending over more than half a century, the revolutionary spirit, veiled at one time under the guise of liberality and philanthropy, flaming at another with the passions and the terrors of a burning world. Of the incalculable importance of directing the government of such a country at such a period, with the steady hand of patriotic wisdom, we may form some estimate from observing what had been the consequences of the bursting forth of similar passions at the same time, in other States, where a corresponding regulating power was wanting, and where democracy, through the infatuation of the higher orders, and the delusion of the throne, obtained an early and a lasting triumph. France exhibited the prodigy of a monarch yielding to the wishes, and a nobility impregnated from the very first with the passions, of the people; and in the horrors of the Revolution, the devastation and subjugation of Europe, and the general ultimate extinction of all moral principle, and every element of freedom within its bounds, is to be found an awful example of the consequences of admitting such a power unrestrained to act on human affairs.

Again:—

Educated in the principles of the Protestant religion, the King looked to their maintenance not only as his first duty, but as the only safeguard of his throne. Simple in his habits, moderate in his desires, unostentatious in his tastes, he preferred, amidst the seductions of a palace, the purity and virtues of domestic life—he possessed in a very high degree that native sagacity and just discrimination, for the want of which no intellectual cultivation can afford any compensation, and which are so often found more than adequate to supply the place of the most brilliant and even solid acquisitions. He inherited from his father the hereditary courage and firmness of his race—no man possessed moral determination in a higher degree, or was more willing, when he felt he was right, to take his full share of the responsibility consequent upon either supporting or resisting any measure of importance. The firmness which he exhibited on the occasion of the run upon the Bank, and the Mutiny of the Nore in 1797, brought the nation safely through the most dangerous crisis of recent times. When resisting, almost alone, Mr. Fox's India Bill in 1783, he expressed his determination rather to resign his crown, and retire to Hanover, than permit it to become a law; and the result has proved both that he had correctly scanned on that occasion the feelings of the English people, and rightly appreciated the probable effect of the proposed measure on our Eastern Empire, and the balance of the Constitution in this country.

George III.'s ministries were very numerous. In the first ten years of his reign he had no less than six different Prime Ministers, Mr. Pitt, Lord Bute, Mr. Grenville, Lord Rockingham, the Duke of

Grafton, and Lord North. The longest administration in the reign was that of Lord North, which lasted from 1770 to 1782. The office of Prime Minister was vacated three times during the reign by death, in the cases of Lord Rockingham, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Perceval. The King never could be prevailed upon by any of his Ministers to agree to Catholic Emancipation, and he told Lord Grenville "that although he had firmness sufficient to quit his throne and retire to a cottage, or place his neck on a block, if his people required it, yet he had not resolution to break the oath which he had taken in the most solemn manner at his Coronation." The Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, of which so much has been heard in recent political discussions, was passed in 1800. The growth of the influence of the press during the reign was very remarkable, and it is thus commented on by Mr. Green in his *History of the English People*:—

> At the moment of George III.'s accession, the impulse which Pitt had given to the national spirit, and the rise of a keener interest in politics, was fast raising the press into an intellectual and political power. Not only was the number of London newspapers fast increasing, but journals were being established in almost every considerable town.

Amongst the minor statutes of George III. appears one, the repeal of which during the present reign has had effects which have caused considerable dissatisfaction. We allude to what is called "the national beverage." By the 56th Geo. III., c. 58, the use of any substitutes for malt or for hops in the manufacture of beer was prohibited. By the 25th and 26th of the Queen, c. 22, substitutes for hops were authorized; and Mr. Gladstone's Malt Duty Abolition Act of 1880, repealed the prohibition of substitutes for malt. If these statutes had contained clauses requiring that when substitutes for malt and hops were used, their presence and their nature should be specified, the beer-drinker of the Victorian reign would not have had cause to envy his predecessor of the Georgian era.

The distinguished men who lived during this period form a very imposing array. In the political arena there contended some of the greatest statesmen and most brilliant orators which this country ever produced. The splendid eloquence and the lofty patriotism of Chatham were followed by the genius of the great rivals, Pitt and Fox, and the oratory of Burke. Then, too, appeared the imperishable names of Nelson and of Wellington. In more peaceful walks of life, Burns, Byron, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, Moore, Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth, form a band of poets of which any age might be proud. Of great writers and profound thinkers, there lived Chalmers, Coleridge, Gibbon, Hume, Johnson, Mackintosh, Robertson, Reid, and Stewart; while the discoveries of James Watt in the power of regulating the force of steam, form

a period for ever memorable in the annals of science. Joshua Reynolds was the first President of the Royal Academy, to which the King had granted a charter.

The Colonial Empire of Great Britain was founded in this reign upon the ruins of the Colonial Empire of France. In 1792, the Colonial possessions of France rivalled those of this country. The Island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies, belonged to her; and in the East, the Cape of Good Hope, the Isle of Bourbon, the Isle of France, Java, and the Malaccas, belonged to her or her allies; her influence on the continent of Hindostan nearly equalled that of England, and on the banks of the Jumna she was predominant. The maritime forces of the two countries were nearly equal; but their fight for supremacy ended in the total destruction of the Asiatic and American possessions of France, and in the foundation of the Colonial Empire which is one of the greatest glories of our time.

We would conclude with the expression of an earnest hope that the reign of Her Gracious Majesty may not terminate before that Colonial Empire, in its present imperial proportions, may be confederated, and bound in closer union with the mother country.

ARTHUR BURNEY.

THOUGHTS ON DOWDEN'S "LIFE OF SHELLEY."*

Dryden, when he tells us that "great wits are sure to madness near allied," does not mean to say that madness is necessarily allied to great wit. He means that the power, peculiar to genius, of conceiving possibilities in nature and art, and of successfully achieving what to colder minds appear mad enterprises, sometimes tempts its possessor over the borderland into actual insanity. When Napoleon crossed the Alps, and, disregarding the ordinary rules of strategy, left Massena to his fate in Genoa, seized Milan, and by the desperate victory of Marengo made himself the master of France, everyone allows that he showed great wit: it does not follow that the same quality was the cause of his march upon Moscow. When Milton describes the Son of God going forth to war in heaven, all doubt is silenced in the presence of supreme genius; but when he makes "God the Father turn a school divine," and archangels into punsters and quibblers, we feel that he is on the wrong side of the "thin partition." Any work of true sublimity involves the exercise of sublime judgment. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, with his usual penetration: "What we now call Genius begins, not where rules abstractedly taken end, but where known vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place."

These words, so characteristic of the temperate force of their author and of the best work of his century, do not immediately commend themselves to the perception of the age in which we live. Whether it be from the hero-worship inherent in democracy, or from the weariness and craving for novelty that creeps on an old civilization, there is, undoubtedly, a general disposition in these times to erect Genius above Law. A grand old statesman, or a grand young artist, who, by force of eloquence or invention, has once impressed the imagination of the multitude, often violates with impunity all the rules of experience, because the excesses of his madness are held to be warranted by the greatness of his wit. One of the most remarkable examples of this tendency is the undiscriminating worship now-a-days lavished on the memory of Shelley. In the character of Shelley appear many of the attri-

* *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Edward Dowden, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

butes that constitute the great man and the great poet. A person of singular beauty was in him accompanied by a wonderful sweetness and dignity of manner, the outward marks of a mind full of noble impulses and warm benevolence. But the fairy who mixed in him these happy elements, omitted the qualities which were necessary to fuse and harmonize them—judgment and self-restraint. Throughout his life he was at war with the laws and institutions of his country. He was expelled from his University for contumacy; in a moment of weak impulse he married a school-girl, whose disposition was utterly unsuited to his own; grown tired of the connection, he abandoned her no less impulsively, and carried off as his mistress the daughter of his "guide, philosopher, and friend"; his deserted wife committed suicide; he was deprived of the care of his children by the judgment of the Court of Chancery; in consequence of the disfavour with which he was viewed by the society whose instincts he had outraged, he found it expedient to quit the country whose soil he ardently loved. As a poet, in richness of language, brilliancy of fancy, and natural melody of versification, Shelley stands second among English poets only to Shakespeare. Yet so wedded was he to the wilfulness of his own imagination, so negligent of the sympathies of his readers, and, consequently, of the true ends of the art of poetry, that, beyond the circle of his ardent admirers, his more ambitious compositions have made little impression on the mind of the nation. For one reader of *The Revolt of Islam*, there are ten thousand readers of *Marmion*.

Perhaps, on this very account, the worship of Shelley by his particular votaries is the more ardent and intense. These take their stand upon his genius, and claim that a being so exceptionally gifted is not to be tested by the common standards either of art or morality. He is Shelley, they say, and must be judged only as Shelley; a position from which they derive considerable argumentative advantage. For Shelley the man and Shelley the poet are so indissolubly blended, that his thorough-going devotees can generally escape from a difficulty by shifting their ground from one capacity to the other, as the occasion may require. If the morals of Shelley the man are questioned, the defence usually is that in these matters we must make allowance for the devious ways of the Divine Poet; if, on the other hand, the critic complains of the formlessness and want of human interest in the poet's dramatic and narrative works, he is told that he must look for both the interest and form of the poem in the revelation of the man Shelley. Moreover, a kind of supernatural legend has grown up round the memory of the poet—much aggrandized by the Minerva-Press atmosphere in which his earlier biographers were brought up—presenting him to us as Saint, Martyr, and Genius, who, having

been canonized by the intelligence of the country, is now beyond the reach of criticism.

At last, however, we have a biography which brings the whole question into the sphere of reality. Mr. Dowden has performed a difficult task in a manner which is in every way honourable to him. Himself evidently an enthusiastic admirer of Shelley, he has been encountered by the difficulty in which the biographers of other poets can sympathise with him, of being faithful at once to the truth and to the memory of the individual committed to his trust. I do not think that his account of Shelley is judicial, but judicial he was not obliged to be. On the other hand, he has never exceeded the just limits of skilful advocacy, putting forward every plea which can be advanced on Shelley's behalf, but never defending the conduct or the works of his client in such a way as to arouse the resentment of those whom he knows must be his client's judges. "I have reserved from the reader," he says, "nothing that concerned Shelley. I have endeavoured to search out the truth in many quarters, and to tell the whole truth, as far as it is known to me. If I have erred in matters of opinion, I have tried to set before my readers materials as abundant as it was in my power to exhibit, by which to correct my errors." This claim is fully justified. The result is that the public is now in a position to form a distinct judgment on the life and writings of one of the most remarkable of English poets, and to estimate the merits of the quarrel between Shelley and the Law.

The impression derived from Mr. Dowden's book is that it records the history of a being in whose composition reason and imagination were distributed so unevenly as to render him unable to distinguish either the true nature of external objects or the proportions of his own life and thought relatively to the life of society. He was the victim of the most extraordinary hallucinations. On two occasions he firmly believed that his house was entered, and himself violently attacked by a midnight assassin. At another time he imagined that a messenger came to warn him of a plot of his father, by which he was to be carried off and confined in a mad-house. He received a visit from a mysterious lady, who informed him that, having read "Queen Mab," she had resolved to forsake home and husband for the love of a man she had never before seen. When at Eton, being once engaged in a fight, he anticipated, as it appears, that this would be conducted after the fashion of Homeric combats, and appeared on the ground full of the spirit of an ancient hero, which, however, evaporated as soon as he was made acquainted with the actual sensations produced by the human fist. By some strange caprice, Fortune threw in the way of this unbalanced intellect, just when it was most in need of

cool guidance, the works of the most vapid and superficial reasoner generated by the spirit of the French Revolution, and Shelley became a philosopher before he was a poet. At an age when most young men of sensibility are seeking vent for their ardent feelings in verse and adventure, he was constructing in his imagination an idea of human society based on the principles of William Godwin! No sooner had he formed his ideas of Political Justice and Virtue, than he proceeded (acting, herein, very differently from his cold-blooded master) to put them into practice, with apparently as little foresight of the consequences that were bound to follow as he exhibited in his encounter with his school antagonist. Afterwards, when tragic experience had deepened and saddened his feelings, far from tracing his sufferings to the mad principles he had imbibed, he made these the foundation for his most elaborate poetical compositions, building upon them "the gorgeous towers and cloud-capped palaces" which his fancy has coloured with such dazzling tints.

It cannot be said that Shelley's misfortunes were in any serious sense caused by forces over which he had no control. He was the heir presumptive of an ancient family of wealth and position. Though little is known of his childhood, and from that little we may infer that he was not the object of much solicitous affection to his parents, his home-life seems to have been smooth and happy. His school experiences were not the reverse. Mr. Dowden is perhaps inclined to make too much of the "persecutions" to which he was subjected at Eton. Probably everyone who has been at a public school remembers a "Mad" Somebody who, by refusing to fall into the system which boyish society requires, has, up to a certain age, to submit to inroads on his privacy from the champions of convention, which he on his side seeks to repel by red-hot pokers and similar weapons. After a time these troubles cease. Shelley, it appears, was in the boats, and took a prominent part in the "Montem," at which period of his school existence the "baitings" which made an impression on the memories of some of his schoolfellows must have been things of the past.

As to his expulsion from Oxford, Mr. Dowden writes with wisdom and moderation. Shelley had published a pamphlet called *The Necessity of Atheism*, of which he was evidently vastly proud, and which he caused to be sold in the shop of an Oxford bookseller without his knowledge, copies of it being also sent to every bishop on the bench, to the Vice-Chancellor, and to each of the heads of houses. A member of the university, *in statu pupillari*, who chooses to act in this aggressive fashion, ought to be prepared for the inevitable consequences; but, as usual, the consequences of his act seem to have fallen on Shelley like a thunderbolt. He was

sent for by the Master of his college, and was asked, according to his own account, whether he was the author of the pamphlet, according to the entry in the college books, whether he would disavow the authorship (a different thing), and on his declining to answer was expelled. The college record is as follows :—

> At a meeting of the Master and Fellows held this day, it was determined that Thomas Jefferson Hogg, and Percy Bysshe Shelley, commoners, be publicly expelled for contumaciously refusing to answer questions proposed to them, and for also repeatedly declining to disavow a publication entitled *The Necessity of Atheism.*

Mr. Dowden's comment on this is :—

> Indignation against the tyranny of power is a passion too precious for the uses of the world to be lightly squandered or directed towards an improper object. If the University of Oxford and its colleges had existed somewhere in the air, or were attached to Cloud-cuckoo-town, there would be small warrant for the action of the authorities of Shelley's college. But the roots of the institution were in the soil, intertwined with the faith of the English people and the creeds of the English Church. A pupil surrenders a certain portion of his freedom as a condition of obtaining certain benefits. The publication of such a pamphlet as Shelley's was an act of revolt; and, attention having been called to the act, it was natural, and perhaps expedient, that measures should have been taken to vindicate the authority of the heads of the institution.

He goes on to argue that it would have been better if the college authorities had visited such an offence as the avowal of atheism with rustication rather than expulsion; but his argument seems to overlook the fact that Shelley was expelled, not for the publication of the pamphlet, but for contumacy; and that a refusal to submit to the authority by which a society is governed can obviously be met by no penalty short of expulsion from the society itself.

Had the case been one merely involving the liberty of opinion, there can be no doubt that it would have been wise to treat Shelley's offence with leniency; for anything more crude and feeble than his speculations it is impossible to conceive. He evidently considered that the whole question of religion could be disposed of by dialectic. Of the spiritual meaning of the doctrines of Christianity as they have been understood by men like St. Augustine, Bunyan, and Gordon, he had no conception. His complete ignorance of history rendered him equally incapable of estimating the influence of the Christian Religion on the laws, customs, and institutions of the nations of Europe. He regarded it, in fact, as simply a logical rival to the philosophical system he had formulated for himself. "In theology," he writes, "inquiries into our intellect, its eternity or perishability, I advance with caution and circumspection. I pursue it in the privacy of retired thought, or the interchange of friendship. But in politics I am enthusiastic. I have reasoned, and my reason has brought me, on this subject, to the end of my inquiries. I am no aristocrat, nor 'crat' at all; but vehemently long for the time when men may dare to live in accordance with Nature and Reason—in consequence with

Virtue, to which I firmly believe that Religion and its establishments are the formidable though destructible barriers." It is true that these conclusions were arrived at at the age of nineteen, but it is also true that they were never corrected by experience, but were maintained by Shelley to the end of his life. The best comment on the knowledge of human nature they exhibit, and on the manner in which sophistry can make "Reason and Virtue" serve men's inclinations, is the conduct of Shelley himself in the circumstances leading to the marriage which was the prime cause of all his misfortunes.

Harriet Westbrook was the daughter of a retired tavern-keeper living in Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square. Shelley made her acquaintance while she was a fellow-pupil of his own sisters at a school in Clapham, and the intimacy thus begun was encouraged by the injudicious zeal of an elder sister of Harriet's, Eliza Westbrook, who flattered Shelley's vanity by sitting at his feet and allowing him to introduce her to the study of Voltaire. In course of time the illuminated school-girl took it into her head to object to returning to the "Academy," where she conceived herself to be suffering "persecution" in consequence of her friendship with the young "Atheist." Her father, probably thinking it best that she should complete her education, declined to comply with her wishes, whereupon Harriet wrote a letter to Shelley, asking his advice. The philosopher of nineteen immediately answered counselling her "to resist," and at the same time addressed a remonstrance to Mr. Westbrook upon his want of tenderness to his daughter. When this intervention proved unavailing, a second despairing letter came from Harriet to Shelley, saying "she would fly with him if he would but consent." A month before Shelley had written to his friend Hogg, "I am no admirer of knights," and had declared that "all enthusiasms, whether in religion, politics, or morality, were equally inextricably fatuous." "I recommend reason," says he gravely to an admiring female correspondent,—"why? Is it because since I have devoted myself unreservedly to its influences I have never felt happiness? I have rejected all fancy, all imagination; I find that all pleasure resulting to self is thereby completely annihilated." In the twinkling of an eye, however, at the summons of a distressed damsel, who was anxious to escape from school, all was changed. "Shelley," says Mr. Dowden, "speedily took coach for London, but had time to anticipate his arrival by a letter to his cousin Charles Grove, saying that his decision was taken; and that, as for himself, his own happiness had been altogether blighted when he lost the hope of his cousin's love, Charles's sister, Harriet; and that now the only thing worth living for was self-sacrifice, and that he therefore obeyed the summons of Harriet

Westbrook, which called him from his solitude in Wales." On August the 24th or 25th, Harriet and Shelley eloped to Scotland, and the marriage form was completed in Edinburgh, where in the books of the Register House there is the following curious entry: "Aug. 28th, 1811. Percy Bysshe Shelley, *farmer*, Sussex, and Miss Harriet Westbrook, St. Andrew Church Parish, daughter of Mr. John Westbrook, London."

How far, then, was this high resolution of "self-sacrifice" carried into effect? Precisely to the extent that might have been predicted from the active, capricious, and versatile imagination of the person by whom it was formed, and from the circumstances out of which it arose. "I set off for London to-morrow," wrote Shelley to Hogg, some time in August 1811, in the first exaltation of his feelings on receiving Harriet's second letter. "How flattering a distinction! I am thinking of ten million things at once—gratitude and admiration, all demand that I should love her *for ever!*" On July 28th, 1814, he was successful in persuading Mary Godwin to leave her father's house and accompany him to the Continent! Mr. Dowden, aware that he must plead before the tribunal of common sense, has treated all this part of his hero's history with the skill of a practised advocate. Little is known of the facts that occasioned the separation between Shelley and his wife. The poet himself, in his paper of defence before the Court of Chancery, declines to say more than that they "were disunited by incurable dissensions." His biographer, taking advantage of the absence of information, dwells on such *possibilities* of the case as seem to make in Shelley's favour, and relies particularly on some hitherto unpublished verses addressed by Shelley to Harriet, May 1814, in which the former expresses what Mr. Dowden describes as the "desperate hope" that his wife's love may still be preserved to him. I confess it appears to me that the lines—though they are quite obscure enough to require the paraphrase that Mr. Dowden prefixes to them—prove nothing except that there had been a conjugal quarrel. When a man appeals to his wife in the following self-conscious vein,—

> For pale, with anguish is his cheek,
> His breath comes fast, his eyes are dim.
> Thy name is struggling ere he speak.
> Weak is each trembling limb;
> In mercy let him not endure
> The misery of a fatal cure,—

he is likely to be as much in earnest as when he writes to his friend—as Shelley had on another occasion written to Hogg—that he is contemplating suicide in consequence of a disappointment in love.

Those who form a judgment on the facts of the case will probably consider that the determining elements in the whole affair were the

character of Shelley himself, and the insane opinions by which he had chosen to guide his conduct. A man is at perfect liberty to indulge his anti-social feeling to any extent he pleases, so long as he does not himself commit or excite others to a breach of the established law. He may even, if he is sufficiently abstract, endeavour, after the manner of Shelley's eminently cold-blooded master in philosophy, to persuade the world to exchange its established laws for his revolutionary system. But abstractions were not enough for Shelley's hot imagination. When he had built his Cloud-cuckoo-town of Godwinism, it was necessary for him to people it with beings who should strictly conform to the laws of love and reason as understood in that ideal region. In the ardour of his propagandism he positively sought to persuade his own sister to enter with Hogg (though neither of them had seen the other) into a union "of man and maid in pure and perfect love, unshackled by law and custom"! As long as he could please himself with the belief that any of his acquaintance were breathing the rarefied atmosphere in which he himself lived, no words were sufficient to extol their sublime qualities, but, as soon as any appearance of earthly reality in them jarred upon his sympathies, he was ready to tax his vocabulary for the description of their monstrous vices. Harriet and Eliza Westbrook were among the first to enter into the enchanted light of his imagination, and (both being apparently very commonplace women) are described, the former as being "something more noble, yet not so cultivated as the elder—a larger diamond, yet not so highly polished." It was not long before the realities of married life caused the elder sister to appear in a totally different aspect, and his final judgment (probably considerably more unjust than his first idealisation) is conveyed in a letter to Hogg :—

I certainly hate her with all my heart and soul. It is a sight which awakens an inexpressible sensation of disgust and horror, to see her caress my poor little Ianthe, in whom I may hereafter find the consolation of sympathy. I sometimes feel faint with the fatigue of checking the overflowings of my unbounded abhorrence for this miserable wretch. But she is no more than a blind and loathsome worm that cannot see to sting.

A far more impressive figure, however, in Shelley's feminine Pantheon appears in the person of a certain Elizabeth Hitchener, a schoolmistress of Hurstpierpoint, in Sussex, ten years the poet's senior, whom he seems only to have met once before entering with her into a correspondence, much of which is published in these volumes. Mr. Dowden justly and humorously speaks of her as Shelley's Egeria, although, after all, the name suggests but faintly the relationship that existed between the poet after his marriage and this romantic but blameless governess. Here are some of the terms in which she is addressed :—

I could have borne to die, to die eternally, with my once loved friend (Hogg). I could coolly have reasoned; to the conclusions of reason I could have unhesitatingly

submitted. Earth seemed to be enough for our intercourse; on earth its bounds appeared to be stated as the event hath dreadfully proved. But with *you*—your friendship seems to have generated a passion to which fifty such fleeting inadequate existences as these appear to be but the drop in the bucket, too trivial for account. With you I cannot submit to perish like the flower of the field; I cannot consent that the same shroud which shall moulder round these perishing frames shall enwrap the vital spirit which hath produced, sanctified—may I say eternized?—a friendship such as ours.

Presently the form of the priestess begins to assume heroic proportions. She is the Cythna of *The Revolt of Islam.*

I look to you [he writes to her] as a mighty mind. I anticipate the era of reform with the more eagerness as I picture to myself *you* the barrier between violence and renovation. . . . How desirous ought I not to be, if I conceive that the one spark which glimmers through mine should kindle a blaze by which nations may rejoice! . . . Come, come, and share with us the noblest success or the most glorious martyrdom.

Then comes the apotheosis :—

My brain has hardly time to consult my heart, or my heart to consult my brain; yet with the remaining nature, with thee, who constitutest the Trinity of my Essence, I will converse.

Let it be remembered that when this astonishing gush was passing, Shelley had only met Miss Hitchener once! Presently, at the earnest entreaty of himself and his wife, the goddess joined them at Lynmouth in July 1813. Alas! the supernatural halo which had invested her was not proof against the wear and tear of everyday companionship, and what followed may be told in the words of Mr. Dowden :—

The Elizabeth Hitchener of Shelley's dream-world, the Roman Portia of the correspondence, had disappeared for ever, and in her place stood a mere mortal woman—tall, lean, brown-visaged, thirty years of age, glorified by no peculiar nimbus, and having parts and passions obnoxious to comment and criticism as those of any ordinary human creature.

Among her late admirers she had come by November 1811 to be called "The Brown Demon," and Shelley's final judgment on her is expressed in the following words : "She is a woman of desperate views and dreadful passions, but of cool and undeviating revenge." Poor Miss Hitchener!

Mr. Dowden urges that Shelley's judgment was constantly strengthening, and doubtless the suffering through which he passed after the death of his first wife deepened his sense of reality. But it did not alter his nature, as may be seen from his relations with Emilia Viviani, the inspirer of *Epipsychidion.* Emilia was a beautiful Italian girl, who, after the custom of the country, had been sent to a convent for *two years*, till her education should be completed, and she could be provided with a husband. Upon this "persecution" was built a poem which is, perhaps, the most characteristic product of Shelley's genius. It is needless to remind the reader of the terms in which the heroine of this poem is addressed. The inevitable disenchantment came, and he himself records his feelings on the occasion : "The *Epipsychidion* I cannot

look at; the person whom it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno; and poor Ixion starts from the centaur that was the offspring of his own embrace." Mrs. Shelley writes on the subject:—

> Emilia has married Biondi; we hear that she leads him and his mother (to use a vulgarism) a devil of a life. The conclusion of our friendship (*à la Italiana*) puts me in mind of a nursery rhyme which runs thus:—
>
> As I was going down Cranbourne Lane,
> Cranbourne Lane was dirty,
> And there I met a pretty maid,
> Who dropped to me a curtsey.
> I gave her cakes, I gave her wine,
> I gave her sugar candy;
> But oh! the little naughty girl,
> She asked me for some brandy.
>
> Now, turn Cranbourne Lane into Pisan acquaintances, which I am sure are dirty enough, and brandy into the wherewithal to buy brandy (and that no small sum *però*), and you have the whole story of Shelley's Italian Platonics.

It is evident that to sustain himself in a belief in the system of Universal Love that he had imagined, it was necessary for Shelley to live in a state that may be best described as spiritual polygamy. Almost every woman with whom he found himself at all in sympathy, became for the moment the incarnation of some idea; only, however, to be expelled from her shrine so soon as satiety had dissipated the illusion. Familiarity, with him, generally produced some form of disgust. Even the fine and sound intellect of his second wife, for whom he entertained a strong and genuine affection, could not provide him with sufficient companionship, or prevent him from indulging, without her knowledge, in the luxury of a "sympathetic" correspondence with Godwin's step-daughter, Jane Clairmont, the mistress of Byron. "I only feel," he wrote with strange indelicacy, in 1822, to John Gisborne (who, by the way, soon after became one of his monsters), "the want of those who can feel and understand me. Whether from proximity and the continuity of domestic intercourse, Mary does not. The necessity of concealing from her thoughts that would pain her, necessitates this, perhaps. It is the curse of Tantalus that a person possessing such excellent powers and so pure a mind as hers, should not excite the sympathy indispensable to their application to domestic life."

If this happened with Godwin's daughter, how much more must it have happened with the commonplace and feeble understanding of Harriet Westbrook. So long as her husband was wandering with her, after their marriage, in the wilds of England and Wales, the novelty of the situation and his own idealising powers enabled him to invest her with the required celestial atmosphere. But when they settled in London, and the natural earth-born tastes of the

young wife began to betray themselves, it was almost inevitable that dissensions should arise between them. He, on his side, compared her mind, not advantageously, with the philosophies and refinements of his friends Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Boinville, and Cornelia Turner, congenial souls, with whom he could mingle his sympathies over the sonnets of Petrarch. She, on the contrary, was probably moved with some not unnatural jealousy at the sight of her husband surrounded by blandishments and worship in the midst of his spiritual Utah. The atmosphere of the family probably became unbearable, and the evidence seems to show that Harriet left her husband's house, and took separate lodgings at Bath. Shelley afterwards declared his belief that she had been unfaithful to him while they were living together. That he brought himself to believe this, in justification of his own conduct, is likely enough, for he could persuade himself of anything; but, whatever faults there may have been on the wife's side, her genuine attachment to Shelley, her previous conduct when he had most rashly left her under the care of Hogg, and a pathetic letter inquiring after him when he had left her in ignorance of his movements, all tend to show that she did not quit him for the reason he insinuated.

On Shelley's side the case was very different. The plain truth is that he had become tired of his wife, and had fallen in love with another woman. It does not appear to be certain whether, when he addressed the lines to Harriet that have been mentioned before, he had seen Mary Godwin; but it is probable that he had, for Hogg says that when he and Shelley called at Godwin's house on June 8th,* the other two addressed each other as "Shelley" and "Mary," which seems to imply some length of intimacy. At any rate, within a month of the "pathetic appeal" to Harriet his heart was entirely occupied with Mary Godwin's image. Mr. Dowden leads us to suppose that Shelley only persuaded Mary to leave her father's house by asserting that his wife had been unfaithful to him. As a matter of fact, there was no infidelity on the wife's part until she had been finally abandoned by one who had destroyed in her mind all the restraints of the religion in which she had been educated, after which she seems to have given herself over to such courses as her despair prompted, closing them with suicide in the Serpentine in 1816.

When Mr. Dowden, commenting on this tragic story, says, "Shelley could not be other than Shelley," he endeavours, in a way that is unusual with him, to cover a sophism with a platitude. In the mere facts there is nothing extraordinary; the tale is one that is repeated every day. Nor is it wonderful that one professing to

* The verses are dated May 14th.

observe a rule of life above the rest of his fellows in reason and virtue should have fallen below the ordinary standard of morality. What is exceptional and strange in the matter, and what proves the levity of Shelley's affections under the influence of his imagination, is the utter absence in his mind of any sense of his own selfishness and treachery, and his rooted belief that from first to last he had acted from the noblest motives. So devoid was he of the ordinary instincts of delicacy, that almost immediately after his elopement to the Continent with Mary Godwin, he positively wrote to his wife suggesting that she should join them! More marvellous still, on his return to England, being pressed for money, he stooped to ask the woman he had deserted for a loan of twenty pounds! Yet on the receipt of the news of his wife's death he could write as follows:—

> Everything tends to prove, however, that beyond the shock of so hideous a catastrophe having fallen on a human being once so nearly connected with me, there would in any case have been little to regret. Hookham, Longdill, everyone, does me full justice; bears testimony to the upright spirit and liberality of my conduct to her. There is but one voice in condemnation of the detestable Westbrooks. If they should dare to bring it before Chancery, a scene of such fearful horror would be unfolded as would cover them with scorn and shame.

Men who are conspicuous for their want of worldly wisdom, often show, as in Goldsmith's case, a well-balanced judgment in questions of art. It was not so with Shelley. Not long ago, in considering the movement in English literature at the beginning of this century, I called it "Liberal," meaning thus to describe the common tendency, in the poetry as well as in the politics of that period, to make individual liberty an end in itself. This title gave rise to much witticism, but I think that if I desired to justify it, I should have to look no farther than the poetry of Shelley. Of all the poets of that time, he is the one who insists most strongly in practice on the right of Imagination to be a law to itself, just as his whole social creed is summed up in the words Love and Liberty. But the greatest masters of the art have never claimed exemption from law. With them Imagination is a familiar spirit, sent forth into the world to gather from all the four winds materials, which, when brought back into the mind, are moulded into a just ideal form, under the superintendence of Reason and Judgment. What determines the form of their work is a definite *subject*, constituting the medium of communication between themselves and their audience, and providing the foundation for the poem, and the framework of its structure. In the poetry of Shelley on the other hand—at any rate in his longer compositions—this basis of universal association is, as a rule, entirely absent. He follows his own genius wherever it leads him, without thinking of the constitution of the general mind to which his poetry appeals;

and the effect produced on the general mind is consequently a sense of formlessness and want of artistic purpose.

Take *Alastor* for instance. The reader perceives easily the method of composition which Shelley pursued in this poem. He sees how the imagination of the poet was struck by different external objects, the awful glaciers and precipices of Switzerland, the noble timber and soft woodland glades of Windsor Forest; or by associations of romantic idea, ancient cities in decay, sounding names of Greek literature, and mysterious deserts of nomadic Asiatic tribes. He feels, too, the poet's power of idealising all his details by the opulence of his diction and the harmony of his numbers. But when it comes to be a question of giving ideal life and action to all these scattered materials, how feeble appears the constructive genius of the artist! Wherein does the unity of the poem consist? In an impossible poet, wandering in an impossible boat through a succession of landscapes, in which we are at once dazzled by the magnificence and wearied by the monotony of the description. And what does the poem go to say? "What a terrible thing for one who is struck with the beauty of the Universe to feel that he must die in the midst of its phantasmagoric splendour without being able to discover its significance, or having met with the Being corresponding to his idea of Perfection!" Compare this aimless drifting with the steady purpose of *The Tempest* of Shakespeare—the one poet who for splendour of spiritual fancy can be compared to Shelley—and we see how great is the gulf between the man who merely knows how to gather romantic treasures into his imagination, and the man who knows how to use them!

So, too, in *The Revolt of Islam*. We get sublime descriptions, noble imagery, gorgeous verse. But as for the character and incident required to carry the reader through a long narrative poem, they are not there. Shelley was indeed pleased with his own characters and incidents. He calls his poem "a story of human passion in its most universal character, diversified with moving and romantic adventures, and appealing, in contempt of all artificial opinions or institutions, to the common sympathies of every human breast." From this we might imagine that we were to embark on some poem like the delightful *Orlando Furioso*, where we may wander through the most out-of-the-world regions, and yet sympathise with the passions of the different persons we encounter. Even the characters of the *Grand Cyrus* have some interest as the idealised portraits of historical personages. But I doubt if any reader really cares a straw what becomes of a heroine like Cythna, who is as unlike any being in Nature, as Shelley's conception of Miss Hitchener was unlike Miss Hitchener herself.

Shelley's wife, who had all the qualities of a fine critic, understood the defect of his genius.

> It was a surprise to him [says Mr. Dowden] when Mary expressed herself as but half pleased with his delighted creation (*The Witch of Atlas*). She had perceived that he suffered in his imaginative isolation, suffered through lack of the sympathy of the lovers of literature in his own country . . . It was not because she was "critic-bitten" that she was inclined to discourage the treatment by Shelley of themes which to most readers must appear vaporous and unaccountable, "hollow like a breathing shell," but because she saw that a long and great career for his genius was all but impossible unless a bond of sympathy were established between the singer and his audience.

Even in *Epipsychidion* the same error is conspicuous. Test the poem by Dante's *Vita Nuova*. Here, whatever Beatrice may have been, we have the necessary substratum of reality; reality in the poet's own feelings; reality in the beliefs, opinions, and institutions of the chivalrous Europe in which he wrote, and which gave limitation and law and order to his work. But none of these elements are present in Shelley's composition; all the reality that he had to go upon was his passing fancy for a beautiful Italian girl of very ordinary intelligence, who for a moment passed in his mind as a revelation of the Soul of the Universe. When all is said, the basis of the poem is Emilia Viviani. Thus, in reading *Epipsychidion*, a double doubt is always present in the mind, preventing that feeling of complete satisfaction which arises from the perusal of sublime poetry founded on a just design. If, on the one hand, it be regarded —as the profusion of splendid metaphors and the melody of the verse suggest to us—as an impassioned love-poem, how can we rid ourselves of the remembrance of the utter unreality of the love affair itself, and of its commonplace surroundings? how pass without a smile from the "Spouse! Sister! Angel!" to the image of "the little naughty girl of Cranbourne Lane"? On the other hand, if it be pronounced an exalted exercise on Love in the abstract, how far below the *Vita Nuova* must we rank it in the fineness, delicacy, and propriety of form that such a subject requires! The poet is overwhelmed with the luxuriance of his imagination and the wealth of his language; he cannot judge, discriminate, reject. Many a reader must in thought have cried to him, in the momentary pause of some delightful passage, to stop, as the mind has drunk all that it desired and can bear no more. Surely, for instance, the description in the exquisite verses beginning, "It is an isle under Ionian skies," would have been all the better if it had been checked after covering thirty-one lines from this starting-point instead of being prolonged to sixty-one.

I have sought chiefly, in this paper, to show that the errors in Shelley's conduct as a man and a poet sprang from his madness,

and not, as his staunch worshippers are in the habit of affirming, from his "great wit." I hope that none of these will infer that therefore I think his wit was not great, when all that I have said is that this and his madness must be considered apart. I always thought that it would have been difficult for the friends of Horace's madman, who fancied that he was witnessing fine tragedies when sitting alone in the theatre at Argos, to excuse themselves to him for having him cured of his delusions. He was not hurting anybody by his fancies, why interfere with his liberty? But if the same madman had insisted on endeavouring to make all his friends conform to his own views of life, and on dragging them to look at tragedies which were invisible to everybody but himself, he would have had no right to complain of them for putting him into confinement. So it was with Shelley. Justice compels us to decide that to his own selfishness must be ascribed the suicide of his first wife; that his own aggressive wilfulness was the cause of his expulsion from Oxford, and the reason why he was deprived of the care of his children. In composing his more ambitious poems he persisted in following the flights of his own philosophy, without reference to what was required by the taste and imagination of his readers. The consequence is that his dramas are unplayable, his narrative poems unreadable, and his philosophy obsolete. Dramas, narrative poems, and philosophy, of which this can be said, have scarcely produced a justification for their existence.

If, however, we look at the character and disposition of Shelley in itself, and not as tested by action, or at any rate by that stern and often prosaic performance of duty wherein so much of the reality of life consists, no one can fail to recognize in it the existence of a far nobler *capacity* than is found in the majority of those who more regularly perform their mechanical part in the system of society. Though the world is not made up, as Shelley seems to suppose in the preface to *Alastor*, of poets and "worldlings," there is at least some truth in the distinction that he draws between the two classes; and those impulses of chivalrous generosity and active benevolence, of which Mr. Dowden's Life gives us many glimpses, seem to justify Leigh Hunt's inscription on Shelley's tomb —*Cor Cordium*. The man who could inspire such lasting affection and admiration in the heart of a woman like Mary Godwin, who could impress the imagination of four men so differently constituted as Hogg, Peacock, Byron, and Trelawny, was, without question, endowed by nature with "great wit." Above all, that dignified sweetness and fine breeding, that "gentlemanliness," of which all his friends and acquaintance speak, and which breathes in all his letters, must have invested him with peculiar charm. It is nowhere more conspicuous than in his correspondence with the detestable

Godwin—a monument (if one not inexcusably indignant letter be excepted) of temper and patience in the midst of the grossest provocation.

All the charm and the genius of this highly-gifted being are profoundly felt in his poems when, detaching himself from the empty philosophy and politics on which his longer compositions are built, he lets his imagination fasten on some object of universal human interest. Then, face to face with nature, he expresses, as no other poet has ever expressed, that element of what the world may call madness, but which exists in every man, the deep spiritual longings of the heart, which are at least the precursors of all genuine religion. Whether it be the singing of the skylark, or the movement of the west wind, or the sight of the sun rising over Venice and on the historic cities of the Lombard plain, his imagination seems to seize on the precisely just form of verse required to embody our sense of dissatisfaction with all earthly things. According to the words of St. Augustine which Shelley prefixed to *Alastor*: "*Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quærebam quid amarem, amans amare.*" Unhappy for him that reasoning and feeling so just and intense, instead of leading him, like Augustine, to discipline his own spirit on a pattern of things unseen, drove him on, in the vain hope of realising the misty vision of his imagination, to urge mankind to overturn social fabrics raised by ancient and painful experience. Against these, which he imagined to be the source of human injustice, he hurled himself with all the madness and with much of the chivalry of Don Quixote, and the story of his failure will secure for his memory some of the feeling which the barber and the curate bestowed upon the grave of his prototype. But, after all, the best comment on the life of the author of the *Revolt of Islam* is the life of the author of *Don Quixote*, who, with so much more reason than Shelley to complain of the injustice of the world, never let personal feeling blind him to the mixed nature of things, but, with all his clear perception of the vices and follies of men, remained to the last generously alive to their virtues, an eternal example of cheerful piety and manly resignation.

William John Courthope.

SOME MISCALLED CASES OF THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

Into the question, whether mind can ever act upon mind save through the recognized organs of sense, we do not propose to enter. Still less shall we be tempted to wander off into a discussion of the *modus operandi*, whereby it is asserted such supersensory communication is effected.*

Taking up our stand midway between the hostile sceptic and the credulous enthusiast, we will merely indicate the logical lines on which inquiry must be conducted, before the alleged fact, Supersensory Communication, can be held to be established.

No one denies that, under circumstances which apparently preclude all possibility of sensory communication, one man may sometimes express the thought of another—may do so, moreover, more frequently than would be warranted on the assumption of mere chance. But while the members of the Psychical Research Society would explain a large number of these phenomena by the theory of a Transference of Thought from brain to brain, the sceptic would affirm that in *all* cases (in excess of those allowed by chance), we are bound to fall back upon the more prosaic and rather more familiar agency of Fraud and Unconscious Collusion.†

It is here, we think, that the sceptic weakens opposition by unduly narrowing its base, and so exposes himself to the risk of having to give in his adhesion to Telepathic theories long before his sceptical position has ceased to be tenable. To guard against this contingency is the purpose of the present paper. In it we shall endeavour to show, that there are many so-called Thought Transference phenomena which are certainly not produced by Fraud and Collusion, and which yet need not be laid to the account of Telepathy‡; in other words we shall hope to prove that in the

* *Cf.* "Brain Waves," *Nineteenth Century*, June 1882, for Mr. Knowles' hypothesis of streams of vibratory movements radiating from living brains, and Dr. W. B. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, page 633. "Looking at nerve force as a special form of physical energy, it may be deemed not altogether incredible that it should exert itself from a distance, so as to bring the brain of one person into direct dynamical communication with that of another, without the intermediation of verbal language, or of movements of expression."

† Collusion is here taken in its widest sense to cover all muscular contractions, facial expressions, &c., by which the subject of a thought-reading experiment unconsciously guides the operations of the thought-reader.

‡ "We venture to introduce the words telæsthesia and telepathy to cover all cases of impressions received at a distance without the normal operation of the recognized sense organs."—"Phantasms of the Living," *Fortnightly Review*, April 1883.

explanation of such phenomena, (1) Fraud, (2) Collusion, and (3) Telepathy, do not together form a set of exhaustive alternatives. And here it is necessary that we should point out, that though in experiments such as the one once prescribed by Mr. Labouchere, the conditions are of a kind to exclude all but the three alternatives; in the simple and more frequent cases of so-called Thought Transference phenomena, there is ample room for a further explanation. And since these ordinary and constantly recurring phenomena are just those which generate a frame of mind favourable to belief in Telepathy, it is with them we should deal, if we would wish to strike at the root of excessive faith in this theory.

The notion of a transference of thought from brain to brain undoubtedly sprang out of the commonplace incident of two persons simultaneously expressing the same thought. Coincidences are always impressive, and every time this happened the attention was strongly arrested. Even when both individuals were aware that there was good reason for their thinking alike, a great deal of the past experience of the one being common to the other, and a similar percept (capable of calling up certain portions of this experience) engrossing the foreground of consciousness in both, even then the untrained mind was unduly impressed with the conjuncture. But when superficial analysis yielded no such joint experiences, when the link between the exciting percept and the induced train of thought could not be detected, then, even the most judicious might be excused for being struck by the phenomenon, and for falling back too readily upon the available explanation, that the thought in one person's mind was causally connected with that in another's.

Yet, seeing how confirmed is the tendency towards uniformity in mental processes, it might have occurred to the more intelligent, that it is a contingency to be expected rather than wondered at, that a process in one mind shall frequently "find its counterpart in the mind of another." Thus, both minds will be functioning *independently*, but yet, in obeying the laws which determine the flow of consciousness in each, it cannot but happen that they will often function *similarly*. The bearing of this truth on the so-called cases of Thought Transference would be more generally appreciated, were it not for the fact that much of our mental activity goes on sub-consciously. Thus the resembling *results* are forced upon our notice, while the resembling *processes* get overlooked.

An interesting illustration of this is furnished us by George Henry Lewes in his *Physiology of Common Life*. Taking a country walk with a friend, the writer tells us, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind them, unaccompanied by any voices. Presently the riders passed, when he at once remarked to his friend: "It 's very

odd, but I was convinced that there were two women and a man on horseback behind us, and, sure enough, there they are!" His companion declared he had formed the same conjecture.

Now, had G. H. Lewes allowed the matter to drop, there is little doubt but that this incident might have been quoted to-day by the Psychical Research Society as an unquestionable example of a vague guess being flashed from one mind to the other. But G. H. Lewes was not content with a wondering comment; he exerted himself to discover what it was that had led both himself and his friend to the same conclusion. There was nothing, he tells us, but the sound of horses' hoofs to suggest anything about the sex of the riders, and he admits, that had he and his friend been asked to specify some peculiarity, by which the sound of a horsewoman could be distinguished from that of a horseman, they could not have done so. Nevertheless, it happening to be a fact that men trot and women canter, and that the sound in the two cases is not identical, a connection had been sub-consciously registered in the brains of himself and his friend between certain auditory and certain visual sensations, so that the sound of two cantering horses accompanying a third trotting one, suggested that two women and a man were riding together.*

This is but a simple instance of the way in which the brains of two persons may tend to function similarly in response to certain stimuli, yet neither of them be aware of the tendency. Daily life teems with instances of a similar kind, and it is these which, getting utilized by believers in Thought Transference, have contributed so much to the spread of their theories.

For instance, in nearly every exhibition of thought-reading powers, the following experiment is sure to figure largely. Some person is called upon to think of a number—generally within specified limits—and the thought-reader, after a few seconds' pause, attempts to state it. Sometimes he does this correctly; sometimes not; but as a rule, it is asserted, he is so much oftener right than on any calculation of chances he can reasonably be expected to be, that the hypothesis of coincidence is summarily disposed of, and the theory of Thought Transference substantially confirmed.

* In the above instance it will be seen that a stimulus was given to investigation by the fact that, at first, *neither* of the persons involved could account for the rise of their thought. In the typical Telepathic phenomenon, however, the two persons are rarely on this equal footing as regards their power of explaining matters. While A will be perfectly able to give a detailed statement of the various steps by which his mind has travelled to the thought in question, F will be wholly at a loss to account for it. It is this, indeed, which gives such phenomena their impressiveness. Yet remembering that psychology is rich in instances where associative links are forged in subconsciousness, the mere fact that one cannot assign the precise Percept or Image which has conditioned a given thought, does not at all militate against some such Percept or Image having in effect been operative.

From this conclusion we emphatically dissent, on the ground that an appreciable percentage of the successes must be put down to the credit of Similar but Independent Brain-functioning. For it is a fact, admitting of easy verification, that the ordinary human mind (provided always that it be subjected to no other biassing influence beyond that involved in the verbal framing of the necessary questions) tends to select particular numbers in preference to others.

This tendency towards uniformity in the selection of numbers has never, we believe, attracted notice, and we ourselves were only led to consider it, in its bearing upon Thought Transference theories, by a purely accidental circumstance. Trying some experiments involving the choice of numbers, one of us, we found, was able to achieve a slight but still a decided measure of success. Time after time, in short experiments, numbers chosen at random from within assigned limits were correctly stated.

It seemed to us, though, that the nature of the success scarcely pointed to any Transference of Thought; for we observed that after the experiment had been tried seven or eight times running on the same person, a high percentage of success was followed by the normal admixture of success and failure. Recourse being then had to some other person—by preference one who had not been present at the previous experiment—the initial successes were again repeated, again to be followed by the normal alternation of failure and success.

There seemed to us but one rational explanation of this phenomenon. As long as a man is thoroughly sceptical concerning a thought-reader's pretensions, he does not attempt to baffle him, he contents himself with choosing the first number that comes into his head. Now, the first thoughts which, under the stimulus of a particular question, come into one man's head, may conceivably, be the first thoughts to come into many other men's heads, and it might easily happen that the pseudo thought-reader was just one of these other men. Thus he, in stating, and the subject of the experiment in selecting, a given number, would both alike be conforming to one and the same mental law. Hence the approximation of result.

In this way we accounted for the inaugural successes we had achieved, while as to the failures, we deemed it highly probable that when the unlooked-for good fortune of the thought-reader began to appeal to the imagination of the subject, to make him wonderingly admit that after all there might be "something in it," he would cease to utter his first thoughts, and would instead seek out numbers which were not likely to occur to others; the number of his house, for instance, or of the hansom which had brought him home on the preceding evening.

The hypothesis of a correspondence in men's selection of

numbers being in itself a very reasonable one, we proceeded to verify it by a few simple experiments, with results that were eminently confirmatory.

It then occurred to us, that it was open to the believers in Thought Transference to declare that the results of these experiments told quite as much in favour of their theory as in that of ours; that having ourselves a strong tendency to choose particular numbers, we impressed this tendency on the subjects of our experiments, and so in fact *produced* the uniformity we imagined we *found*.

To meet this possible objection we determined then to carry on further experiments by deputy: that is to say, we asked some twenty or thirty friends to put prescribed questions to half-a-dozen persons, and to note down the answers in a tabular form.

On the whole, these results tallied with those we ourselves had obtained. There was, it is true, a certain discrepancy in the two sets of experiments, but not more than could be easily accounted for.

Everyone, who knows anything about the scientific conditions under which an experiment must be tried, is well aware that a slight difference of procedure may entirely change its character, and destroy the value of the result. We ourselves conducted our experiments in a uniform manner, exercising considerable care in matters of detail, taking means to prevent all deliberation over the answers (or, at least, noting it when we were unable to prevent it), and preserving the same order in any series of questions we had to put, so that the biassing influence of previous answers might be the same in all cases. Now, directly we entrusted other people with the task of trying the experiments, we ceased to ensure the same similarity of procedure, and to a slight extent, therefore, might anticipate that results would vary somewhat. Tendencies, to which the whole sum total of experiments bore ample testimony, were more decidedly manifested in those experiments we ourselves conducted.

Without endeavouring to account for these tendencies, let us pass on to consider their consequences.

In the first place, it is clear that this varying predilection for different numbers materially vitiates all reasoning based on the assumption that we shall indifferently choose *any* number.

And it is a striking proof of the blinding effect of preconceived opinion on even careful investigators, that such cautious and candid inquirers as Messrs. Barrett, Gurney, and Myers should have failed to perceive this. These writers, in an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* for June 1882, declare that the chances against successfully stating a number made up of two figures are 89 to 1. Whereas, if our contention be correct, it depends entirely

upon what number the subject of the experiment chooses, whether the chances against the thought-reader's success be in a much higher or much lower ratio than that of 89 to 1.

As our experiments duly revealed to us, we have to take account both of predilections for particular numbers, and of tendencies to select numbers on certain principles.

Thus—to give specific instances—multiples of ten are so popular that, in 1,120 trials, with varying ranges, such, that multiples of ten should have been selected 109 times, they were, as a matter of fact, selected 307 times.

Again, when numbers were called for without the experimentor setting any limits to choice, we noted a marked preference for small numbers. In 172 trials, 84 persons chose numbers under 20, and 59 of these, numbers under 10. Now assuming, for convenience of calculation, that 1,000 would be the limit unconsciously set by each person, it is clear that we could not expect to have numbers under 20 appearing more frequently than 3·26 times, while numbers under 10 should occur about 1·54 times.

Yet again, when numbers were called for from within assigned limits, we noted a strong disposition to avoid early numbers, and to select those near the farthest limit.

The following table exhibits the actual results of a series of 948 trials, as compared with those which should have been obtained, had the selections been wholly governed by chance:—

Between	Trials.	Multiples of Ten other than Ten.		Final Numbers.		First Nine Numbers within given Limits.		Middle Numbers.	
		Selected.	Expected.	Selected.	Expected.	Selected.	Expected.	Selected.	Expected.
0–100	114	36	9·2	23	1·1	3	10·3	9	1·1
1–30	166	12	5·9	15	5·9	22	53·3	16	5·9
20–60	167	73	12·8	5	4·2	23	38·5	40	4·2
30–70	167	57	12·8	13	4·2	27	38·5	21	4·2
60–90	167	46	11·5	7	5·7	17	51·8	11	5·7
70–100	167	45	11·5	26	5·7	20	51·8	8	5·7
Total .	948	269	63·86	89	27·00	112	244·45	105	27·00

It is obvious to anyone who examines the above, that the large proportion of multiples of 10 may not be altogether due to predilection for such multiples, but to that, acting conjointly with the tendency to choose middle numbers. For in 334 of these trials, no multiple of ten happening to be the middle number, such multiples were chosen only 91 times—about *four* times as often as chance allowed; while in 334 other trials, where a multiple of ten was the middle number, such multiples were chosen 130 times—roughly speaking, rather more than *five* times as often.

However, whether the recurrence of certain numbers is to be put down to the action of one, or of more tendencies, is not, after all,

the point. The question at issue is, whether there will not be a notable difference of result when the human mind, rather than mechanical contrivance, is the agent of selection—when, to put it otherwise, numbers are *chosen* rather than *drawn*. The mere fact that the mind can be influenced by the way in which a number is demanded, should prepare us for a certain amount of discrepancy. We, when we wanted to secure a preponderance of the digit 3 in numbers chosen from between 99 and 999, framed our question thus: "Choose a number containing *three* figures," and we found that, under these circumstances, the digit 3 occurred more than twice as often as, on a calculation of chances, it should have done.

Experiments with selected letters of the alphabet, names of people and towns, and the like, are also among those where success is materially assisted by independent similar brain-functioning.

In selections of letters it will be found that there are at least three tendencies militating against each letter being chosen on a long average, about once only in twenty-six times. First, people tend to choose A, B, and C—perhaps because an ABC is a synonym for alphabet, and also because A and B occur prominently in the word itself. Next, people tend to give their own initial. Thirdly, they tend to give Z.

In a trial carried on with 172 people, 37 chose A, 31 B, 14 C, and 12 Z, while 27 chose their own initials. The results would not be worth quoting, seeing on how limited a scale was the experiment, were it not that they are so strikingly in harmony with *à priori* anticipation.

We might multiply instances of this kind, but have already said enough for our purpose. Remembering the professions of neutrality with which we started, we will not go so far as to say that Fraud, Involuntary Collusion, and Similar Brain-functioning, together suffice to explain all the so-called Thought-Transference phenomena. But we do maintain, that, till such phenomena can be shown to take place under conditions which exclude *every one* of these factors, the world may be excused for doubting that there ever has been, or can be, "transmission of mental images otherwise than by ordinary sensory channels."

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.
MARIAN L. HATCHARD.

LOCKSLEY HALL AND LIBERALISM.

In the Church of San Salvatore, at Venice, not far from the famous Ponte di Rialto, may be seen a picture of "The Annunciation," executed by Titian when he was approaching his ninetieth year. When it was first placed where it now stands, hard by the Mortuary Monument of the Doge Francesco Venier, by Sansovino, the critics affected to disbelieve that it proceeded from the brush of the great artist. Wrath at the insinuation of waning power, the nonogenarian painter proceeded to the Church, and on the margin of the picture wrote, in bold characters, *Titianus fecit, fecit.*

A great picture painted by a man of ninety would be an enduring marvel, even if executed by a countryman of

> blind old Dandolo,
> The octogenarian Chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

But a poem, fancifully fresh, by a poet of seventy-seven, by one who has lived to fulfil his own doubtful prophecy,

> . . . though my mortal summers to such length of years should come,
> As the many-wintered crow that leads the changing rookery home,

would be more astonishing still. Doubtless there is craft in the writing of poetry as in the painting of pictures. But it is probably a more unconscious craft, a craft more identical with natural force and fervour than the craft of the painter. A picture well executed cannot fail to please, even though excellent execution be its only merit. The best verse in the world, should it lack inspiration, is actually displeasing to the true lover of poetry. We turn away; "for soul is wanting there."

Lord Tennyson seems to have exhibited distinct signs of inspiration, long after the period of life at which general experience would lead us to expect the fancy and imagination of the poet must "fade into the light of common day." Something of this must be attributed to the fact that, whatever rank may ultimately be assigned to him as a poet, we shall hardly be contradicted by posterity if we say that, of all English poets, he is the most deliberate and successful artist. Abounding in inspiration, he has superinduced into his poetical work so much studied craftmanship, that it is often difficult, in his later work, to pronounce whether he is driven along by a new impulse, or is merely giving to the old impulses new form. He is, in no depreciatory sense, the most

artificial of English poets; the poet whose method of composition, in his maturer days at least, most resembles the method of the painter. Hence the difficulty of the impartial critic in distinguishing between the comparative poverty of the poetry, where this does happen to be comparatively poor, and the manifest excellence of the verse, to say nothing of the natural repugnance to draw the distinction in the case of a poet so eminent. But though these remarks are applicable to much of the work of Lord Tennyson published during the last twelve or fifteen years, he has published poems during that period to which they undoubtedly do not apply. "Rizpah" and "A Ballad of the Fleet" are fine poetry, as well as fine art. When were they really written? It would be extremely interesting to have a reply to the question, since publication is obviously no index to date of composition. Were they composed after the author's sixtieth year, they must be pronounced a miracle of surviving freshness in an autumnal Muse.

In his seventy-eighth year the Poet Laureate has published another volume, in which the chief poem is entitled *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*. There is everything to lead us to believe that it has been written recently. Had it contained much that could be described as fine poetry, we might have begun to hope that patriarchal longevity was about to return. But only an incompetent or a too indulgent critic would pronounce *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*, fine poetry. The craft of the singer in great measure remains, but the voice of the singer is well-nigh gone. It is impossible it should be otherwise; and, if we note the fact, it is in no carping nor reproachful spirit. It is a beautiful, dignified, and venerable old age that can bear even such fruit as this; and a man must indeed be wanting in sensibility and reverence, who is not grateful to Lord Tennyson for this Evening Hymn.

It is not, however, for the purpose of estimating the literary value of either the latest, or the earliest, of Lord Tennyson's compositions, that this paper is written; but, rather, to note the Rise and Fall of Liberalism that has taken place in the interval. When the first *Locksley Hall* was published Liberalism was manifestly acquiring the ascendant. Does any person doubt that it is now in its decline? Nay, has it not been proclaimed from the housetops, that its tenets, which once threatened to monopolize this planet, have been "relegated to Saturn"?

Of this striking change in the fortunes of Liberalism, the two "Locksley Halls" will be the most enduring record; for the first "Locksley Hall" will keep the second one alive. It may be doubted if, in the region of pure and perfect poetry, as distinguished from moralizing and philosophizing not completely fused into poetry, Lord Tennyson has ever written anything which, from its

first note to its last, is more deserving of admiration than "Locksley Hall"; and it certainly contains the finest, profoundest, and most far-reaching image to be met with in the whole of his works. It seems strange it has not become one of the stock quotations from his writings. Perhaps it is too genuinely original, no allusion to it occurring in all the voluminous panegyrics of his genius. Here it is.

> Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
> Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Perhaps most people do not fully apprehend it. Yet it is plain enough; or, if it was not clear in 1832, it has become so, in the fulness of time. "A hungry people"—not meaning thereby a famishing people, but a people with growing appetites—has long been glaring at the Governing Classes, who "nod and wink behind" a now rapidly-dying fire that will not much longer protect them from their fate.

Now, is it not surprising that a man who could see, or rather foresee, the political and social situation with such clearness of vision, and describe it in so exact and magnificent an image, should not in his progress through life have attained that imaginative serenity which is the last and surest sign of greatness in a poet; that he should not have manifested, if not at starting, at least in his maturity, that inner and subjective compo ure, even in the unrestrained tumult of objective passion, whic constitutes the crowning note of superiority in the Greek trag dians, in Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe; that he should never to the very last (as we are forced to conclude, with the second "Locksley Hall" before us), have wedded, in the language of one of his own finest verses, the

> Passionless bride, divine tranquillity.

That Shelley, drowned at twenty-nine, that Byron, dying at thirty-six, should not have attained to intellectual serenity, is not surprising. But that a poet, and a poet so gifted as Lord Tennyson, should have lived to seventy-seven without getting beyond "the fever and the fret" of boyhood, may, indeed, well excite our wonder.

But our wonder will cease if we once grasp the fact that, though Lord Tennyson has always exhibited the quickest sensitiveness to the influences of his Age, he has failed to combine with it a due superiority to and detachment from them. Every poet of consequence must be receptive of the forces and movements of his time. But a poet of the highest order invariably offers to them a certain robust and steadfast resistance. He will absorb, but not be absorbed by, them. As sensitive as mercury in the thermometer to external heat and cold, he will never com-

pletely melt, and never completely freeze. He will register the hopes and disillusions of his time; but he will not be the dupe of the first or the victim of the second. Despair will be as impossible to him as delusion. Surrounded by the weak, the frantic, and the bewildered, his Muse, while making harmony of their discordant cries, will itself remain strong, sane, and discerning. Others may be catechumens. He is initiated.

Great as must be the admiration of all men for Lord Tennyson, does it not seem as though he lacks this final initiation, this sublime intellectual severance from the emotions and impulses, the doubts, the hesitations, the questionings, he was bound to feel, if only because they are felt by others? The proof of this is to be seen in the fact that the first "Locksley Hall" is saturated with Liberalism, while the second "Locksley Hall" is suffused with Conservatism. The intellectual England of 1832 was vowed to Liberalism. The intellectual England of 1886 has, if reluctantly, yet manifestly, embraced Conservatism. Essentially the creature, and, as far as opinions go, the sport of his Age, the author of the two "Locksley Halls" has reflected its intellectual oscillation with absolute fidelity. He has taught it nothing, and has learnt nothing from it, except to echo in verse its unstable and contradictory conclusions.

Listen to the first "Locksley Hall."

> For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
> Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
>
> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.
>
> Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
> From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
>
> Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
> With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;
>
> Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
>
> There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber, in lapt universal law.

The best hopes of Liberalism are here expressed in the noblest verse and the most majestic language; and could we regard these stanzas merely as the objective embodiment of the dreams and expectations of other people, there would be no room for comment. But turn we to the second "Locksley Hall"; and what do we find.

> Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once again the sickening game;
> Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.
>
> Step by step we gain'd a freedom, known to Europe, known to all,
> Step by step we rose to greatness,—thro' the tonguesters we may fall.
>
> You that woo the Voices—tell them "old experience is a fool,"
> Teach your flatter'd Kings that only those who cannot read can rule.

Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set no meek ones in their place;
Pillory Wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal in her face.

Tumble Nature heel o'er head, and, yelling with the yelling street,
Set the feet above the brain, and swear the brain is in the feet.

Bring the old dark ages back within the faith, without the hope,
Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.

Just as we found that the best Liberalism was gloriously expounded in the first poem, so may we say that the worst Conservatism was never so violently travestied as in the second. Yet, in each case, it is the poet himself who speaks: in the one instance, embracing and surrendering himself to the wildest and most unattainable dreams of Liberalism; in the other, out-lamenting the most melancholy and despondent of Tories.

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

The very similes and illustrations are taken, and taken somewhat nakedly, from the science of his time. *Qualis ab incepto* —this beautiful singer has always been too much at the mercy of the tides and currents of his time. They have carried him wide, they have carried him far, but, in a certain sense, have they not left him high and dry on "the barren, barren shore"? Opinions are a precarious sustenance for a poet. "As a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed." What men and women permanently feel, not what they transitorily think, constitutes—if one may use colloquial language in connection with so lofty a subject—the chief raw material, the principal stock-in-trade, of the poet. Liberalism and Conservatism ought to be all one to him. As a citizen, he may vote, and even speak and write, in favour of one or the other. But, as a poet, or at least if he is to be a great poet, he must regard them both with the sympathetic dispassionateness with which he contemplates all human phenomena.

It will probably be thought by some persons very remarkable that Lord Tennyson, in his capacity of poet, should have displayed this lack of intellectual detachment from the passions and controversies of his time, seeing that he has uniformly and, to all appearance, deliberately held aloof from all its prose polemics; never having contributed a single line in prose to political, theological, or social controversies. But, instead of perceiving in this result anything to wonder at, ought we not rather to see in it the operation of a certain nemesis? In the first "Locksley Hall," occurs the wise line:

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

Yet Lord Tennyson has systematically abstained from "mixing with action." He has persisted in being a poet only; contemplating

the actions of other men, but never sharing in them. No poet who has attained the highest distinction has ever taken that course. The three great Hellenic tragedians participated directly in the affairs, and even in the wars, of Greece. Dante was an active and eminent public servant. So was Milton. And though both of them on more than one occasion disfigured their verse by introducing into it the polemical passions they would have done better to confine within the limits of prose, their poetical work, as a rule, has the serenity which springs from superiority to the dialectical contentions of mankind. Shakespeare was the assiduous and business-like manager of a theatre, as well as an actor, a man of the world, and, finally, an official in his native town. Goethe, though he strove to live detached from the political turmoil of his time, was an industrious administrator, managed the mines of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar with as much earnestness as he directed his Highness's theatre, and in matters of science was a vigorous prose controversialist. If we descend from poets whose supreme greatness is uncontested, to those whose right to a place in the first rank is still in dispute, we find that Byron, Shelley, and Scott were at one time or another active politicians. Scott wisely kept his political opinions out of his poems; Byron introduced them sparingly, but still overmuch; and much of Shelley's poetry is terribly handicapped by its polemical character.

Would it not seem that we are driven to two distinct but withal co-ordinate conclusions? One is that the frequent introduction by a poet into his poems of the political, theological, or social problems propounded in his own day, unless he does it dramatically and objectively, injuriously affects his poetry, and will in the long run injuriously affect his reputation, though it may conceivably enhance his popularity during his life-time. The other is, that a poet, to be a poet of the highest order, must be something more than a poet, and must, even in order to acquire due detachment from current controversies as a poet, share in them as a man. If we examine this second conclusion carefully, paradoxical as it may appear at first sight, it ought not in the least degree to surprise us. For what is it, in effect, but to affirm that the greatest poets have the firmest grasp of the facts and prose of life, and that a thorough apprehension of reality is the indispensable foundation of a lofty and towering imagination.

Had Lord Tennyson been less of a recluse, and more of a man of the world, we might have had the first "Locksley Hall" as the cry of his youth, but we should never have had the second "Locksley Hall" as the sigh of his old age; for the last expression of wisdom is neither a cry, nor a sigh, but a smile—a smile, not of pity, much less of scorn, but of indulgence and assent. The ob-

servation is as true of theological as of political opinions, and applies to the Poet Laureate as strikingly in the one department of thought as the other. Subjective doubts and hesitations concerning God and Immortality are just as obvious in the second "Locksley Hall" as they are in "In Memoriam." A poet of such rare native equipment as Lord Tennyson, had he likewise been a man of the world, would long ago, in his character of poet, have either made up his mind respecting those problems, or been content to treat them as human phenomena, and therefore excellent materials for objective poetry, but truly "perilous stuff" in verse when handled subjectively and for purposes of discussion and controversy.

But it was not to be. Having passionately embraced and glorified Liberalism in his youth, he passionately abandons and denounces it in his old age. Nay, he is more passionate, and less serene, at the close than at the outset of his life. In the first "Locksley Hall," he could write

> When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed.

Is it not disappointing to find that, as years advanced, the centuries before him did not stretch out equally fruitful and equally reposeful? But he forgot, or starved, his own first wise instinct, which told him that he must "mix with action." Only those can teach us with effect who have lived; and contemplation is only half of life.

Precisely, however, because the author of the two "Locksley Halls" has been a purely contemplative and therefore highly sensitive recluse, is the invective contained in the second of them, against the principles and results of Liberalism, so valuable to the politic observer. Liberalism has been weighed in the most sensitive of all balances, the mind of the Poet Laureate, and has been found wanting. It is a creed outworn, and he throws it off like an obsolete garment. Its tenets may linger in the minds, and figure in the speeches, of the obstinate or the shallow. But as a creed for the regeneration, or even for the practical direction, of mankind, it stands condemned by experience. It is dead, stone dead; and the same Immortal Voice that hailed its birth with such glowing lines of expectation and promise, now reads the Funeral Service, and chants a passionate threnody, over its grave.

Mortimer Dyneley.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

Mr. Stanhope, in his recent despatch to the Colonies on the subject of a Colonial Conference, has done well to limit the discussions of this Conference to two important headings, that of Imperial Defence and that of Imperial Communication, postal and telegraphic. The wider and more complicated question of political federation is, for the present, left outside the sphere of deliberation. It cannot be denied that this Conference, although a purely consultative body at first, may be a forerunner of a more important and more responsible body, but nothing is hinted officially about this probability. A few representative Colonists are invited to meet at London to examine how far Britons at home and abroad may be able to utilize their forces, organize their fleets, and increase their communication by sea and land with a view to joint action. It is a relief to think that something practical may at last arise out of the endless discussions which we have heard on the subject of Imperial Federation, and we feel sure that public opinion must go strongly with the sensible and timely project of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The late Right Hon. W. E. Forster had limited the discussion on Imperial Federation to (1) a scheme for common defence; (2) a joint foreign policy—but the second point involves a large number of very grave considerations, and certainly it is better, before we can venture to lay down distinct lines of Imperial action in the Council Chambers of Europe, to carry out to the letter Mr. Stanhope's second, as well as first, conception. An improved postal and telegraphic system will not only have a strong binding effect upon our Empire in time of peace, but will help materially in the process of mobilization and organization in time of war.

It would be idle and premature to anticipate the form and matter of the discussions of such a Conference as Mr. Stanhope has proposed, but we may be certain that their chief and most practical task will be to collect evidence, interchange ideas, and treat exhaustively the first point. The question before them will

be: Is it possible to fix a just and proportionate share of military and naval expenditure upon each one of our Colonies? If they could do so, they would be in a fair way to provide for Captain Colomb's admirably devised plans of Imperial Defence and Ocean Quadrilaterals. Now-a-days, modern warfare is too quick and decisive to allow of a national procrastination. It would be too late to raise the sinews of war when our open ports in the Colonies had been bombarded, their banks emptied, and our imperfect defences knocked about our ears, and indemnities levied at every vulnerable point along the coast-line of our Empire. Ships, armaments, forts, and all the munitions of war, must be ready at a moment's notice, and the tension of our soldiers and sailors must be like that of greyhounds straining at the leash.

With regard to our Colonists, however, greatly as we value their sympathy and co-operation, it is still necessary to point out that this sympathy and co-operation, to be effective, must be regular and systematic. We cannot—nay, we dare not—trust to the efficacy of such sudden bursts of Colonial patriotism as that which thrilled through New South Wales at a crucial period of danger and difficulty, and resulted in the sending of a Colonial contingent to the Sûdan, and opened the hearts and purses of our Australasian kinsfolk. Nor can we trust implicitly to the occasional votes of money made from the Colonial treasuries for military and strategic objects. To a certain extent, the Dominion Parliament, the Australasian and Cape Governments, have co-operated with the Home Government on certain specific objects of precautionary expenditure, on harbours, ports, and even railroads and telegraphs, but the method and manner of contribution is left uncertain. For instance, we learn that in the defence measures recently taken for the protection of British Columbia, the Dominion Parliament voted 25,000 dollars; but, at the same time, Sir Adolphe Caron, the Minister of Militia, explained that the Imperial Government intended to furnish the guns and torpedoes, which would cost from 125,000 to 150,000 dollars. They were also prepared to sanction 250,000 dollars for a graving-dock at Esquimault. This mutual arrangement may be all right, and the assessment may be equitable, considering the patriotism of the Canadians, and their magnificent railway enterprise, which has given us an alternative route to the East, and a new North-west passage, but the scale of the assessment is not on the surface. In this particular item of expenditure the mother country seems to be doing the lion's share.

In another instance, at the Cape, there seemed to be a short-sighted economy on the part of the Home Government. In the question which arose a short time since, on the defence of the two

bays of the Cape Peninsula—Table Bay and Simon's Bay—the Colonial Government wisely enough proposed the construction and maintenance of a railway between these two places, the troops being stationed at Wynberg, a convenient point half-way, and available at either bay. The suggestion was good, because the railway was a strategic necessity, and the new head-quarters at Wynburg would have been infinitely preferable to the crowded and disagreeable Castle Barracks at Capetown. All the Colonial Government asked was a loan of £50,000 for ten years at a fair rate of interest, and their request was endorsed as reasonable by the Admiralty and the Colonial Office itself; but the official apathy of Sir William Harcourt stopped the way, and a chance of reasonable co-operation on a financial basis was thrown away. The matter was not allowed to rest, however, and the Colonial improvements were urgently and persistently advocated, with the result, in the end, of their partial adoption, and a definite resolve to create a permanent head-quarters at Wynberg; but how slovenly the procedure and unwise the administration which allows of such reversals of judgment! The perverse obstinacy of a prejudiced officialdom could have no better illustration.

These two instances, amongst many others, may prove that there is no real system of co-operation upon well-known and intelligible methods. The offers of the Home and Colonial Governments may in each case be fair, or they may not. There is no central board, no common fund, and we must meet emergencies as we can.

Again, the relative importance of strategic points throughout our vast Empire will always be more or less a matter of controversy. The Australasians may over-estimate the value of a Pacific island, and a Pacific port or a Pacific strait; whilst the Cape Colonists may not unreasonably point to the Cape as still being, to use Lord North's phrase, "the physical guarantee of our Eastern possessions." Should any accident happen to the Suez Canal, it is anticipated that the Indian trade, valued at some eighty-six millions a year, will be driven round this way.

Sir John Coode has recently called attention to "two vitally important points" in Australian waters, viz. King George's Sound on the south-west, and Thursday Island on the extreme north-east of the Australian Continent, which are the turning points of navigation in this part of the world, and demand "speedy action in the establishment of defensive works and coaling-stations." The growing trade of Australasia with India, which, according to Captain Colomb's calculation, has risen in thirty-three years from £150,000 to £3,000,000, demands protection and insurance, and with this view of the matter Australasians are becoming pro-

foundly impressed themselves. What we want, therefore, are (1) a Defence Fund, which shall be certain in its collection and definite in its amount; (2) a Board of Experts, sitting permanently in London and deciding upon the best methods of expenditure. Both the Fund and the Board will stand outside the sphere of conflicting Departments, and be freed from the authority of officials, who, with the best possible zeal for the public service, may make mistakes, owing to their lack of knowledge of the details in some especial branch of administration.

But how can we collect this Fund? Upon what principle can we appeal to our Colonists for a fair and equitable participation in Imperial expenditure or defence? It is suggested here that there is a method which, upon careful examination, may be found to be practicable. Briefly stated it is this.

It is well-known that our Colonies come to the English money-market for the loans they require, and that the sum total of their indebtedness is at the present moment very great. The public debt of our nine principal Colonies, viz. the Canadian Dominion, Newfoundland, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and the Cape Colony, is calculated at more than £180,000,000, of which the Dominion, with its population of four millions and a half, owes the sum of nearly fifty millions. With the exception of New Zealand, which has borrowed very heavily, the indebtedness of our Colonies varies according to their wealth, revenue, and population. A Newfoundlander has mortgaged his resources least of all, a New Zealander most of all. The most surprising fact, however, in the financial world is the ease with which Colonial loans continue to be raised. Not many months ago (July 10), the *Economist* gave notice of two new loans raised by the New South Wales Government, to the amount of £10,500,000, to bear interest at 3½ per cent., and one by the Tasmanian Government of £1,500,000, at 4 per cent. No questions are asked as to the real security of these huge mortgages, the belief in the future development of the Colonial world being unbounded. Even at the Cape Colony, when a race-war seemed imminent a few years ago between Dutch and English, there were no suspicions of repudiation. The 350,000 European Colonists there seemed likely to fulfil all honourable obligations, and pay the interest upon their £21,000,000 of debt, in spite of Kaffir wars and a clouded political horizon. Our South African Empire, it was argued, could not well become less valuable, and it might become infinitely more valuable as railways were thrust forward, natives brought under control, and the pastoral, and especially the mineral wealth of the extremity of the Dark Continent developed.

The line of reasoning which has held good in such a turbulent

Colony as the Cape has held good elsewhere, and it is probable that in the Canadian Dominion and Australasia loans will be issued and money raised without difficulty in London, the heart of the Empire, and the money-market of the world.

Could not, therefore, the Imperial Government take serious notice of these great financial facts, and offer to lend the Colonial Governments the money they require for railways, bridges, and other public works at a low rate of interest. Colonists have to pay 4 or 5 per cent. for their loans, whereas the Imperial Government could raise what money they pleased at 1 or 2 per cent. less than this.

The difference between the Colonial and Imperial borrower would, therefore, be 1 or 2 per cent., and this saving might accumulate in an Imperial Defence Fund, to be administered, independently of the action of Parliament, by a special Board sitting in London for Imperial Defence purposes.

No extra taxation would accrue, either to the taxpayers of Great Britain or to the taxpayers in the Colonies, as the latter would pay no higher rate of interest than they do now—the only difference being that the saving in interest of 1 per cent. and upwards would go into the Defence Fund instead of into the pockets of the money-dealers in the city. This proposition may not be received with very cordial approbation by that class of capitalists who have been accustomed to pose as intermediaries in large money transactions, and that cry, so often raised when vested and traditional interests are threatened, may be heard of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"; but, nevertheless, the idea may be worth following out. The Colonists would feel that they were raising loans at the usual rate, at 3 or 4 per cent., which, taking into consideration the value of money in the Colonies, is low enough. As an instance of the value of money there, it may be mentioned that in 1884–5, the average rate of interest upon the "Friendly Societies" investments in New Zealand was 7·1 per cent. In our own country, on the contrary, a considerable amount of the capital of the "Friendly Societies" is invested at only $2\frac{3}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Further, the colonists would feel an additional satisfaction in knowing that, simply by using the direct security of John Bull, they were contributing their quota to such a necessary object as an Imperial Defence Fund. Those colonists, who live in flourishing towns, on open and unprotected roadsteads, should especially welcome such a scheme, which is in reality nothing more nor less than a great insurance scheme. If such a system of borrowing direct from the Imperial Government had been adopted when the colonists first began to borrow, we should now have at our disposal a very large sum increasing at compound

interest. As Colonial securities did not command, until comparatively recent times, such a high figure, the saving effected might have been 2 per cent., or even 3 per cent., and this saving on £180,000,000, or any sum like it, would represent an annual income which would not only have sufficed to keep our forts, docks, and coaling-stations in proper order throughout the world, but would have helped us materially in building ships and torpedo-boats. The recent Royal Commission advocated an extra expenditure of £2,000,000, but the Government published a truncated scheme of £891,000, of which £560,000 was to go to works, and £331,000 to guns. Most of this, we may suppose, has been already expended. To show the difference of opinion amongst experts as to the amount necessary to preserve our naval supremacy, it may be remarked that another estimate has been drawn up involving the outlay of at least ten millions, of which two millions would be required for the defence and armament of coaling-stations over the sea.

The advantages of a fixed fund are obvious. In the first place, it would remove the necessity and excuse for that kind of petty and vexatious economy of departments which is shown in the needless interruption of good work, and sometimes in a Penelope-like reversal of what has been actually accomplished. For instance, it is a fact that at Wynberg, near Capetown, where the Imperial Government have now determined to erect permanent barracks, there have been two, if not three, previous attempts of a half-hearted nature to carry out this work. Materials have been shipped from England at great cost, and everything has been ready, but at the last moment some departmental vacillation and some short-sighted official economy have stopped the way. The only people to profit by this irresolution are the local contractors and builders at Wynberg, who buy up Government material at a cheap price. The real sufferer is the British tax-payer, who is 6,000 miles distant, and can exercise neither his wit nor judgment upon the nature of the expenditure. Departments have strict orders to keep expenses down for the time being, and this and that item is struck out as unnecessary. As it has been with these barracks at Wynberg, so with such items as schemes of military survey, and the establishment of cavalry depôts at the Cape or elsewhere, they may not be classed as matters which are of immediate and pressing urgency, but they may become very important and very essential to us by some unexpected turn or sudden surprise. At the present moment it is probably true that Germans and Russians have better maps and surveys of the Cape Peninsula than we can produce. In the Zulu War it is a well-known fact that our officers found the best maps to be of German work. With a common fund at our disposal, it is certain

that in all schemes of warlike defence and preparation we should be better equipped along the whole line than at present.

Even in such peaceful and necessary work as a cadastral survey of parts of our Empire, so useful for the civil engineer, railway surveyor, and land surveyor, this co-operation between Colonial and Imperial authorities might be of incalculable value. The questions of titles and ownership to land rest upon the final appeal to an authorized survey. The Royal Engineer who makes a trigonometrical survey in the Colonies, not only helps in warlike operations, but is of great service in the task of delimitation and the assignment of proper boundaries. In South Africa, generally speaking, half the troubles which arise between natives and settlers are due to imperfect boundaries.

But, however this may be—for the question of survey and map-making is a separate one, and deserves a separate notice—it is clear that, with regard to this common fund, if we can make the scale of assessment clear and its collection easy, we shall be able to centralize our efforts, and handle the means of offence and defence against a common enemy with greater power and efficacy.

But what would be the security which the Imperial Government would have for the loans thus raised? The answer to this question is brief and simple. If the security which the Colonies give is sufficient for the public creditor, it must surely be ample for the Imperial Government, who have a deep interest in the Colonies, and a veto upon all Colonial Loan Bills.

Again, the public works constructed in colonies by means of these loans would become, in a sense, Imperial public works, and would, therefore, be available for defensive measures not simply in their own immediate neighbourhood, but in any part of the Empire. Thus a common feeling of dependence between the portions of our Empire would be fostered. Money raised for a railway, for instance, that connected any one part of our Empire with another, would be regarded as spent not simply for local trade and local development, but for the purposes of Imperial communication. Or if a railway was thrust forward towards a new market, or towards unexplored territories, as might be the case in Burmah, Assam, and Central or South Africa in the direction of the Zambesi or Congo, it might be regarded as a common undertaking which would benefit the colonial venturer as well as the London or Liverpool merchant. The eagerness with which Australians are pushing their trade in the direction of India and the Straits Settlements proves that our Colonists are fully aware of the value of native markets. The interests, therefore, in the loans and public works would become a common interest throughout the Empire and *federate financially.*

But, it may be asked, how shall we find that fair scale of expenditure in each particular colony which lies out of sight somewhere and is so difficult to discover? It may be taken for granted, as before hinted, that the colonies which raise and spend the most money must, as a general rule, be the wealthiest, and therefore require a larger scale of protection for life and property. Their subscription, therefore, to a general Defence Fund will be in direct ratio to the money they borrow, and their Loan Acts will virtually fix the scale of contribution. For instance, supposing that our hypothetical scheme had been in working order for some time past, and that it was necessary to discover, at the present moment, the proper amount of contribution towards an Imperial Defence Fund from the Cape or Canada, we should simply require a knowledge of two facts—the amount of their public loans raised directly through the Imperial Government, and their relation to the whole sum of Colonial indebtedness. If Canada were shown to have borrowed £50,000,000, and the Cape £20,000,000, the proportion of each to the estimated total of £180,000,000 would at once be obvious. The Dominion, therefore, would be entitled to nearly a quarter of the annual expenditure in defending herself at Halifax, Esquimault, or elsewhere; but the Cape would be entitled to a ninth share only for defences at Table Bay and Simon's Bay.

Given twenty years of peace, a scheme of borrowing direct from the Imperial Government might give us a sum sufficient not only to cover expenses connected with port defences and coaling stations, but to provide for a number of ships and torpedo-boats. It has been calculated by experts that the saving of interest, calculated at 1 per cent., would give us a sum of £50,000 at least for the first year, supposing that the amount of loans annually raised by our Colonies continue to be the same. This £50,000 would be a certain and definite amount resting upon the security of the Empire at large, and not upon any particular part of it. John Bull would be the fatherly financier lending money to his sons for all useful measures of progress and advancement wherever they may be needed. His supervision might be more exacting than heretofore, and extravagant speculation and rash adventure receive a check, but our Colonial affairs would be none the worse for this moderating influence and paternal suasion.

But should war break out suddenly, and rudely interrupt the working of these contemplated financial arrangements, there might still be a present as well as prospective utility in them. Granted that in the very first year we were called upon for prompt and costly preparations, the £50,000 might still be useful as giving us interest upon capital. The trustees of the Fund would have little

difficulty in raising at once £1,000,000 sterling, which would give us as much as we should require for defensive measures for one year. In the second year a similar operation might be repeated, and provision made for a Sinking Fund to pay off at the usual rate of, say, 1 per cent. per annum, the money which might have to be raised to meet sudden and embarrassing contingencies. Of course, in the event of an Imperial war of colossal dimensions being thrust upon the nation, the Parliament of the day would be ready, as they always have been ready, to vote large sums of money for immediate use. The Imperial Loan and Defence Fund would be different from such occasional votes of public money in every essential circumstance which could make it different. It would be permanent and regular, and be chargeable, as it were, not simply upon the exchequer of the United Kingdom, but upon the collective resources of the Empire, and this, too, in a manner which would be offensive and disagreeable neither to the Home or Colonial taxpayer. As above hinted, a sudden outbreak of war would impair neither its efficiency nor its amount as long as the Colonial Governments continued to raise loans in England, and there is no real reason against their doing so for many years to come, if we consider the huge mass of undeveloped resources at their disposal only wanting the magic touch of capital to awaken them to a new and profitable life. Nor can Paris or Berlin enter into competition with London as the centre of the financial world.

Further, it may be asked whether any grave Constitutional changes would be necessary to place the Colonies in such a position as direct borrowers from the Imperial Government. No such changes would be required; simply an Imperial Act, empowering Her Majesty's Government to guarantee or make such loans to our Colonies as they may be from time to time needed. The veto would remain as it was before with the Central Authority, represented by a mixed Board or Committee of Experts from England or her Colonies, well versed in financial matters, and able to pass judgment upon the solvency or insolvency of particular Colonies. As matters stand now, the Constitutional veto is a dead letter, and no one in Parliament stands up and questions the wisdom and necessity of the numberless Colonial Loan Acts. For instance, if New Zealand is plunging head over ears in debt, as some say she is, why cannot the Constitutional veto be brought into operation? But everyone knows that such a prohibition under present circumstances would be attended with the greatest difficulties. It appears that the best way to check Colonial recklessness is by remonstrance and depreciation. The trustees of the Defence Fund could remonstrate and depreciate far more effectually, if occasion unfortunately needed it, than a Parliamentary majority exercising

an unpopular Constitutional veto. They might be regarded as trustworthy registrars of Colonial liabilities, indicators of their real requirements, and judges of their expenditure. But no Colony would be willing to pursue a course of insane extravagance if it were pointed out impartially that their credit would suffer, and an unworthy debt be saddled upon their posterity. In New Zealand there is, at the present moment, a kind of reaction against that forward policy which pledges the resources of undeveloped land too hastily. In this semi-repentant mood many New Zealand politicians, including Sir Julius Vögel himself, have joined, according to recent reports.

To a just censorship over their liabilities it is reasonable to suppose that Colonists will not object, considering that they come in the garb of borrowers, and borrowers must cultivate a certain humility. In England there are well-known restrictions upon the borrowing powers of railways and municipalities. No company, by loan or mortgage, can raise a larger sum than one-third of their capital, and of this capital 50 per cent. must be fully paid up. In municipalities the controlling authority, which is sometimes the Treasury, sometimes the Board of Trade, has to be applied to for its consent. The Loan and Defence Board might fulfil, on a large scale and in Imperial matters, what the Board of Trade does on a small scale in England.

The position and functions of this Central Board, composed of financiers and strategists, would be highly important throughout the Empire. In any scheme of Imperial Federation they would have to be provided with a prominent position. In the judgment of those, especially, who limit Imperial Federation to common defence measures, they would certainly figure as the desired nucleus, or, at any rate, one of the desired nuclei of an Imperial Council. In all probability the great and formal Constitutional Union of the British Empire, if it ever comes about, will follow after lesser Unions. We may federalize our army, navy, post-offices, chambers of commerce, emigration offices, and whatever else may be worth federalizing before the Constitutional climax arrives.

But defence of our unwieldy Empire is now the first consideration. We can count upon the chivalry, heroism, and patriotism of Britons throughout our Colonial Empire. The Colonists have stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the burning sands of Egypt, and in the future Colonial men-of-war will fight side by side with our own and fly the coveted and honoured flag, but we must organize our sentiment, marshal our chivalry, and drill our soldiers and sailors in Colonial "Britannias" and at Colonial "Aldershots."

This is our duty as a maritime and commercial Power, with vast territories and extended frontiers bordering on hostile Powers who are only too ready to leap upon us at our vulnerable points. And in the fulfilment of our National and Imperial duty of self-defence we must find a tithe—nay, more than a tithe of our Imperial wealth, if needed—to keep us in the secure possession of the great and magnificent whole.

Any schemes or ideas, therefore, which can give us a financial basis upon which to work in plans of organization must be valuable and useful, even if they can promote discussion only. In dealing with the subject of Imperial Federation we are dealing with a subject so complex and embarrassing, that it will be only after exhausting every ingenious argument, every plea, every consideration, either of a material or sentimental order, that we can hope to arrive at definite conclusions. It is, therefore, with some hesitation, and some diffidence, that the above outlines of a provisional and hypothetical scheme, resting upon a financial basis, have been advanced. If they provoke criticism of a searching character they will, at all events, provoke something which it is advantageous at the present time to hear.

William Greswell.

THE RACHEL-CREMIEUX CORRESPONDENCE.

Since the appearance of the life of Rachel in the "Eminent Women Series," Hetzel the Parisian publishers have brought out a collection of letters written by the tragedian to the celebrated lawyer Adolphe Cremieux. Being confidential communications to her friend and adviser, these letters reflect many phases of her variable character, and form a valuable corollary to the correspondence published by M. Heylli, of which such ample use has already been made. We see the great artist absorbed in her profession, the sincere friend constant in her success, the erring culprit, refusing to justify herself, and last of all the broken repentant woman begging back the love she had thrown away so recklessly years before. A great deal of Rachel's story is here, and, like everything concerning her, reveals a charm, an intelligence, a depth of feeling that induces us, while we read, if not to forgive, at least to forget the many shortcomings with which she tarnished her fame.

The Parisian public have protested against the publication of the letters as affording undoubted proof of the statements, hitherto partially discredited, of her want of education and inability, unaided, to write the simplest letter. For our part we think it adds immensely to their interest, and to the brilliancy of Rachel's genius, enabling us as they do to trace her progress from the untutored Jewish girl, aware of her ignorance and diffident of her powers, to the finished woman of the world, able to express herself with ease and elegance on any and every subject.

Adolphe Cremieux, who occupied the onerous position of letter-writer-in-ordinary to the greatest tragedian of the age, began his long career as an advocate at Nîmes in 1817; continued it in Paris, where he raised himself to the top of his profession, and lived until 1870, the centre of a brilliant and intellectual circle. Instinctively artistic himself, passionately fond of music and the the theatre, he was, all his life, the friend and councillor of those belonging to the dramatic and musical world who came to consult him. Nearly all the engagements signed during the period in which he practised his profession, either at the "Italiens" or the "Français," were looked over, corrected, or modified, by him. In return for his good offices, his grateful clients placed themselves at his disposal, to organize those delightful afternoons and musical

parties which made an invitation to the Cremieux's house one of the most coveted honours in Parisian society. There were evenings that, in a certain sense, became legendary, as, for instance, when on one occasion Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber played the accompaniments of the choruses in *William Tell*, *The Huguenots*, and *La Muette*.

We have only to glance through these letters, written to him by men of every difference and shade of political and intellectual thought, to see the esteem in which the great lawyer was held. Jules Janin thus addresses him: "A master of winged words, of light feet, *podasokus* Cremieux, I have long recognized you as the most eloquent speaker, and the most generous friend of those in adversity or suffering under injustice."

Victor Hugo adds his tribute:—

DEAR CREMIEUX,—You write as you speak, with electrical eloquence. On the 25th of March I felt ill at Guernsey, and have left for change of air. Your letter only reached me to-day. You are an honest man, *vir honus*, and a great deal more besides. I cannot tell you how your client loves you, nor how we all love you and talk of you. Not to see you, not to hear you, not to grasp your hand, not to animate one's heart by the warmth of yours, is indeed exile. If ever a lucky star were to lead you to my rock, how happy I should be to welcome you. You would console the exile's heart as you console your country. Please give your daughter the enclosed portrait with autograph. I considered a long time before writing this of a suitable dedication of which she might be proud. Here it is: "To Cremieux' daughter." Adieu, my noble and generous friend.

Cremieux, in spite of his profession, was expansive and sympathetic, possessing that rare combination, a good head and a good heart. He always declared his preference for defending the cause of the weak against the strong, the artist against the director, the wife against the husband. To the last day of his professional career he took a vivid interest in whatever cause he took up. During his visit to Nîmes in 1818, Talma, who was a friend of Cremieux, attended the court to hear him plead a case. When it was over he was astonished to see the young lawyer's state of excitement and fatigue. He helped him to change his things, which were wet through with perspiration. While rubbing him down he said, "If you go on like this you will not live ten years. It is madness. You must learn to use your head and not your heart." "I like to hear *you* talk who make us cry, tremble, hate, according to the passion you portray." "I feel nothing, my friend. I do it all with this" (touching his forehead), "nothing with that" (touching his heart). On Cremieux expressing incredulity, Talma offered to prove his statement that night in *Andromaque*. When the time came, great was Cremieux's astonishment to see the actor, in one of his most impassioned outbursts, turn and whisper to his confidant, "Récule-toi donc imbécile, tu me gênes," and then glance up at his box.

On another occasion, though not on the stage, he heard Talma earnest enough. Some of the critics had ventured to compare Lafons to him. One evening a discussion was going on in the great actor's *loge*, on the respective merits of Lekain and Joanny, a very inferior actor. Talma spoke not a word for a time, but at last, rising like a lion in his wrath, he began : "How dare you," he said, addressing one of the prominent speakers, "compare a great artist like Lekain to a mouther like Joanny? Work conscientiously for twenty or thirty years; try to be dignified without emphasis, simple without triviality, passionate without extravagance, be, in a word, the first tragedian of your time and country, and what is your reward? You are compared after your death to a man who acts without taste, or comprehension, who exaggerates to the point of caricature, and to whom real pathos or feeling is a sealed book." After he had spoken, Talma threw himself pale and exhausted on the sofa behind him. A dead silence fell on the company. Never, in his finest burst of tragic passion, had the great tragedian surpassed this outburst.

One feels sorely tempted to give extracts from the letters of Thiers, Rossini, Dumas, &c., and further incidents relating to Talma, Mars, Augustine Brohan, Grisi, that are interspersed with the correspondence in this amusing volume. Space, however, obliges us to hurry on to the portion concerning Rachel, which forms a sequel, as it were, to the monograph already published, and is more interesting to Englishmen as showing the great actress's opinion of our manners and customs. Rachel was a Jewess, and, in common with all her co-religionists, naturally sought the assistance of Cremieux. Her father brought her to see him for the first time in 1838. M. and Madame Cremieux were both fascinated by her piquant grace and intelligence.

She had barely entered her girlhood, and was slight and thin, but the brilliancy of her small black eyes, the mobility of her expression, and her supple grace, gave an indefinable charm to all her movements. Her intellectual capital consisted of a large amount of mother-wit, marvellous theatrical instinct, and a splendid voice. Both husband and wife became sincerely attached to the young girl, they treated her as one of their own children, and Cremieux undertook her education. Systematic work he found to be beyond her powers; her attention soon flagged, and she wearied herself and him by yawning, stretching, and looking about her. The only way she seemed capable of imbibing knowledge was by conversation and reading aloud. Her ear was a fine one : the simplest combination of sounds sometimes arrested her attention. When reading Genesis for the first time she repeated the word "firmament" with every expression and intona-

tion. Cremieux made her rehearse her *rôles*, and was often highly amused at the questions she asked. The connection between the *dramatis personæ* of Corneille's and Racine's plays was a never-ending source of speculation. "Is it the same Achilles? the same Menelaus?" she would naively ask.

The day after one of her greatest triumphs as "Camille," she was taken in to dinner at Cremieux's by an enthusiastic provincial who expressed his delight at her acting the evening before. "What a splendid creation is your Camille," he said; "I hardly knew when to admire you most. Never have I heard those imprecations rendered with such tragic fury; never have I seen such pathos, as you showed during the relation of the death of Curatius. What marvellous bye-play at the moment of the celebrated *qu'il mourut*!" Rachel bent forward towards Cremieux, next whom she was seated, and whispered, "What does he mean by *qu'il mourut?*" "Hush!" replied Cremieux. "Don't say anything; I will tell you afterwards." When the guests had departed Rachel, who had been the heroine of the evening, went up to Cremieux. "Did you really not know," he asked, "what your neighbour meant when he spoke of the famous *qu'il mourut?*" "No; why should I?" This incident might appear legendary, did we not have it on such good authority, and did we not know of the many quarrels Rachel had with her fellow-actors because she never took the trouble to master any part but her own, causing the most ridiculous contretemps to take place.

Her supreme excellence lay in the expression of abstract passion, not in the depicting of varying character or power of literary comprehension. She was not Camille, or Roxane, or Hermione, but an isolated individuality which through human forms presented to human eyes the forces and passions that influence mankind. To act Phèdre was Rachel's great ambition from the first. Cremieux attempted to dissuade her, maintaining that she was too young to understand the *rôle*. One morning she arrived triumphant. "I know the *rôle* of Phèdre; shall I recite it to you? You can tell me afterwards if I have grasped its meaning." The performance was a remarkable one, but Cremieux was convinced she could do still better. "Do you understand the tragic fate that hangs over Phèdre? Do you know that her sin was a curse of the gods, a heritage of which she was dying the last miserable victim?" "No," answered Rachel, "it would be nice if you would tell me all that, dear papa Cremieux!" How refuse, and yet, at the same time, how tell such a story to an innocent girl! He recounted, as discreetly as possible, the old Greek legend. Rachel said little; but a few days after she asked timidly, "Shall I repeat Phèdre to you again?" This time there was no longer any want of compre-

hension. She was the superb Phèdre, devoured by guilty passion, the object of Venus's hatred, imagined by the old tragedians; that Phèdre which, interpreted by her, thrilled Europe and remained a life-long memory to those who saw it. Cremieux was struck dumb; he had no longer any doubt that Rachel could interpret the *rôle*.

Rachel's position during the few years following her first success was, socially, extremely brilliant. She was fêted and received by everyone, not only as an artist, but as a friend. Her total ignorance of spelling rendered the ordinary duties of social letter-writing a great difficulty. Then it was that Cremieux began to make rough copies of all the letters she wrote. He often listened with imperturbable gravity to the encomiums lavished by outsiders on these letters, of which he naturally knew every word. The faithful secretary in his turn received many genuine letters from Rachel, in which no attention was paid to style or orthography. Unfortunately he gave many away; but these published by Hetzel are absolutely authentic. The first is dated the 11th September 1839; already Rachel was beginning to feel the strain of her profession. "My friends,—I am much better, but am still very weak. These are the first lines I am allowed to write; my head and back ache."

At this time she had not always *une maladie en poche*, as her enemies said later. We soon, however, begin to find excuses for promises broken, engagements forgotten; after which she has to make amends by protestations of affection and endeavours to coax papa Cremieux back into good humour, especially when needing his services as a scribe to mollify some other victim. She writes:—

If I have offended you in anything, let me know the cause. I am ready to ask for pardon if I am really to blame, but if, on the contrary, you are the offender, then so much the better, for your forgiveness is certain, while mine is perhaps doubtful. Mademoiselle Dejazet has just written me a letter which I enclose. An answer; but very civil, for I am obliged to refuse the invitation. My week is really too overwhelming. I act in *Marie Stuart* next Thursday. I cannot, therefore, accept, without running the risk of throwing the Comédie Française over. Tell her I am in despair, but that another time I may be able to go. One of your first-class letters, please, for she will show it to all her friends. A thousand kisses.

Rachel's was an impulsive nature; in her wish to be kind she accepted responsibilities, from which she tried to disentangle herself afterwards. It was the same with her fits of generosity, she made munificent gifts, but if the recipient hesitated to possess himself of the article, he never saw it again; either she forgot or thought better of her liberality. In spite of this capriciousness it was impossible to resist her personal fascination.

One of her amusements at the Cremieux's was to teach their children to recite the great scene between Esther and Ahasuerus. The little girl, who was then about five years of age, had a way of saying

with her childish lisp, "*Mes filles soutenez votre reine éperdue, ze me meurs,*" which delighted Rachel. One Sunday evening she was playing Esther, and had sent a box to M. and Mdme. Cremieux. At the supreme moment of the great scene, she looked at her friends, sighing languidly, "*Ze me meurs,*" which amused them mightily and mystified the pit.

In 1841 Rachel first went to London. She sends an account of her triumphant progress, to her secretary Cremieux. She became the rage. The Queen threw her roses on the stage; duchesses treated her as a woman of genius who honoured them by coming to their houses; while the most prudish admitted her to their intimate circle. Her behaviour was perfect, reserved and dignified. When surrounded by her own people, however, she made amends for the restraint exercised in public, and reverted to her Bohemianism of manner and speech. We all know the story of her return from Windsor, when she took off a splendid Cashmere shawl that the Queen had put round her shoulders, and threw it on a sofa, sighing, "Ah! my friends, *que j'ai besoin de m'encanailler.*"

The letters given by Hetzel during this period are particularly interesting to English people. She writes to Cremieux:—

Are you angry with me for the time I have allowed to pass without writing? If you saw me in London you would, I am sure, forgive me. As soon as I arrived I left my letters of introduction, and was received in the most flattering manner by everyone. They returned my visits, and I have not had a moment to myself since. It is 7 o'clock; mercifully people do not visit after that hour here. I have given two representations, *Andromaque* and *Les Horaces*. My first appearance was made in the *rôle* of *Hermione*. My fright was great at the beginning, but mercifully it vanished before the second scene. I believe there were some blunders committed by my surroundings; of that I knew nothing, their incapacity only made my success the more apparent.

This indifference of Rachel to the support given her on the stage is a confirmation of her statement that she never learnt more than her own *rôle*, and the answer (*la replique*). One might have thought that so great a Roxane would have longed for a Bajazet, or so transcendent a Phèdre for an Hippolyte to reciprocate her divine love and woe. Cremieux once expressed a regret at not having seen her and Talma on the stage together. "I am delighted," she cried, "that he died before I was born."

In the one or two letters following she dwells with great satisfaction on the unprecedented success she met with. The bouquets, the applause, the fainting women, the breathless men who hung on every word and gesture, the rush for seats, the crowds at the doors, made one of the most extraordinary demonstrations that had ever been seen in England. Besieged with invitations and letters, she was fain to apply to her "secretary" to answer them.

These petitions are generally written in her bed late at night, "three pillows supporting her, a small blotter, ink, and paper on

her lap, the candle held between her knees," when over-excitement prevented her sleeping, as was almost always the case after a "great" representation. She writes :—

First let me tell you about London, about the weather and my latest triumph. It is a delightful city for a short time; but ah! French liberty, where are you? The streets are magnificent, but impossible to walk in. One says, "That is not proper." "Don't do that," says another. There are plenty of balconies to the houses, but no one dreams of going out on them. Do you wish to put on a bonnet? If it is not a conventional colour you had better not, unless you make up your mind to be hooted. My success increases daily.

The *rôle* of Hermione, played again, by request, was received, if possible, more enthusiastically than the first time I acted it. Bajazet has not been quite so successful. Twenty-four thousand francs, however, is not bad. The Queen, who has been unable hitherto to honour me with her presence, is coming to-morrow. The celebration of her birthday has turned London upside down, and occupied every moment of her time. I am to go to Windsor the beginning of next week; she is to fix the day. To-morrow I am going to the Derby with Lord Normanby. I dined with him on the 23rd. He is the Minister for Home Affairs; he is married, and his wife is most gracious; she wants to introduce me to her mother.

The *rôles* I am acting at present being the most fatiguing of my repertory, I am obliged to take a great deal of rest, and can only go into society twice a week, for, if I consented to accept all the invitations I receive, I would have to begin dressing at 11 o'clock. I have made a selection of a few friends; the circle is small, but there are few to be compared to it. I recited at the Countess of Jersey's, at the Marchioness of Ailesbury's, and Lady Cadogan's. I refuse numbers of invitations to dinner. Ah, I forgot! I am going to Lord Palmerston's, *Count* Clarendon's, Lord Lovelace's—I forget the names of the others. The Duke of Wellington was very complimentary at Lady Jersey's, and paid me a visit next day; this is not one of my smallest triumphs. Now I think I will excuse you from listening any more; on one condition, however, that you will write letters to the people whose names I send you, and you will let me have them at once, so that they may receive them before my last representation.

In the list she appends a note of explanation is put after each name, that shows an amount of perspicuity and social acumen astonishing in a young and uneducated girl. "I have decided nothing as to my engagement for next year; I thought it as well not to be too eager. English people like indifference. I know them already thoroughly; leave me to my own devices, I will hold them captive for ever." Rachel certainly did succeed in holding Englishmen in thrall by the power of her genius to the last day she acted amongst them, but next time she came she found a considerable difference socially. It is said that "those who are wedded to the Muses are proof against the sweet poison of Cupid's arrows." In Rachel's case it was otherwise, and society turned its back on the erring sister who had voluntarily and recklessly put herself outside the pale of respectability.

Meantime, all was sunshine and success. "*Ils sont si rares, ceux qui sont veritablement contents;* but I am," she says. "*Ah, la Gloire! la Gloire! c'est la plus belle chose après Dieu.*" Rachel discounted all the happiness of her life in those few brilliant years.

She recited for the Queen Dowager—

The reigning Queen, "la reine regnante," applauded and complimented me before everyone. Next day Lady Normanby came to invite me to go to Windsor on Thursday, the 10th. She, at the same time, said that the Queen had expressed a wish to have my autograph for her little album. I have asked the advice of one or two people, they recommend me to write a letter to Her Majesty the day after my visit to Windsor. You see, then, dear M. Cremieux, that in spite of the great progress I am making in style, I must again have recourse to your kindness. Be sure you do not say anything in the letter that you write to the Queen about the wish she has expressed to have my autograph. I am supposed to know nothing about that fact.

A few days later she writes:—

I promised to give you a description of my visit to the Queen at Windsor. It is only to your ear I could venture to recount my triumphs. At 9 o'clock a fine royal carriage arrived to take me to Windsor. During the journey from the hotel to the Castle I felt as if it were a dream. But, no, it was all true; I was actually seated in one of Queen Victoria's carriages, being whirled off to an enchanted castle, as splendid as any in the *Arabian Nights*. The Queen had a dinner-party of 100 people. I was left some time to myself, therefore, to wander about the galleries meditating on the tragic scenes that had passed there. At 10 o'clock Her Majesty was announced. What a change passed over every face! One could see each person putting on an artificial smile, and trying to recollect the compliments manufactured a fortnight before. All rose; the Queen entered slowly, bowed graciously all round, and sat down in the midst of the silent assembly, who watched intently her smallest movement. I stood awaiting the royal commands. Presently a tall thin man approached. It was the Lord Chamberlain, who, in very bad French, informed me that the Queen was waiting. I felt dreadfully frightened, but it was a case of victory or death. I dashed into the second act of *Bajazet*, and soon became aware of the necessity of imitating those around me in their composure. A little man belonging to the company had eagerly accepted the honour of acting with me. Roxane, and the fight between Pyrrhus and Hermione were unanimously applauded, a proceeding contrary to all etiquette, but Her Majesty, having led the way, all followed. I ended with the third act of *Marie Stuart*, which seemed to delight the young Queen immensely. In the audience I had afterwards she told me so herself, and added that she had enjoyed my recitation at Windsor more even than at the Queen Dowager's, great as had been her delight. She then gave me a beautiful bracelet, with her name and the date engraved upon it, which, I need not tell you, enhanced its value considerably. It was past midnight when the Queen withdrew. The same ceremony was gone through as when she entered.

Thus ended this brilliant and eventful evening, one that I shall remember to the end of my life. A luxurious supper had been prepared, which I did not touch. I was so fatigued by excitement and the suffocating heat of the room, into which more than three hundred people, one more illustrious than the other, were crowded.

Letter after letter follows in the same strain. Money, bouquets, royal favours were heaped upon her. Laporte paid the fine of fifteen thousand francs extorted by the Director of the theatre of Marseilles for the non-fulfilment of her engagement there. The representation for her benefit produced a sum of 30,000 francs. Nothing dims her happiness, not even a severe attack of illness, or "la mère Felix" temper, to which the English climate is not favourable. "Car elle a le verbe bien haut à Londres. Mais elle n'est pas trop méchante en vérité."

Meantime, she begs Cremieux to tell her friends in Paris, "Mes amis sincères et devoués, à toute epreuve, *especially when they hear*

of my success," she adds, sarcastically, "that I am working hard for next winter." At the end of each of these communications follows a list of people for whom she wants letters written.

DEAR PAPA CREMIEUX,

All nice things ought to be kept to the last. Tremble, therefore, for I am going to let you know the treat I reserve for you; but it is really your own fault. All the letters I have sent since my stay in London have been so charming that everyone wants one. Those even who do not love me too well flatter and compliment me, hoping for an answer. Poor people, how they are defrauded! ("Les pauvres gens, comme il sont volés.") If I bother you, never mind; but these are the last I will ask you for. I enclose the letters you have to answer, as it seems to me it will be easier for you then to know what to say.

We cannot resist giving one of these Cremieux epistles, written in the polite letter-writer style; it is addressed to Lady Blessington :—

Permettez-moi, Madame, d'oser vous offrir (quoique trop tard pour le soir) une loge pour la representation de Bajazet. Si ma bonne étoile me doivrait la joie de vous entretenir j'ôserais vous en aller démander le lendemain chez vous l'impression que vous aurait laissé mes fureurs de la veille. Agréez, Madame avec toute vôtre indulgence une hardiesse naturelle, puisqu'elle est avec le désir vif de vous voir, et l'expression de mes sentimens les plus distingués.

We cannot agree with Rachel in thinking that the owners of these letters, including the Queen of England, are defrauded. On the whole, we think they hold more curious souvenirs in these copies than perhaps the owners of original letters, clever and interesting as they are. We can already see the promise of the brilliant correspondent she became in later days. Although miracles of bad spelling, her letters to Cremieux are full of piquancy and fun.

En me faisant *ces* adieux [she says, speaking of Lord Normanby]. He begged me to accept a beautiful ring as a souvenir. Afraid I might not wear it, he refused to leave the case (*l'écran*). He is coming to Paris, and has promised to pay me a visit there. His wife has been equally civil. Now, dear Cremieux, do you know enough to write two charming letters. "Je vous assure que j'avais le cœur gros lorsequ'il *ma fait ces* adieux. Cela ne peut être qu'une vive et profonde reconaissance: il est vieux et tard. Respirez, voilà tout!"

On Friday 16th July she acted for the last time that year in England, appearing in the *rôle* of Camille, one of her most successful impersonations, though, as she says, the English prefer Racine to Corneille. A visit to Madame de *Rodschild* at Richmond completes her social pleasures.

What delicious scenery! How green and abundant the vegetation! It is Dante's paradise without the monotony! Please don't forget the letters for my English friends. You wish, you say, to have more details about them. The Cadogan family is one of those who received me (*m'a rescu*) most warmly. One of the girls, who is called Augusta, did my portrait. I passed hours with her. It is very unusual for English people to admit a foreigner thus to their intimacy. They gave me small trifles for my *étagère* in Paris. One presented me with a beautiful cameo; the other, whose name I forget, gave me a net of coral beads from Naples; and I, on my part, promised them a dozen doyleys, which I am to embroider myself, for a raffle for some orphanage. M.

"Stanoppe" also, whom I often met at the theatre was *fort comifaut*: he was presented to me by a Mr. Lumley, "secretary-general of all the theatres in London." One day Mr. "Stanoppe," seeing a duchess go off in hysterics after the fourth act of *Les Horaces*, said calmly, "What a pity she did not die. It would have been a good advertisement for you." Mr. Borthwick, also, was very civil, and begged me to write to him—so remember. In a few months I hope to be able to write myself. My education is not quite completed. Please do not desert me half-way. I know already how to accept dinners; soon parties will follow, and then my tour round the world is complete.

A little farther on from Bordeaux she writes that she has been visiting Montesquieu's château :—

I have begun his *Lettres Persanes*, and have come across a Roxane. Is she mine? I don't know; they are rather alike. To-morrow I act Pauline. I am anxious to see what the Girondins will say to these sublime conceptions of Corneille. They love Bajazet as I love it myself, only the *denouement* is different. I strangle him, the Bordelais ask for him again and again. Our rabbi has committed a sin for Rachel's sake. He existed for exactly two hours in a theatre. What a miracle! He refuses, however, to hear me in Pauline, because I am baptised. I shall be proud if I can persuade him to change his mind.

This was not the only time Rachel overcame the scruples of the Church. Jules Janin tells of a visit that Lammenais paid to the Français to see Bajazet; he, the author of *Les Paroles d'un Croyant* entered that abode of wickedness. Next day it was rumoured all over Paris that Rachel was converted to the Christian faith and that Lammenais had received her recantation. Those better acquainted with the facts, however, knew that, on the contrary, Rachel had converted the Abbé Lammenais to the dramatic genius of his country.

In the last confidential letter written by Rachel to Cremieux, she begs him for a few lines to Jules Janin. "I would like you to be very particular in the wording of it, as I do not want him to put in his next *feuilleton* that Mademoiselle has not forgotten '*C'est moi que j'était au Gymnase.*'"

She alludes to the story told by Janin in 1838. After a fanfarronade on her wonderful genius he said: "This wonderful child is small, ugly, insignificant, with vulgar manners and uneducated speech. I met her yesterday, and she said to me, '*C'est moi qui j'était au Gymnase,*' to which I replied, '*Je le savions.*'"

Rachel returned to Paris in the beginning of September. The most damaging stories were told about her. Madame Cremieux (as we can see by the letter quoted below) mentioned these reports as tenderly as possible to the object of them. She protested that they were calumnies, invented by people who were jealous of her. "She was as worthy as she had ever been," she said, "of the affection of her friends."

Madame Cremieux was glad to accept the statement. A few days after, however, the rumours received further confirmation. The public, more strait-laced then than now, showed its dis-

pleasure by receiving its favourite with cold indifference when she appeared for the first time after her return. Madame Cremieux then wrote a touching appeal, of which the rough copy has been kept among the correspondence, with the erasures and corrections made by Cremieux himself:—

RACHEL, MY DEAR CHILD,

If my prayers are of the least avail, answer me and tell me you will do what we ask. You do not wish to be, in Paris and in London, the woman whom people only go to look at because of her genius—you, who, until now have been the charming and innocent child, received open-armed in every drawing-room and palace, by kings and queens. You do not wish young girls to avoid you—you, to whom young girls of the highest distinction give, and from whom they ask, the name of sister. I preferred writing to you myself. My husband is overwhelmed. He never expected so unanimous a condemnation. He will go on Monday at 1 o'clock to receive your answer. I trust with all my heart that it may be of such a nature as to permit us to declare to the public that you are still the same Rachel that we love with all the tenderness of our hearts.

AMÉLIE CREMIEUX.

Enghein, 5th October.

The husband and wife hoped against hope. Nothing came. On Monday Cremieux, not caring to go himself, sent his servant, who returned with the message: "Mdlle. Rachel says there is no answer." This was final. Rachel did not appear again at the Cremieux house.

The Revolution of 1848 broke out. Cremieux was made Minister of Justice. He received a line from Rachel asking for an audience, which he granted. She came to the Ministry, talked a long time with the Minister, and expressed a wish to see Madame Cremieux, to whom she expressed her intention of writing that day; and left, preferring no request, only assuring her old friends of the constancy of her affection. In the course of the afternoon the following letter was brought to the Ministry:—

DEAR MADAME CREMIEUX,

I thought it best to warn you to-day of the infliction in store for you. My position, which has remained a good one in spite of the Republic, induces me to state frankly my wishes. I ask again for the affection and friendship you showed me as a young girl. If I venture to do so, it is because my sentiments and my conduct (*ma conduite*) render me worthy of the appeal I make. The Minister of Justice has received me kindly; will you, a woman and tender mother, refuse to open your arms to a sincere penitent, to the child of Paris (*l'enfant de Paris*), who surrenders herself a voluntary prisoner? No; your kind smile has filled me with hope. I need it, for I am going to act Phèdre to the people of France, and ought not my heart to be full of hope and courage to enable me to acquit myself worthily of the task? I await my sentence: may a few words come to give me the joy that I hope for. I think I have deserved them already by the longing I feel to receive the smallest token of friendship.

Your respectful and ever devoted

RACHEL.

22nd April, 1848.

Except in the last paragraph of this letter there is none of the simplicity and ease of Rachel's natural style; she is hampered and has no confidence in the success of her attempts. Her fears were

verified. She had voluntarily placed herself in a false position, and was not to be allowed to retrieve it so easily as this. There were other reasons also which prevented the Cremieux from receiving the actress into the intimacy of their home circle. The little girl who, ten years before, had lisped out the words "Ze me meurs," was grown up, and the parents had to consider the companionship to which they exposed her. Madame Cremieux, therefore, in a kind but firm letter, refused the token of friendship asked for. Rachel replied in the tone of an offended tragedy queen, and the correspondence closed.

In spite of this painful incident, Rachel, who still cherished a deep affection for her old friends, begged Cremieux, in 1854, when engaged in her lawsuit with Legouvé, to undertake her defence. Cremieux readily accepted. His daughter was married; he had now no scruples about receiving Rachel into his house. "Let her come," he said to Madame Félix, who was the bearer of the request; "it will make me sixteen years younger, and take me back to 1838 again." These words, repeated to Rachel by her mother, elicited the following charming letter, by which we can see she had made some progress in style :—

What ages have passed since we met! What a host of memories you recall, by referring to 1838! Ah! if you knew how I yearn to find again those dear old days, when you and your wife loved me so well. I believe the very clasp of your hand will give me back my youth of sixteen years ago. Your few lines made me happier than I can tell you. If heart, as we are told, is sometimes better than intellect, you will find me clever, for my letter only aspires to tell you how I love you. A wretched cold keeps me a prisoner to my room, otherwise my feet and not my pen would hasten towards you. Come and see me as soon as you can. I would be more urgent, but that I need your services.

RACHEL.

Two days afterwards she called on Madame Cremieux. Still in half-mourning for her sister Rebecca, whom she had nursed night and day with the greatest devotion, she wore a black velvet dress, embroidered in gold up the front, with a broad band of olive leaves held at the waist by a belt. A mauve velvet bonnet surrounded the small delicate face. Deeply moved and breathless from the three flights of stairs she had toiled up, she threw herself into Madame Cremieux's arms and kissed her tenderly. "Alas! my strength of sixteen years ago has vanished, but my heart is always the same. Do you know, I asked Rose this morning if she could not find in my wardrobe an old dress of 1838? I wanted to put it on to remind you of what I was then."

It would be impossible, Cremieux says, to give anyone who had not known Rachel an idea of the charm, the fascination, of her manner and appearance. After the reconciliation, she frequently visited her old friends, sometimes dropping in on her way home

THE MARRIAGE CODE OF HENRY VIII. AND MR. GREG.

[On general grounds we scarcely consider the reform of the marriage law one of the open questions to be discussed in the pages of the *National Review*. In the particular circumstances, however, and in conformity with our practice of giving a hearing to the expressed opinions of all Conservatives, we gladly afford to an eminent Conservative lawyer the opportunity he desires of correcting a statement of the law on this particular subject, which has been made by a contributor to a previous number of the *Review*. But with this paper the discussion must close.—EDITORS.]

I AM not surprised to learn that Lord Bramwell does not mean to reply to Mr. Percy Greg's article in the December number of this Review; nor am I going to argue with a writer who, not being a lawyer of any kind, on a question simply of law accuses one of our greatest judges of "recklessness," "hastiness," "absurdity," "ignorance of a most important decision of the House of Lords," and "contempt of greater judges than himself," besides "heresy" and other offences, historical, logical, and theological. But the world in general knows nothing, and most people are unable to learn anything, of the true nature of legal decisions, and naturally take for granted that any positive and apparently precise statement of one, interlarded with quotations from the law report of it, must be true; and if it is not exposed, those who want an excuse for agreeing with Mr. Greg will say that nobody has ventured to contradict it.

I have consequently been asked to do so. And I always feel that this subject has a claim on me,* because I am the son-in-law and only *legal* representative (though not in the legal sense) of the Chairman of that Royal Commission of some very considerable ecclesiastics and lawyers who reported unanimously in 1848 in exactly the opposite direction, legally, socially, and theologically, to Mr. Greg—and the Archbishop, as he taunts "Lord Bramwell and his faction" for ignoring him. That only proves that Mr. Greg himself has chosen to ignore the pamphlet of the Marriage Law Reform Association,† which by no means ignored the Arch-

* If anybody cares to ask why I did not speak in the debate last May, the answer is that I was ill in bed, and I am not sure yet that I shall ever again be able to make a long enough speech to deal with this subject properly.

† To be had at 21 Parliament Street.

bishop's speech of 1883, and was reprinted, with additions, in 1885, and again in 1886, with a reprint of the Royal Commission Report. There are people who do not think even a living primate better than such dead authorities as Bishop Lonsdale, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, Lord Rutherford (a Scotch judge), without naming the other members of the Commission, and the many great ecclesiastics whom Mr. Greg considers heretics, including not a few bishops who "vote solid" for the law of the Church and of "Society," though they admit that they no more believe it to be the law of God than Bishop Lonsdale did.

But I am not going into the theology of this question here. It is only Mr. Greg's enunciation of the law before the Act of 1835, and his statement of some matters of fact, that I am going to speak of. And for that purpose it is necessary to explain how that bygone state of the law is thought of any consequence now, as it is by both sides. The champions of the law as it exists are always asserting that the Act commonly called Lord Lyndhurst's, but really Bishops Philpotts and Blomfield's in the whole of its enacting part (as they all afterwards avowed) made no practical alteration of the law, and in the condition of people who married their brothers and sisters in law, and of their children. The other side allege that it made this enormous difference—that whereas before the Act no such marriages were ever meddled with, and no such children ever bastardized, except when some uncle or cousin had a title or an entailed estate to get by it—and not always then; after the Act, all such marriages became absolutely null and void, *ipso facto*, *i.e.* without any lawsuit, and all such children illegitimate, and would be so treated if the relationship were discovered a hundred years afterwards. Before 1835 they could only be made so "by the judgment of an ecclesiastical court pronounced in the life-time of both parties to the marriage," as the Act itself says. A father could have beaten the court and the cousins, and saved his children from bastardy, by shooting himself the day before the judgment was to be pronounced. In fact, a father once did that very thing in Scotland, or as near thereto as the Scotch law required. Lord Campbell told the story in the House of Lords.

So far there is no dispute. But now comes something which the upholders of the present law invariably either suppress or misrepresent when they profess to state the law before and after 1835; and that something is nothing less than the words of the Act itself, which by good luck, and by Lord Lyndhurst's care and precision, exhibits both states of the law at once in the clearest and plainest way—if anything is plain to those who wish to get rid of it, whether in the legislation of Moses or the British Par-

liament. The material words of the Act (omitting what relates to other points) are:—

> Whereas marriages within the prohibited degrees [under the Acts of Henry VIII.] are *voidable only* by sentence of the ecclesiastical court pronounced in the life-time of the parties thereto, and it is unreasonable that the condition of the children should remain *unsettled* for so long a period [down to there was Lyndhurst's, the rest is the Bishops'], and it is fitting that all marriages which may hereafter be celebrated within the prohibited degrees should be *ipso facto* void, *and not merely voidable*; be it enacted that . . . . all marriages which shall be hereafter celebrated between persons within the prohibited degrees shall be *absolutely null and void.*

And all the past ones *of affinity* were made unimpeachable, but not those of consanguinity, though it is now asserted and "re-asserted" that there is no proper difference between them.

In the face of all those recitals and declarations in the Act, of the difference between "merely or only voidable," and "the condition of the children being unsettled," and "*ipso facto* void," or "absolutely null and void," it does not seem a very hopeful enterprise to make out that they all practically meant the same. Yet Mr. Greg boldly asserts that "before the Act, by this *accident of procedure* [viz. the long-standing prohibition of the Ecclesiastical Courts by the statutes of Henry VIII., and the Courts of Law, from annulling marriages after the death of either party], there was no *direct* means of pronouncing it void and the children illegitimate after the death of the parents, but *indirectly* the question might be raised, as it was raised in the case of *Fenton v. Livingstone*, in the House of Lords. Lord Hatherley observes"—what we shall see presently. I do not know that I ever saw so many mis-statements, direct and indirect, rolled into one sentence before. "Accident" I have noticed already as much as it need be. He says "there was no *direct* means" of impeaching the marriage after the death of the parents (meaning either of them). Then what was the indirect? The Act of 1835 said distinctly, None. But Mr. Greg knows better than Lord Lyndhurst and the Bishops who made it, though he dexterously declines to say what "indirect means" he alludes to. Every uninformed reader will conclude that *Fenton v. Livingstone* proceeded on and indicated the indirect means of impeaching such a marriage after death, and that Lord Hatherley in that case expounded it.

To begin with, that case was in 1859, nine years before Lord Hatherley had a seat in the House of Lords. Nor can Mr. Greg have been confusing that case with some later one in which Lord Hatherley gave judgment (as it is popularly called) on that subject; for he never gave any. He did afterwards make a mere debating speech, with his usual violence of language when he was not acting judicially; which is of no consequence to the legal inquiry. That is bad enough. But the rest is much worse. It

will hardly be believed, after that statement of Mr. Greg's, that *Fenton v. Livingstone* (3 Macqueen, H.L. 497) decided absolutely nothing on this question, and the law lords took care to say so, except that the Scotch Court of Session had been wrong in deciding that an estate in Scotland went to the son of such a marriage before 1835, of parents domiciled in England, but that the case must be decided by the *lex loci rei sitæ*, and not by the *lex domicilii*—exactly on the same principle, they said, as the converse case of *Birtwhistle v. Vardill* (9 Bligh 32). Accordingly it was sent back to Scotland to be tried there. It is difficult to understand how even what we call a "layman" could read all or any of those judgments, as Mr. Greg plainly did in some way, and then make such a mistake, and such a charge against as great a judge as any of them, without a misgiving that he himself was the blunderer.

If the Livingstone estate had been in England, the question would not have been arguable, both because the parents were dead, and the Act of 1835 had made the issue absolutely legitimate in England. Mr. Greg, however, may have credit for ignorance of the legal rule that nothing that is said by judges apart from the *rationes decidendi* has any authority; and that is specially the case in the House of Lords, where the speeches of the Lords are not legally judgments. It is also fair to say that he may have been misled by glancing at some inaccurate language of one of the lords, without attending to the context. Lord Chelmsford evidently could not forget that he had been almost as strong a partizan against these Bills as Lord Hatherley, and that debating language is not judicial. He did, however, equally with the rest, give ample warning that the case decided nothing about the status of such marriages either in England or Scotland. But he made a clear legal mistake in saying that the Livingstone marriage (as an English one) was *void ab initio*, the very thing that the Act says it was not, but ought to be made, and was made, for the future. It is odd that the Scotch judges, both then and since, have said and written that the illegitimacy of the children of such marriages in Scotland has never been decided yet, except on an *ex parte* case, which settles nothing.

Lord Brougham, who gave the leading judgment, said, quite accurately, that these marriages were "illegal" before 1835, which is a very different thing from "void." Plenty of marriages and other acts are illegal, and sometimes liable to severe penalties, without being either voidable or void.*

* I had better warn other hasty readers of Macqueen's report of *Fenton v. Livingstone* that one of his "marginal notes" carelessly turns Lord Brougham's "illegal" (though he said it twice over) into "void," and makes him utter this piece of nonsense—"the marriage was *voidable* because it was *void*," again expressly contradicting the Act.

absurd forgery of Apostolic Canons, and in some others of a small council of Spanish bishops, along with other prohibitory nonsense which the prohibitionists dare not mention, and in a scolding letter to another bishop from Basil, the founder of monkish asceticism. Yet Mr. Greg also pronounces it absurd to say that it had anything to do with "asceticism." The same Report told him, if he read it and the evidence, as he was bound to do before writing as he does, that these prohibitions were gradually enlarged and varied by the Roman Church (subject to dispensations), till they extended to the "7th degree," and afterwards were *reduced* to third cousins at the Lateran Council. But there was no *general* prohibition of wives' sisters for a good many centuries, and after some more centuries they began to be permitted by dispensation. Cardinal Wiseman said he had never known one refused. The Jews do not recognize the prohibition. The Duke of Argyll last May sought to strengthen it by citing it with some decrees of a Roman Emperor, and Napoleon Bonaparte. Of the latter, as an eminent ecclesiastical authority, Lord Bramwell has sufficiently congratulated him. The Roman prohibition, both the Duke and the Primate, who also talked about it, forgot to mention, only came in after Rome had fallen under the influence of those very fourth-century theologians with all their corruptions of primitive Christianity.

It is not worth while to repeat here what was printed long ago, viz. a summary of the confused and zigzag legislation of the seven Acts of Parliament on this subject in the reign of Henry VIII. (who made his Parliaments pass four of them according to his successive holy desires) and his three children, who each had wishes of their own, ending with Elizabeth, who wanted to keep on foot a good excuse for refusing to marry her sister's husband. The real law of England on this subject only dates from those Acts, and there is no more legislative history until we come again to the Act of 1835, which Lord Lyndhurst introduced as "an Act to *limit the time* for instituting suits" to annul the prohibited marriages to two years, instead of the joint lives of the parties, and which the bishops altered, as I said before. And so ends the legal history, which Mr. Greg has re-written in his own way. And as I cannot deal with his other matter without entering into argument, which I do not propose, I here stop.

GRIMTHORPE.

"OWEN MEREDITH," EARL OF LYTTON.

I REMEMBER, many years ago, a public lecturer telling me how that, having introduced into a series of lectures he was delivering on "Unknown Poets" the name of a writer who has since unquestionably become very well-known indeed, but who, I imagine, had at that time an audience, if fit, still few, he received an irate letter protesting that the Muse for which he had presumed to say a good word was notorious and popular. I, myself, recollect receiving a sharp rebuke, for having, in a moment of ill-advised enthusiasm, written to the public prints lamenting that a capital comedy was being played at one of our theatres to comparatively empty houses. Forthwith the Manager wrote to the press to protest that, on the very evening to which I had alluded, and, indeed, every evening, his theatre was choke-full from footlight to ventilator. Evidently the lecturer and I did not understand our generation. To confess that you have not yet gained the ear of the public is apparently to render it inexorably deaf to you; to acknowledge you have not yet succeeded is to make failure certain and permanent. I suppose this singular attitude is the natural product of an age in which ephemeral notoriety is confounded with, and by many people deemed just as good as, solid reputation and lasting fame.

I shall scarcely run the risk of inviting a kindred reproach if I express the opinion that inadequate recognition has hitherto been accorded to Owen Meredith, Earl of Lytton. A man who is born distinguished, or who brings with him into the world unmistakable credentials of genius, will naturally be less solicitous concerning the impression he produces on others, than one who aspires to ennoble his progenitors, or one who needs the applause of his neighbours in order to be certain that his lips have been touched with hallowed fire; and while the son of Edward Bulwer Lytton might reasonably have been satisfied with the lustre reflected on him by his parent, the boyish author of "The

Wanderer" must necessarily be aware that the songs he once modestly described as

> No store, alas! of ripened grains,
> But rose-leaves strewn, and wandering strains
> Of music on the wind;
> Love's failures, blown through chinks of rhyme
> By gusts of aimless grief,

were, at the time he wrote them, and still remain, far more than

> Songs welcomed for the singer's sake,
> Or for the memories they awake
> Of half-forgotten things.

If one asks oneself what are the causes that have blocked the way to that full and adequate recognition the achievements of Owen Meredith have so far been denied, one can hardly leave out of sight the reputation of Bulwer Lytton. The shadow of the popularity of the father still rests, in some measure, on the son, preventing the latter from emerging fully into the light. But that is by no means a complete account of the effect produced by the successes of Bulwer Lytton on the efforts of Owen Meredith. No Englishman of equal parts, equal attainments, and equal achievements—and, if we consider all these attributes together, perhaps no Englishman of this generation can be regarded as quite Bulwer Lytton's equal—ever encountered a better reception from the public, or a worse reception from the critics. Unfortunately, the public are always generous but never critical; while the critics are always critical, rarely generous, and not always just. They certainly were not just to Bulwer Lytton. His writings possess many of the qualities, some of them defects, some of them merits, which irritate the professed critic, more especially an expert in that particular form of criticism which, rapidly growing powerful in his own day, has become paramount in ours. It is a fashion with some, a foible with others, to speak of critics as though they were ignorant of their trade, and not over anxious to practise it honestly. That is a very convenient form of self-exculpation for authors, artists, and, indeed, for all persons who offer and subject themselves to criticism by their own voluntary performances. I speak in no such sense when I say it seems to me that the critics were never quite just to Bulwer Lytton; but, even critics are human, as well as fallible, and I suppose it is as legitimate to criticise critics as it is for them to criticise others. Indeed, whatever else criticism may or may not teach us, it gives us at least—and the more so when it is intelligent and sincere—a more or less exact measure of the critic himself.

Now, literary criticism in recent times has been, in large measure, what I may call minute rather than broad criticism; the criticism

of refined and conscientious, but fastidious, not to say fault-finding people; the criticism of detail rather than of general conception or general effect, a criticism intolerant of faults that spring from carelessness, inaccuracy of touch, or want of regard for prevailing tastes. One is sometimes disposed in these days to question the correctness of Pope's couplet,

> Why has not man a microscopic eye?
> For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

So much literary criticism, even of the serious and refined order, is microscopic in its character.

In the works by which Bulwer Lytton is most widely known, he sought to produce his effect by broad touches; and though he introduced an astonishing amount of erudition into his works of imagination, he presented the result of his historical researches and the fruits of his excursions into the realms of philosophy, in a popular, and often ornate guise, better calculated to charm the multitude than to propitiate the scholarly but censorious student. That he was, on the whole, wise in so doing, I can scarcely doubt, seeing that he aimed at securing a wide, rather than at pleasing a select, audience. But he had to pay the penalty of his enormous popularity in the coldness, and oftentimes in the displeasure, of the chief organs of critical opinion. Moreover, it may be conceded that, while he could think as deeply as most, and could write as admirably as any, of his contemporaries, he sometimes eked out his diamonds with paste, and superadded tinsel to his gold. He began to write at a time when a marked change in public taste was setting in; and, like Lord Beaconsfield also, he failed to abandon the literary airs and graces that were fashionable in his youth, long after they had became faded and somewhat out of date in the eyes of a more austere and simple generation.

Another cause, I suspect, of the want of due appreciation accorded to Bulwer Lytton by professed critics, was his amazing versatility; a quality which, no little admired in other countries, seems in England to be resented almost as an offence. That a man should be a gifted and successful novelist, good! But that he should aspire to be an orator likewise, and not an orator only, but a statesman, that surely is not to be borne. And when, not content with having two strings to his bow, he possesses an indefinite number of them; writes novels, romantic, historical, philosophical, and humorous; dazzles the House of Commons with his speeches, and presides with rare success over the Colonial Office; storms the town with the best prose comedy written since the death of Sheridan; provides the greatest actor of the day with one of his most telling parts; pens brilliant satires; delights his fellows as a tender and sympathetic essayist; is a country gentleman, a

man of the world, a member first of one, then of the other, House of Parliament; such a variety of endeavour, such an accumulation with such a contrast of achievement, adds perplexity to irritation, and in a serious, practical, and painstaking age, whose most honoured poets do nothing but write poetry, whose most trusted politicians do nothing but make speeches, and whose most popular dramatists do nothing but compose plays, raises up more detractors than eulogists, and dissipates admiration while it condenses envy and concentrates censure.

How has this affected Bulwer's son and successor? In two ways, it seems to me. The popular admiration for Bulwer Lytton was so great that no second bearer of the name could hope to equal it, save by still greater achievements of a similar character. The feat, let me add, is humanly impossible; and, as a fact, the achievements of the son have been of an essentially different character from those of the father. On the other hand, the grudging nature of critical admiration has been transferred more or less from Bulwer Lytton to Owen Meredith; and certain circumstances in the position and career of the latter have tended rather to perpetuate than to diminish it.

I have said we ought to look with suspicion on the theory that critics are incapable and malignant; and perhaps they never were less malignant, or more capable, than they are at present. But, as I have also said, they are human; not meaning merely that they are fallible in judgment, but that, like the rest of us, they have their likes and dislikes, their preferences and their prejudices, personal, social, political, and literary. In the Prefatory Memoirs to a collection of his father's speeches, Lord Lytton tells the following story: "When someone praised the good looks of the Duke of Richmond, 'Honest Jack Lee' exclaimed, 'Good-looking! What business have you to say that? That is for his own Party to say, and for us to deny? He is hideous?'" The anecdote may serve to illustrate my point, which is this. With all the good-will in the world to be fair and impartial, Liberal politicians are almost invariably found admiring Liberal poets and Liberal essayists, and not admiring, or remaining judiciously silent about, Tory poets and Tory essayists; just as, in the earlier days of the century, Tory writers in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* injudiciously committed themselves to contemptuous estimates of the writings of Keats and Shelley, for no better reason than that Keats and Shelley were not Tories. Ever since the first Reform Bill literary criticism has been written mostly by Liberals; a result only to be expected, seeing that the Tory Party, if not exactly, as its enemies declared, the Stupid Party, unquestionably became, as if deliberately, and has since remained,

the non-intellectual and non-literary Party. What few writers of originality and merit wearing Tory colours have made their appearance since that date have accordingly, and very naturally, been heavily handicapped. It was not the business of Liberal critics to sing their praises, and, if any Liberal critic had inadvertently done so, he would have met with the rebuke attributed to Honest Jack Lee, "What business have you to say that? It is for his own Party to say, and for us to deny. He 's a wretched scribbler, or, if he isn't, better say nothing about him."

When "The Wanderer" was first published, Bulwer Lytton, the most liberal of men and the most ardent champion of all reforms that aimed at social welfare, rather than at Constitutional change, had finally cast in his political lot with the Conservative Party, and sat in Parliament as one of the Tory Members for Hertfordshire. But Owen Meredith, dedicated to the career of Diplomacy, and living away from his native country in one European capital after another, had as yet publicly expressed, and probably privately entertained, no opinions that, in England, would be regarded as having a Party colour. But I remember the editor of a well-known London Liberal daily paper assuring me, about that time, or not very long afterwards, with an evident glow of satisfaction, that "young Lytton was a thorough Liberal." I recollect I answered laughingly, "Remember what Southey once said, that 'he was no more ashamed of having been a revolutionist than of having been eighteen'"; and I exhorted him not to count this particular chicken till it was fully hatched. But it is possible that such an impression was prevalent at the time, and that the young poet got the benefit of his supposed superiority in wisdom over his father.

But, indeed, there was so much to interest, to charm, to arouse curiosity, in the first edition of "The Wanderer," that it could hardly at any time, or in any circumstances, have failed to move the most saturnine of critics to sympathy and to something more than indulgence. Everybody knew who "Owen Meredith" was, and everybody endowed with fine sensibility was perforce touched by the mask of modesty worn by the boyish son of an illustrious parent. Nor can there well be a more favourable chance for the development of a poet's genius than is afforded by the life of a young *attaché*, who sees more men—to say nothing of more women—and more cities, than ever Ulysses visited, and under yet fairer auspices. It was manifest, too, that Owen Meredith had not failed to turn his opportunities to good account. When a young poet tells his readers—

> To love it is hard, and harder
> Perchance to be loved again.
> But if living be not loving,
> Then living is all in vain.—

they know what to expect. He may wish to sing of Cadmus and of the House of Atreus, as Anacreon protested that he did; but they know he will end, like the Teian bard, by singing only of love. There is no more agreeable theme, whether for poet or for audience. The subject never loses its freshness, provided the singer be a new one and knows how to sing. It was all very well to write—

> Unto my soul I said, "Make now complete
> Thy sacrifice by silence. Undeterred
> Strike down this beggar heart that would be heard,
> And stop men's pity in the public street";—

and to head the austere sonnet, "Sacrifice." They turned the page, and they found "The First Farewell," "The Last Wish," "A Love Letter," "The Buried Heart," and many another kindred elegy and lyric.

> Deem, if thou wilt, that I am all, and worse
> Than all they bid thee deem that I must be.
> But ah! wilt thou desert love's universe,
> Deserting me?
>
> Not for my sake, be mine unworth forgiven,
> But for thine own; since I, despite my dearth
> Of all that made thee what thou art, my Heaven,
> Am still thine Earth.
>
> Who will hold dear the ashes of the days
> Burnt out on altars deemed no more divine?
> Rests there of thy soul's wealth enough to raise
> A new god's shrine?
>
> Who will forgive thy cheek its faded bloom,
> Save he whose kisses that blanched rose hath fed?
> Thine eyes the stain of tears, save he for whom
> Those tears were shed?

The writer of such stanzas as these was evidently in that fascinating period of existence when whatever is felt or suffered is, as a matter of course, to be felt and suffered "for ever"—to-day eternal love, to-morrow eternal despair; when one is so young that one can well afford to feel old before one's time; in a word, in that propitious season happily described as "*l'heureux temps quand nous sommes si malheureux.*" Yearning and regretting make the best lyrical music; and it is not till men desire somewhat feebly, and forget rather rapidly, that the singing voice acquires a more masculine fibre. But, till that time comes, how natural, how *naïf*, how necessary is it to write—

> As lion, though by lion wounded, still
> Doth miss the boisterous pastime of his kind,
> Or wild sea-eagle, though with broken quill,
> Clipt and confined,
>
> And fed on dainty fare among the doves,
> Doth miss the stormy sea-wind and the brine;
> So would'st thou miss, amid all worthier loves,
> The unworth of mine.

Then, if the flush of love's first faith be wan,
And thou wilt love again, again love me
For what I am—no Saint, but still, a man
That worships Thee!

No one, however, could read "The Wanderer" without perceiving in it the promise of something more than a romantic or erotic lyricism. "The Portrait," which is perhaps the most widely-known of all Owen Meredith's compositions, and which is never likely to lose its popularity, "Going Back Again," "Resurrection," and other pieces of a kindred character, showed that the writer could place himself outside and beyond his own feelings and experiences, and contemplate the restless longings of youth with a half sad, half mocking, compassion. They are too well known to be cited here; but they served to prepare an intelligent reader for the more dramatic and philosophical Owen Meredith of the future; the Owen Meredith who could not only write, but at length come to believe—

For love—at least this love of one for one—
Is, at the best, not all beneath the sun,
And, at the worst, 'tis nothing.

the Owen Meredith who, in his charming and singularly original "Ode to a Starling," could thus express himself with the already ripening wisdom of the moralist.

Wherefore to me thou art
Dearer a thousand times
Than other singers are.
For 'tis not careful art,
Nor yet melodious rhymes,
'Tis courage that is rare.
Courage, before To-day
Upon his tyrant throne.
To make without dismay
To-morrow's mission known;
To preach the unpromised good
By time not yet asserted,
And, though misunderstood,
Remain undisconcerted.

Yet another note there was in this early singing, which probably escaped most ears at the time, but which it is peculiarly pleasant to recall, now that the passionate love of England, and of England's greatness, cherished by one who has been, in troublous times, Pro-consul of England's most glorious possession, is known, or should be known, to the whole world. The nature of his pursuits, in early life, had cut off Owen Meredith almost entirely from his native land. Yet how true his heart, even then, was to the home he rarely visited, was plainly shown, and exquisitely expressed, in a short poem called "Home-Sickness," where he describes himself as "dreaming a green dream of England."

But often wandering lonely over seas,
At fall of day in unfamiliar land,
What time the serious light is on the leas,
To me there comes a sighing after ease
Much wanted, and an aching wish to stand
Knee-deep in English grass, and have at hand
A little churchyard cool, with native trees,
And grassy mounds thick-laced with ozier band,
Wherein to rest at last, nor further stray.
So sad of heart, muse I, at close of day
On safe and quiet England: till thought ails
With inward groanings deep for meadows gray;
Grey copses cool with twilight, shady dales,
Home-gardens full of rest, where never may
Come loud intrusion; and, what chiefly fails
My sick desire, old friendships fled away.
I am much vexed with loss. Kind memory, lay
My head upon thy lap, and tell me tales
Of the good old time, when all was pure and gay.

"*Qu'est ce qu'une belle vie?*" asks a French writer; and he replies to the question that it is a dream of youth fulfilled in manhood. Surely the owner of Knebworth, if he ever takes down from the shelf his earliest volume, and his eye should fall on these tender longing verses, must feel that his "green dream of England" came true, and that he has had a fair and goodly life.

I pass over "Lucile" with little comment. A novel in verse, if the story be interesting, and the verse musical, will find its way into the hands of many readers without any recommendation from reviewers; and I, for one, should not think of expecting a serious critic to wax enthusiastic over "Lucile." As far as I am acquainted with the writings of Owen Meredith, everything that he has done is well done. As the phrase is, it is good of its sort. But I do not think one can rate the "sort" in this case very highly. "Lucile" seems to stand mid-way between the vernal charm of "The Wanderer," and the rich autumn tints and autumn fruits to be met with in the riper writings of the Earl of Lytton. Like summer, "Lucile" is luscious, but its colour is uniform; it is neither blossom nor harvest. To a later edition of "The Wanderer," the author has, with much felicity, prefixed this quotation from Petrarch:—

Ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva il cuore
In sul mio primo giovenile errore,
Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' io sono.

But the *primo giovenile errore*, the *pêché de jeunesse*, is oftentimes, from the literary point of view, worth far more than all the virtues and all the wisdom of middle life; and such would, in my opinion, have been the case with the writings of Owen Meredith, had he

become only "*in parte altr' uom*" from the author of "The Wanderer." It has been at once his merit, and his good fortune, to have become, in due course, entirely "another man," entirely another writer; not to remain, as poets sometimes do, only his first self, merely one of the *infantum animæ flentes in limine primo*, but to rise by gradual stages from mere lyrical impulse and mere Lydian measures to the more stately music of dramatic and epic expression. Perhaps this very maturing of his Muse has ministered for a time to a diminution of its popularity. Poems, described by their author as "Classical, Historical, and Characteristic," do not, like "The Wanderer," or "Lucile," carry their own credentials with them for the world at large. They need to be introduced to the great company of readers by some gracious master of the ceremonies, some competent and admiring critic. But, alas! by the time these poems were first published, I fear the most sanguine "Honest Jack Lee" could not have deceived himself as to the backsliding of Owen Meredith towards the ideas and principles of Conservatism. Without his making any formal profession of faith, the opinions of a man who has become a Secretary of Legation, and whose father is the Colonial Secretary of a Tory Administration, get to be tolerably well known; and no Liberal master of the ceremonies in the great assembly of Literature thought it incumbent on him to say very much about poems it was so easy to ignore.

I hope it will not be thought I am either complaining of this, or compassionating Owen Meredith. As I have said, critics are human, like other people, and it would be unreasonable to expect them not to be so. For the most part, they stand by their friends and those who share their opinions. As to eulogy in one's lifetime, very little of it ought to content a healthy and reasonable mind, and very much of it a healthy and reasonable mind will regard with misgiving. There have been too many notorious persons in this generation—and some of them, what persons!—for any serious man to covet notoriety, indeed for him not rather to shrink from it. But though I should think Owen Meredith has had quite enough of such fame as can be bestowed on anyone in his lifetime, it is permissible for others to note that solid and discriminating recognition has hitherto been churlish and inadequate, and to try to account for this without finding fault with anyone or with the constitution of things in general. In making that inquiry, one or two of the causes have been lightly indicated. Another cause, perhaps, is worth mentioning, since it is illustrative of the comparative worthlessness of all contemporary judgments. Though, since he became Viceroy of India, the Earl of Lytton has, in a sense, lived in the world's eye, he has the true poet's love of retirement,

and the true man of the world's dislike to the narrow and narrowing atmosphere of cliques. But, as a rule, if a man can say, like Shakespeare's Duke in "Measure for Measure,"

For I have always loved the life removed,

he must be prepared to pay the penalty of his tastes. His seclusion will be set down by many persons to pride, by some to exclusiveness, by others to want of sympathy with literature and with those who cultivate letters, to every reason, in fact, but the real ones, which are probably love of nature, the need for solitude, a taste for meditation and quiet, a dislike of babble and controversy, a dread of little envies and jealousies, and a deep distrust of the judgments and impartiality of "birds of a feather."

To fly from need not be to hate mankind,

we are told in "Childe Harold." But I fear that to avoid much intercourse with men is to excite, if not their hatred, at any rate their dislike, and, in the absence of any such feeling, their indifference. "Out of sight, out of mind," is an old proverb, and men naturally are more interested in those they see and consort with, than in those they see rarely or never. It is inconceivable that the merits of Wordsworth's verse would have so long remained imperfectly recognized had he been as familiar a figure in London as Rogers, or Campbell, or Moore, or that only seventeen copies of "The Lament for Adonais" would have been sold had Shelley lived in Piccadilly instead of at Pisa or Lerici. Whether Wordsworth's or Shelley's poetry would have been as much benefited by the change as their popularity, is another question. As a rule, the conditions that minister to the real greatness of a writer tend to maintain him during his lifetime in comparative obscurity; an arrangement which no wise writer will resent, though his more discriminating contemporaries may regret that one generation, at least, is thus more or less deprived of profitable familiarity with his compositions—viz. the generation in which he has lived and died.

Some explanation, at any rate, is required to account for the comparative neglect encountered by the poems of which I have spoken. That the reader may judge for himself concerning the merit of these compositions, let me take "Licinius" as a sample of their quality. It is divided into six parts, entitled respectively "The Time," "The Man," "The Gods," "The Past," "The Present," "The Future." The time is the period when Imperial Rome had become

. . . mere space, spread forth,
Confused and shapeless, east, west, south, and north;
And, the whole homeless earth thus made her home,
Rome now might nowhere rid herself of Rome.
The heavens were all distemper'd with the breath
Of her old age. She, very nigh to death,

Paced thro' her perishing world in search of air
Unpoison'd by herself; but everywhere,
Like that Greek giant to whose frenzied frame
The blood of his slain foe clung fast as flame,
Withering the mighty limbs he could not free
From their disastrous trophy, so did she,
Choked by her own ensanguined purple, pant.

Constantine had defeated Maxentius; Galerius and Maximin were both dead; and only Licinius, who had married Constantine's sister Constantina, disputed with him the sole government of the Roman Empire. Though Constantine had not yet personally embraced Christianity, if, indeed, he ever fully did so, he extended something more than toleration to the new Religion. As Lord Lytton says :—

Old things had ceased, nor new things yet begun,
To justify their place beneath the sun.
The Future and the Past, contending, wrought
To wreck the present, for whose faith they fought.
* * * * *

Licinius was Emperor of the East, and Constantine was Emperor of the West; and, in their rivalry, they half anticipated the famous struggle between Julian the Apostate and the growing power and influence of Christianity. The situation is described with telling terseness by Lord Lytton, and the portion of the poem entitled "The Time" is thus brought to a conclusion :—

Then, when Licinius, Rome's last Roman, saw
The gods, his sires had worshipt with grave awe,
By slave, and savage, pimp, buffoon, and priest
Scorn'd and insulted, "Unavenged, at least,
The great gods die not!" groan'd the grey old man.
And, breaking bounds from wilds Pannonian,
He, with a remnant rallied to the name
Of Jove the Avenger, cross'd the world, and came,
Camping on Hebrus, to confront the Sign
Of that new Creed proclaimed by Constantine.

In the part entitled "The Man," Licinius addresses the troops he has assembled "under the wild and sullen hills of Thrace" to do battle for the menaced Paganism of Rome.

"Romans, whose pride is by your name approved,
The immortal gods, that to your fathers gave
The empire they now call their sons to save,
From yonder altars on those sons look down,
And all Olympus deems our cause its own.
With us the gods to battle go: with us
Whatever rests of Rome yet virtuous,
Yet Roman: all of manhood left on earth,
Of godhood left in Heaven. From every hearth
Where Roman sons revere heroic sires
Our hearts have caught hereditary fires."

He calls upon them to "serve and save all that made Rome Rome," to fight for the gods who fought for the great Achilles, who brought

Ulysses to his island home, and from Troy the patriarch sire of Rome, against the new God,

> Patron of slaves, and Power of upstart growth.

It is necessary to read the entire poem, not to rely upon isolated passages, to know with what graphic imagination the position and feelings of Licinius, that represented the position and feelings of all the noblest spirits that clung to the old Creed, are brought before us. But the Third Part, entitled "The Gods," is much finer again than either of the preceding ones. Unfortunately, it is yet more difficult to do justice to it by mere excerpts. When silence has descended upon the camp, and the night is far spent, Licinius muses by the altar of the gods. He feels discouragement and then fear. But suddenly

> A mystic wind was moving in his hair,
> And hands unearthly touched him unaware.

The sky suddenly opens, and he sees:

> The fair Olympians, all at once, and all
> Together, in the Ambrosial Banquet Hall!
> Each august countenance (vast gladness closed
> In complete calm) ineffably composed
> To awful beauty. Unendurably bare
> The bright celestial nakednesses were.

One by one they are described, from Jove to Juno, down to attendants like Iris and Ganymede. They are as much surprised by the presence of Licinius, as he is at finding himself in such high company. Hebe, filling up a cup with nectar, pauses, and stares with half-displeased wonder at the mortal intruder.

> Ganymede, too, stopp'd
> Teasing Jove's Eagle: who, with a great cry,
> Rose, rough'd his feathers, seem'd about to fly,
> But, seeing Jove so quiet, droop'd his wing,
> And waited watchful of his keen-eyed king.
> Venus with glance disdainful turn'd to scan
> The old man's face: then, seeing that the man
> Was chopp'd with battle, sun-bronzed, seam'd with scars,
> She, whose white arm was round the throat of Mars,
> Pointed a rosy finger, veiling half
> In her soft eyes a little mirthful laugh
> Under delicious lids dark-lash'd. But he
> Look'd on his worshipper remorsefully,
> As some grave chieftan, when the strife is done,
> Safe and unhurt himself, might gaze upon
> His wounded battle-horse about to die.

It is Apollo, as is fitting, who, in Part IV., called "The Past," expounds to Licinius the mind of the Gods and the decrees of "all-wise Necessity." The Divinities of Olympus were not the first, Apollo pleads, nor can they be the last, teachers of Man; and they, for their part, have found him no apt pupil, for he has misconstrued and travestied their noblest teaching, and made his life

brutish that should be god-like. The originality of Apollo's argument, as shown in the following passage, and in many more verses than can be quoted here, seems to me very striking:—

"Beauteous we strove to make it . . . strove in vain!
Since man's low nature, failing to attain
The life of gods, but filch'd from gods their names
To deify what most degrades, most shames,
The life of man. Ill thank'd was all our toil!
To glorify earth's clay, oh, not to soil
Heaven's azure! came we from the kindly skies,
Kindling immortal fire in mortal eyes.
We gave men Beauty. But our gift, misused,
Hath wrong'd the givers. Have not men abused
Our very names, invoking them amiss
To deify ill deeds? Was it for this
Dian is chaste? Mars brave? and Venus fair?
And Jove just-minded? Wherefore, howsoe'er
Henceforth man's worship may be named by man,
Not ours shall be the names it mocks. Nor can
Man's offerings shame our altars any more."

* * * * *

"Know
That we, the gods, who minister no more
To man's ambition, fairer than of yore
Thy fathers found us, since henceforth set free
From all that mixt us with mortality,
Range undisturb'd, beyond all reach of change,
In regions where immortal memories range,
Unvext by mortal hopes: responsible
For mortal wrongs no longer.
"Deem not ill
For man whatever betters aught man deems,
Or hath deem'd, beautiful, tho' but in dreams.
Not by shrines shatter'd, not by statues spurn'd,
Temples deserted, altars overturn'd,
And incense stinted, are the gods disgraced;
But by base homage of a herd debased,
By Faith in service to a fraudful Force,
And wrongful deed by righteous name made worse.
Time, that returns not, errs not. Be content,
Knowing thus much: nor toil against the event
Whereto Time tends."

III.

Thus, frowning, Phœbus said,
And Jove, from high Olympus, bow'd his head.

The reply of Licinius occupies Part the Fifth. It is long, but not one line too long, and portrays, in true dramatic fashion, the bewilderment, the despair, the tenacious attachment of one who might almost be dubbed *Ultimus Romanorum*, to the majesty and creed of Rome, which he cannot dissociate from its traditional and immemorial gods. In words of passionate eloquence, he forgets that he is a mortal, his audience immortal; and he becomes the

arraigner of the very Tribunal of Olympus. No one, I think, will wish that I had curtailed the following quotation :—

"Gods, condemn,
Punish man, plague him . . . but forsake him? No!
Not for your own sakes! Lest your godhoods grow,
From long disuse of god-like attributes,
Less lovely even than the life of brutes,
Not being so helpful.

"Yet, howe'er that be,
I, at the least, have loved ye, trusted ye,
So long that, tho' for me you fight no more,
Still must I fight for you. 'Twill soon be o'er:
Or one way, or another. Soonest, best,
I think: nor greatly care to know the rest.
One thing's to gain yet—death. No room to range
From what I am! The gods may change, Fate change,
I cannot. Not each casual tomb will fit
The fame a Roman's death consigns to it.
And I for this too-long-continued life
Must find fit end: hew out, with gods at strife,
Tho' sword break, heart break, all break, in the attempt,
Memorial—mournful, but, at least, exempt
From all incongruous contradiction vile.
Nor is life left me to lament, meanwhile,
Life's failure—frustrate faith, and fruitless deed!
One life, wherewith to fail, or to succeed,
Is man's. One only. I, at my life's end,
Cannot go back to the beginning—mend
What it hath made me—unlove what I loved—
Love what I loathed—condemn what I approved—
New-self myself, to suit occasion new.
The arrow, sped, must still its flight pursue
As first the bowman aim'd it, tho' since then
The bowman shift his ground. Life speeds with men
Even thus. And few can chuse, none change, what 's done.
A man hath but one mother: and but one
Childhood: one past: one future: but one hearth:
One heart—to give or keep: one heaven: one earth:
And one religion.

"Yet thus much, tho' spent
His force, and spoil'd his whole life's element,
A man may do: and this, at least, will I!
Ere, quench'd, the fires that still consume me, die,
I will collect their scatter'd heats, push all
Life's ashes, even while yet the embers fall,
Into a heap, and send the dying flame
Full in Heaven's face!"

If any living English poet has imagined a more dramatic situation, or written a finer passage than the above, either I am not acquainted with it, or I am a very incompetent judge.

The following lines, in which Licinius turns on Apollo himself, and vents on the God his human scorn, is almost equally excellent, and shows how Lord Lytton might have written for the stage in

the highest vein, did we possess a stage or a theatrical public worth writing for :—

> " No singer I ! but a dull soldier : fit
> Simply to love a thing, and fight for it,
> Or hate a thing and fight against it. Vent
> My soul in song, I cannot, I ! content
> To do, at least, what merits to be sung
> Hold fast, when old, the faith I pledged when young :
> Live up to it : die for it, if needs be.
> What comfort, O Apollo, dwells for me,
> Or what for any man, in leave to praise
> The life of gods whose life his own betrays ?
> Their loves, that love him not ? their power, that is
> The mockery of the weakness they leave his ?
> Sing no more songs, Apollo, in men's ears !
> Leave us, ye gods, in silence to the tears
> You understand not ! Spare this much-vext earth
> Distracting visions of Heaven's unshared mirth !
> This, also, ere I die " . . . . .

Licinius pauses ; for, as the poet tells us in a noble simile, his heart broke the thought in it, sharply, as a dart breaks in the effort of a wounded man to pluck it from the wound. He gazes round Olympus, and beholds only eyes contemptuous, eyes cruel, eyes disdainful of his pain. Love, alone of all the Gods, seems to bend towards him a listening ear and a sympathizing gaze ; and Licinius, after fresh reproaches to the indifferent deities, passionately asks if there be not " one, one of all you Gods," to assure the human heart that it did not err in trusting to its divine instinct ; one

> " Which, fronting Heaven with constant countenance,
> Would whisper, ' I am love, and love is there,
> And love to love is kindred everywhere ! ' "

But which, Licinius asks, of all the Gods can do this ? Suddenly Love answers, " I ! " and in the sunrise of his surpassing gaze, all the other Olympian lights grow faint and wan. We are introduced to " The Future "—

> Gone the Olympian Festival !
> Gone all the rosy revellers ! Rough the road
> With raunce and bramble, where once breathed and glow'd
> The clear-cupp'd cistus and bright asphodel.
> And lo, where last each golden goblet fell,
> A grinning scull ! On the sharp summit seem'd,
> Where late Olympian Jove's bright throne had beam'd,
> Some dim stupendous image, looming thro'
> Red morn's dull mist, and lurid in the dew,
> Till at its foot the god-led mortal stood :
> Then on his brow fell drops of human blood
> From a great Cross, wide-arm'd, that o'er him spread.

Licinius does not understand. He is bewildered and indignant ; and even when the Cross burgeons into flowers, he can only muse,

"mute with awe, and lost in light." The vision ceases; and with these lines ends the poem.

> A sudden trumpet sounded as in scorn
> From the dark camps.
> It was the battle morn.

I should with difficulty name any indispensable ingredient in great poetry that is not found in "Licinius." Its groundwork is a lofty and just conception; and it is worked out with fertile invention, and executed with sureness and rapidity of touch. The language is noble, the imagery bold and original, and the dramatic interest sustained throughout. But it will have been observed that the author is no miniature painter, no enamelist. There is nothing "microscopic" here. He does not linger nor potter over details. His strokes are broad and dashing, for he is more occupied with his subject than with its trappings and its dress. Thus it is the entire poem, not particular passages, that must be read, should anyone wish to decide if, in his opinion, my admiration of it be or be not excessive.

When one begins to quote from a poet, the pages grow rapidly under one's hand; but, without quoting, and quoting pretty liberally, how is one to point one's moral? I feel, however, that I have used the privilege rather freely, and I must, therefore, content myself with only one more quotation, that contrasts strongly with those I have made from "Licinius." For Owen Meredith has inherited one quality at least in a striking degree from Bulwer Lytton. He is both copious and varied. Of him no one ever could say, *Il s'écoute.* His own manner, no doubt, he has, as is the case with every man of genius; but the manner never crystallizes into mannerism, and his style instinctively modifies itself with ready flexibility, in order to harmonize with its theme. The lines are from "The Earl's Return":—

> And the flowers decay'd in their dismal beds,
> And dropp'd off from their lean shanks one by one,
> Till nothing was left but the stalks and the heads,
> Clump'd into heaps, or ripp'd into shreds,
> To steam into salt in the sickly sun.
> And the cattle low'd late up the glimmering plain,
> Or dipp'd knee-deep, and splash'd themselves
> In the pools spat out by the spiteful main,
> Wallowing in sandy dykes and delves:
> And the blear-eyed filmy sea did boom
> With his old mysterious hungering sound:
> And the wet wind wail'd in the chinks of the tomb,
> Till the weeds in the surf were drench'd and drown'd.
> And the Earl, as years went by, and his life
> Grew listless, took him another wife.

To test the assertion that variety is one of the most striking qualities in the writings of Owen Meredith, one cannot do better

than turn to "Fables in Song." Breaking away, not only from all his predecessors, in the treatment of the Fable, but equally from all his own compositions, Lord Lytton has given the Fable new life, new form, new force. Aphoristic, as a fabulist, he necessarily is; but he makes aphorism take a subordinate place. Occasionally he moralizes; but he rarely tags a literal or bare moral to his apologue, and he never spoils his narrative with the tedious appendix of a sermon. He indicates and suggests, rather than philosophizes. In a word, for the mentor and the epigrammatist he substitutes the poet and the artist. He does rightly to call his fables, "Fables in Song," for they are essentially children of the lyric Muse.

In the early part of last year, Lord Lytton published his longest poem, indeed one of the longest poems ever written, "Glenaveril, or the Metamorphoses." It was discoursed of at the time in the *National Review* by my friend Mr. Courthope, who handled it with the fine taste and the moderation that are never absent from anything he writes. He wrote of "Glenaveril" with qualified admiration, and I confess it is only with qualified admiration I could write of it, notwithstanding its high and remarkable qualities. Possibly the present writer is not a fair judge in this case, having himself used the *ottava rima* at considerable length, and used it in a very different manner. Writers not unnaturally grow attached to their own way of handling a metre, not to say intolerantly prejudiced in favour of it, to the exclusion of due indulgence towards other methods. At the same time, one can hardly fail to be aware that, as Cardinal Newman says in an unpublished letter which lies before me, "of all metres, the *ottava rima* is the most exquisite, as admitting of grace, freedom, strength, pathos, and humour, and suited for narrative, descriptive, or meditative poetry, more than any other." These words were written as long ago as 1873, and, therefore, many years before the publication of "Glenaveril." Yet Lord Lytton might almost appeal to them as the justification of his novel use of the *ottava rima* in that form. One is certainly not in a position to deny that in "Glenaveril" are found grace, freedom, strength, pathos, and humour, and that it is a poem at once narrative, descriptive, and meditative. Moreover, it would be strange, indeed, if a poem that travels over so much ground, written by the Earl of Lytton in the very meridian of his powers, did not contain many passages that arrest the attention, enchant the ear, go straight to the heart, and completely satisfy the judgment. But it seems to me that the scheme of the poem is not felicitous, if the taste and patience of readers, neither impatient nor wanting in culture and refinement, are to be taken into account in our estimate

of it. A poem of such unusual proportions can justify its length only by the absorbing interest that accompanies the action, or by the perpetual and unflagging brilliancy of the execution. Now, the story of "Glenaveril" is not absorbingly interesting. It does not enchain curiosity. But, in default of this species of attraction, there remains only the magnetism of continuous inspiration and supreme handiwork.

Now, in "Glenaveril," Lord Lytton mounts his Pegasus, and, in a journey of considerable duration, he allows it not only to fly, but to trot, canter, galop, walk, amble, and, he must forgive me for adding, sometimes shuffle. Let me not be misunderstood. He does not do this from incapacity, or because he is an inexpert rider. He does it deliberately, and because he is of opinion that this is the way Pegasus may and should be ridden through a long story of modern life, told in the octave stanza. It is here I must take issue with him. I should be the last person, I think, to wish to see Pegasus trained into a park hack—as, in sooth, he has been not unoften in our days—made to caracole and curvet, and forced, by help of cruel curb and strong martingale, to go through all the small tricks and dandified antics of the metrical *manège*. Indeed, I remember, *Consule Planco*, and therefore with that presumptuous levity which is one of the foibles of youth, writing some such stanza as the following, in the same *ottava rima* that carries "Glenaveril" along:—

> What ho! my dappled Pegasus! we must
> Have one more breather up the Sacred Hill.
> He has not blown his belly out, I trust,
> With too deep draughts from the Pierian rill.
> Are the girths tight? the stirrups free from rust?
> What! stop his corn! No, let him have his fill.
> Take off that curb. 'Tis well for those whom baffle
> His playful tricks: I ride him with a snaffle.

I am still disposed to think that sound principle underlay those lines, notwithstanding their unfortunate manner. I am all in favour of giving Pegasus his head. But I do not think he ought to be allowed such paces as the following:—

> But to return to what I had to say—
> (And here a packet from a desk he drew)
> These notes, dear Ivor, may assist thee. Nay
> Take them, and, at thy leisure, look them through.
> I wrote them long ago (ah, well-a-day!)
> For thy grandfather, my dear friend, in view
> Of a long journey it was then our plan
> To make together over Hindustan.

A touch of the spur, and a slight tightening of the curb, would do Pegasus no harm here. Lord Lytton thinks differently; for, in "Glenaveril," there are scores of such stanzas, side by side with

others of flawless beauty, of terse moralizing, of humorous observation. I do not forget that Byron said, very justly, that a long poem cannot be all poetry, any more than the sky can be all stars. But betwixt and between the "patines of bright gold" there must still be "the floor of Heaven," not the prosaic carpet of the earth. Otherwise, we shall not be able to say that the poem "in its motion like an angel sings."

If Lord Lytton were to plead that, in a long narrative poem dealing with incidents of modern life, there must be many prosaic bridges to be traversed, and that his is the best way of getting over them, I should be forced to submit that, in such case, the scheme of the poem is a wrong one. *Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*; and Apollo, to say the least of it, is just as intractable as Mercury. How to put the matter into the form, or impress the form on the matter, that is the question with which the artist, and the poet like every other artist, finds himself perpetually confronted. Perfection of form with meagreness of matter, or abundance of matter with imperfection of form, each is common, and each is comparatively easy. But the poets who achieve only one or other of these results are perforce secondary poets. Literary *Virtuosi* may coo over the empty refinement of the one, and uncritical readers may rave over the shapeless abundance of the other. But the last word of a discriminating criticism upon both will be, that the ideal Pegasus has two wings, and theirs apparently has only one.

In his best, indeed in his ordinary moments, Owen Meredith is not open to this reproach. But, in my opinion, for what it is worth, he has in "Glenaveril" not solved the artistic problem just spoken of, but has avoided it. He has manifested his own capacity, indeed each of his capacities exhibiting himself successively as poet, wit, man of the world, statesman, country gentleman, and philosopher. But there is something higher than the mere manifestation of one's own power; viz. that noble self-restraint, that reverence for form, that living and ever-present awe of some sanction external to oneself, which secures, along with perfection of manner, the maximum of strength, and which will continue to produce in the future, as it has produced in the past, the consummate triumphs of art and the highest achievements of poetry.

In France, where people are supposed to be vainer, and where, at any rate, they are more simple than in England, it is not uncommon to ask an author which may be his *œuvre de prédilection*; in other words, which of his works he himself prefers and thinks best of. Most Englishmen would be embarrassed by such a question; but it can be answered vicariously, with ease. One's greatest work, one's *œuvre de prédilection*, is always the one that has just been written. It is the youngest of the family, the latest of all

one's loves. Yet, unless I err, Owen Meredith has written much better poems than "Glenaveril," and I feel fully confident it will be followed by others that will supersede "Glenaveril" even in the affections of its author.

An exhaustive account of the literary career of Lord Lytton, even though it can hardly be considered as having yet more than reached its meridian, would carry us over more ground than I can here attempt to traverse.* But no one can form an adequate conception of the number and variety of the achievements by which it has already been distinguished, who does not make the acquaintance of works concerning which I have been absolutely silent. *Orval; or, The Fool of Time*, is not everybody's book; but it must be scanned by all who care to apprehend the many-sided qualities of its author. But the *Serbski Pesme*, a volume of Servian Songs, contains both war-lyrics and love-lyrics, inspired so directly by the soil and by the affections of a primitive and interesting people, that to read them with indifference is impossible. Recent events have given to them a fresh and immediate interest, while leaving to them their permanent charm.

If I were asked what is the strongest impression left on me by the author's poems, taken in their integrity, I should say the impression is that of excessive fertility and embarrassing exuberance. Whether as Owen Meredith, or as Earl of Lytton, the poet has given us not only the best, but the whole, of his store. He has kept back nothing. Unlike those writers who cultivate a parsimonious concern for their reputation, he has let it, to use a colloquial phrase, take its chance. There is a "negligent grandeur" in such a proceeding that exalts our estimate of the man, though, perhaps, in some degree it may affect injuriously the opinion finally passed upon his works. *Le style c'est l'homme* is not always strictly true, unless we include in the phrase not only the natural man but also the second man, the creature of literary habit formed by deliberate art. Authors commonly, and even poets sometimes, suppress their natural self to a certain extent, in deference to what they conceive to be the best and highest methods of composition. When someone com-

* Another remarkable example of the versatility of Lord Lytton is to be observed in the translation executed by him of three stories of the German novelist, Karl Erdmann Edler, recently issued, in two volumes, by Messrs. Bentley & Son. The tales are, in themselves, beyond praise; and I agree with Lord Lytton, where he says, in his interesting Preface, that, since Goethe's *Mignon*, imaginative literature has given birth to no figure more novel in its beauty, or more touching in its pathos, than that of *Baldine*. But what a fortunate man is Herr Edler to have his stories rendered into English by Lord Lytton! No one, in reading the English version, would suppose for a moment he was not reading the original work. Our age has its shortcomings, no doubt; but I think it can point to one or two men, as many-sided as any of the most dazzling characters of the Renaissance; and Owen Meredith is assuredly one of them.

plimented Pope on the quantity of verse he had written, he replied, "If you had only seen how much more has gone up the chimney!" But we feel that little, if any, of Owen Meredith's work has gone that road. He is evidently too natural, too sincere, too unaffected, in a word too manly, to pick and choose among the flowers of his fancy. "Such as they are," he seems to say, "at any rate they are mine; and whether good, bad, or indifferent, they are the genuine outcome of my disposition, my feelings, and my experience. In a word—and take them for what they are worth—they are Me." Such a method of procedure, I confess, I find peculiarly engaging; for it testifies, in an age of not a little feminine vanity, to the author's masculine unconsciousness of his own literary importance.

The general result, therefore, is to leave on the mind the impression, if not that the writer is greater than his work, at least that his greatness is to be measured only by the entire sum of his work. But in the present instance, it is not Literature alone that lends a pedestal to personal eminence. We must not forget that Owen Meredith, Earl of Lytton, has served the greatest of Empires in one of the greatest of positions. It was his misfortune to be Viceroy of India at a moment when Party passion was raging with a fury and an unscrupulousness unprecented, and, I hope, never to be repeated. But I believe that, in the opinion of impartial and competent judges, the main outlines of Lord Lytton's Central Asian Policy have been justified by subsequent experience, and that at the present moment they trace, with fair distinctness, the features of the policy of his successors. I may, perhaps, venture to add that I can affirm, of my own knowledge, that, in his character of Governor-General of India, Lord Lytton enjoyed the confidence, and commanded the admiration, of two Secretaries of State, so capable, while so different in their capacity, as Lord Cranbrook and the present Prime Minister.

No Englishman can be said to have gathered all the laurels which the greatness of his country, and the extraordinary variety of its public life, place at his disposal, who has not at one time or another shown himself to possess the attributes, if not of an orator in the older sense, at least of an excellent speaker as oratory is understood now-a-days. Lord Lytton has not spoken very often, whether on the platform or in the House of Lords. But I remember how, happening to lunch with Lord Beaconsfield the day after the ex-Viceroy of India delivered his first speech in Parliament, "How did he acquit himself?" I asked; "for I am sorry to say I did not hear him." "Admirably," replied that fastidious if magnanimous critic. "He has caught the manner of the House as if by instinct; and, therefore, he instantly commanded its attention."

Thus I think we may fairly say of him that, like his illustrious father, he has falsified the dictum of Virgil, "*Non omnia possumus omnes.*" He has done all things, and done them all well. Nor can I believe that his achievements are at an end. It is impossible, it would scarcely be right, that his country should not again enjoy, in some capacity, the fruits of his long and varied experience. Would there not be something peculiarly appropriate, something that touched the imagination while it satisfied the judgment, were we to see him exercising the grave and weighty functions of a mature Diplomatist in one of those Capitals of Europe where, as a young *attaché*, he "lived and loved"? But in the event of this destiny being reserved for him, I must protest beforehand against the Poet being merged in the Ambassador, or in the Earl of Lytton so circumscribing his interests, or so limiting his energies, as ever to make us forget to identify him with Owen Meredith.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

[In conformity with what we gather to be the desire of the readers of the *National Review*, it will in future contain a monthly survey of Public Affairs, under the heading, "Politics at Home and Abroad." We shall endeavour to secure the performance of the task in a fair and impartial spirit; though the survey will avowedly be made from a Conservative point of view.—Editors *N. R.*]

The most sensational, and, in its consequences, the most important political incident of the month in the realm of domestic affairs, has been the Resignation by Lord Randolph Churchill of his seat in the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury, and the abrupt abandonment of his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. That the occurrence should have taken almost the whole world by surprise, only shows how little almost the whole world appreciated the temperament, or understood the ordinary methods of procedure, of that vigorous and brilliant, but somewhat wayward politician. We may now permit ourselves to say, what it would not have been loyal to say before, that his rapid elevation to the high political rank he lately occupied was not in itself altogether satisfactory. But it was rendered practically inevitable, both by the impatience of a considerable number of Conservatives with the older and more temperate methods of political warfare, and by the refusal of the Liberal Unionists to join the Conservative Party in forming an Administration; and from the moment Lord Randolph Churchill was nominated Leader of the Party in the House of Commons, it became the plain duty of all Conservatives to stifle their misgivings, in public at least, to "bolt the bran," and to hope for the best. But serious and competent observers, while hoping for the best, feared the worst, and entertained grave fears that he would either lead the Cabinet into fatal courses, or at an early date part company with it. Of the first alternative we had an unspeakable dread. To the second, we have no insuperable objection. In

losing the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Conservative Party loses a quick, dexterous debater, but it is thereby purged of much "perilous stuff."

Yet, relieved as many Conservatives feel at the secession of Lord Randolph Churchill, it cannot be said that nothing became his tenure of office so much as his manner of quitting it. He contrived, in resigning office, to combine with want of regard for the public service, want of respect for his Sovereign; announcing his Resignation to the world through the daily press, before it had been communicated to the Queen. On such a violation of Constitutional precedent, and such an offence against political seemliness, it is unnecessary to comment at any length. In Mr. Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady*, young Touchett says of his father, the semi-Anglicised American banker, that, during the course of thirty years' residence in England, he had learnt the things that Englishmen say, but that he had not learnt the things Englishmen do not say. It may, with equal truth, be observed of Lord Randolph Churchill, that he has learnt a great many things English statesmen do, but that he, apparently, has not learnt what they do not do.

It is not worth while to enter minutely into the question what was the immediate cause or pretext of Lord Randolph Churchill's Resignation. Sooner or later, a politician whose governing rule of conduct, as regards himself, is *Sic volo sic jubeo*, and, as regards others, absolute submission to his will, was sure to quarrel with his colleagues, even with a colleague so indulgent and so superior to all personal considerations as the Prime Minister. But, as a fact, this novice in Finance resigned because he preferred the preconceived symmetry of his Budget to Military and Naval precautions all the members of the Cabinet save himself considered indispensable to the safety of the Empire. We do not wish to imply that there were no other subjects on which he differed from them. Indeed, we fear it is no exaggeration to say he was perpetually differing with everybody on everything. But, in announcing his Resignation to the Prime Minister, the sole motive assigned for the step was the excessive character of the Estimates, as he professed to regard it, of the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty. It is imperative that the country should neither be misled nor confused on this point. When those Estimates come to be laid before Parliament, we believe they will be found to err, if at all, on the side of improvident parsimony; and, jointly, they are below the Estimates of the preceding twelvemonth. It is difficult to persuade any Cabinet to tell the country the whole truth concerning National Armaments and National Defences; and we have, in our opinion, still to see the Government

that will confront this grave question with adequate frankness and courage.

But while, in looking at political principle rather than at immediate Party advantage, we cannot regret the Resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill, we are, of course, free to admit that, in respect of personal popularity and debating power, he was superior to all his colleagues, with the exception of the Prime Minister. Moreover, he had, at the close of last Session, made a good beginning as Leader of the House. That his disposition would have permitted him, for any length of time, to be strikingly successful in that difficult position, we cannot for one moment believe. But a successor has to be found for the vacant post; and the most interesting question of the hour is who that successor is to be.

It is commonly assumed that no competent successor can be found in the ranks of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. We wholly dissent from that assumption, which is grounded on little, if anything, more substantial than the rapid advance into the first place by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. It has never been the custom with Conservatives, or indeed with English gentlemen of any political creed, to assert themselves and their claims irrespectively of the position and capacity of others; and hence men like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Edward Stanhope, Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Raikes, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir Matthew White Ridley, and others, have come to figure in the public eye as personages permanently condemned to a secondary political position, for no other reason than that in one respect, and one respect only, they are the inferiors of the eager politician who distanced them. Twelve years ago Lord Hartington was deemed, and justly deemed, thoroughly competent to lead the House of Commons. Will anyone allege that the gentlemen we have named are inferior in intellectual power and administrative experience to Lord Hartington, as Lord Hartington was in 1874? The better sort of Englishmen rarely exhibit, and never parade, the qualities they possess for the tenure of high office, till they are called on to fill it. They afford indications of their capacity, but that is all. We assert, with the utmost confidence, that there are several Conservatives in the House of Commons thoroughly capable of leading it, unless we have fallen on such evil days that something beside long experience, good breeding, assiduous attention, and the gift of lucid speech, is an indispensable qualification for that position.

But though we entertain no doubt whatever of the correctness of this assertion, nevertheless we must cordially approve of the overtures the Prime Minister has once more addressed to Lord Harting-

ton; and we should be highly gratified if the negotiations opened at the moment at which we write these lines, should prove more fruitful than those of last summer. There exist much stronger reasons now than existed then, why Lord Hartington and his colleagues should be willing, even anxious, to co-operate directly and officially with Lord Salisbury in the task of government. They decided, last July, to extend to the Cabinet only an unofficial support, though they were made aware that their decision would involve the offer of the Leadership of the House of Commons to Lord Randolph Churchill. Like the Conservatives themselves, Lord Hartington and his friends were willing to believe that weighty responsibilities would perhaps develope in that politician qualities he had not previously exhibited, and might induce him to correct failings that hitherto had been only too conspicuous. But the generous experiment has failed; and the failure leaves behind it its special legacy of embarrassment and peril. Lord Hartington has only to read the Irish Disloyal Press to learn with what exultation the unpatriotic conduct of Lord Randolph Churchill has been hailed by the followers of Mr. Parnell. The followers of Mr. Gladstone are more discreet and more seemly in their rejoicings; but it is patent that the despondency in which they were lately plunged has, for the moment, vanished as if by magic, and they are already beginning to cherish the hope that their return of power may be within measurable distance. What if their dreams were to be fulfilled! That is the question Lord Hartington and his friends have to ask themselves? Solely by the existence of not only a strong but a stable Government, can the Demons of Disloyalty and Disorder in Ireland be exorcised. Lord Salisbury's Administration was just beginning to show itself strong and inexorable towards the Irish Conspiracy, when lo! its stability is injuriously affected by the selfish levity of one of its principal members. It is only natural that Irish Home Rulers, and English, Scotch, and Welsh Separatists, should feel their spirits revive on witnessing the occurrence. They can be plunged into despondency again only by the formation of a Government strong enough to satisfy them that it will be stable. This adequate strength, this perfect stability, can now hardly be secured save by Lord Hartington and his friends coalescing with Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. The magnanimous character of the Prime Minister renders it possible for this to be effected in any manner that seems to Lord Hartington most advisable. The accession of merely one member of the Liberal Unionists to the Cabinet would be useless, even if it were feasible, which it is not. The welfare of the State can be best provided for by the amalgamation of the followers of Lord Hartington *en bloc* with the followers of Lord Salisbury, excluding, of course, the followers

of Mr. Chamberlain from the calculation. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends would, no doubt, continue to render the Government every assistance in their power to rule Ireland, and to maintain the Union. But it would be unreasonable to expect, and improper to invite, them to do more.

The reasons in favour of the course we have indicated appear to us to be almost overwhelming; and there seems to be fewer and less cogent reasons against it. The colleagues and followers of Mr. Gladstone are every day pledging themselves deeper and deeper to give Ireland a Separate Parliament; and it seems beyond the range of possibility that the old Liberal Party should ever again be constituted on the basis of resistance to Home Rule. If the designation "Conservative" have repugnant associations for Lord Hartington and his friends, let it be abandoned, once and for all; and let the term "Liberal" accompany it to the tomb of all the Capulets. They never had a very clear signification, and they have long ceased to have any at all. Let "Conservative" and "Liberal" follow "Tory" and "Whig" to the limbo of obsolete nomenclature; and let there be a Party known by the name of Unionists, or whatever other designation commends itself to the sense and candour of the nation.

The Prosecution by the Government of the leading trustees, most of them Members of Parliament, of the famous Plan of Campaign in Ireland, happily described by the Prime Minister as "organized embezzlement," and branded by the Judges as an "illegal conspiracy," is the most vigorous step as yet taken by it to grapple with the Irish Difficulty. The country will watch the result with the closest interest. If only the Irish peasant can once be persuaded that the Apostles of Sedition cannot save him from the obligation to pay his debts, sedition will soon become an unpopular trade in Ireland. The Irish people will obey and respect the law only when they have become convinced that they will not be allowed to despise it.

The levity of the step taken by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot be fully apprehended till it is considered in connection with the current condition of Politics Abroad. The moment chosen by Lord Randolph Churchill to object to having his Budget Arrangements upset by the modest demands of the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty, is one when every First Class Power, no matter how straitened its finances, is adding lavishly and ostentatiously to its fighting capacity, when neutral States like Switzerland and Belgium are strengthening the defences which cause their neutrality to be respected, and when every eminent Statesman, and every responsible Soldier, is haunted

by the dread of imminent War. Happily for the German Empire, its fortunes are not entirely at the mercy of a representative and mercurial Assembly; the Crown, the Federal Council, and the Imperial Chancellor, sharing with the Reichstag substantial responsibility for the march of national affairs. When the Reichstag rose for the Christmas holidays, it had not passed the Army Bill laid before it by the Executive; but it will do so when it reassembles on the 4th of January, or it will assuredly be dissolved. The attempt of the Radicals to reduce the 48,000 men asked for by the Executive by nearly fifty per cent., and the efforts of the Ultramontanes to reduce the period for which the new military figures are fixed, from seven years to three, will both be resisted. The Crown asks for nothing more than it has previously demanded and has previously obtained. One per cent. of the population is the numerical basis of the Standing Army of the German Empire; and the addition of 48,000 men to the Army only represents the natural increase of the population. The only novel feature in the demand of the Crown is that this increase of the military strength of the Empire shall be made at once, or a few months earlier than would happen in the ordinary course of things. The request is full of significance, which was heightened by the remarkable speech delivered in the Reichstag by the veteran strategist, Field-Marshal Von Moltke. The demand of the Crown is all the more natural, and the hesitation of the Reichstag all the more incomprehensible, seeing that, notwithstanding the ever-growing deficits in the French Budget, the French War Office can obtain from the Legislature whatever sums it asks for. Twenty years ago the Prussian Crown saved the Fatherland from destruction against the shortsightedness and Party wrangling of its Parliaments; nor do we doubt that it would, in case of necessity, once more perform its duty to the nation, single-handed.

The relations of Germany and France cannot be considered with profit, or even with due appreciation, unless they be estimated in connection with the relation of both of them to Russia, and with the relation of Russia to Austria, England, and Turkey; in a word, without a comprehensive survey of the whole field of Foreign Affairs. The situation will never be understood by anyone who does not seize and hold fast by the one cardinal fact that Prince Bismarck—in this, as in other respects, the accurate representative of the innermost thought and interest of Germany—desires, and seeks to compass, the ruin of Russia, while determined that the ruin shall be accomplished not by Germany but by other Powers, and while ostensibly maintaining towards Russia a studiously friendly and even partial attitude. It is for Russia, according to the policy of this great Statesman, to bring about its own ruin by

involving itself in war with Austria, Turkey, England, the Bulgarians, the Roumanians, and possibly with Italy. The affected indifference of the Prince to the wishes and fate of Bulgaria, and his periodical irritation of Austro-Hungarian sentiment by appearing to prefer the interests of Russia to those of Austria, are necessary elements in his policy, which ought not to mislead, or even to perplex, those who apprehend its fundamental aim. Were this not so, were Prince Bismarck the well-wishing friend to Russia he persists in affecting to be, the Czar would not have endured for a day the exasperating independence of the Bulgarians, but would have poured his troops into the Balkan Peninsula without a moment's hesitation. But the ambiguity of German policy is as obvious to the Czar as to ourselves; and he naturally hesitates to walk into the pitfall dug for him by the ingenious diplomacy of Berlin. The close intimacy subsisting between Turkey and Russia has in all probability been recommended to the Sultan, of course in a cautious manner, by the German Ambassador at Constantinople; since it may serve as another roundabout means of leading Russia into adventures from which, in the end, she would probably emerge seriously weakened, if not permanently crippled. To lay the train for such a result, while keeping Russia in good humour with Germany, and so preventing the establishment of closer intimacy between Russia and France, is one of those paradoxical but practical combinations that emanate only from a brilliant mind, and are maintained only by firm and unfailing hands.

The fear that War may break out in Europe during the Year on which we are just entering, arises in part from the cause we have been indicating, viz. the revived and persistent claim of Russia to dominate the Balkan Peninsula either by stratagem or by force. The other cause that keeps men trembling is the standing antagonism between France and Germany, together with the stupendous dimensions of their armaments, which, it is well known, are matured with a view to a renewal of their struggle for mastery. We cannot doubt that, if the hands of Prince Bismarck were entirely unfettered, and if he could overcome the repugnance of the aged Emperor to have his closing days overclouded by the storms of war, he would without delay bring the military rivalry of the two nations to a sharp and decisive issue. Nor will Europe have any reason either for wonder or complaint, should it at any moment hear that Germany, now fully armed with the new repeating rifle, refuses to leave it to the French Republic to choose the hour most convenient to France for the inevitable ordeal.

That neither the French Government nor the French people wish the ordeal to be held as yet, is undoubted; for they do not

believe themselves to be ready for it. But meanwhile they permit themselves the luxury of unlimited domestic discord; their internal affairs every hour lapsing from worse to worse. They have once more changed their Cabinet, its head being almost, and its principal member entirely, unknown to fame. Patriotism, as it is understood in other countries, seems extinct in France; an insincere chauvinism having taken its place. Our neighbours are cursed with a Constitution even worse than our own, the Executive and the Legislative power being practically merged in the same hands; and they are without the sound traditions, the aristocratic elements, and the wise contempt for logic, which enable us in England to correct the defects and avert some of the dangers of our political machinery.

If, in Bulgaria, as in France, we turn from its relation to the rest of the world to its internal condition, we find matters for the moment at a standstill. The Bulgarians cannot have back Prince Alexander of Battenberg; they will not accept as his successor an obscure dependent of the Czar, known, since he became a candidate for the Bulgarian Throne, as the Dadian of Mingrelia; and the Czar will hear of no one else. The Bulgarians can only be recommended to be firm and patient; and, under the sanction of the Treaty of Berlin, they ought yet to find safety and the fulfilment of their wishes. Count Kalnoky has made it plain that Austria will defend the autonomy of Bulgaria, and resist its occupation by any foreign Power; and Lord Salisbury has made it equally plain that, if Austria will only do its duty in that respect, England will second her endeavours. It will be unfortunate, and much to be regretted, if in the Jubilee Year of the Reign of the Queen, this country should be dragged into war, whether in Europe, or in Asia; and every reasonable effort will be made to prevent so sad an event. But Great Empires have great responsibilities, and these must be confronted calmly and courageously. The withdrawal of a portion of our troops from Egypt does not indicate any desire to avoid them, but rather a wish to concentrate our forces in view of the disquieting aspect of the world. The Colonial Conference to be held in London, in the course of the Spring, may be taken as another intimation on the part of Great Britain of its resolve to maintain its position throughout the globe, as a Power cherishing peaceful aims, but boasting Imperial rights and wielding Imperial resources.

Postscript.—At the time at which we go to press, though Lord Hartington has been in London for nearly twenty-four hours, no absolute decision has been arrived at by him and his friends. Our information, however, leads us to expect that they will not abandon

their position of unofficial auxiliaries to the Government. A great deal too much has been made of the very natural and proper unwillingness of the Conservative Party to see any Statesman but Lord Salisbury at the head of affairs; since it is probable that Lord Hartington, were he and his friends to consent to act with Lord Salisbury, would himself insist on that arrangement, and absolutely certain that this point will not be the one to decide the conclusion at which he arrives. Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and their friends, may be trusted to shape their decisions only by the highest considerations; and if they still hold aloof, in the official sense, from Lord Salisbury, it will only be because they are of opinion they can thereby render the Government a more efficient and lasting support both at home and abroad.

December 30th, 1886.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

A Policy for Ireland.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

We are often asked: "What would be a true Irish policy? It is easy to object, but what would you recommend?" The following remarks are an answer to that question.

The hand that governs Ireland effectually must have three characteristics:—1. It must be strong and steady. 2. It must be just. 3. It must be beneficent, and even sympathetic, where sympathy does not imply that weakness which encourages expectations never destined to be fulfilled.

The policy fit for Ireland must be one wholly simple; an equivocal policy will be sure to end in defeat; everything that is ingenious, and looks clever, will turn out a mistake in the end. Plain principle must be faithfully followed. That compromise often necessary in dealing with practical politics must not either violate or evade principle; though it may make the application of principle a gradual process. Above all, a sound policy must be one directed by facts, not by phrases.

1. To begin with the "strong hand,"—the chief thing to be done is to put down the National League, which is a Government of chronic revolt, reigning and ruling in place of the Queen's Government, and resting on the basis of a coercion alike anarchical and tyrannical. It is an ignominy which civilization cannot afford. Till the spurious Government has been put down, the omission will, in Ireland, be attributed to fear. When it has been put down a conviction will arise that, the bubble having burst, the reign of Law is restored. Outrage, also, must be put down fearlessly. For this may, perhaps, suffice the enactment for Ireland, if not for England also, of laws which already exist in Scotland as regards "change of venue," and the examination of witnesses in cases of need—laws which protect the innocent from

illegal combinations. Unanimity should not be required in Irish, as it is not in Scotch juries.

2. The "just hand" is the hand which "deals equally" with England and Ireland, so far as that expression carries a meaning and is not a phrase only, but which at the same time distinguishes righteously between two things which some people are skilful enough, and others stupid enough, to confound—these things being "equality of treatment" and "identical institutions." "Identical institutions" are things which we should doubtless make our aim, and to which a wise policy would by degrees approximate; but at the present moment "identical institutions" would in many cases work not the same, or similar, but opposite effects in England and Ireland. A "Volunteer" army in England is an army of defence; in Ireland it might, at present, be one of revolt. In Ireland, Boards of Guardians, under the practical control of the democracy, would mean the speedy confiscation of all landed property, through unlimited "outdoor relief"; while Educational Councils, chosen as Members of Parliament are chosen, would convert the whole body of schoolmasters into "Tribunes of the People." No doubt in the Grand Jury system there must be some extension of popular power; but this may be effected, as has been clearly shown in a pamphlet on that subject, without the change being of such an extreme character as would, under existing circumstances, waste the small remaining resources of Ireland in a system of jobbery "naked and not ashamed." In whatever "local centres" of Irish administration may be created, justice requires that the class which chiefly represents education and loyalty, and once represented property, should have its full proportionate place and power, as well as the class at present blindly submissive to the party of revolution. It was not "equality of treatment" when, in dealing with popular representation, as much power was suddenly given to the Irish democracy, after half-a-century of political education, as the English democracy was thought fit for after an education of two centuries and a half. If the same franchise which in England gives representation to all classes, in Ireland leaves the upper class practically without representation, *i.e.* places them in the condition of pariahs and slaves (the position the Catholic peasant occupied previously to Catholic Emancipation), this "identity of institutes" is not "equality of treatment," but a denial of it which, if unredressed, will leave "Home Rule," and therefore "Separation," only a question of time. Even Mr. Gladstone's Bill recognized this truth; it provided that in the proposed Irish Parliament there should be a second and higher franchise for the proportionate representation of the minority. In an Irish Parliament, his provision would still have left the country at the mercy of the Revolutionary party; in the Imperial Parliament, a similar provision, applicable to the Irish members in it exclusively, while involving a disparity

of institutions, would double the present merely nominal representation of the "loyal minority," while diminishing that of the National League, and be the only remaining means of even approaching "equality of treatment" for England and Ireland. Such a change would, it will be said, be difficult; but it is better to deal with difficulties than impossibilities; and the change, which would be an enfranchisement, not a disfranchisement, could probably be effected before the termination of the present parliament, if preceded by wise legislation, and not precluded by legislation of an opposite character, for which many temptations may present themselves. The world is governed, on the long run, by facts, not fictions; and if Ireland continues to boast a franchise which in England means "representation," and in Ireland "misrepresentation," she will retain the power of turning the balance of English parties, and "Home Rule" must come at last, however prolonged the battle. Till lately it was admitted as an axiom that property, as well as numbers, should be considered in Parliamentary Representation. That the educated and independent classes should not be represented even in proportion to their numbers, merely because they are also the propertied classes, is that wrong which Burke stigmatised as a "horrible" injustice and imposture. If we are to regard as permanent a system by which ignorance and greed are to rule exclusively, and by which freedoom of contract is suppressed, we shall have in Ireland, and that soon, but to choose between policies each of which is a policy of destruction. No place for hope will remain, because we shall have built a social fabric on what is a practical repudiation of the laws of man's moral nature.

3. We come next to "the hand beneficent and sympathetic." The expression does not apply to that hand which cannot distinguish between honourable and dishonourable compromise, and which, by way of making concessions to Ireland, makes concessions to the revolutionists who deceive, degrade, and torment her. Wise concessions are such only as avowedly aim at delivering the people of Ireland from that disastrous sway, and once more giving fair play to the nobler side of the Irish nature. That side of it remains unextinguished, though now eclipsed, by the shadow of the National League; and all measures are beneficent or the contrary, simply as they tend to abate the present demoralization or to aggravate it. "Home Rule" means misrule, and ruin both to Ireland and England; consequently all so-called concessions which have their faces turned *in the direction of Home Rule* are either blunders, or are tricks by which Ireland must be mystified, not benefited; by which the agitation for "Home Rule" must be prolonged; by which crimes which the best friends of Ireland deplore more than her worst enemies will be rewarded; by which the yoke which the National League has imposed upon the country will be sustained, and the demoralization

perpetuated. A small measure of Home Rule, where a large one—and something more—are avowedly desired and demanded, or a measure of local Irish councils, practically equivalent to Home Rule, would be an "expedient," not a policy, like the "ransoms" paid in old times to buy off the Danish pirates. It would simply enable the revolutionists to make their demand for a large measure of Home Rule in the name not of a party stigmatized by statesmen as "steeped to the lips in treason," but of a quasi-Irish Parliament deliberately created by those statesmen, and to which countless Irishmen would, with entire sincerity, believe that a loyal allegiance was far more due than to what was lately called, for the first time, by an English Minister, "foreign" legislation. To place the administration of Ireland in Local Councils would be practically to place in them her legislation also. On the other hand, while a cowardly or complicated and incoherent rule gives "its own way" to whatever is most heady and unscrupulous in Ireland, and thus practically denies to Ireland what she most needs, viz. the steadying support of a just rule, we are plainly bound to discard all prejudices which interfere with the concession, as speedily as is practicable, of whatever real benefits sound legislation can bestow upon her. Neither is that a wise policy which despises the sympathies of those governed, even while it has regard to their interests, where there is nothing unreasonable or dangerous connected with those sympathies, since we can only permanently cure disaffection by winning the affections. To win them in Ireland is by no means impossible; but they will never be won through a policy which professes to "govern through love" alone, and disparages by the nickname of "coercion" a Government's first duty, which is the enforcement of obedience to law. The humblest Irish peasant knows that communities are governed by love and fear, and he will love no rule which he does not respect also.

The real measures of conciliation—that is, those which would conciliate, supposing sedition to be kept down and security restored, without which all legislation is a farce—are such as these, though, of course, their introduction would in some cases be a gradual process:—

1. A measure of "land-purchase," interfering with no rights, but tending to make a considerable part of Ireland pass into the hands of the occupiers on just terms and within a moderate time. The new "peasant-proprietors" should, however, be in addition to the existing gentlemen proprietors, not in substitution for them; since a social democracy must needs be supplemented by political institutes equally democratic, the permanent union between England and Ireland being thus rendered morally impossible. Property would be strengthened against the socialistic tendencies of the time in proportion as its base was widened, and the accumulated charges upon it were defrayed by large but not forced sales. It is to be remarked that, if but half the

land of Ireland should pass into the hands of the occupier, more than three-quarters of her occupiers might thus become proprietors; while that anti-revolutionary spirit which is the only guarantee for the safe use of the political privileges recently created, would be effectually called into existence, both by the possession of property and by the prospect of possessing it later. The cost would be less than is supposed: aid would often not be needed in the case of large farms; and in many other cases it might be applied, not through the purchase of the holding, but through the equitable fining down of the rent by a free contract between landlord and tenant. The principle of free trade in land should be restored; and such quack remedies as "dual proprietorship" abolished, a better substitute having thus been previously provided.

2. The education of Ireland should be of such a character as is preferred by Irish parents; and denominational colleges should be allowed the same advantages as are enjoyed by the secular. This is of primary importance. Till just claims are conceded, concessions will always be made to unjust.

3. Suitable residences, with a few acres of land attached to them, should be provided for the Catholic clergy. The Irish Church Settlement of 1869 handed over to the Protestant clergy, for a merely nominal sum, a property in residences and churches which Mr. Gladstone had estimated at £2,500,000. A clause was introduced into the Bill by the House of Lords, devoting out of the "Church surplus" one million to the providing of residences, with a few acres of land attached to each, for the Catholic clergy. That clause was thrown out in the House of Commons. The immense injury thus inflicted on the Irish poor, even more than on their clergy, ought to be remedied, as soon as it is practicable to effect that remedy. At present, in the West, the sick man has often no priest within a dozen miles of him.

4. A Board, not necessarily an elective, and certainly not a merely elective one, should be created in Ireland for the transaction of Irish business relating to *purely material* affairs, such as railroad projects—business at present transacted in England, with much needless expense and loss of time, a practical plea being thus furnished for a visionary demand—Home Rule.

5. Considering that State aid, though seldom necessary for industrial enterprises in wealthy countries, has often been found of signal use to poor countries when advanced upon just and prudent terms, such aid ought not to be refused to Ireland on the mere ground that it is not required in England; though, of course, it should not be conceded where the concession would be opposed to the unquestionable principles of political economy, and not merely to the dicta of the "straighter sects" of political economists. The Empire, as well as Ireland, has an interest in the matter. Ireland's poverty costs her much.

6. In those congested portions of Western Ireland where a population out of proportion to the present means of giving employment renders improvement impossible, and perpetuates a poverty which may at any moment become a famine, liberal aid should, in spite of interested clamour, be advanced for emigration, due security being taken for its repayment.

Such seem to me the chief points of an Irish policy founded, not, like that of the recent converts to Home Rule, upon a merry despair, but upon a reasonable hope. It is despair when statesmen say, "You must surrender whatever Mr. Parnell's eighty-five Members demand," for such a surrender produces fresh demands, and this is the beginning of a folly which admits of no end. And when the same statesmen add: "You may rest assured that their demands will prove moderate, and our concessions be wisely used," the hope thus quaintly supplementing the despair is not a reasonable one. A reasonable hope is based on the knowledge that the great wrongs of Ireland exist no more. They were redressed antecedently to the legislation and to the administration of the last six years. It is based, also, on a fact best known to those who live in Ireland, and who know her virtues as well as her faults. They know that even the humbler section of Irish society is by no means exclusively represented by those noisier spirits which have been so grievously led astray, to the dishonour and calamity of their country, both by an unscrupulous agitation such as Ireland never knew before, and by a statesmanship such as England never knew before. There is a reserve of sense and right feeling in Ireland which a strong, just, and beneficent policy will not fail to elicit, provided that English statesmen prefer principles to clever expedients, and their country to their party.

I remain,

Your obedient Servant,

AN IRISHMAN BELONGING TO NO PARTY.

Technical Education: a Workman's View.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

It will never do to be out of the fashion, and there is not only a fashion in politics, but even a fashion in the set phrases used by politicians. Technical education is to-day a phrase which must be used by every statesman (amateur or professional) who undertakes either to write or speak upon the question of the existing industrial depression. Just as the barber-surgeons of old prescribed blood-letting as the

sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, so we find political quack-doctors who recommend technical education as the only thing needful to give new life to our languishing industries. Suppose, however, that these people have mistaken the cause of our present trouble, and begin to treat us for deficiency of technical education, when at the same time it can be traced to an altogether different source.

The question naturally arises, have these gentlemen who speak so fluently and write so freely, with the evident intention (laudable as it may be) of teaching us our respective trades, ever taken the trouble to acquire any practical knowledge upon the questions they undertake to enlighten us on, or even of comparing the work of the English operative and merchanic with the productions of what they call his more highly educated Continental competitor?

If technical education is the great essential of manufacturing prosperity, then it should follow as a matter of course that in those towns or districts where such education is admitted to be of the very highest order, trade should be prosperous, and the working-classes fully and remuneratively employed. But is this the case? First, let us take Lyons; everyone who has any practical knowledge of silk manufacture, is aware that in facility of production, in designing, in fertility of invention of novelties, that city is unapproachable; and yet her silk industry is not prospering, and her work-people much less occupied than are those of Zurich in Switzerland, or Crefeld in Germany. Lyons can make the class of goods made in Zurich equally well with the Swiss, but as the wages of the work-people, and the standing expenses of the manufacturers, are higher in Lyons than in Zurich, she cannot make them so cheaply; clearly, then, it is a question of price consequent on the cost of production that is injuriously affecting Lyons, not lack of technical education.

Turning to our own country, we find it to be a well-known fact that specimens of Nottingham hosiery are constantly being sent to Germany, there to be literally copied, worked up on machines made in England (fitted up in Germany by English workmen), and articles made from these patterns are to-day underselling us even in our own markets; for instance, German stockings exactly similar to those produced in this country, are now selling on the same counter as Nottingham stockings at from 2s. to 3s. per doz. less price. Is it technical education or lower cost of production that gives this advantage to the foreigner?

It is a general complaint that German cutlery is not only imported into this country, but also sent out to the colonies, stamped with a Sheffield brand. Does not this show that the technical knowledge which has enabled the Sheffield workman to make a good knife, has established such a name and earned such a reputation for Sheffield, that people buy them believing they are made there and not abroad? From

a trading point of view, how can technical education put this right as far as the Sheffield cutler is concerned ?

We also find the Swiss sending to this country annually great quantities of watch-cases for the purpose of getting them stamped with the English hall-mark; on their return to Switzerland, these cases are filled with Swiss movements, and then sent all over the world as English watches. Now an ordinary mind would naturally suppose this is because a watch made by a technically-educated Englishman is well known to be superior to the continental-made article. Again, how comes it that there is such a large export of English-made machinery? All are aware that, in the purchase of machinery, price is not so much the object of consideration as is the perfection of workmanship and of arrangement; our machinery is bought, therefore, because it meets these requirements, and not because it is low-priced.

The real fact of the matter is this: we are being beaten in price but not in quality, and technical education (although undoubtedly good in itself) will not remedy this state of things. But I may be asked, why are we beaten in price? or, in other words, why cannot the Englishman produce as cheaply as the Swiss or German? Simply because the continental artizan is able, by reason of cheaper food and a lower rate of living, to work for less wages than we could possibly do in this country; not only so, but as he does not care to protect himself either by legislation, such as our Factory Acts, or by combination, such as our Trades' Unions, his condition, as far as working long hours is concerned, is little better than slavery. But even if it were possible for us to exist upon lower wages, and supposing at the same time we were willing to work longer hours, would that be the best way out of our present dilemma? Shall we prevent over-production by working longer hours, and so increasing the quantity produced, while, at the same time, by receiving lower wages we decrease our purchasing power, and, by so doing, are unable to buy as much as we do now of the articles produced?

What ought our aim to be—to lower ourselves to the level of the Italian or Swiss workman, or to raise ourselves to the level of the American? It is a most extraordinary thing, looked at from a free-trader's point of view, to find the great bulk of the emigrants, not only from the United Kingdom, but from Europe generally, wending their way to that stronghold of protection (America). Whether the fiscal policy of our wide-awake cousins on the other side the Atlantic is economically right or wrong, it is a fact well worth the consideration of every Englishman, that we are to-day, as we have been on previous occasions, waiting, in Free Trade England, for what we consider our share of the returning prosperity of Protectionist America—waiting, simply, until there is such an increase of purchasing power in that country that they will not be able to supply their own wants. We

then shall get some of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

Sir Robert Peel, speaking of England in the House of Commons 1846, truly said: "Iron and coal, the sinews of manufacture, give us advantages over every rival in the great competition of industry. Our capital far exceeds that which they can command. In ingenuity, in skill, in energy, we are inferior to none. Our national character, the free institutions under which we live, the liberty of thought and action, an unshackled press, spreading the knowledge of every discovery and of every advance of science, combine, with our natural and physical advantages, to place us at the head of all the nations of the world."

And this is the same England we now find consoling herself in her trouble by comparing herself with the poorest nations of Europe, and meekly remarking that we are not worse off than they are; comforting our working classes by telling them that all they require to enable them to compete with the foreigner is more technical education. Is this the end of Cobden's dream and of Gladstone's statesmanship? Thousands of skilled mechanics, demoralized by irregularity of employment into idle loafers and cornermen; thousands of women ground down to work for earnings which scarcely afford them a bare existence: can a nation be contented under such conditions? can we wonder that men are found ready to listen to those Socialistic preachers, whose revolutionary ideas would end, if attempted to be put in practice, not in raising the poor to the level of the rich, or even of raising them at all, but would certainly bring us all down to the miserable state the poorest of us are in at present.

What the English workman claims from his fellow-countrymen is a fair opportunity to sell his labour. He simply asks to be allowed to earn a fair day's wage, for which he is willing to give a fair day's work. He does not wish to exist on the charitable doles of the benevolent capitalist, or the successful foreign investor. But is he at present in this position? If free and open markets are requisite for the producer, then he certainly is not; for he, of all the workpeople in the world, is limited to one open market, namely, his own.

If we who now, in a great measure, have political power in our own hands, saw fit to send representatives to Parliament who were in favour of taxing all income derived from foreign investments 10 or 15 per cent., would the capitalist consider that fair? I think not. Then if that would be unfair for him, why is it fair for us that our labour should be depreciated by its product being taxed 15, 30, or even 50 per cent., before it is allowed to enter a foreign or even a colonial port? But our friends of the Cobden Club tell us it is not we as producers who suffer, but the consumer who pays the tax. Very well then; if in our case it is the consumer who pays the tax, then, in the

other case, it will be the borrower of the money who will pay the tax placed upon interest on foreign investments. It is no use trying to console ourselves with the idea that our present depression of trade arises from all sorts of fancy causes, when, if we look straight before us, the real cause can be plainly seen.

Our national income, derived from the product of our land and labour (which income is divided, in greater or less proportion, amongst us all), is being artificially reduced; our employers are getting less profits, we are receiving lower wages; we no longer work under the same conditions of trade we formerly did, increased facility of communication by bringing all countries within the range of production has altered everything. In a new departure, in fresh fiscal arrangements, in connecting ourselves more closely with our colonies, in building up trade in those markets where the march of civilization is constantly creating new wants, we must seek for remedies for our existing distress, and not in talking platitudes and imagining those platitudes to be wisdom.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

H. J. Pettifer,

Secretary, Workmen's Association for Defence of British Industry,

184, Waterloo Road, S.E.

[Mr. Wintle's letter on "The Tripartite Division of Tithes," and an interesting communication on "The 'Last Day' on the Dee," have been received, and will appear in a future number.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 48.—FEBRUARY, 1887.

LORD IDDESLEIGH.

The touching and impressive ceremony at Westminster Abbey was a fitting embodiment of the universal sorrow felt at the death of Lord Iddesleigh, and summed up the popular judgment "Well done, good and faithful servant." A life of action in the sight of his countrymen daily deepened the respect and regard with which they viewed him, and seldom has so unanimous a verdict of approbation been given by all parties and classes to a statesman. Indeed, so loud and complete is the harmony of eulogy that it may seem a work of supererogation to add one more voice to it; yet, perhaps that of one who has been by his side as a colleague from the time of his entering Parliament may not be deemed intrusive. Nor can it be unfitting that, in a Review founded on Constitutional principles, a notice of one so steadfast in the maintenance of them should find a place.

It is not without hesitation and with no view to controversy that the task is undertaken, but simply with the object of paying due tribute to the nobility, generosity, and amiability of character which marked the career of Lord Iddesleigh. Some, indeed, have taken occasion, while for the first time they praise him, to strike a note which would have been utterly discordant to him in the disparagement of his friends and colleagues, while a very few have found missiles in his open grave to hurl at those with whom he was at peace to the last. Insult and wrong are imputed to those who loved and honoured him, and accidents are distorted into malevolent intentions, which found no place in the minds of those charged with them. But the simple heart of the nation is not tainted with these corrupting influences, nor turned aside by them from the contemplation of the stainless record of a life spent in its service, and is proud to think that such a man could find in working for it a sphere of usefulness where, though in the strong light of party strife, his course was by all admitted to be marked by unselfish devotion to duty, absence of rancour or self-seeking, and to be absolutely free from petty jealousies.

And if such be the view of the general public, what has been the estimate of the friends who on a "nearer view" saw, as it were, "the very pulse of the machine"? They rejoice that a seal is set upon their own conclusion, and that the qualities which endeared him to them have been so appreciated by their countrymen.

From youth to age he was the same; the industry and ability crowned at Oxford by a first class marked him for early employment in the service of the State, and for the success which he was destined to achieve. He had admirable training for Parliamentary life before he entered upon it, and became especially conversant with trade and finance, his knowledge of which was conspicuously displayed in after years. A long familiarity with him in political affairs, and an unbroken union of party ties were rendered closer and more intimate by a friendship never interrupted, nor even "roughened" by "cataracts and breaks." An exchange of letters, the very last day of his existence, remains the record of feelings which never varied during thirty years of intercourse. It might be, perhaps, expected in such circumstances, that an interest would be given by the relation of incidents to this short survey of his character; but the time has not come when the confidences of such an association can be laid bare, even for the purpose of giving stronger relief to the best characteristics of the man.

The world at large knows as well as the writer his conduct of business in Parliament, the tone of his speeches, his powers of conciliating opponents, that subtle flavour of candour and generosity which won their goodwill; while his adherents, perhaps, at times regretted a want of pungency, or even acrimony, that would have been alien to his nature and have had a very different effect. His mind weighed in delicate scales the pros and cons, and in speaking on a question this was so evident that he had, at times, the appearance more of a judge than of an advocate, and yet the skilful turn of his arguments proved that he was not wanting in the powers of the latter, to convince others as he had convinced himself. His mind was a repertory of knowledge, and he could produce from his stores the needful facts or illustrations, however suddenly a question might arise; and many who watched anxiously his succession to the lead in Parliament, when Mr. Disraeli was called to the House of Lords, were astonished at the display of information, and of qualities for which, up to that time, they had hardly given him credit, but which his chief foresaw when, long before, he called him his lieutenant. His conflicts with Mr. Gladstone himself, on finance, showed his mastery of the subject, and candid critics would admit that it was no *impar congressus*. Though "action" might not mark his speeches, so much as to entitle him to be ranked with the highest orators, they were replete with argu-

ment, and no one could put his finger on a blot of ignorance in his treatment of the topics involved. It may be that some eager spirits, recognizing the *sapientia*, wished it less *mitis*, but its moderation told upon the great body of the House, and confirmed his authority in and over it. It is quite a mistake to suppose that he could not be aggressive upon occasion; and though his weapons were never envenomed, they were keen pointed and effective. His invective was tempered by good humour, and a playfulness which showed how free it was from malice. With his political friends he was a wise and prudent counsellor, candid, open, and straightforward, ever ready to assist them with advice, well considered and not hastily or perfunctorily offered. An equable temperament, complete self-control, and a singular geniality of disposition, made him always the same; and though his position naturally subjected him to interviews often needless and wearisome, he manifested no irritation, but could rid himself of intruders by some courteous hint, or well-timed pleasantry.

In social life he was a charming companion, and the easy current of his talk left an impression of delightful conversation, without, perhaps, those marked passages which live in the memory.

The world at large has had samples of his humour, in lectures full of grace, wit, and literary knowledge. The young were specially fascinated by him, and he could adapt himself to the youngest. It was a pleasant sight to see him surrounded by children, who seemed to treat him as one of themselves, undismayed by his dignity, won by his affability, and attracted by his extraordinary power of amusing them by stories adapted to their age.

> The children hung about his arm,
> And even babes would fearless come
> To meet his glad embrace.
> Up to that gentle pleasant face
> They looked with trustful eye serene;
> A kindly heart can soon be seen.

They would ask for many repetitions, and probably the narrator was not less pleased than his hearers, as he certainly was not when an older audience showed its appreciation of Devon or Cornwall anecdotes by its hearty merriment. He did not usurp in society, but took his part, and loved to bring in some apposite story; yet was by no means in his "anecdotage," but ready for general and neighbourly talk on all subjects of interest which might spring up. The well-known figure, and quiet, sly countenance with which he would introduce a jest, give zest to an illustration, or a humorous turn to conversation, will be missed in many a household. *Old* friends have rivals in sorrow among the young; and many a girl, who from childhood had loved him as a sort of elder brother, will call to mind the gentle courtesy, kindly interest,

and a sort of old-fashioned politeness, with which he has welcomed her into the world of Society in which he maintained with her a constant friendship. His winning manners invited and responded to the cordial frankness with which they always welcomed him.

Much more might be said; and, no doubt, the time will come when the portrait will be drawn with its background, lights, and shadows. More of the inner life, more of the domestic surroundings and the central influence, more of good deeds done without publicity, more of his simple faith, will hereafter be revealed, and as the whole man is more fully before his countrymen, so much the more will he be recognized as a true one. At present this very inadequate offering of friendship—one wreath among many—is laid upon the grave which closes over one of the gentlest, most chivalrous, and gracious characters which this generation has seen.

CRANBROOK.

STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE.

BORN A.D. 1818. DIED 1887.

Gentle in fibre, but of steadfast nerve
Still to do right though right won blame not praise,
And fallen on evil tongues and evil days*
When men from plain straight duty twist and swerve,
And, born to nobly sway, ignobly serve,
Sliming their track to power through tortuous ways,
He felt, with that fine sense that ne'er betrays,
The line of moral beauty 's not a curve.
But, proving wisdom folly, virtue vain,
He stretched his hands out to the other shore,†
And was by kindred spirits beckoned o'er
Into that gloaming Land where setteth pain,
While we across the silent river strain
Idly our gaze, and find his form no more.

* . . . Though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.
Paradise Lost, Book VII., v. 25–6.

† Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.—*Æneidos*, *Lib.* VI., v. 314.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE THREATENED CONFLICT.

At the close of 1884 a dissolution of Parliament had become imminent, and the disciplined agents of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control were actively employed in labouring to accomplish the great object of their existence. The *Nonconformist* newspaper, established by the late Mr. Edward Miall (the founder of the Liberation Society), sounded the war trumpet and proclaimed that "early steps should be taken for unfurling the banner of Disestablishment. The opportunity of the supporters of religious equality had at length arrived. *Why should they not seize it?* Nonconformists (said the Rev. J. G. Rogers) have only to make up their minds and it will be impossible to resist their just demands. Liberationists have within the next year to make their appeal to the two millions now knocking at the door of the Constitution."

The combatants about to enter on this great conflict were dexterous; their object was avowed; the allies they proposed to enlist were counted by millions, and thus the *Nonconformist* informed the world. "As if in preparation for a forward movement, the Liberation Society have just brought out a book (*The Case for Disestablishment*) that will command wide attention. In this shilling volume is contained the completest, the tersest, and most telling statement of the facts and arguments on which the advocates of Disestablishment found their case. It is evident that the utmost care has been lavished on its preparation." The concluding injunction of the article from which I quote — "that 100,000 copies should be scattered through the length and breadth of the land, to give a marked impetus to the Liberation movement"—effectively secured a wide notoriety for the Society's movements, and for the shilling volume which authoritatively represented their aims and principles.

By lectures, by meetings, and by the distribution of leaflets, the task of the Society to indoctrinate the masses was most energetically pursued, nor were political considerations neglected; for at a General Conference on the 24th March 1885 it was resolved:

"That the approach of a General Election makes it the impera-

tive duty of the friends of religious equality to adopt special measures for securing the return in every case in which it may be practicable, of candidates who are in favour of a policy of Disestablishment.

The zealous labours of the Liberationists, and in particular the application of the electoral ordeal, were far from infructuous, and the Society were able to announce, in September, that 374 Candidates had committed themselves to a pledge in favour of Disestablishment. In their sanguine view of the future, and faith in Mr. Gladstone's entire agreement in their policy, they interpreted his Manifesto of 17th September 1885, not only as a distinct Declaration for Disestablishment, but as an indication that he was ready to place it in the forefront of his party legislation.

The agitation was at this stage heated to greater intensity by the publication of the *Radical Programme*, a treatise ushered into existence by Mr. Chamberlain, who in a brief preface, deeming the "stage of agitation to be past, and the time for action come," presented the work "as a definite and practical programme for the Radical party."

The chapter of this book dealing with the National Church adopts unreservedly the trenchant proposals of the Liberation Society for the absolute disruption and spoliation of the Church.

The result, however, showed that Liberationists had overshot their mark. The publicity which they craved for their scheme of Disestablishment had worked, not the effect which its authors desired, of making allies, but the contrary effects of alarming loyal men of various political views, and uniting Liberal and Conservative Churchmen in a resolute resistance to the conspiracy which threatened the fundamental elements of the Constitution. Mr. Gladstone could not avoid the knowledge that this wide repudiation of Liberationist tactics was largely shared by men eminent in the ranks of the party of which he was still nominally the leader; and in his Midlothian Speech of 10th November he declared that Disestablishment ought not to be made a test question at the approaching election, and he emphatically designated the scheme of Disestablishment set forth in the *Radical Programme* as one which could never be adopted.

This announcement was a shock to the confident anticipations of the Liberationists, and suggested the wisdom, not only of ceasing to press on the call for Disestablishment, but of inducing Churchmen to disarray their ranks by pacific and friendly professions which would lull them into a security offering, at a future time, an opportunity for a final and decisive onslaught.

The Rev. Joseph Parker, in the *Times* of 13th November 1885, announced the Conference invited to meet at the City Temple on

the 19th November, to discuss "the loss and gain of Disestablishment."

The Conference took place under the presidency of the Rev. J. Guiness Rogers, "a pronounced Liberationist"; but nothing could be more amiable than the tone which distinguished the speeches, not only of the Chairman, but of other eminent Nonconformist speakers. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes declared: "I love the Church of England." The Rev. Newman Hall emphatically averred, "I am a great lover of the Church. I love her books, I love her men; my best friends are in it." Dr. Parker earnestly disclaimed an irreligious or covetous spirit; "he did not want a single brick in any building belonging to the Established Church of England . . . he did not ask to share in what may be called the loot or spoil connected with the Disestablishment of the Church."

The speech of the Chairman (Mr. Rogers) was, however, the most significant. He disclaimed any part in "a proposition for religious equality which actually involved the disintegration of the Church of England." He "cared only to make our friends understand that we really mean no harm to them . . . no harm to the Episcopal Church." He repudiated for himself, and for the Liberation Society which he represents, any responsibility for the Liberationist programme as a definite scheme of disendowment. They were "practical suggestions, and nothing more." It is true that the "suggestions" were meant to be *practical*. It is true, also, that they were "definite"; for they proposed—(1) To sever religion from all legal connection with the State, upon the precedent of the Irish Church; (2) To secularize ecclesiastical endowments; and (3) To allow the conversion of consecrated buildings to common uses. It is true, furthermore, that these practical suggestions, after thirty-seven years of careful preparation, were presented in 1877, and, with the full approval of Nonconformist authority, were widely circulated. Yet, only after the lapse of eight years does Mr. Guiness Rogers brand them with his disavowal.

Better late than never; and I do not wonder that Canon Curties, as a Churchman, welcomed the disclaimer as very good news. He may even have cherished the belief that the "same reasonableness" which the Churchman desired should pervade the discussion, might henceforth distinguish the relations between Churchmen and Dissenters, had not Mr. G. Rogers wound up the Conference with the conclusion that Disestablishment was indispensable as the road to religious equality.

"Religious equality" is to be the desideratum—the great ultimate good for which some Nonconformists are ready to wage

an exasperating conflict. But before we meet with the clash of arms, would it not be wise to define what the term implies? to ascertain whether "religious equality" be attainable? and whether the means which must be pursued will not work evil rather than good to the whole community?

I pass from Mr. Guiness Rogers' speeches at the City Temple, on 19th November 1885, to his article, "A Suspended Conflict," in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

From this deliberate exposition we might at all events expect to learn the principles which are involved in "religious equality"; but Mr. Guiness Rogers simply reverses the proposition, and he asserts that the principles to which he desires to give effect, are summed up in the phrase "religious equality," which is intelligible enough "to all who are anxious to understand it." Will Mr. Rogers travel with me in the inquiry? He has explained religious equality to mean "the equality of religions." Very well. The Crown must, by law, be in communion with the Church of England. The religion of the Church of England so distinguished, cannot be on an equality with any other religion. Will Mr. Rogers and his friends propose to repeal the Act for the Limitation of the Crown (1708)? The question has been asked before more than once, but no reply has thus far been vouchsafed by Mr. G. Rogers or any leading Liberationists. He and they evade the difficulty by intimating that for the present they are satisfied to leave untouched the Act which regulates the succession to the Crown; and they are wise in their reticence, for the country would treat as traitors men who would undermine the Throne by cancelling a statute specially enacted for securing our religious laws and liberties, and this evasion of a dilemma does not warrant Mr. G. Rogers in affirming that "religious equality" is intelligible enough "to all who are anxious to understand it." I have shown that the words imply something which would be irreconcilable with our limited monarchy. I have asked Mr. G. Rogers a plain question, which he declines to answer. There, then, I leave him in possession of a war-cry which satisfies the aspirations of his deluded followers, but which, as the expression of a reality, involves the substitution of a Republic for a limited Monarchy.

I have described the obstacle with which religious equality is confronted, by considerations of State; there is another obstacle even more formidable, because utterly insuperable under any form of Government. It is the existence of what Nonconformists call "Sacerdotalism." I glean their opinions from a report of a meeting on 23rd November 1886, at the "Memorial Hall," convened to consider the means of Christian co-operation. The

Session was opened by an address from Archdeacon Farrar, who was followed by several eminent Nonconformist ministers.

Dr. Parker, in his speech, used these words: "Sacerdotalists, with whom Nonconformists could have no sort of alliance." The Rev. Colmer Symes "expressed his belief that Sacerdotalism was the real barrier to union." Dr. Allon declared that "two things stand in the way of real union—the *Act of Uniformity*—and *Episcopacy itself*, which, claiming exclusive divine prerogatives, could not recognize those whom it regarded as without them." The Rev. Newman Hall claimed that "every pastor was a bishop after the Apostolic pattern." Dr. Hannay agreed "that the real barrier lay in the Sacerdotalism of the Established Church, which he regarded not only as un-Christian, but even as anti-Christian."

This testimony explicitly declares that Sacerdotalism or Episcopacy is the real barrier to union and religious equality; but what does Sacerdotalism mean in this proposition? It means a belief in "Apostolical Succession," a belief, that is, on the part of bishops, priests, and deacons of Christ's Church, that the authority under which they teach and minister has been transmitted to them by a perpetual succession through His Apostles from their Divine Master. The denial of Sacerdotalism, so interpreted, must be erroneous, and if Dr. Allon and Dr. Hannay claim Archdeacon Farrar as sharing, and, therefore, justifying their doctrine, I pray their patience. I can reconcile their opinions with their positions; but it is impossible that Archdeacon Farrar's opinion can be identical with theirs, for he is a clergyman of the Church of England. At his ordinations he received from the laying on of the bishop's hands authority first to perform the office of a deacon, and again to perform the office of a priest; he learnt from the preface to the Ordinal that "it is evident to all men diligently reading the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church, bishops, priests and deacons," and that in the Church of England no man shall be accounted to be a lawful bishop, priest, or deacon, except he have received Episcopal consecration or ordination. When he read the Thirty-nine Articles he affirmed the sufficiency of the forms of consecration and ordination. It is impossible, therefore, that Archdeacon Farrar could share the opinions on Sacerdotalism of Drs. Allon and Hannay; and although he remarked that "he regarded Sacerdotalism as opposed to the spirit not only of the Church, but of Christianity," it must be obvious that the Sacerdotalism which he thus denounces must be a very different thing from one which no man in Anglican orders could consistently hold.

The Sacerdotalism which now concerns us is not the Sacerdotalism

disclaimed by Archdeacon Farrar, but that denounced by his Nonconformist friends at their Conference, and by the Rev. Guiness Rogers in his article. Mr. G. Rogers complains, with some asperity, of the inferiority assigned by the State to all Nonconformist ministers. "It is not only that a public provision is made for the teaching of one favoured form of religion, but, what is a more serious grievance to us, that the State recognizes only one Church as a Church at all. Such inequality, we contend, is unjust. *It breaks up the unity of the nation*," &c. And again: "The rector and the dissenting minister (in the same parish) may be preaching the same Gospel; they may alike be enforcing by exhortation and example the characteristic precept of the Gospel . . . . but the State makes a distinction which neither nature nor grace has made between them."

Does Mr. Guiness Rogers read history aright? The Church surely existed before the State, and before Dissent. When the State attached itself to the Church, the Church and the nation were (nominally, at least) identical—the State, recognizing a supreme Divine Ruler, combined the religious and the civil authority; but that there existed a choice of churches, of which the State selected one, and, so doing, broke up the unity of the nation, is an extravagant invention.

Again, of the clergyman and dissenting minister working in the same parish, which has the strongest title? The priest who is the last of thirty rectors in the records of his Church, and whose authority has been transmitted through a line of bishops extending from the Apostles to the present day, or the dissenting minister whose sect cannot have existed for many generations, and whose authority has been derived from men who would fail themselves to justify their pretensions to such labours in the Lord's Vineyard? Assume that the rector and the pastor may be preaching the same Gospel, yet, if they are alike in precept and in practice, why is one a Dissenter? If to break up religious unity is (as Mr. Rogers rightly deems it) an offence, why does not the dissenting minister cease to be an offender?

Between the two the State recognizes a distinction, but it did not make and it cannot unmake it.

Episcopal ordination is the key-stone of the visible organization of the Church of Christ the whole world over. Mr. Guiness Rogers cites with complacency a resolution proposed by Dr. Phillips Brooks in the Lower House of the recent Episcopal Convention at Chicago, thus:—

Resolved—That the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church sends cordial greetings to the Assembly of the Congregational Brethren now met in this City, and expresses its devout hope that their deliberations, though separately conducted,

may minister together for the glory of God and the advancement of our common Christianity.

Dr. Brooks' motion was superseded by one which, assuming the concurrence of the House of Bishops, and being less pronounced in its sympathetic tone, was passed unanimously by the Lower House. Mr. Guiness Rogers omits, however, to add that the House of Bishops refused its concurrence even to the modified greeting, and sent to the Lower House a message concluding with this intimation :—

This House also avows its solemn purpose, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to promote, with the concurrence of the House of Deputies, some practical plan for bringing before all our fellow Christians in this land the duty to our common Lord and Saviour of terminating the unhappy divisions which dishonour His blessed name and hinder the triumph on earth of His glorious kingdom.

It would have been strange, indeed, if the Anglo-American Church, which in its infancy proved its faith in its Apostolic descent by striving year by year against severe discouragements for the perpetuation of its spiritual life by Episcopal ordination, would in its perfected maturity have disparaged the blessing which they had so nobly won.

I see nothing in this incident to warrant an expectation that the American, any more than the English, Episcopate are prepared to disclaim "Apostolical Succession," in order to display a semblance of unity with 160 sects. The motives which animate the assailants of the Church are various ; to some, the property of the Church is the attraction, and they clamour for disendowment ; but I quite believe in the greater prevalence and power of the desire which Mr. Rogers eloquently expounds when he challenges the removal of a difference between the clergy and dissenting ministers, which, while it exists, involves what he feels to be an injury, an injustice, and an insult.

The difference which he resents is this, that to the clergy has been committed the authority and grace of episcopal ordination, a gift which they highly value, but which non-Episcopalians neither share nor value, and the removal of this difference must (to satisfy the stipulation of the *Nonconformist*) be effected by a Parliamentary Statute, "requiring the State to regard ministers of all denominations, including Episcopalians, as laymen, having their professional but no spiritual character."

Such a process for the attainment of "religious equality" is tyrannical in its conception, and would be impracticable in its execution. The State of England might, as the State of France has done, persecute and despoil the Church, but it could not extinguish a belief or suppress the communication of the spiritual gifts which Christ left to His Church.

Nonconformists must not suppose that the clergy only would

resent so monstrous an outrage. The faithful laity of the Church are equally interested in maintaining the character and privileges which they inherit; they have been taught—

(1.) That true religion is not man's invention, but a divine revelation.

(2.) That Christ, the Founder of their religion, sent forth Apostles, instructing them to appoint successors with like authority to teach and govern His Church until His coming again, promising to be with them "alway, even unto the end of the world."

(3.) That the continuity of the Church founded by Christ and His Apostles has been unbroken, and that the Bishops, Priests, and Deacons of the Anglican Communion are the successors of, and derive their authority from, the Apostles.

(4.) That the Church of England, holding the Catholic Faith, rightly administering the sacraments enjoined by Christ, framing her formularies and teaching comformably with primitive usage, provides men with the most excellent way of ruling their lives and assuring the salvation of their souls.

My third proposition will be disputed, of course. I find it seriously and elaborately questioned, by the Rev. Dr. Arnold Thomas, of Bristol, in the *Nonconformist* of 2nd December 1886, angrily and scornfully impugned in a leading article in the same paper. Dr. Thomas would depreciate Apostolical succession by showing the improbability of its unbroken continuity. Dr. Whately (he writes) declared "there is not a man in Christendom who is able to trace up, with any approach to certainty, his own spiritual pedigree"; and he cites Cardinal Newman as saying, "An intricate series of ordinations through 300 years, and much more through 1800, will have flaws in it."

Assume the testimony of both these divines, and what would they establish? Not only that no priest living can produce evidence of the successive ordinations which led up to his own, but, what is more important, that flaws must have occurred in the course of the ordinations of the Christian Church, and that each flaw constituted a fractured link in the chain of succession.

If, indeed, the theory of Apostolical Succession implied a mechanical procedure absolutely requiring perfection in the actor, and precision in the action, it would follow, as a corollary on Cardinal Newman's words, that no priest living can affirm his own ordination to be valid. But let Mr. Arnold Thomas ask Cardinal Newman whether he believes himself to be a sharer in the Apostolical Succession? There can be little doubt of what would be his reply. The possibility of flaws would infect with uncer-

tainty Roman and Anglican orders alike, if ordination were a mere mechanical procedure, but such it is not. Episcopal ordination is a fulfilment of our Lord's injunction for a perpetual ministry in His Church, and it is carried into effect by the observance of such forms as seem most closely to follow the Apostolical practice. A Church which professes to obey Christ's commands, and faithfully strives to fulfil His directions, secures the privileges and blessings which He has attached to His institution; and if it happen that individual actors in this solemn ordinance have been disqualified or neglectful, their defect cannot make void the covenants of God, or preclude from the virtue of the ordinance those who obediently resort to it, and in humble faith desire its privileges.

The bishops, priests, and deacons of the Church of England inherit the grace and authority of the Apostolical Succession. They would dishonour their Lord, and degrade their holy office, were they to disparage or disclaim their sacred vocation. They could not for the sake of unity accept the compromise which would place them on the same level with the ministers of sects whose birth may be dated at any time within three centuries, and who bear as their designation the name of some human founder. The present appointment of such ministers may be carefully provided, and their mode of admission reverently conducted, but the same fatal flaw affects them all. The semblance of the conveyance of ministerial authority may have again and again been acted. You may retrace through many stages the gift of the commission, but at last you reach the human founder. His gift was invalid, for he had no title, and he could not give that which he did not possess. Even in civil matters this rule prevails; much more is it paramount in spiritual matters.

In one sense, Mr. Arnold Thomas believes in an Apostolical Succession. "We declare every man to be in it in whom is the Apostolic spirit." So he writes; and far be it from me to question the dwelling of God's spirit in any man who brings forth the fruits of the Spirit. He proceeds: "There is an Apostolical Succession, but it is not the power of God conveyed by physical contact. It is not a line of priests, it is a succession of prophets. Mind acts on mind, whether by ideas or character; herein is the Spiritual Succession."

What may be the intended bearing of this passage (cited from Frederick Robertson's works) on the subject of discussion, I know not, but it strikes me as irrelevant. The discussion turns on the Divine authority of the English Church, exercised through her visible organization, and it is plain that something more than self-assertion must prove the qualification of its office-bearers and their authority to teach the Gospel. "No man taketh this honour upon

himself." An Anglican candidate for the ministry may plead that he is inwardly moved thereto by the Holy Ghost, but he must also, after due examination, receive his commission at the mouth of the bishop, and through the laying on of hands. The newly-ordained priest or deacon, glancing in mind and memory over the intervening line of bishops, receives his mission from the bishop who stands before him, as from a representative of Christ and a successor of the Apostles.

It is from their union with Christ, through the instrumentality of His Church, that laymen and clergymen alike derive the light and strength on which rests their peace in this life and their hope of the life to come, and, from the spiritual elements of their position, they can make no concession.

I regret, I deeply regret, that Mr. Guiness Rogers should find a grievance in the mere existence of the National Church. I would that no loyal and honest Englishman could imagine that the present state of things involved towards him "injustice," "intolerance," or "toleration which is an insult." A true allegiance to the Church of England does not involve a proscription of all who are not within her ranks. I assuredly renounce such a conclusion. My great-grandfather, the Rev. John Hubbard, was pastor of a Nonconformist Chapel at Stepney. He was a friend of Dr. Watts, of Neal, of Price, of Jennings, and of Dr. Guyse, who preached his funeral sermon. His sermons, with those of his five friends preached at Berry Street Chapel in 1733, are in my library. He died in the prime of manhood, after a brief but most painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and the humble expression of assured hope. I doubt not that his hope was realised, and that his spirit joined the company of just men made perfect. I am persuaded that the Church of England is Apostolic in her government, and that her ministrations and teaching offer all the instructions needed for guiding men through a godly life to a holy death; but I believe that Christ died for all men, that every man shall be judged according to the light that is in him, and that he who honours God by obeying His commands will be accepted of Him.

Churchmen are not reluctant in recognizing the many claimants to their admiration who have been nurtured in the ranks of Nonconformity, as learned theologians, as intrepid soldiers, as skilful lawyers, as indefatigable pastors, as philanthropists, or as devoted missionaries. They know that Nonconformists can chronicle a long record of men whose lives have done honour to their country by their public services or by their integrity and liberality in private life, and of such men the names will be always kept in grateful memory alike by Dissenters and by Churchmen.

That religious divisions are an evil must be admitted, but they always have existed in Christendom, though in different degrees, and more or less distinctly, according to the amount of religious liberty which the State permitted. A Church to which Mr. G. Rogers would allow the designation of National (while co-extensive with the nation) would owe its nationality to the forcible suppression of all religious differences; and the same Church would, in his words, "have lost its status" when advanced civilization and the prevalence of religious liberty had permitted a religious profession and public worship dissident from that of the National Church.

One dare not expect that the continued existence of the National Church in the midst of dissenting bodies will ever be free from the opposition engendered by an enmity largely founded on a misconception of her doctrine. It is necessary to bear this in mind, as explaining the bitter and unchristian tone in which the Church is often spoken of by Nonconformists. At a recent Conference at the City Temple, Holborn, the Rev. Richard Glover (St. Luke's, Holloway) noticed this disposition, and quoted, as an illustration, the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Binney, "that the Church of England *had damned more souls than she had saved.*" He was reproved by Mr. Guiness Rogers, acting as Chairman of the Conference, in these words: "The Rev. Dr. Binney never made that statement in the unqualified manner imputed to him by the speaker." Upon this blank contradiction, Mr. Glover withdrew his reference to Dr. Binney. But what are the facts of the case?

On the 2nd May 1860, at a meeting of the Liberation Society, Mr. S. Morley, at the close of his address, used these words:—

> He would have the Committee act in the spirit of the remarks made by the Rev. T. Binney twenty-seven years ago, at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Weigh House Chapel, when he said: "It is with me, I confess, a matter of deep, serious religious conviction, that the Established Church is a great national evil; that it is an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land; that it destroys more souls than it saves; and that, therefore, its end is most devoutly to be wished for by every lover of God and man."

I do not scruple to give this extract upon the authority of Mr. Samuel Morley, because I am able to say that for Mr. S. Morley I entertained an unfeigned regard and admiration justly due to one who had been conspicuous for his philanthropy, his generosity, and his religious and honourable career. Conversing with him in the Tea-room of the House of Commons, I was remarking one day on the growth of toleration between men of different persuasions; and as an example of this improvement, I repeated to him Mr. Binney's unchristian phrase, as one which he could now look upon only with condemnation. I felt all the happier for the opportunity of separating Mr. Morley, in 1884, from the reproach of sympathizing with the odious sentiment which

many years before he had enunciated with approval. On another occasion Mr. Morley also rescued his memory from reproach. He had been induced, by party influence, to recommend Mr. C. Bradlaugh to the electors of Northampton; but the evil of an inconsiderate impulse was quickly and amply out-weighed by an unqualified withdrawal of his recommendation, and an earnest denunciation of Atheism.

How does Mr. Rogers reconcile his office of President at a Conference with his blank contradiction of one of the speakers, he himself being, as we now see, absolutely wrong in his unwarrantable contradiction?

As a critic, Mr. Rogers should be accurate, and when convicted of an inaccuracy he should show some signs of regret. He is inaccurate, and he is impenitent. In his article, "A Suspended Conflict," he might have expressed regret at having, in a previous publication, so seriously distorted my language, that he felt justified in describing the perverted meaning which he imputed to me as "an apotheosis of imbecility, childishness, and ignorance." I had pointed out, in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, that Mr. Rogers had inverted my argument, but he passes on without a word of explanation or regret.

Mr. Rogers should recollect that example is stronger than precept, and that the "sweet reasonableness" which he commended to the Conference of 19th November 1886, might have attained a wider influence had he himself observed it.

Mr. Rogers having asserted that he "meant no harm to the Church," reconciles that friendly protestation with his consent to her disendowment, by the cool assumption that the property she now enjoyed belonged not to her, but to the State, who could, of course, be doing no harm to the Church by resuming possession of its own.

Mr. Rogers sums up the question of Disendowment in this sentence: "The property belongs to the Church or to the State. If to the State, the Church has no right to complain of a new application of it; if to the Church, the State has no right to control it." Mr. Rogers ignores the distinction between owner and trustee. The endowments of the Church were given to her for God's service and the people's use, and the State became the trustee and guardian, to preserve them for their religious purpose. It may control, but not alienate their application. The State has not the right, but it has the power, to apply Church property to other than religious purposes. Yet I feel confident that it will not so apply them, because their alienation would not be for the advantage of the whole community.

Mr. Rogers, for himself, demands not Disendowment, but

Disestablishment, as a means to religious equality. There are two conditions, however, which must be disposed of before that beatific state can be attained. One is the repeal of the Act of 1700, for the Limitation of the Crown, which Liberationists endeavour to ignore, are afraid to mention, and still more fearful to discuss; and there is the indispensable annihilation of the doctrine of Sacerdotalism—which is by interpretation "The Apostolical Succession"—"the Episcopal government of the Church," the belief that Religion is a Revelation from God, and that all authority in the Church is derived from its Founder—Christ.

Is it possible that sensible, practical men can contemplate a prolonged and implacable conflict, to realise an impracticable idea? Mr. Guiness Rogers concludes that there is no reason why Nonconformists should suffer because of their religious opinions. What do they suffer? If they have any grievance that can be removed consistently with the maintenance of a constitutional monarchy, with its correlative accessories, and respect for the rights and liberties of Churchmen, let them ask, and they will have relief. But rather than submit to the outrageous demands of the Liberation Society, Churchmen will welcome the struggle which Mr. G. Rogers tells us is only "*A Suspended Conflict.*"

Mr. Rogers suffers under a consciousness of inequality between the status of the Clergy and that of Dissenting Ministers, and he proposes to obtain equality by degrading the Clergy. But there are two ways of reaching equality—"levelling up" and "levelling down." "Levelling down" is impossible. Why not try "levelling up"?

Equality is to be sought in some matters, but never when equality contravenes liberty, as it assuredly does in its application to religious organizations. In that proposal it aptly illustrates the definition of De Toqueville: "Equality is an expression of envy. It means, in the real heart of every Republican, no one shall be better off than myself."

J. G. Hubbard.

A LAWYER'S LOVE-LETTERS: 1615.

The late Lord Lytton, in the beginning of his autobiography, mentions the connection of his family with the Earles of Heydon in Norfolk. "My grandfather," he says, "married the heiress of the Earles of Heydon Hall, which became the family residence. One of these Earles in a former generation bestowed two livings upon the learned community of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; which livings are still usually presented to such of the founder's kin as may have received their final education at that venerable college." The giver of this patronage was Erasmus Earle, and the date of his gift, 1715. He was a namesake and a grandson of an Erasmus Earle whom Lord Lytton might well have been gratified to count among his forebears. This Erasmus was the restorer of the fortunes of a family which had occupied a good position for several generations, and had been established at or near Heydon for some considerable if doubtful period. He was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, "esteemed one of the ablest lawyers of his time," and his long career was one of continuous success.

A bundle of letters and papers relating to Serjeant Erasmus Earle were recently lent to the librarian of Lincoln's Inn. They have been submitted to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and some few which seemed to be of public interest have appeared among the papers printed by the Commissioners.* There were also in the bundle some letters, written by Serjeant Earle from Lincoln's Inn, which, if they have no great public historical interest, present some charming glimpses of domestic life. The earlier letters were written to the young lady who afterwards became Mrs. Earle; the others are from Earle to his wife, at various dates till within three years of his death. The main facts of his life are soon told. In 1605, when young Earle was fifteen, his father died and left him to the care of a guardian. He was sent to school at Norwich, and afterwards he was admitted as a student at Furnival's Inn, from which he went to Lincoln's Inn on the 7th of April 1612. He became a bencher in 1635. For many years he was leader of the Norfolk circuit. In 1640 Norwich returned him to the Long Parliament, and he held the post of the Lord Protector's Serjeant-at-Law during the Commonwealth. He

* Historical Manuscripts Commission. Tenth Report, appendix, part iv. p. 120 (Boycott's MSS.).

was secretary along with Thurloe at the making of the Treaty of Uxbridge in 1644. In 1648 he was made a Serjeant-at-law, and Recorder of Norwich, and in the same year he was sent with a commission of Oyer and Terminer to Norwich, and afterwards on "the York circuit." At the Restoration he took the benefit of the King's pardon, and was again made a serjeant, and he "continued in great business till the end of his days." He died Sept. 7th, 1667, at the age of 77.* He married his first cousin Frances Fountayne (or Fountaine, as the name is now spelt), Feb. 25th, 1616 (*i.e.* according to present reckoning, 1617). They were near neighbours, and had probably grown up in intimacy. Both families lived at Sall near Reepham, and the Earles only removed when Erasmus bought the neighbouring manor of Heydon, and established himself at Heydon Hall. The Fountaines afterwards migrated to Narford Hall, where the famous collection of which so much has been heard lately was treasured. It appears from the letters that the Fountaines must have been in a better position, or at all events better off, than the Earles. The Fountaines were an ancient family, but so were the Earles. Perhaps it was only the lover's modesty that made him speak so humbly of the smallness of his estate. Mrs. Earle survived her husband only four years. Their fifty years of married life seem to have been passed in unbroken accord. The last letter, written in 1664, breathes the same tenderness and shows the same loving companionship as the letters of the first year of their union.

The letters are all dated from Lincoln's Inn. It is not exactly the place where now-a-days one would expect love-letters to be written, but the place itself, and the conditions of life there, were very different in 1615. In the first place, of course, the young lawyer lived in his chambers, and the most diligent student, if he wished to write love-letters, then (as now) would easily find opportunities. At that time Lincoln's Inn was quite as "smart" a place to live at as the Albany is now—more so, indeed, for to be a student at one of the Inns of Court stamped a man with a sort of *cachet*. Under the Stuarts to be a member of Lincoln's Inn or the Temple was, if one pleased, to be in the height of fashion. To play a prominent part in a masque was to be more famous than to be a recognized leader of cotillons at the present day; to play the chief part was to be a leader of society.

It was something, also, to win a reputation for "making a good leg" in a galliard at the Revels, but at the Inns of Court dancing was a purely masculine accomplishment. A good dancer would be talked of like an athletic prize-winner at the present day, or a man who rowed in one of the University eights. At the masques, on

* See Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, vol. iii. p. 531.

the other hand, ladies attended, and scaffolding for seats for them was erected in the hall, just as it is now in the Dormitory for the Westminster Plays.

In 1615, when Earle began to write his love-letters, the splendid masque which had been presented by the Society of Lincoln's Inn before the King, on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, must have been fresh in the memory of every student. Three years later there was a still more gorgeous masque, in which all the four Inns of Court took part. It was presented at Christmas, on Prince Charles being created Prince of Wales, and was led by Lincoln's Inn. The Revels, or "exercises of dancing," were, as Dugdale says, not merely permitted by the Benchers, "but thought very necessary (as it seems), and much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times; for, by an order made 6 Febr. 7 Jac. [*i.e.* only two years before Earle's admission] it appears that the under-barristers were, by decimation, put out of commons, for example's sake, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on Candlemas Day preceding, according to the antient order of this Society [Lincoln's Inn], when the judges were present."

The external aspect of Lincoln's Inn had nothing of the dingy air which, to the casual passer-by, is now the distinguishing mark of the old and new squares. The oldest parts of the Inn, as it now stands—the gateway in Chancery Lane and the block of buildings called Nos. 12 and 13, New Square—were, in Earle's time, not quite a hundred years old. The chapel, the library, the hall, the kitchen, and some buildings over it, were of much earlier date, and the Society was thinking of rebuilding them. The site of Stone Buildings, and of the present hall and library, was all part of the spacious and beautiful garden which was enclosed along Chancery Lane, Holborn, and Lincoln's Inn Fields by a new wall. No doubt, the garden (which Pepys admired so much fifty years later) had been laid out and kept very much according to Bacon's taste. Certainly, there was a green, with "grass kept finely shorn," and a shady walk, and "a fair mount." The desert part of it was so wild that penalties had been imposed by the Society upon students who should be found shooting at rabbits in the garden with bows and arrows or darts. Though possibly this order had become obsolete in Earle's day, old benchers might well remember its having been put into force, and part of the garden was still called the coney-garth. Earle was himself a bencher when the Society expended the large sum of £1,000 in making the terrace and the wall, which to this day bounds the garden of Lincoln's Inn along the Fields. The wall on the north side, at which Fuller says Ben Jonson worked as a mason's lad, was built in 1588.

In 1615 part of the site of New Square was occupied by the kitchen-garden, and the southern end belonged to Ficket's Fields, which stretched down to the Strand over the ground now covered by the Royal Courts of Justice. This space had been the Templars' jousting-ground. It may still have been used for "barriers," and doubtless it was a common place of recreation for the students of Lincoln's Inn and the Temple. Perhaps it was here that the students of the Middle Temple played at shoffe-grote or slyp-grote, which they had been forbidden to play within their house. The game may have been something like that which gutter-children now play on the pavement, hopping, and kicking halfpence over chalked lines. In older times the game of "slide thrift, otherwise called shovergrote," had been struck at by an Act of Parliament (33 Hen. VIII., c. 9) as one of those "by reason whereof archerie is sore decaied and daily is like to be more and more minished."

If one were to seek for a modern comparison for these play-fields, one might suppose that they dimly resembled the park at Trinity College, Dublin. But in the seventeenth century there was no feeling for that neatness, or even cleanliness, which modern ideas demand in an urban park. When Lincoln's Inn Fields was the Grosvenor Square of the day the space in the midst of it was full of every sort of abomination, and far worse than the Leicester Square of a few years ago. Macaulay's picture of the place in 1685 would be too flattering for it in 1615, before Inigo Jones had made his plans, or begun to build the fine houses on the western side of the square. In 1613 there was one of the periodical panics about over-crowding in London, and a fear was expressed that the space would be covered with miserable hovels. It was owing to the spirit of the Society of Lincoln's Inn that the ground was cleared and put into some sort of order. The Society complained to the King that, in spite of a proclamation which he had issued, there were people who had threatened and intended to build upon Lincoln's Inn Fields, whereupon the Lords of the Privy Council sent an order to the justices of Middlesex to restrain any such building. Three years later a Commission was appointed to remove the existing nuisances, and, with the help of Inigo Jones, to lay out the whole plot. The central space was cleared of the hovels which were scattered about it, and the area was to be exactly the same as that of the base of the Great Pyramid, but Jones did not live to carry out his plans.

When Earle entered Lincoln's Inn the house consisted of two irregular courts, with sides projecting westwards into the garden, and a block projecting towards the south, and now known as Nos. 12 and 13 New Square. These houses are, in fact, not part of

New Square, but still belong to the Inn.* The eastern side of both courts ran along Chancery Lane, as it does now. The greater part of the northern court had just been rebuilt, and its fine red brick, ornamented with crossing diagonals of black, stood out in bright contrast against the greenery of the garden. There was no great beauty about the new buildings, and, though they lasted for three centuries, their construction has been pronounced faulty, but the arrangement of the chimneys showed that the Jacobean architects understood the capabilities of brickwork, and how well they observed the example which their Elizabethan predecessors had set them. Some of the earlier chimneys still remain in the old square, but the corner of the square by the gateway hardly suggests a just idea of the aspect of the place in 1615. The order of the benchers was that the new buildings should be of brick, wood, and stone, and probably the windows were originally faced with stone. One or two small lights opening on Chancery Lane, the turret-stair of No. 3, Old Square, now that has been demolished, are all that remain to show how the windows were constructed. The others have been altered and freshly edged, for the purpose of letting in the more modern window-sashes.

But the most striking difference of all consisted in the absence of griminess. Lincoln's Inn was then considered to be remote from the tumult of the great city, a secluded retreat fit for quiet study. The notion must have already become rather antiquated. Chancery Lane, which not long before had been impassable, was beginning to be a well-used thoroughfare, and the flow of traffic along Holborn must have disturbed the seclusion of Lincoln's Inn Garden. But old men, whose recollections carried them back to the days when London was still full of monasteries, could remember that the Inn was then really (as it is at this day nominally) in the suburbs of London. Though "sea-coal" was in use for fires (as one of Earle's letters shows, if proof of the fact were needed) it was, of course, expensive, and wood was plentiful. The orders for the new buildings at Lincoln's Inn, provided for cellars not for the storage of coal, but of wood; and coal-smoke did not become a serious nuisance till almost within living memory. The older red-brick had not become black, and a lawyer's papers did not in three weeks look as if they had been preserved for centuries. To picture to ourselves the general aspect of Lincoln's Inn in 1615, we must go to Oxford or Cambridge, or, better still, to one of our old southern cathedral towns, and let the imagination magnify some old house standing in a walled garden on the out-

* New Square belongs to a number of proprietors, whose relations with the Society of Lincoln's Inn were, after much confusion, settled by an Act of Parliament (23 & 24 Vict. c. clxxxiv).

shirts. Perhaps the warden's house at Winchester College might furnish a faint suggestion, which would be aided by the stir of young life close by.

It was during the long period of Earle's career as a student, and while he was making his way at the bar that most of his letters were written, and it can only be regretted that they contain so few references to his business. For details of life at the Inns of Court at this time, Dugdale (*Origines Juridiciales*) is the only authority, all the other writers on the subject having more or less incorrectly copied from his work.*

The minuteness of the regulations for the observance of revels and grand Christmasses makes one forget that a barrister ever did any work two hundred and fifty years ago; but the orders with regard to moots and exercises were as particular as those which dealt only with dancing and feasts. Age, indeed, was no protection. The benchers themselves could not escape from taking part in theoretical discussions which are now only thought fit for law students' debating societies. And, what seems to us worst of all, many of these discussions took place at dinner. Sir Thomas More's famous question whether beasts taken in withernam were irrepleviable, put to the "pragmatical professor" at Bruges, is only an exaggerated specimen of the topics which Earle must have heard suggested for conversation in Lincoln's Inn Hall. The multiplicity and the elaborateness of the orders, both for work and play, at the Inns of Court, were doubtless due to the tradition of that mediæval pettiness which was so conspicuous in the monastic regulations. But the frequency with which the orders relating to study were issued probably shows that the rules were much evaded, and, indeed, unless human nature has altogether changed since the beginning of the seventeenth century, it is not likely that the young courtiers who cut such gay figures at masque and revel, accepted fully the view of the benchers in encouraging those exercises. One can hardly imagine that the lively student who had been playing the part of high constable marshal "in a fair gilt compleat harneys, with a nest of feathers in his helm," the leader in every sort of wild absurdity—or the noisy merry spirit who had been hunting a fox and a cat "with nine or ten couple of hounds with the blowing of hunting hornes" in hall before dinner, would sit down next morning after a breakfast of "brawn, mustard, and malmsey" to pore over the Year-books, Littleton on Tenures, Bracton, Glanvil, or Fortescue, especially as the Lord of Misrule had been abroad since seven.

But some of the students must have worked hard enough.

* Mr. Robert Pearce (*History of the Inns of Court*: London, 1848), had added something of value.

The Inns of Court took some pains that a man should know his business before he was called to the bar. In their recent reforms these learned societies have only been reverting to the principles upon which they acted centuries ago. The feeling which actuated them in Henry VI.'s time was still alive in 1615. A barrister must, above all things, be a gentleman, and *Noblesse oblige* was his motto. In spite of all attempts to reform it, such a theory has been slow in dying out. But the societies were not content with inculcating this principle. Their ablest members devoted themselves to teaching the students, and the office of reader was not merely one which conferred an honour, but one in which reputation could be made. It was the firm cohesion of the members of an Inn that gave life to the society. To lecture on Acts of Parliament before the students, and even to argue points of law with them, were as much parts of an eminent counsel's work as upholding a plea before Coke, or urging the venerable Ellesmere to find some equitable relief against the stringency of the Common Law. A large practice at the bar was obviously not so severe a strain upon a man in 1615 as it is now. Most barristers only lived in their Inn during the law terms. Of about two hundred in residence in term, only about fifty stayed on in vacation. It appears, from the letters, that Earle went home to Norfolk as soon as term was over, even in his busiest times. To a man who could afford to keep a couple of horses travelling was very easy in those times, easier than it was a century and a half later, when it became more usual to drive than to ride. Only a hundred years ago the by-roads were so bad, that a journey from London sixteen miles into Essex meant, to a rich man, a coach and six and a hard day's travelling. In James I.'s time a man would have ridden the same distance in two hours. Barristers who had a home in the country could really live there. Earle used to ride up to Lincoln's Inn at the beginning of term, and send his horses back; and at the end of term they came to fetch him home again. Perhaps he worked all the harder while he was at Lincoln's Inn. He told his wife in the first of his letters after their marriage that he meant to work for her, and he kept his promise most fully.

The reading of law books was not such a hopeless task as it has become in our time. A man might well have read the greater part of all the useful law-books that existed in Earle's day. Coke had probably read them all, and so had Bacon. When Coke began to publish his Reports, there were in existence only fifteen volumes of reported cases. A lawyer in large business had time to be a scholar too. While Earle was studying at Lincoln's Inn, and, no doubt, winning distinction at the mock law-suits in which a young

barrister first came into notice, the learned Selden, though he did not succeed in Court, was drawing conveyances in the Inner Temple, and his opinion on a title to an estate was probably more valued by his fellow lawyers than his views on a title of honour, or on the *jus gentium* among the ancient Hebrews. Prynne had not yet come to Lincoln's Inn. He was still at the Grammar School at Bath, or, perhaps, a freshman at Oriel, beginning to cultivate that passion for scribbling which afterwards brought him into so much trouble. At the present day it is said that a barrister's duty is not so much to read his books as to know where to find the learning on any particular point. He has not so much to learn the text of a book as to be familiar with its index. In Earle's time a lawyer relied very much upon the notes of his own studies. Sir Matthew Hale's commonplace book preserved in the library of Lincoln's Inn shows the method in which a barrister used to do his reading.

But with all the differences between life at the Inns of Court in 1615 and the present day, when they have become (as the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge are fast becoming) little more than mere places of business, it is pleasing to note some traits which are unaltered. In no profession do men criticise each other more keenly or more openly than at the Bar. The good-fellowship which, on the whole, prevails among barristers makes such frankness easy. Manningham's diary, kept at the Middle Temple in 1602, shows that the same spirit was alive then as still exists in the New Law Courts, and especially on circuit in our own time. Manningham had no more respect for the "auncients" than the "junior" of a circuit has for its leaders, and he criticised them exactly as the Queen's Counsel at the present day are criticised by the briefless.

At times the elders foolishly resented the want of reverence of the juniors, and attempted, so to speak, to extort respect by Act of Parliament. In 1635 the gentlemen under the bar at the Middle Temple were enjoined to "yield due respect and observance to the Benchers and ancients, their governors, as they expect and desire the preferment to the degree of the Bar, or otherwise are to be liable to the censure of the Bench, or (as the cause shall require) to be cut off from the Society."

At times, too, there was the same complaint of the slackness of business which may be heard any day at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn now. "Serjeant Harris," writes Manningham, "standing on day at the Common Place barr with the other sergeants, and having scarce clients enough to hold motion—'They talke of a call of sergeants,' said he, 'but for ought I can see, wee had more neede of a call of clients.'"

If we can thus to some extent picture to ourselves the surroundings of a lawyer at Lincoln's Inn in 1615, it is more difficult to imagine exactly how his day was spent. There was a long period of exercise before he could even begin to practise in Court. For seven years he had to be a student of his Inn, and after he became a barrister there were three more years in which he was only a "vacation barrister," and was not yet allowed to go into Court and have clients of his own. Earle was twenty-two when he came from Furnival's Inn to Lincoln's Inn. It is probable, therefore, that he did not begin to practise till he was thirty. How did he spend his time during all those years of preparation? That he worked well at his books is evident; and it is certain that he was not one of those roysterers who had "heard the chimes at midnight." But what were the diversions of his London life? There was the early walk either across the fields or beside the splendid row of the great suburban houses along the Strand to Westminster, where the Courts sat from 8 to 11 or 12 o'clock, and, when there was much business, from 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Perhaps Earle may have stood listening, as Orlando Bridgman did assiduously every day in term, to the arguments in Westminster Hall; and in the afternoon there were the moots and exercises to be attended. But there was still plenty of time left unoccupied, and, while his fellow-students were strolling in Cheapside, laughing at the busy citizens, and sometimes, as Manningham shows us, playing practical jokes upon them, we may imagine Earle sitting down to write to Miss Frances Fountaine in Norfolk. To make quite sure that she should be able to read his letters, he printed them with the utmost neatness. After she had become his wife he was content to write in a running hand. By that time, perhaps, her education had been finished; or, at all events, he had been satisfied of her cleverness. But, whatever his letters lost in legibility, they gained in freedom of expression.

1.

If I could and durst, (my worthelye best beloved), by these all bewrayinge letters reveale my love, and anatomies my restles passions, I am assured that then the sinceritie of my love, the loialtie of my thoughts, and the unmoveablenes of my affection would move thee to pittie, if not purchase favour of thee for me, that most dearlie loves thee. But fearinge to comitte such secretts to these longe-tounged papers, I leave thee to suppose of that w^{ch} I neither can, noe nor dare discover, but to thy trustie selfe; earnestlie intreating thee that as thou art most lovelie, soe thou wouldest be most lovinge, and that as thou art full of favour, soe thou wouldest be favorable to him whoe hath placed his sole happines in thy favour, and devoted and vowed himselfe onelie to please and pleasure thee. For the platform of love is able to receive but one impression. And seeinge that love liketh wthout exception lett the smallnes of my estate be countervailed wth the greatnes of my love, and albeit I have not wherewthall to inriche thee, yett happilie my meane estate may yeald the thy content. Blame me not (O my love) if my tediousnes proves troublesome, for soe hath the exquisitenes of thy outward liniaments, and the excellencie of thy inward

vertues inthralled me, that (I must confesse) I onelie thinke that time well bestowed, which I spend in meditatinge and admiring thy perfections. I have by this gentleman my cosen sent thee a token which thoughe in it selfe it be not worthie thy receaving yett I hope for thy gentle acceptance, but desire not any from thee, unles it be uppon some other occasion, then the losse of thy selfe: thou knowest my meanynge. But not darringe to farre to presume uppon thy patience I take my leave, desiringe thee to remember my love to all thy sisters in generall, but especiallie to thy sister Palgrave to whome next unto thy selfe I owe all love and due respecte. And thus restinge restles, untill I rest dearest in thy favour, wishing thee all thy wishes, I end.

[torn]

ERASMUS EARLE.

London: this fourth of December 1615.

To his worthely much repected cozen M^ris^ Frauncis Ffountayne give these.

[ENCLOSURE found with this letter, but probably belonging to No. 2.]

The proverb is and some to true it find,
once out of sight and quicklie out of mind.
But doe not thou (my love) from hence inferre
that it holds true in each particuler;
for soe hath love ingraven thee in my hart
that where I am there still thou present arte.
And so fast fixed is my love on thee
that never more it can removed be,
for be thou constant, be thou vaine, or light,
be what thou wilt, be counterfett, or right,
my love remaines immoveable the same.
Thou canst be nothinge that can quench this flame,
but it will burne as longe as I have breath,
to keepe it kindled, (if not after death).
Neere was there one more true than I to the.
Allthoughe my love perhaps despised bee,
unprised, or valued at the lowest rate,
yett this I tell thee, 'tis not all thy state,
nor yett thy beautie, that rare Jemm of thine,
can winn thee such a faithfull love as mine.
Liking it maye; but oh theirs as much odds
'twixt love and that as between men and gods.
And doe not thou, (my dearest love) once deeme
that my love's less then I have made it seeme.
noe, noe, my love surpass that full as farre
as the bright sunne excells the smallest starre!
And to conclude, this line my love shall tell,
how'ere I fare I wish my Franke farwell.

2.

If I should relate (Deere Love) how deepely I feel myself ingaged and indebted unto thee for the token sent me by my cousen, I feare I should be scarce beleeved, albeit I hope I am welbeloved. Yet because the proverb is, that they comonly are soonest beleeved who are best beloved, hopeing through thy love to purchase beleefe, in recompense of thy favour I vowe for ever to rest & be at thy command & pleasure. And perswade thy self that whatsoever profers I have heretofore made thee of my love and promises of my loialtie shal be faithfully performed; for as my love hath not been wanton, so shall it not be wavering. Excuse me (my love) though I write in plaine termes; for truth so apparrelled is most comly; & superfluous glozeing eloquence often times incurres the suspition of flattery and deceipte. I am informed my cousen Palgrave (of whome I never desired more, nor deserved lesse, then her favour) is of an hoped for sister become a resister of my much desired content, of a loveing freind, an unkinde foe. But as yet I cannot beleeve it; howsoever if it shall

please thee to accept of my love (which of all thinges I most desire) I will patiently beare the unkindness of others which I never deserved. Thus intreating thee to receive this trifle albeit it deserve not thy acceptance with the remembrance of my love unto thee (my worthily most beloved) and thy sister, entreating the continuance of thy love and her favour untill I shall in the least sort deserve the contrary, feareing to be too to troublesome, I take my leave and rest forever,

Thine more truly than thou thyne owne,

ERASMUS EARLE.

Lincolnes Inn London the three and twentieth of February 1615 [1616].

Since the writing of this I was certified by thy brother Dey his letters that I was so fortunate as to be chosen by thee for thy Valentine; and albeit for the present (in respect of the speedy retorne of this messenger and other occasions,—being reading tyme with us) I cannot gratify thee as I would, yet assure thyself ere long I will finde occasion by one meanes or other to testifie my good liking of thy election.

To his very loveing and worthily most respected cosen Mris Francis Founteyne give this with speed.

3.

I have beene silent (my Love), and that much longer than I would, in hope of my cousen Reymes his comynge into Norfolke; whose determination being latelie altered I could no longer forbeare troubling thee in this kinde; for silence in love is but as the stopping of a streame which forceth it to swell the higher, or but as the casting of water sparingly upon a seacole fier which maketh it to flame the fiercer. The coales of love cannot be quenched with forgetfulnes. It is the saying of a Poet that

Nothing on earth but lymitts have we see
But boundles love which ne'er exprest can bee.

Which albeit most true, yet have I heretofore soe plainely disclosed my affections, manifested my love, and made thee soe large promises as I nowe can profer nor thou expect no more, but only the performance, then which there is nothing I more desire; for assure thy self I take farr greater content in being thyne then in all thinges ells. I have sent thee by Willson the post a Ruffe (which though it have nothing in it but only the newnes of the fashion to commend it) yet I hope thou wilt kindely accept it as a token from one that truely loves thee. And thus feareing to be to tedious, with the remembrance of my best love unto thee, my worthily best beloved, together with my comendations unto all thy sisters, in haste I take my leave, resting for ever

Thyne onely and wholly thyne

ERAS: EARLE.

Lincolnes Inn this eighteeth of May 1616.

I pri'thee lett me heare from thee and that soe soone as thou mayest conveniently; and soe farewell, my love, to whom above all others I wish well.

To his worthily moste respected Cousen Mris Francis Founteyne give this.

4.

I have ceased from writing (my love) much longer then willingly I would; first in regard that ever since I received the aunswere unto my last letters I have expected thy company here; next because I have supposed it unfitting to be too troblesome unto thee untill I have some further assureance of thy love and that my letters shall be welcome. Yet my meaning is not, neither doe I desier, that thou sholdest conclude any thinge without thy father's privitie & good liking, for all that I intreate is but to have thy consent & to be referred to him. And I desier it the more earnestlie because, as I conceive, thou maist nowe conveniently send unto me either by thy brother Dey or by my uncle Marteyne. I can make thee no greater nor larger promises, nor further by words manifest my love then heretofore I have done. I hope therefore it will suffice I remaine the same I have beene. And assure thy selfe I was never soe readie to promise & proffer any thing as I am, & wilbe readie & willing to performe it. If I shall conceive by thy letters (which I confidentlie expect & hope for) that my comeing into the contrie wilbe acceptable I then will not be long absent, howsoever

my aunt Wrathall being deade I cannot soe conveniently come as before. And thus with remembraunce of my best love unto thy worthy self and my salutacoñs unto thy sister w^th^ thee, I rest

Or thine or not my owne,
ERAS: EARLE.

London, this tenth of October 1616.

To his most respected cosen M^ris^ Francis Founteyne give these I prayc.

5.

The mind of him that loveth is not where he liveth but where he loveth. Blame me not then (my love) though my letters be offensive, seeing they be but the effects of love As I heretofore verilie believed soe nowe I knowe assuredlie that thy father liketh & is well pleased with my love towards thee: neither doth he onely but thy brother alsoe allowe and approve of it (whereof my cozen Dey cann give the full satisfaction). It nowe therefore resting wholly in thy owne breast & disposition, I hope well to receive thy gentle answere whereby I may be further & fullie assured of thy love, which as it will be all pleasing to me, soe I doubt not but it will worke thy full content. I remaine the same & am redy to condiscend unto & performe more then thou or thy friends shall desire. In a word, both I and myne reste at thy dispose. And assure thy selfe that I shall soner leave to live then leave to love, and thus breiflie with remembraunce of my best love I rest,

Thine more trulie then myne owne,
ERAS: EARLE.

Lincoln's Inn, this xxx^th^ of October 1616.

[Address torn.]

6.

The excesse of joy (my love) which surprised me at the receit of thy most loving and most desiered message presentlie put me in remembraunce of that old saieng, that that love which was begunn in perill and obteyn'd with difficultie alwaies savoreth of greatest delight when it is possessed. And I doubt not but that thou shalt hereafter finde me soe carefullie respective in preserving and continewinge it that it will never repent thee that thou hast bestowed it of me; for albeit I shall never be able to recompence thy courtisie with coyne yet assure thy selfe I will alwaies repaie thee love for love with a surplusage. I will (if God permitt) bee w^th^ thee so soone as possiblely I maie. For although having determined with my selfe not to come into the contrie this vacation (in regard I heard nothing from thy brother Dey who promised me long ere this to have wrote unto mee) I cannot soe sodenlie laie apart my bussines and provide my selfe for the contrie as willinglie I would, yett perswaide thy selfe that all bussines omitted I will ere long be with thee, albeit I suppose thou woldest not construe it unkindlie though I shold staie much longer then I intend because I am confident that thou doubtest not my constancie. And thus retorning thee many and many thanks for thy kindnes, intreating and that most earnestlie thy commendacoñs unto me by this messenger whoe hath promised mee to be moste secret, with my praiers to God for thy helth I recomend my best and endles love unto thy worthie selfe, and reste

[Piece torn out]
ERAS: EARLE.

Lincoln's Inn, this 3 of December 1616.

To his worthely most respected cosen M^ris^ Francis Founteyne. give these w^th^ speed.

7.

MY TRULIE LOVEINGE AND INTIERLIE BELOVED WIFE

The worth of plentie is not better decerned by having enough then by wanting that which is sufficient, nor the delightfullnes of thy companie more truly knowne by thy all-pleasing presence then by thy displeasing absence. And suerlie had not reason silenced my affection at my departure I could not have beene perswaded by any of hir arguments to have left thee as I did, for I noe sooner give audience unto affection but it perswades me that thy company is to be valued farr above all gaine, all preferment:

on the other side reason informes me that wise men beginn all theire actions at the latter end and adviseth me to be carefull in a good manner for future tymes. But my reason finding me to too inclynable unto my affection [they?] have appealed to thee to whom I have most willinglie referred them with this advise and requeste that thou soe determinest theire controversie as thou before all others especiallie please thy selfe; for if thou shalt desier my company then will I not be long absent, if content with my absence then will I not yet come, for be assured (my deere wife) that I am not lesse loving then heretofore, but more carefull for thee, for I proteste unto thee that the end of all my labors next after the glorie of God is especiallie intended for thy good. Lett not therefore my over long absence cause thee to call my love in question but reste perswaded of my love and that thou art farr more deere unto mee then I to my selfe and that both my selfe and whatsoever it shall please God to make me master of shall for ever reste at thy despose: for seeing thou wert content to take me wth a little, in my conceyt thou well deservest that little and whatsoever els shall hereafter be called myne. I prithee procure my cosen Gabyn to write a word or two unto me from thee for it will give me great content. And thus wth my praiers to God for thee and remembraunce of my best love unto thee, and thy sister with thee, I rest

Thy truly loving and kinde husband

ERAS: EARLE.

Lincoln's Inn this xixth of March 1616 [1617].

Thy unkle Thomas remembreth his love unto thee. Soe doth thy brother and sister who thank thee for thy tokens and soe once more farewell.

To his very loveing and good wife M$^{rs.}$ Earle give this with speede.

These earlier letters, with all their depth of true affection, are rather stilted in style, and are not without touches of euphuism and legal conceits; but the later letters are remarkable for directness and for an entire absence of affectation. The learned Serjeant appears in them not as a lawyer, but as a country gentleman. They are full of minute directions about horses, cows, sheep, and pigs. The colt is to be ridden with the snaffle only, for fear of his becoming hard-mouthed, "which is a very badd propertie"; the palings are to be kept in order, for fear of the beasts straying into the home grounds; and the numbers of ewes and rams and lambs are to be "sett all downe in a paper booke."

On two or three of the letters Mrs. Earle has scribbled notes of the things she is to attend to. "Reckon Christopher Allen, make cleere with the brewer, accompt with Masham," &c. She must have been an excellent manager and a most helpful, as well as a most loving, wife. We catch a glimpse of one sorrow in the midst of prosperity and happiness. There was a good-for-nothing son, the only unsatisfactory one of a family of four sons and two daughters. In a letter of the 13th of October 1657 his father writes of him:—

I meane not to have him who is the master of misorder to trouble my house eyther after thou art come awaye or whylest thou art there; for indeed I knowe him soe well that I ame very sorry that he should come when I have to . . . I would I could as readely ease my harte of the sorrowe he occasions me as express my greife. He much complaynes, as you knowe, that he wants money to buy bookes, but he wants none to buye horses or to keep them, thoug he hath not use of any but to ride a-huntinge and from alehouse to alehouse & from house to house to play away his money & drinke disorderly, & many other good properties he hath which the country takes notice of.

The collection of letters contains nine more from Serjeant Earle to his wife. Two of them may be selected as specimens, the former written in the earlier period of their married life, the latter within three years of Earle's death. It might be thought that a husband who took so intimate an interest in the details of his wife's dress would be likely to be rather trying at home, and, indeed, it is possible that Mrs. Earle, like other wives, may have been at times thankful that her husband had a profession to occupy him. But, while Earle was still only a rising barrister, his wife had few opportunities of coming up to London to do her own shopping, and, at all events, there is nothing to show that her husband was not as capable of managing his wife's wardrobe as of transacting "the affairs of the chief families of his own county," as Blomefield says he did.

8.

MY MOST DEERE AND MY MOST LOVEING WIFE

I have accordinge unto thy desire sent the stuffe to make the a dublett of. It is the fittest to suite with thy gowne that I could finde. It is of two pieces. But yo^{r} taylor tould me that it was not any thinge the worse, for otherwise I might have hadd it all of one peece and that as cheepe as this coost me. But your taylor said that this was as fitt for your use as if it had beene all of one peece. I have likewise sent you silver and silver lace to lace it with; my brother Elwyn cann tell you howe it must be layde on. I thinke if you cann gett yo^{r} dublett to be well made and yo^{r} gowne to be well mended that then it will be a very good suite. Lett your taylor see your redd bayes gowne and dublett and make yo^{r} blewe bayes gowne and dublett by them. I thinke it best that you have this gowne plated on the backe like unto your redd gowne. I thinke there is to much stuffe for your dublett, for the shortest peece is longe enough for a sleeve. You may therefore see it cutt out yo^{r} selfe. I thinke likewise there is to much lace for yo^{r} dublett if you make it without skyrtes. I have likewise sent you two yardes of Cambricke to make me a ruff of. And as for your lace for a dressinge I prythee send me worde whether thou wilt have of the same that my brother Elvyn hath bought for his wife and howe much thereof will serve thee. I think he hath bought to little yett he sayth that his wife willed him to buye noe more. I have sent thee downe my horse which I prythee send unto my uncle Wrathall. And I have delivered a payre of mittons unto my brother Elwyn to give thee which I prythee deliver unto my uncle Wrathall from me. I prythee speak unto Woodrowe to goe to Booton to my cosen Sayers to see my horse and to dresse him if he be not well, and so to continue dressinge him untill he be perfectly well. And I prythee intreate my brother Elvyn to goe see my horse that thou mayst knowe whether Woodrowe doth take unto him or not. And if he growes pfectly sound then I would have thee to send this horse aboute a weeke hence unto my cosen Sayers, & to take upp the horse that is there, and to keepe him in the house untill the end of this terme and then to sende him for me to London. I have written unto my father to deliver unto thee fortie & five shillings w^{ch} is due unto me from him for this last halfe yeares rent ended at Michaelmas nowe last past. If thou hast any use of it thou mayst imploye it as thou thinkest fittest, otherwise thou mayst send it upp to London unto me with money which my brother Elvyn is to send me. Thus my deerest wife I have troubled thee with a longe and tedious letter, and I desire that thou wouldst furnish me in the like manner. And soe breifly with my salutations unto my frindes with thee together with my best love remembered unto thee my worthely best beloved wife desiringe thee to remember me with thy self in thy prayers I rest

Thy truly loveing husband

ERAS: EARLE.

Lincoln's Inn this 15th of October 1622.

My good & loveing Wife

I prythee tell my father that this last half yeares rent was not thought of when I last reckoned with him. And if by any means thou eanst I prythee gett tenne poundes or at least five poundes of Harvy and send it unto me before the end of this terme with my brother Elvyn's money. And thus desireing thee to want nothinge that my estate eann afforde thee, to love me, and praye for me, I once more rest

Thy truly loveing husband

Eras: Earle.

9.

My deerest Wife

By the blessinge & mereye of God I ame eome to London. And I prythee praye to God that he would whylst we are parte one from the other keepe us and bringe us eomfortablely together againe. I prythee speake to Edward that he would be very carefull of all my business and gett home fower fadhome of reede which Marteyne bath bought for me at Norwich to reede the Long house at Sparreys. Lett it be fetched home as soone as possible may be & strawe bought & that house thatched. And if Marteyne be well entreate his eare & help alsoe and then put it out to Jobson to prime and to the Colbornes to dawbe. I would have them do it for I thinke they will doe it well. Get my brother Drewrye to put out the worke to them. My daughter and both her children here are (God be praysed for it) very well. I prythee speake to Edward to gett the trees felled and hadd home which I sett out to be felled on Satturday at night last, & so fell two such other in Coman's grove as he shall thinke fitt to be felled to make joyee off for the mault house at Plewrights house: I prythee call dayly upon them to have these things done. But my greate requeste unto thee is that thou wouldest praye hartely for me & I hope I shall not fayle to do the like for thee. And thus with my true and harty love unto thee my good wife I rest

Thy truly loveing husband

Er: Earle.

Lincoln's Inn 22° Aprill 1664.

I praye gett the muck sholved up & earried out into the close & layd upon an heape. Howsoever lett it be shoulved up into several heapes untill my man eann intend to carrie it out.

I praye speak to Marteyne to send up as mueh money as he cann to be paid here about the end of the terme.

[To his very loveinge friend Mris Earle at Heydon Hall give these with speed. Leave this letter at Mr. Jo: Earle his house in St. Gyles parish to be sent as above said.]

Charles Archer Cook.

THE RIVALRY OF ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

When I was young, and even in maturer years, I was an ardent votary of the fair and manly science of British boxing. I was taught how, when standing up against an enemy, to guard my own person, and, whilst guarding, to be ever on the alert to strike a blow which should anticipate my adversary; to be watchful of his slightest movement, to divine, if possible, his inmost thought, to read in eye or motion when he intended to strike, and then by a counter-blow, aimed at the most vulnerable part, to paralyse him. This was the triumph of the art, this the true aim of the skilled athlete; the adversary once disabled, he had victory within his grasp.

The laws which apply to boxing apply equally to nations. Nations as well as men are swayed by the passions common to the whole human race. Just as a boxer, who has long held the champion's belt, is regarded with envy by younger men, and will be compelled, sooner or later, to fight for the retention of his honours or to resign them, so does the time come for a nation. The inevitable law which decrees defeat and shame to the boxer who has deteriorated or who is unprepared, prescribes the same fate, under the same conditions, to nations. What is the world's history but a record of the decline and fall of nations which have deteriorated; of the rise on their ruins of others, younger, more vigorous, who have not yet succumbed to the vices of a bastard civilisation? In Europe, Spain and Holland survive to point the moral. It is hard to say, as yet, whether the day of doom has arrived for France, for that France which, at the beginning of the present century, defied combined Europe; but that France is very sick, and has been growing more and more sick ever since she adopted the Republican form of Government, and by reason of that adoption, is undeniable. And now, England, England which was foremost in the battle for freedom in the two earliest decades of the century, which, during the first fifty years of its duration, exercised a predominant influence in Europe, England is now threatened. In the opinion of newer or recently re-organized nationalities, she has held the championship of the world long enough. In the opinion of one of those nationalities—if, indeed, a combination of barbarous Asiatic races, domiciled for the most part in Europe, can by courtesy even be styled a nationality—she will have, before long, to fight for the championship of Asia. At the present

moment she does not possess a single ally in Europe. France, corroded with envy, is ready to join any combination which may injure her ancient rival. Austria, occupied with her own many nationalities, and their often conflicting interests, flanked on the one side by Germany, on the other by Russia, is forced to pursue a selfish policy. And as for Germany, why, ever since 1871, her one aim has been to oust England from the colonial empire of the world. I would ask anyone who doubts this assertion to look at the German map of Africa. The inspection of that map will recall to the reader's mind the exclamation of Runjit Singh when the Governor-General of the day showed him a map of India in which all the British possessions were coloured red: "It will all soon become red," was the prophetic exclamation of the saddened Asiatic. The German map of Africa presents the same characteristics as the map of India shown to Runjit Singh. It, too, is encircled almost entirely by a red border-line; but there is this vital difference, that in this case the red line represents, not England, but Germany! Nor is this all. Delagoa Bay is one of the most precious possessions of the Portuguese. Its harbour—one of the finest in the world—commands the trade-routes into the interior, and the sea-road to India. To the Portuguese it is comparatively useless: they cling to it from pride, as their one possession in South Africa; but, not having the money wherewith to utilize it, they have given a concession to an American gentleman for a railway from the coast to the Boer frontier, accompanied by a grant of considerable tracts of territory on either side of the line, and in the town, Lorenzo Marquez, on the coast. This concession, which assures to the nation holding it virtual control over the whole of East Africa, is now about to be transferred to Germany, because there is not sufficient patriotism in this country to find the money to build the line. No! Germany has become our rival, our jealous and undermining rival, working like the mole for her own advantage and our humiliation. And now, within the last few days, the Chancellor of the Empire has publicly declared that Germany has no interest in frustrating the designs of Russia on Bulgaria, and that she will not interfere to frustrate them. There remains of the great Powers only Italy—for Italy is a great Power—and Italy, though friendly, even sympathetic, does not possess the force to help us against combined Europe. We are thus practically isolated, more isolated even than we were when Napoleon had combined all Europe against us, for, then, though we were opposed by a forced hostility we were encouraged by secret sympathy.

Practically, we stand isolated; of that fact there can be no question. England has to trust to herself alone; to the spirit

which still animates her people; to the courage which still, it is hoped, inspires her rulers. She will be called upon, very soon, to defend those territories the possession of which has made her the greatest empire the world has ever known, an empire acquired by the valour and by the skill and by the devotion of her children, and which can be maintained only by the display of the same qualities. Will the descendants prove worthy of their forefathers? Will the children of the men who foiled Spain when at the apogee of her power, and France when in the fullest lustre of her glory, succeed in baffling the ambitious designs of aggressive Russia? That they will succeed, if not misled by canting shibboleths of the party which would have peace at any price, or betrayed by the pusillanimous counsels of politicians who cannot nerve themselves to the resolution of a Pitt or of a Palmerston, I cannot for a moment doubt, and it is the object of this paper to point out how that desirable end may most easily be attained.

As the prize-fighter, who had been for many years champion of England, used to stand before the new aspirant who desired to supplant him, so stands England, for many years champion of Europe and of Asia, and still unchallenged champion of Australasia, before Russia. As, moreover, the prize-fighter had two vulnerable points, the face and the middle-piece, so likewise has England—her ships which carry the commerce of the world, and India. The loss or destruction of her commercial marine, followed by a blockade of her coasts, would, in these days of one-sided free trade, speedily starve England into submission; the loss of India would be a blow from which there could be no recovery. Russia, too, has her vulnerable points; what these are, I shall presently describe.

I must ask the reader to grant me this admission, obvious to all who do not wilfully close their eyes: that the aim of Russia is, in Europe, to acquire Constantinople; in Asia, to absorb Persia and India.

The injury which Russia would inflict upon England were she to succeed in absorbing Persia and India is so obvious, that it is not necessary here to set it out in detail. The consequence, I repeat, would be simply fatal to England. It seems more desirable to deal with the question of Constantinople, and it seems so for this reason, that not many weeks have elapsed since a noble Marquis, whose devotion to Mr. Gladstone is notorious, publicly declared that the occupation of Constantinople by Russia no longer constituted a menace to England, because the same Power was threatening our Indian frontier. The logic of the argument is scarcely obvious. But a phrase which would have fallen still-born when uttered by a Marquis of Ripon, seemed to derive authority

when proceeding from an ex-Viceroy of India; it is necessary, therefore, to examine the argument.

The situation of Constantinople, between Europe and Asia, commanding on the one side the Dardanelles, easily made impregnable to attack, and on the other the Black Sea, renders the possession of it by an aggressive and unscrupulous Power dangerous to the rest of the world. The golden city can boast of a great and glorious past. She was the seat of the Empire of the East: she is still occupied by those Osmanli, now, indeed, in the decay of their fortunes, but who, with its magnificent site serving them as a base, combated long and valiantly for the possession of Europe; who were able, unmolested, to equip a navy so powerful that its ships met, at Lepanto, on equal terms the combined navies of Christian Europe, and, but for one man, might have achieved a victory which would have placed the Continent at her mercy. Men may smile now at the idea of the aggression of Turkey, for, since the glorious feat of John Sobieski before Vienna, the Turks have ceased to be formidable; but the Danubian provinces knew, the plains of Hungary knew, the city of Buda-Pest, occupied for a century and a half, knew, Vienna knew, the then maritime Powers of Europe knew, the islands of the Mediterranean knew, our forefathers knew, by long and bitter experience, the enormous power for dealing mischief and perpetrating evil possessed by an unscrupulous and aggressive nation seated on the secure position on the Bosphorus.

That which has been may be again. Constantinople in the hands of the Turks of the present day is not dangerous, because the Turks have ceased to be aggressive; but Constantinople in the hands of a Power as unscrupulous and aggressive as were the Turks three, and even two centuries ago, would be a menace as great, a danger as formidable, as any which our ancestors encountered in the darkest days of the world's history.

The only question, then, that remains to be asked is this: Is Russia aggressive? Is Russia unscrupulous? Let her past history, let her action during the last decade, reply. No one will dare deny that she is both. The mistake which civilized Europe has always made in her dealings with the Russians has been to treat them as if they, too, were Europeans. The Tartar guile has ever outwitted alike the Teuton, the Gaul, and the Saxon. What Russia's mode of action ever is, ever will be, has been described, in words used by Lord Palmerston, words which have been often quoted and which it is unnecessary to repeat. Under no circumstances can she be trusted. The word of a Russian official can never be relied upon. Most of all is he to be disbelieved when he takes God to witness as to the course he declares he will pursue.

Yet, knowing this, Europe still remains incorrigible. She has been deceived so often, and still goes on being deceived, that one would think she had a liking for the process.

Despite the protestations of her subsidized newspapers, and the lying assurances of her corrupt Court, the impartial observer is forced to the conclusion that Russia is both unscrupulous and aggressive; that she is biding her time, and making her opportunity, alike to occupy Constantinople, to annex Persia, and to make a raid on India. On all these points she is opposed by one nation, and that nation is England.

The rivals now stand face to face, Russia prepared to make the spring, England to parry the blow. But England can do more than parry the blow. It is in her power to counter her enemy, that is, to deliver a well-aimed blow, straight from the shoulder, at a vital part, to strike him between wind and water; so, in fact, to disarrange his middle-piece that the overgrown giant shall incontinently fall to pieces. I shall now proceed to show how this end may be accomplished.

The middle-piece of the huge Colossus is the Caucasus, the region which, had the Crimean war lasted but one year longer, would have been secured by Lord Palmerston for the brave people who inhabited its mountain fastnesses. Russia, thoroughly cognizant of her happy escape, employed vigorously the earliest moments of the leisure which followed the Treaty of Paris to subdue the barrier which lay between her European dominions and Asia. Though she put forth her whole strength, it took her three years to conquer the sturdy mountaineers. That conquest opened to her, without hindrance, the road to Khiva and Khorasan, and of it she has since made, as the world well knows, the fullest use. There is but one defect in her arrangements, and that is the enormous lengthening of her already long line, and its consequent weakness in more than one part. Let us see how we shall best be able, in the event of a war, to take advantage of this weakness.

Though she be supported by none of the great Powers, England will, in that event, control the forces of one of the doomed victims of her enemy, the troops of the Osmanli. This control is necessary for the success of the campaign I am about to indicate; without it, indeed, it would be childish to think of it.

In such a contest as that here referred to, England will have to act as she acted throughout the great struggle against the first Napoleon. She will have to put forth all her strength, to utilize all her resources, to pour out money like water. These may be sacrifices, but they are sacrifices which a great and free nation is called upon sometimes to pay for her greatness and her freedom—

as were the United States some twenty-five years ago—and those inestimable blessings are, it will be admitted, worthy of the cost. I take it for granted, then, that the England of the penultimate and the last decades of the century will be as patriotic and as self-denying as was the England of the first and second, and that she will fight in this sacred cause as a free nation only can fight—and pay.

The main blow must be dealt, in a manner to be presently described, at the Caucasus; but it must not be the only blow. The extremities must be seriously threatened, even seriously attacked, whilst the centre is being pierced. Let us see how this may best be done.

One of the extremities is that which abuts on Persia and Afghanistan. Here, probably, Russia would attack England. She has made every preparation for such an attack. At the present moment—I have it on authority which is not open to question—Russian roubles circulate freely in the Indian bazaars. The men who circulate them are very reticent as to whence they come. Indeed, when interrogated, they become mute on that point. It has happened, however, more than once, that they have significantly added that many more were available. But, however much Russia may have circulated her roubles in the bazaars, of one fact we may be confident, she has not yet corrupted, and she never will be able to corrupt, the glorious Native army of India. The Sikhs, the Gurkhas, the Patans of the frontier, have an intense longing for the *certaminis gaudia*, the "joys of combat," which animated the great Attila; and even if poverty-stricken Russia were able to find the sum she might deem sufficient to buy them, I am certain they could not be bought. No; at that extremity an Anglo-Indian army, led by Sir Frederick Roberts, would, I have no doubt whatever, more than baffle a Russian invader, whether the object of that invader were Persia or Afghanistan. Nay, more; it would be in the power of a skilful general on our Indian frontier to make an offensive defence, to force Russia to maintain a very large army at that extremity, to threaten its depôts on the Caspian, and thus to prevent her sending any assistance to the attacked middle-piece. Similarly, a grand demonstration should be made against Cronstadt, this time more likely to prove effective, thanks to our ironclads and our torpedo-boats, than was possible in the days of black Charley Napier and the wooden fleet. Why, it might be possible, by employing a few boats of the *Peacemaker* and *Nautilus* stamp, to destroy the whole Russian fleet lying in the harbour of Cronstadt, in a single night; Cronstadt itself in a few days. The possibility of such a destruction opens out a vista of other possibilities so vast that the mind cannot grasp them in their entirety. It is,

at all events, sufficient for us to know that a serious attack on Cronstadt, with modern appliances, would, if skilfully conducted, more than suffice to prevent the despatch of any troops from Northern Russia to the assailed Caucasus.

But that is not all. At Vladivostock, in Chinese Manchuria, a magnificent harbour, the door to a country greatly resembling, in appearance, in products, in climate, and in soil, our own native land; and in the province of the Amur, in which she possesses 173,556 square miles of territory, containing on the coast such places as Victoria Bay, Port Seymour, Vladimir Bay, Constantinovsk, and Nikolaevsk, Russia is very vulnerable. In both, or rather in all these quarters, the undertaking by England—aided possibly by China, now thoroughly awakened to the danger of proximity to the ambitious Colossus—of serious operations, would enormously embarrass Russia; would most effectually prevent her despatching troops to aid in the defence of the point where the decisive attack is being delivered. Nay, more than that: she must be prepared to send reinforcements to those points unless she is resigned to lose them; and she knows well that their loss would be one of the heaviest blows to her prestige in the East that could possibly be inflicted.

I need not, I am sure, here repeat that all the blows just indicated are merely side-blows, dealt to occupy the attention of Russia on many points, at the same time, of her overgrown empire; but, though side-blows, they are all very real and may be made very effective. If they do nothing more than this; if they force Russia to keep large bodies of troops massed at fixed points, all very remote from the seriously attacked middle-piece, they will accomplish their main object. But they cannot fail to accomplish infinitely more than that: they will produce the same effects on Russia which would be produced on a man were he bled from several veins at the same time: they would produce a weakness so terrible, an exhaustion so widely spread, that either the Government would sue for peace, or the empire would fall to pieces.

I proceed now to the decisive blow: the blow which would infallibly lower the pride, and terminate the pretentious swagger, of Russia.

The mountain-chain, called the Caucasus, traverses the isthmus which separates the Black Sea from the Caspian. It is thus the boundary, in that quarter, alike of Europe and of Asia. It is peopled by various indigenous races. On the northern and north-western slopes, stretching towards the Black Sea, are the pure Circassians, numbering over 60,000—the remnant of the descendants from the men who fought under the illustrious Schamyl,

the Prophet and Sultan of the Muhammedans of Daghestan—still hating Russia with a hatred which neither time nor cajolement can assuage, ready to co-operate heartily with any invader who shall hold before them the vista of the recovery of their still cherished freedom. Next to the pure Circassians, occupying the territory stretching from the crest of the Caucasus to the eastern shore of the Black Sea, is the Asega tribe, known to Europe under the comprehensive name of the Abasian. Darker in colour than their neighbours, they are wiry, active, intelligent, and, having been brought under the yoke of Russia at the same time, and under the same circumstances, they hate her with the same hatred. They number about 120,000, and are equally ready for a well-planned revolt. The Abychens, numbering some 20,000, all animated by similar sentiments, occupy the southern slopes of the main range between the rivers Chosta and Sache. The Ossetes, also belonging to the Caucasian family, and numbering some 65,000, dwell on the northern slopes of the most central range, and in the valleys watered by the Uruch, the Ardon, the Fijagdon, and the Suadon, and, in the plains, by the Genaldon, the Terek, and the Kirschim. They are a tall and powerful race, equally detesting the common oppressor. Then we have the Suanen, a smaller tribe, notoriously fierce and warlike, occupying the lovely Suanetian district, irrigated by the upper waters of the Jugur. Then, on the northern slopes, the Karatschai; then, on the lands near the sources of the Tschegem and the Tscherek to the east of the Tschetschnia, between the Terek and the Sulak, three races of Turkish origin, all animated by Turkish feeling. There are, besides, twenty-one tribes or divisions of the Tschetschen (called by the Georgians, Khisten) numbering 120,000, and some others. Altogether these tribes constitute a nucleus of opposition to Russia in the very middle-piece of Russia.

One short word about the country. It is a country of mountains and valleys, of rivers abounding in fish, of forests teeming with animals. The mountains are, to a great extent, covered with timber, the soil is fertile, the climate healthy. Throughout the range there is but one pass which has been rendered practicable for carriages, and that is the pass from Mozdok to Tiflis by the valley of the Terek. The principal towns on the European side of the range are, Derbend, with a population of about 16,000, on the Caspian; Mozdok, with a population of 9,000; Vladikankas, a strong military centre; and Stravropol, on the Tachla, with a population of 25,000.

The Russian Government has divided its Cis-Caucasian territory into three departmental districts: those of Kuban, of Terek, and of Stavropol, the seat of government being at the last. The dis-

trict which derives its name from Kuban is peopled, partly by the Cossacks who have been brought in from other parts of the Empire, and to whom were assigned lands on both banks of the river Kuban, and partly by the remnant of the Circassians already mentioned, and other wandering clans of the same race. The district represents an area of 96,266 square kilometres and a population of, in 1871, 672,224 inhabitants. The Terek district, inhabited mainly by Cossacks, has an area of 60,263 square kilometres, and a population in 1871 of 485,237 souls. The Stavropol district has an area of 68,981 square kilometres, and a population of 437,118 souls.

Trans-Caucasia, as it is officially styled, is, though of somewhat less extent, far more thickly populated. It has five departmental districts—those of Tiflis, the seat of government, with an area of 40,439 square kilometres, and a population, in 1871, of 606,584, divided into six circles; Baku, with 39,242 square kilometres, and a population of 553,560, also divided into six circles; Erivan, with 27,631 square kilometres, 452,001 inhabitants, and six circles; Kutais, with 20,707 square kilometres, a population of 605,691, in eight circles; Elizabethpol, with 44,332 square kilometres, and 529,412 inhabitants, in five circles. The rest of Trans-Caucasia is formed by the following: Daghestan, with 29,840 square kilometres, and 448,299 inhabitants; the military district of Sukhum-Kale, with 8,628 square kilometres, and 70,701 people; the Tchernomorisch district, with 7,120 square kilometres, and 15,703 inhabitants. Reducing the area to square miles, we find the following results:—

Cis-Caucasia—87,069 square miles, and 1,594,579 people;

Trans-Caucasia—85,760 square miles, and 3,298,753 people;

or a total of 172,829 square miles, and 4,893,332 people; but it has to be remembered that, of the total area in square miles, no less than 900 are occupied by water. Of the entire population nearly 900,000 are mountaineers, secretly hostile to Russia; nearly 1,000,000 are Tartars; the Russians number 926,000; the Georgians, secretly hostile, over 850,000; the Armenians, 562,000. The somewhat larger half of the population belong to the Greek Church; the remainder are mostly Muhammedans; but in the Stavropol division there are, or were in 1871, 7,360 Buddhists.

A combined English and Turkish force, entering the Black Sea from the Bosphorus, would naturally steam direct to Kertch. Though Kertch is strictly a roadstead, the strait, between the eastern coast of the Crimea on the one side and the shores of Kuban on the other, offers a commodious and spacious anchoring-ground. It does more than that. The bay of Taman, thirty kilometres long, and with a width varying from seven to twelve

kilometres, is entered from the Strait of Kertch, or, as it is styled by geographers, of Yenikale. Then, beyond the strait, in the Sea of Asof, we come at once on the Bay of Temruk, twelve miles east of Peresip. The town of Temruk, once a fortress, lies farther inland, on an isthmus formed by two inland seas, which separate it from the larger sea. Below Taman, again, in the Black Sea, on the Kuban coast, is the Bay of Kisiltash, possessing a narrow entrance into the land-locked basin of the Zykur lake, through which flow the full and rapid waters of the Kuban. Coasting in a south-easterly direction, one passes the fortress of Anapa and the small bay of Zemes, and reaches, nearly nineteen miles from the former, the sheltered roadstead of Sukhum-Kale, dominated by a strong fortress, rebuilt on modern principles. Below that, again, are Poti and Batoum.

Of the interior of the country, especially of Circassia, it may be said that the chief drawback consists in the paucity of inhabitants. Yet, though the difficulties arising from that want are great, they need not be insurmountable. An English traveller, Mr. Grove, who, with three companions, traversed the mountainous regions eleven years ago, emerging at Sukhum-Kale, thus records his convictions regarding the roughness of the journey. He writes:—

In the Caucasus a traveller must be prepared to rough it, if he wants to see the real mountain country. On the northern side, it is true, there will be nothing very severe for him to undergo. He will have to sleep out sometimes, fair weather or foul; to put up, when housed, with the poorest lodging and with a good deal of dirt; to carry a large quantity of live stock about with him; to do without alcoholic drink of any kind whatever; and to submit now and then to very short rations, for, though daily supplies of good mutton and indigestible bread can always be obtained at the villages, it is, as has been said, often exceedingly difficult to get a stock for a two or three days' expedition. Such troubles as these, however, very moderate fortitude will enable the traveller to bear; but from what I heard, and from what I saw, it certainly seemed to me that, on the southern side, there might be hardship, sometimes even danger. There is the chance of fever, a visitation from which in the mountains would probably be trying. Food is occasionally difficult to get, for the cogent reason that the natives have very little themselves; or for the yet more cogent reason that there are not any natives.

After all, for the men who have just conquered Burma, a country in which similar difficulties exist, in many respects to a greater extent, what are these obstacles? To use the words of Captain Marryat's Pacha, they are "Bosh—nothing." What are difficulties to a soldier but obstacles to be overcome? The peaks of Switzerland were trodden by the soldiers of Souwaroff and the agile sons of France under Lecourbe before the Alpine Club existed. Hannibal and Napoleon both proved that in the pocket-dictionary of the soldier the word "impossibility" is not recorded. And what are the difficulties of the Caucasus? They are, I repeat, as nothing in comparison with other difficulties already a record of the past.

It must always be borne in mind that the effect of the landing in Circassia of a combined English and Turkish army would mean much more than might be implied by the numerical strength of the troops landed. It would mean the rising of the peoples on both sides of the great range: of the Circassian and Muhammedan races on its northern slopes; of the Georgian, and, to a lesser extent, of the Mingrelian, to the south. To take again the analogy of Burma; it would be as if the Anglo-Indian army in that country had had to contend, not with the indigenous population alone, but with the indigenous population backed by an army of 50,000 Frenchmen. That circumstance would have made all the difference in Burma. The uprising of the peoples of provinces occupied after a long and bloody struggle, as were those of Cis-Circassia, or filched, in the style of which Russia is so accomplished a mistress, from Persia, as were those of Trans-Circassia, would make all the difference in that border-land of Europe. Imagine the consequences to Russia of the occupation of the neck of land, the isthmus which unites the Black Sea with the Caspian. Imagine Vladikankas, Petrowsk, and Derbend, to the north; Tiflis, and Baku, to the south, in the hands of an enemy. Why, the very idea of the remote possibility of such an occurrence would cause the blood of a Russian patriot to run cold in his veins, would chill his marrow, and make him shudder for the future of his country. He would see at a glance, that the overgrown Empire would be cut in two, at its most vital part; that Asia, that is the part of Asia having an inestimable value for Russia—for it constitutes the base of her operations against Persia and against India—would be severed from Europe. Away, then, with all thoughts of a march on Constantinople; away, then, with the half-formed plans for kidnapping ruling princes and hostile chancellors; away with all illusions regarding India and Persia and the Persian Gulf. Why, the army operating in those countries, cut off from its base, would be at the mercy of the Persians and the Afghans, possibly even, of those fierce Turkomans whom Skobieleff so hardly subdued, and for subduing whom he received from his sovereign a reward truly Russian. And, the centre thus pierced, how about the extremities? What about Cronstadt, assailed by torpedoes of the *Peacemaker* and *Nautilus* type, backed by a fleet of ironclads? What about the Vladivostock, in Chinese Manchuria, and the projected attacks on Victoria Bay, on Vladimir Bay, on Constantinovsk, on Nikolaevsk? The centre pierced, the resistance of the troops garrisoning those places will be paralysed; just as, in 1806, the resistance of Prussia to France was paralysed after Jena. To resume the simile with which I began, the counter-blow, delivered straight from the shoulder at a vital part, will have completely doubled up the giant;

and, thanks to the exertions of England and Turkey, the whilom disturber of Europe will lie, prone and panting, at the feet of Europe. Then, probably, will ensue the long-deferred but inevitable revolution, and Despotism will learn the much needed lesson—never more needed than at the present moment, when it has chosen lying and kidnapping to be its agents—that "habitual perfidy is not high policy of State."

Of the details of the means whereby an end so desirable may be accomplished, I have said nothing, and I propose to say nothing. That they will be costly, that England must be prepared to undergo a strain such as she has not undergone since she fought the battle of Europe against Napoleon, goes without saying. But if she considers that her Empire is worth maintaining; that her commerce—which, be it never forgotten, means now-a-days the supply of food to her people—is necessary to her existence; nay, that her very existence—are worth fighting for; she will not grudge the sacrifices she may be called upon to make, however great they may be. For her, the elements of strife are more numerous and powerful, and more widely spread, than at any previous period of her history. The danger is nearer and more threatening than it was even in the time of the first Napoleon. The aristocratic constitution which prevailed in England then, and under which, be it never forgotten, the great Empire of India was acquired, and our Colonial Empire was made, provided statesmen who fully recognized the duties which devolved upon them as the trustees of the nation's interests. That constitution has, in recent years, been entirely changed. The "Demos" rules in place of the "Aristos." God forbid that a true patriot should, for that reason, despair of his country. During the past two years the Demos, scarcely released from swathing bonds, has been subjected to temptations—of all temptations the most difficult to resist—for its passions, its prejudices, and its cupidity, were appealed to by the most eloquent of agitators—one of those extraordinary products of humanity who are sent, once in a century, to frighten and perplex the world—and the Demos held firm to the true interests of their native land. I am much mistaken, if, when the hour shall strike for the commencement of the inevitable struggle, the fitting course of which I have endeavoured to indicate in these pages, the Demos, strengthened every year in its convictions by education and experience, fail to realise the necessity of submitting to all the sacrifices which may be necessary for the maintenance of the Empire which its forerunners so greatly gained.

G. B. Malleson.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THERE are some names in literature which the lover of books never mentions without affection or reverence. They recall to him gifts of wisdom or of poetic beauty, that have permanently enriched his life; they are the names of his best friends, the choice companions of solitary hours, whose presence is alike acceptable in times of joy and sorrow.

No one has described the invigorating and soothing power of books more happily than Southey; and, with two or three exceptions, there is, perhaps, no man of letters of this century whose name is worthier of honour. Yet the reader who acknowledges this allegiance may confess at the same time that a measured feeling of admiration is the utmost he can give to Southey's poetry. His epics are not among the books he reads upon sleepless nights; neither will he take them with him on a voyage, as Southey took *Gebir*. Open any copy you may find of *Madoc*, *Thalaba*, or *Roderick*, and it will probably be as clean and fresh as the books of Leviticus and Chronicles in an otherwise well-thumbed Bible. The poet writes with the utmost purity of style, with great fertility of invention, with an elevation of tone worthy of a man who honours the art he practises, and with a frequent picturesqueness of detail which wins acknowledgment from the most exacting critic. His vast stores of knowledge are poured forth abundantly; but what he wants, or seems to want, is that incommunicable and divine gift which separates the inspired poet from the consummate artificer in verse.

Poetry made Southey happy, and he thought that it would make him immortal. The happiness was enjoyed to the full, but the ten volumes of his verse have not as yet received the recognition which their author anticipated. We are interested in learning that William Taylor, of Norwich, called *Madoc* the best English poem that had left the press since *Paradise Lost*; that Walter Scott read it through four times; that it kept Fox up until after midnight; that Landor said of *Roderick*, "there is no poem in existence that I shall read so often"; and that even Byron pronounced it "the first poem of the time." And in our day we hear with curiosity how Dean Stanley upheld against all comers the poetical

merits of *Thalaba and Kehama*. People read these criticisms and opinions, but they do not read the poems; and, as a poet, Southey is chiefly known to the present generation by his fantastic ballads and by a few personal lyrics which, like *The Holly Tree* and the stanzas written in his library, touch all hearts.

That Southey fails in our own day to win the public ear may not be wholly due to a deficiency of poetical inspiration. It was not altogether owing to that cause, if we may judge from much of the verse then popular, that he failed during his life-time to gain fame and wealth from his poetry. His sober method in such poems as *Madoc* and *Roderick* was not suited to the taste of an age that craved for rambling stories in verse, and gushed over *Lalla Rookh* and the *Loves of the Angels*. In the first quarter of this century—a period which, if we except the Shakesperian era, is unsurpassed in our literature for wealth of poetical creation—neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth, Shelley or Keats, gained the popularity that puts money in the purse. Scott—whose success no one grudges, for he was great all round, and as good as he was great—knew perfectly well that the *Lady of the Lake*—his most successful though by no means his finest poem—was immeasurably inferior to the noblest productions of Wordsworth or of Coleridge. True poet though he was in his own vein, he could not, in verse at least, rise to their level. Yet Scott, and even Moore, reaped a golden harvest while Wordsworth was complaining that poetry did not yield him enough to pay for his shoe-leather, and Southey that it was "the worst article in the market." How popular Byron became is a story too familiar to be repeated; but the student of English poetry has long ago discovered that Byron's fame during his life-time was not chiefly due to the intrinsically poetical qualities of his verse.

In the last year of the last century appeared Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*. The *Pleasures of Memory*, published about seven years previously, had already passed through ten editions, and from Rogers the young Scottish poet seems to have caught his inspiration. It made him famous at once; yet it is difficult to say what attraction readers found in a poem full of inaccuracies and platitudes, and in which, as Hazlitt wittily says, "the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry." Campbell's youthful success, however, affords a striking illustration of the obvious fact that in "the realms of gold" immediate popularity is no proof of sterling worth. That he has secured a permanent place in literature is due to his noble gift as a lyric poet. His inspiriting battle-pieces have in them the true ring, and just as Campbell was wont to shout out Scott's fine ballad of Cadyow Castle on the North Bridge at Edinburgh until, as he

said, the whole fraternity of coachmen knew him by his voice, so will many a man recall the youthful enthusiasm and impetuosity with which he recited in his walks such poems as the *Battle of the Baltic* and *Ye Mariners of England*. Yet the fact remains that Campbell's extraordinary reputation at the outset of his career was due to a poem that is comparatively worthless.

Time is the one trustworthy critic whose verdict is unimpeachable, and the way time has treated a number of poets who flourished between the years 1800 and 1825, might almost lead us to accept the judgment of Mr. Bagehot that "the pursuit of fame seems more absurd and trifling than most pursuits." Yet it is not unreasonable that fame should be dear to the poet, although not the main object he pursues. The true poet sings because he must, and is moved less by ambition than by delight. The joy of his art was felt to the full by Southey, who said in his younger days that he would rather leave off eating than poetizing. Even in those days of passionate enthusiasm there was a mechanical regularity in his verse-making which belies the common theory of inspiration. The clerkly virtue of punctuality is not one with which the Muse is credited; and a poet cannot make demands upon her at specified hours as he can upon his cook, with the certainty of a response. In later life, as all the world knows, Southey wrote a good deal of rubbish, for he was Poet Laureate at a time when Court poetry was required by the yard. It is a pity that, having done its work, the greater portion of this verse cannot be buried with the royal personages whom it praised.

In middle age Southey came to the conviction that his name was likely to live chiefly as a prose-writer. Unfortunately, his best years and energies were largely consumed upon labour which, however admirable of its kind, must be regarded as ephemeral. As he said himself, he had many mouths to feed, and all from an inkstand. Like Dr. Johnson, therefore, and in a spirit that "makes the action fine," he did a quantity of what is called hack-work. Such work is not more of a disgrace to an author than it is to a physician to prescribe in simple cases that need no skill, or to a celebrated barrister to take briefs which would not test the ability of the youngest member of the Bar. The man who chooses a profession must live by it, and it is surely as pleasant and honourable to live by *Quarterly Review* articles as by the sale of ostrich-feathers or of mineral waters.

He regretted, of course, the want of full leisure to complete the great *History of Portugal* which he fondly hoped would put the coping-stone to his fame, and he anticipated that future ages would honour him as the historian of Brazil. I suspect he was mistaken in both cases, and it is quite possible that the work which Southey

left in MS. and incomplete would share, though the theme is a noble one, the neglect and oblivion of the three quarto volumes that form the *History of Brazil*. Sad to say also, his *History of the Peninsular War* is so completely superseded by Napier's that no publisher ventures to produce a new edition of a work which was the fruit of unwearied research, and for style has won the high applause of critics from Coleridge to Mr. John Morley. With all his literary sagacity, and he had it in large measure, Southey was unfortunate in the choice of popular subjects. He believed that whatever interested him would also interest the public, and his greatest success, the *Life of Nelson*, may be said to have been achieved by accident, as it grew out of an article in the *Quarterly*. Biography is Southey's forte; on this ground he is a master, and there is a virility and charm about such books as the Lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper which, for many a day to come, should keep their reputation fresh. Professor Dowden, whose estimate of the poet is too well appreciated to need my praise, is not, I think, quite happy in the remark that there is no style fitter for continuous narrative than the pedestrian style of Southey. Although the context shows that this is not Mr. Dowden's meaning, a pedestrian style implies a steady, uniform, and unmodulated style, by the help of which a writer jogs along the foot-path way safely and surely, with no risk of stumbling, but also with no capacity of rising with his theme. This is not the characteristic of Southey's style, which is at once sinewy and flexible, easy and melodious, a style in marked contrast to that in vogue among popular writers of the age—to the alliterative rhetoric of Macaulay and to the richer, but frequently grotesque, composition of Carlyle. Southey, like Dryden, is one of the manliest of writers. He is totally devoid of affectation; he has no mannerism, and expresses himself simply because he thinks clearly. It has been well said that the inner temper of a man is reflected in his written prose. You may see in it whether he loves rhetoric more than truth, whether he cares more for himself than for his subject. The poet Gray observed that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts; and if, as Carlyle said, and as Mr. Froude maintains, style is not like a coat that can be put off, but like the skin, an essential part of the living organization, then does the harmonious, idiomatic style of Southey indicate a nature unaffected, well-balanced, and serene. In his case, Boileau's saying, *Le style c'est l'homme*, may he accepted without reserve.

So thoroughly, indeed, did he understand the art of good writing, that it would be more accurate to say he did not consider it an art at all. "There may be secrets in painting," he wrote to Allan

Cunningham, "but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been that he should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself." Again, to a friend he said, "People talk of my style! I have only endeavoured to write plain English, and to put my thoughts into language which everyone can understand."

It is needless, however, to remark that clearness of expression, though invaluable in style, is not the secret of its success. Something depends upon the ear, as Southey elsewhere admits, and more upon the fulness and richness of an author's mind—upon his sincerity of purpose and upon his perception of the niceties of language. Southey wrote from a full mind; it does not follow that "plain English" would be of service to an empty one. His prose-writings, no doubt, exhibit the weakness, as well as strength, of his nature. He acknowledged that he could not stand severe thought. There are subjects about which he knew little and wrote feebly; there are opinions scattered through his volumes at which we are forced to smile. When he prophesies he fails, just as Cobden fails, and as Mr. Bright fails; and when he touches on spiritual experiences that arouse no corresponding emotion in his own heart, there is an evident want of sympathy and breadth. Few more delightful books exist in the language, and none more honest, than his *Life of Wesley*. This "darling book," the favourite of his library, was more often in his hands, Coleridge wrote, than any other, and he added that it would not be uninteresting to the author to know that to this work, and to the *Life of Baxter*, he was used to resort whenever sickness or languor made him feel the want of an old friend. But Coleridge was keenly alive to the biographer's inability to distinguish, in the great religious movement of the eighteenth century, between what was unquestionable fanaticism, and what, however mysterious, had the warrant of Apostolic teaching. In his admirable narrative, Southey is, therefore, occasionally an uncertain guide, and his judgment fails to lessen—sometimes, indeed, it increases—the difficulties raised by his facts. But the reader, whether dissenting from the writer's opinions or not, feels, and rightly, an unhesitating confidence in the truthfulness of his statements. He is ever the most faithful of biographers.

Probably the book that gave its author the greatest pleasure was *The Doctor*, that medley of grotesque fancies and out-of-the-way learning, of boyish humour and of the serene wisdom of age. It was the play-book of leisure hours, with which he amused himself more than he amuses his readers. Most of them, I think, find it irritating, and no one, probably, has the courage to read it steadily

from end to end. "*The Doctor*," said Caroline Bowles, "makes me laugh and cry, pleased and provoked, and out of all patience, in a breath"—a friendly criticism, and, on the whole, perhaps, a just one, of a book which Henry Nelson Coleridge considered "singularly thoughtful and diverting."

No English man of letters, save Dr. Johnson, has done so much to give dignity to the profession of literature as Southey, and I do not think there is a word in Coleridge's magnificent eulogium of his friend to which exception can be taken. His devotion to literature was the noblest of dedications, adopted without rashness, for he knew his strength, and pursued with unfaltering consistency and courage. And he had his reward. "Excepting that peace," he wrote, "which through God's infinite mercy is derived from a higher source, it is to literature, humanly speaking, that I am beholden, not only for the means of subsistence, but for every blessing which I enjoy; health of mind and activity of mind, contentment, cheerfulness, continual employment, and, therefore, continual pleasure." And while describing himself as one of the lightest-hearted men on the face of the wide world, he adds that if Gifford (then presiding over the *Quarterly*) could "see him by his fireside, he would see a man working hard and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that—writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning; not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy."

After all, the attraction many of us feel for Southey is caused less by his genius as a writer than by his personal character; and his life will be found more worthy of study than the finest of his works. The materials that exist for a thorough acquaintance with him are abundant; but in order to know and estimate Southey, all other sources of information are of small account in comparison with his own letters. I do not know whether to wonder most at their quantity or quality. It was, perhaps, inevitable that whatever he wrote should be well written, but how he found time for such a persistent course of letter-writing is a marvel. "A letter," he said, "is like a fresh billet of wood upon the fire, which if it be not needed for immediate warmth, is always agreeable for its exhilarating effects. I, who spend so many hours alone, love to pass a portion of them in conversing thus with those whom I love."

It must have been a goodly portion, and in these letters the heart of the man is revealed. We see in them his well-nigh unrivalled energy in pursuit of knowledge; the delight in books which caused him, though a poor man, to accumulate a library of 14,000 volumes; a playful buoyancy of spirit, mingled with a

pathetic melancholy, that led him to write of himself as old before he was fifty; a dislike of London as strong as the affection of Johnson and of Lamb for the mighty city; a sombre view of political affairs which, if not always reasonable, was invariably sincere; a generous appreciation of other poets and authors—no one, for instance, has written of Wordsworth with warmer praise—and a noble enthusiasm of friendship for which no sacrifice was too great, and which no absence or change could weaken. And more than this may be read in the copious utterances of Southey's correspondence, for we gain from it a bright picture of the domestic happiness in his mountain home at Keswick that made it, through many long and toilsome years, a scene of unclouded delight. Writing of the glorious scenery around him, he said he did not talk much about it, but added, "These lakes and mountains give me a deep joy for which I suspect nothing elsewhere can compensate." In the large room on the first-floor of Greta Hall, surrounded on all sides by books, "the harvest of many generations," the work of his life was done; and when he went to the window there was "the lake and the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky."

No student could be more unlike the popular notion of the mere book-worm and literary drudge than Southey. With a head on his shoulders that was the envy of Byron, and "the most spirited countenance that ever human form was graced with"; tall, firmly knit, and blessed with sound health and great muscular strength, in physique as in character, manliness was his most striking characteristic. But this manliness was combined with a susceptibility and tenderness that tried his strong heart to the uttermost. If he was the happiest of men, he was also the most sensitive, a singularity which struck Carlyle, who, on seeing him in his old age, wondered how, with such a nervous system, he had not been torn to pieces long since. "He must have somewhere," he wrote, "a great deal of methodic virtue in him; I suppose, too, his heart is thoroughly honest, which helps considerably." It was methodic virtue of an uncommon order, it was an honesty of heart rarely to be met with, that bound Southey's days together in natural piety. Although never until old age a year in advance of his liabilities, he contracted no debt he could not pay, and took voluntary burdens on his shoulders that would have crushed a weaker man. His lavish generosity was not due to impulse; it was a part of his life, and exhibited at every stage of it. To help a relative or friend, or a deserving person who was neither, he would give money with the utmost cheerfulness, and time also, which was more valuable still; and as we read how ready he was at all times to accept fresh burdens of charity, how magnanimous he was, and how affectionate, we are not surprised that Sara

Coleridge, who lived all her maiden life under his roof, should have said that, while indebted chiefly to Wordsworth in matters of intellect, "in those which concerned the heart and the moral being," she was more deeply indebted to the character and daily conduct of her uncle Southey. Yet there are moments, and one of them may be after reading his letters to Shelley, when the reader is disposed to think the Laureate too faultless, and that he would have sympathized more with the elder brother in the parable than with the prodigal son.

Very noteworthy, in a retired student like Southey, was his capacity, to which I have alluded already, for making friends and keeping them. The friends of his youth were the friends of his old age, and Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and Walter Scott not only honoured the author but loved the man. Landor, too, clung to Southey with the passionate ardour of his nature, and, impulsive though he was, never faltered in his affection. "To be deprived of reading your works," he wrote from Como, "and of seeing you for so many years, is infinitely the greatest loss I sustain in losing my country." And in a letter at once nobly frank and sympathetic, written when Southey was in trouble, and had been long silent, he says, in language which from another pen would sound like exaggeration: "Believe me, Southey—and of all men living I will be the very last to deceive and flatter you—I have never one moment ceased to love and revere you as the most amiable and best of mortals, and your fame has always been as precious to me as it could ever be to yourself." What a wealth of fellowship was here! but, strange to say, this affectionate intimacy with the choicest intellects of his age is regarded by a living writer as evidence that Southey, like Davenant, with whom he is compared, sheltered himself "so snugly under the friendship of great men, that to this day criticism shrinks from dragging him forth into the glare of noon." Having the wit, we are told, to see, in 1800, that Wordsworth and Coleridge would reign over English poetry in 1830, "he came over to their camp with equal frankness and adroitness," and "imposed himself upon his own generation by the force of his character, by the abundance of his writings, and by the tact with which he attached himself to that party which was destined to popularity in the immediate future."*

The imputation, it will be seen, is a slur upon Southey's character. He was not only "no poet in the true sense," but an imposter, who traded on the friendship of distinguished authors. It is difficult to reply to a charge, in my judgment, so utterly without foundation; and had it come from a nameless writer,

* *From Shakespeare to Pope*, by Edmund Gosse, pp. 155-159.

readers who know Southey would probably laugh for one moment at the perversity of the statement, and forget it the next. But literature is not without a debt to the editor of Gray, and Mr. Gosse is usually so sympathetic a critic, that when he makes an assertion such as this, it cannot be passed over without notice.

The statement that Southey's verse secured to the author, as Davenant's verse had previously secured to him, a large audience "recruited even from the literary class itself," need not be contested, but to Mr. Gosse's assertion that, for the moment, *Thalaba* and the *Curse of Kehama* impressed the majority of readers, I reply that there is no proof of this success in the circulation of those poems. Unfortunately for Southey's pocket, it was quite otherwise, and, while some of his contemporaries reaped thousands at their poetical harvest, he did not, except in one instance, gain hundreds. This is not all. Southey's literary independence and disregard of contemporary praise or blame is a prominent feature of his character, and the assertion that he contrived to shelter himself snugly under the friendship of others is, I venture to assert, wholly without foundation. The high estimate of his own powers, to which Mr. Gosse alludes, is a trait inconsistent with such conduct, but the strongest refutation of a charge which, were it true, would make Southey contemptible, will be found in the whole story of his life as unfolded in his letters.*

Southey, as everyone knows, in his estimate of public affairs belonged to the minority. He had no faith in "self-government by count of heads"; he did not believe that change was necessarily progress, nor that revolution was reform. Like most of us, he had his prejudices, and expressed them sometimes in unguarded language. One of the most brilliant and popular of modern writers has expressed his opinion that, as a politician, Southey lacked judgment, and critics have been content to take Macaulay's word for it. They could not choose a worse authority. I do not say that the famous essayist of the *Edinburgh Review* was wilfully unfair, but he was unable to forget that Southey belonged to the opposite camp, and had been for years the ablest writer for the *Quarterly*. The opinion that Southey's poems stand far higher than his prose works is one which Macaulay is probably singular in holding; but his adverse estimate of several of the Laureate's political statements may, perhaps, be justified. At the same time the general impression he tries to convey of Southey is marked by the exaggeration which so often stultifies his criticism. In the

* The correspondence fills many volumes, and is necessarily of very unequal value. I hope, before long, by the help of it, to present such a portrait of Southey from his own pen as may lead the readers of our day to give the honour he deserves to an English worthy whom the present generation seems to have forgotten.

anxiety to be brilliant, truth is too frequently sacrificed to antithesis.

It may be admitted that, in some respects, Southey was a Tory of the old school. He objected to Catholic Emancipation, and to Parliamentary Reform, and, according to the principal journal of the period, showed his lack of judgment by saying that Reform would lead to a new disposal of Church property, and to the spoliation of the Irish Church. He thought as, by a curious turn of the tables, Radicals think now, that the diseases of society can be remedied by State interference. Like Mr. Ruskin, his views on social questions were not those of the political economist; and it must be admitted that he held objections to some branches of science, as unreasonable as the poet Cowper's contempt for geology. On the other hand, Southey was in many respects a reformer in advance of his age. He favoured national education; he wrote, in the early years of the century, against the absurd injustice of the laws of copyright; he was one of the first advocates for the establishment of Protestant Sisters of Mercy, and for a better order of hospital nurses; he joined Lord Ashley in his efforts to remove the abuses of the factory system, and to protect children; he objected to the needless severity of the criminal laws; he advocated a well-organized system of emigration, as well as the most liberal treatment of the Colonies. Other instances of his ardour in the cause of social reform are recorded by Southey's son, who adds, and I think rightly, that his father was one of the chief pioneers of most of the great improvements taking place in our time.

Lord Macaulay—who, by the admission of his nephew, was a "determined and fiery partizan"—writes of Southey's intolerance and bitterness towards opponents; and Hazlitt, of all men! has echoed the same opinion. It is not necessary to defend him in this respect. He had strong feelings, and no doubt expressed them with a vehemence not always justifiable. But it was enough for him to meet an opponent to forget all points of difference, and in his heart of hearts he was among the most charitable of men. "Political questions," he wrote to Sir Henry Taylor, "will never excite any difference between us in the slightest degree. I have lived all my life in the nearest and dearest intimacy with persons who were most opposed to me in such things"; and to another correspondent he says: "I have an instinctive horror of bigotry. When Dissenters talk of the Establishment, they make me feel like a High Churchman; and when I get among High Churchmen I am ready to take refuge in Dissent."

His happiest hours were spent with the great spirits in his library in a communion free from the discord of contro-

versy. Some of his friends, especially Wordsworth, who had no bookish feeling about him, thought that Southey's love of books made him indifferent to other things. No doubt it was his tendency to live most joyously in his library—just as it was Wordsworth's tendency, although he could read a poem now and then which he had not written, to disregard all books save his own volumes: and it must be admitted that as life advanced, and the evening shadows fell upon him, he clung more than ever to his favourite authors. "Books," he wrote to Caroline Bowles, "are all but everything to me. I live with them and by them, and might almost say for them and in them." This was in 1830, when, to use Mr. Dowden's fine expression, he was "stepping downwards from the heights of life"; but the correspondence with Miss Bowles is itself sufficient to show that a growing passion for books neither lessened the warmth of his friendship nor his readiness to do good to others.

Looking over what I have written, I feel how impossible it is to represent the finest features of Southey's character in a sketch so slight and shadowy. Forty-three years have gone by since he was laid to rest in Crosthwaite Churchyard, and, familiar though the name still is, the man is passing from remembrance. One of the poets of a younger generation, who knew him best and loved him most, died recently, ripe in years and honour, and, apart from Southey's son, there are now few men living who can speak of him with the affection of personal friends. Sir Henry Taylor, in a passage that has been often quoted, has expressed his conviction that, while there were greater poets in his generation and men of a deeper philosophic faculty, yet that for genial piety, moral strength, the magnitude and variety of his powers, the field he covered in literature, and the beauty of his life, it may be said of Southey "justly, and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest man."

It may be so, but comparisons are rarely satisfactory, and are always likely to provoke opposition. This, however, can be said, without any feeling of hesitation, that the more intimate we grow with Southey's daily life, the deeper is our admiration of its consistency and heroism. And this life of unflinching fealty to duty was pre-eminently a happy life. All his deepest affections were centred in his home, and, while the home circle remained unbroken, to live laborious days was no pressure on his buoyant spirit. And his mirthfulness was not owing to that want of reflection which leads a man to be satisfied with the sunshine of the hour. He looked Death in the face and did not fear him, believing in the "shall be hereafter." "I do not know," he writes, "that person who is happier than myself and who has more reason to be

happy, and never was man more habitually cheerful; but this belief is the root which gives life to all and holds all fast." Life, said Pope, when the first heats are over, is all down hill. It was not altogether so with Southey, but, as the days went on, domestic sorrow tried his affectionate nature to the uttermost, and three years before he died silence and darkness covered that large heart and eager intellect. Could it have been with a poet's prescience of coming evil that Landor sent to his friend the well-remembered lines which are among the most touching he ever wrote?—

> The dance of youth, O Southey, runs not round,
> But closes at the bottom of the room
> Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
> Where the weary sit them down,
> And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown
> We hurry to the river we must cross,
> And swifter downward every footstep wends;
> Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
> Of half their faculties and half their friends.

JOHN DENNIS.

IMPERIAL MIGRATION AND SETTLEMENT.

It has been often said that it was advisable to decrease the ever-increasing population of the British Islands by the export of some of the surplus population to augment the supply of labour necessary for the remunerative development of the least populous of the English Colonies. It has also been suggested that it would be equitable to charge the Imperial Exchequer with a portion, if not the whole, of the cost of this transfer of population from one part of the Empire to the other.

Never since the Irish famine years, 1848–49, has this important question obtruded itself and demanded a solution more than at the present time. On the one hand, we have the periodical over-crowding in Ireland on small agricultural holdings which are, from their diminutive area as well as from the poverty of the soil (reclaimed from bog), utterly incapable of supporting those who try to make a living out of them. On the other hand, we have the outcry of their landlords, who, if they obtain any rent from their tenants (in spite of Land Sub-commissioners and Arrears' Acts), have to pay the greater portion of their incomings in poor rates, which are spent in perpetuating the ills from which the land suffers; so that all tends to the creation and retention of a *cercle vicieux*.

Latterly, a similar state of things has arisen in the Highlands and the Western Isles of Scotland. And yet—notwithstanding this evidence of the truth of the old saying that "history has a tendency to repeat itself"—Government succeeds Government, and each successive Administration pigeon-holes the reports of the various Royal Commissions and Committees which have inquired into the causes of, and the suggested remedies for, the evil; and so the question is not really mastered, no definite policy is declared, and no effective system for the relief of the ever-recurring distress is adopted.

Of course, it may be urged that it is all very well for "outsiders" to theorize on the subject, and to blame this inaction; but, as yet, no real and tolerably permanent remedy has been

suggested which has not been founded on injustice to the taxpayer or hardship to the capitalist, to whom a full labour market is his terrestrial financial paradise.

Mr. Potter seems to think that *emigration* (*per se*) of the surplus labouring population is sufficient to cope with the evil complained of. Anyone who has experience of life in the Colonies will at once see the fallacy of this view. Emigration in large numbers, *without settlement*, means too often a change of scenery only in the stage on which the tragedy of life is to be played to the bitter end. People unacquainted with the Colonies will argue thus: In the Colonies there is a great demand for labour; and, therefore, if labourers and their families be sent thither, they will be able to live in affluence as compared with their condition here. Those people forget that there is such a state as equilibrium; and that, if any appreciable effect is to be produced in the relief of the distress in the old country by the mere emigration of the surplus pauper population to the Colonies, this equilibrium between the demand for, and the supply of, labour in those Colonies, would be reached long before any beneficial result would have been attained here.

Emigration *pure and simple*, therefore, is not sufficient as a remedy; but if with emigration a judicious system of settlement were combined, there should be no limit to the benefit which would accrue both to the recipient colony and to the old country. It may perhaps be asked what is meant by the term "SETTLEMENT." In its highest sense it means—

1. The setting apart of certain lands for the use of groups of persons, who shall have every inducement to make the locality their permanent home.
2. The preparation of the lands to an extent sufficient to enable the social group to become self-supporting from the moment of its arrival on its new home "location."
3. The judicious grouping together of persons in suitable proportions as to class, trade, and financial means, and under conditions which will tend to make the group self-existent, and independent of external assistance.
4. The arranging for the migration of the "social group," so that its constituent parts may sail together in the same ship, and move together from the mother country to the home of their adoption.

To the above may be added, when it is intended that the "settlement" shall be made under Imperial supervision and with its assistance, that the "migration" and the settlement shall ultimately be no financial loss to the State, and that, in the majority of cases, it shall be a boon alike to those who leave the

mother country and to those who remain behind. That settlement under such conditions may be feasible seems, at first sight, a Utopian idea. Let us go into the details of the subject, and see for ourselves what is the probability of the success of such a scheme.

Under heading No. 1, certain lands have to be set apart for occupation by the social groups. Here arises the first difficulty; but it is not insuperable. It would be so obviously to the advantage of a colony that immigration *combined with settlement* should be conducted systematically, and under the supervision of well-chosen Emigration Commissioners, acting with Imperial authority, that one cannot suppose that any difficulty would be encountered in negotiating on the most favourable terms with one or more of the Australasian or Canadian provinces, or in South Africa, for the utilization, in this manner, of some of their unappropriated and undeveloped lands. By such a plan the colony would obtain, in exchange for tracts of unutilized land, a population productive of a direct income in the form of a greater consumption of taxable and excisable articles. Moreover, the increase to the population would stimulate the competition for the purchase of the neighbouring lands, and, by the greater command of labour thus obtained, facilitate the more rapid development of the resources of the colony. Even if the land were given for nothing, under such conditions the finances of the colony would benefit; and it ought to be easy to stipulate for the cession of the land on very easy terms of payment, so arranged that capital and interest might be repaid in sums, progressive in amount, spread over twenty-five years.

It would not, however, be sufficient to set apart the lands so acquired. They must be prepared for the occupation of the social groups; and this brings us to the consideration of the second part of the definition of the word "settlement."

By preparation is meant—

1. The creation, on small plots of land, of log or plank huts of various sizes, and as little uniform as is compatible with economy.

The huts should be grouped in lots of four, and these groups should rarely be more than two hundred yards distant from each other. In the centre of a quadrangle formed of such groups the cottages should be built so as to constitute a small village. The huts outside the village should stand on plots varying in size from five to twenty acres, whilst those inside should be only from one-eighth of an acre to an acre in extent.

By the grouping of the huts, families who have formed or cemented friendships during their outward voyage would be able to live in

close proximity to each other, and thus afford one another that mutual help which is so conducive to well-being and harmony in a new settlement; whilst the variety in the extent of the land attached to the possession of the cottages would enable the settlers to suit their tastes, requirements, and their financial means.

Men with agricultural or gardening tastes would naturally choose those in the outer range, whilst the tradesmen would content themselves with the occupation of one in a more central position, with only ground enough to grow a few flowers and vegetables.

2. In order to induce the immigrants to remain and to become settlers, and settled from the moment of their arrival, it is necessary that they should be able to exist from the very first day. With a view to facilitate this, it would be advisable to "break up" and sow with potatoes, cereals, and English grasses and clover small portions of each of the larger holdings. The arrival of the immigrants should be so timed that their advent at the settlement should be coincident with the ripening of the crops. These preparations would be done by contract, and would be a source of profitable occupation to the settlers in the neighbourhood. The immigrant would thus, from the first day of his occupancy of his new home, feel a sense of proprietorship, and this would become intensified with each payment on account of purchase-money.

The huts should also be provided with such articles of furniture as are most conducive to a "homey" feeling, such as (rough) bedsteads, chairs, forms, wash-stands, iron jugs, ewers, basins, and pails, and a few hat and coat-pegs. These might all be included in the purchase-money for the freehold, and be considered as landlord's fixtures until finally paid for.

Encouragement should also be given to some Colonist of experience and means to settle in the village, so as to provide, from the first, the milk necessary to the health of the children, and the other articles of general consumption to meet the requirements of the new-comers until they themselves shall have become producers as well as consumers.

The question will, however, now arise in the mind of the thoughtful reader, How are these people to earn wages, and who is to pay the wages? And this leads us directly to the consideration of the third portion of the definition of the term "settlement."

It is self-evident that, if all the immigrants are chosen from the class of agricultural labourers, or from the artizan class, the supply of labour will be greatly in excess of the demand. To obviate this, we must try to group together in the new settlement the component parts of society, as it exists under favourable conditions in the Old World.

Now, what are the component parts of society?

1. There must be capital, and in a model state of society this should be held in moderate proportions by several individuals.

2. There must be gentlemen, energetic, persevering, and of fair birth and education, to direct the intelligent use of capital towards the remunerative development of the soil or of trade, to set an example to those of less refinement and of lower tastes, and to lead public opinion into sound channels of thought and action.

3. There must be women of education and refinement to keep up the tone, which is apt, in the absence of good female influence, to degenerate into a coarse animalism. Their presence would conduce to cleanliness, tidiness, and comfort at home, to a due regard to decency and sanitation out of doors, and to the encouragement and maintenance of a proper attention to religious and educational matters.

4. There must be small farmers, with their families (the more numerous the better), accustomed not only to direct field work, but to take an active part in all the labours connected with farming occupations.

5. There must be a proper proportion of men of all trades, such as one baker, one shoe-maker, one saddler, one carpenter, two sawyers, &c. to each of the "social groups," or villages. The grocery and chemist's store should, in the first instance, be considered as part of the preliminary provision, and should be in existence prior to the arrival of the settlers.

6. There should be, in suitable proportions, men of the labouring class, agricultural labourers, gardeners, navvies, and good woodmen, if in a well-timbered country.

7. And, finally, with the first group there should be some trained nurse capable of managing a small cottage-hospital, and of treating simple fractures and the accidents which generally happen to persons of the working classes.

8. To a set of *three* of these "social groups" there should be a chaplain, a schoolmaster, and schoolmistress.

To the carrying out of many, if not all, of the above conditions of settlement it may be fairly urged that there are great, and, in some cases, apparently insurmountable difficulties. Doubtless there would be difficulty, under ordinary circumstances, in finding the men who have capital to invest, who would yet fulfil the other conditions, and also be ready and willing to emigrate. But these would not be ordinary circumstances, because at the present time, and for some years to come, it must be difficult to find in Europe investments in landed property which, whilst secure from further spoliation or the imposition of heavy burdens at the instigation of

sentimental legislators hungry for notoriety, would, at the same time, afford even a fair rate of interest to the investor.

Moreover, the liberal professions, and the various channels of occupation suited to women of gentle birth and education, are choked, and at no period of the history of England has there been more difficulty experienced in getting young men fairly started in the race of life. It is well known that land in the Colonies is a good investment for money, provided that it be judiciously selected; and that the better and quicker it is developed, the more rapidly does its intrinsic value increase.

There need not, therefore, be any anxiety as to the finding of suitable young gentlemen who would have at their command from £1,000 upwards for investment in land in the Colonies.

We cannot apprehend that there would be any difficulty in finding women of education and refinement who would have energy and the spirit of enterprise to induce them to join in the development of such a scheme of settlement as is here sketched out. As to the small farmers, anyone who has the very slightest knowledge of the present financial conditions and prospects of the farming class in Great Britain must feel convinced that the difficulty would arise, not in the finding of suitable settlers, but in their selection out of the vast number of those who would come forward as candidates for migration and settlement under Imperial auspices.

As to the rest, experience has taught the writer that plenty of good men of all trades can be easily found at the cost of a few advertisements; and that such men, carefully selected by trustworthy agents, make admirable settlers; provided that in the advertisement matters are not painted in colours of too roseate a hue.

It has also been found by experience that the presence of a judicious clergyman at the settlement from the commencement has an excellent influence, and tends greatly towards its material prosperity and progress. There must be plenty of excellent members of the clergy, who, finding it almost impossible to make the two ends meet in the old country, would thrive in the colony on a stipend which at home would mean starvation.

One of the main principles which must be always acted upon is that in the selection of the emigrants preference should be given to those who have large families, in which at least one of each sex shall be of an age to earn wages by field or house work. The larger the family the greater the difficulty to abandon the settlement.

In the Colonies large families gradually increase the productive capacity of the soil, whilst the cost of their maintenance is comparatively insignificant. This brings us to the consideration of

the fourth and last portion of the conditions of settlement. When it is considered that in the case of ninety-nine out of the hundred persons who emigrate from this country, none of them have ever been on board a ship, and many have never even seen the sea, the feelings of misery, discomfort, even of absolute despair, which overcome most emigrants during the first fortnight of their outward voyage may be easily understood. It is during this period that fast friendships are formed by the doing of little kindnesses.

Most people would think that the fact of the shortness of the sea voyage to America is in favour of the emigrant. It is, however, quite a fair argument on the other side that on the short voyage there is no time for the cementing of these friendships, even if there were time enough for their formation. Moreover, in very many cases the emigrants embark in an indifferent state of health and strength, which is still further tried by the discomforts attending sea-sickness, close packing, and faulty ventilation in the cold weather, which generally prevails in the Northern Atlantic. On the other hand, the long voyage rests the tired emigrants, the food and pure air invigorates them, and they have time and leisure to communicate to one another their past experiences, and their hopes for the future. The women have ample time to repair the old, or to make the new clothes for use on arrival at the settlement; and if on board the same ship, some of the young capitalists would probably obtain an influence for good over those with whom they will be closely associated in their fight for fortune. Moreover, the discipline, cleanliness, and the adoption of regular habits on board well-ordered emigrant vessels must conduce to an increased healthiness of mind and body.

The question of settlement has been now discussed somewhat exhaustively, and it is hoped satisfactorily. Let us now see, firstly, how the emigrants are to be conveyed from their old to their new home, and, secondly, how the necessary funds for this purpose are to be found. There are three methods by which provision could be made for the transport of the emigrants: firstly, by contract with one or other of the Colonial Governments through their Agent-General in this country; secondly, by contract with some company whose objects would enable them to provide the necessary material and *personnel*; and, thirdly, by utilizing some of the many war-vessels of obsolete pattern which are gradually becoming utterly unserviceable from disuse, and whose repairs and maintenance are a heavy and unproductive charge on the national revenue.

Some of these old screw frigates and "two-deckers" could easily and at comparatively little expense be fitted up as emigrant ships.

They could be partly manned by volunteers from the first reserve, and partly by lads drafted fresh from the training brigs, and from such vessels as the *Boscawen* and the *Chichester*. The officers might, with advantage to the navy as well as to them individually, be selected from amongst those who, under ordinary circumstances, would, under the regulations, be retired on half-pay, and whose past services should entitle them to some consideration.

Either of the other two plans would work; but, of course, they would be more expensive, inasmuch as the shippers must make a large margin for profit, or to ensure the certainty of there being no loss. The Government, on the other hand, could afford to work at *cost* price, as regards the food and other expenses of the transit, although it would not recoup itself by means of freight for cargo. Moreover, there would be a fair chance of selling the old vessels to the Colonial Governments as training-ships, quarantine ships, or floating hospitals, and thus save the expenses of the return voyage. When arrangements of this nature were in view, the officers and some of the men of the vessels could be selected from men anxious to emigrate with their families, and in this case very favourable terms as to pay could be made, and many other smaller economies effected.

But now comes the mainspring which is to set all this machinery into a state of efficient movement, viz. *funds*. How are these to be found? Before dealing with this weighty question, let us ask ourselves another, *Cui bono*? Who are to profit by this migration and settlement?

1. Unless it is believed, and with good reason, that it will benefit the emigrant and his family, the whole scheme falls to the ground automatically.

2. There can be no doubt whatever that so long as immigration of carefully-selected persons be maintained, due care being observed to maintain a proper proportion of employers of labour, and the labour supply, the colony to which such stream is directed must derive benefit. The land will rise in value; with it the amount of money obtainable from rates for the improvement of the internal communications of the colony. With this would come rapid growth of trade, increased production of matter for consumption and export; and with the increase of population would come, as a matter of necessity, an increase to the revenue from taxes of all sorts.

3. Does the parish, from which the emigrants depart, derive pecuniary benefit from this diminution of its population? Now, it is a well-known fact that the best emigrants are those who, from no fault of their own (except, perhaps, from early and improvident marriages) have been gradually falling down out of the

classes in which they were born. They must not be paupers, or have subsisted on charity from whatever source it may have been derived. Once a pauper, always a pauper; and when once a man has found that he can subsist without hard work, his self-respect soon forsakes him, and his energy and feelings of independence depart. The emigration of persons such as are described above is a gain rather than a loss to a parish. Were such persons to remain at home they would fall lower and lower, until at last their maintenance would either fall on the parish rates, or on the means of charitable persons, generally relations, on whose limited resources these claims for assistance would press heavily.

4. In most cases the landlords would hail with joy the migration from the parish of tenants of this class. Their rent has probably been lowered over and over again, perhaps forgiven, by reason of the utter hopelessness of any endeavour to obtain payment of even a portion. By their departure the landowner can consolidate his farms, find more solvent tenants, or be able at any rate to gauge the extent of his losses.

And the individual landlords of such emigrants are not the only landlords who derive advantage from their exodus.

All estates in the neighbourhood of badly-farmed lands, or of untidily-kept habitations, benefit by any change of tenantry which will bring about a more prosperous state of affairs. Persons in search of farming-lands or places of residence, naturally hesitate to settle down near to farms of unprosperous appearance; and, therefore, so long as these exist, the letting value of everything in their immediate vicinity diminishes.

Besides the moral effect on the district, and the indirect depreciation which is its natural result, there is in most cases a direct money loss: for in proportion to the respectability and good character of that class of farmer or labouring-man struggling against adverse circumstances, is the natural desire on the part of his landlord, his friends, relations, and even neighbours, to assist him with money to keep his head above water. Thus, in the end, it is often found that if in the first instance the money, which has been given from time to time, had been spent in the formation of a fund to assist such persons to emigrate, all parties would have derived greater benefit from pursuing such a course of action.

It would be only right here to inquire whether any class of people would suffer in their material interests from such emigration, and, if so, whether they would have any just cause for complaint, and whether the wrong to be wrought on them is not justified by the benefit which would accrue to the majority.

In Ireland, the Roman Catholic Clergy object to any diminution of their flock, because it operates adversely on their incomes; as,

before everything else, the Irish farmer and peasant considers that he must pay his "dues" to the parish priest. In the greater part of Great Britain, this objection would have little or no force. But in the more prosperous part of these islands, where public works, or private enterprise are being carried into execution by contract, the capitalist naturally objects to any cause which has for its effect a depletion of the labour supply. The repletion of the labour-market to him means large profits; its depletion means close competition and doubtful gains.

Now, as persons possessed of capital only, contribute far less to the rates than do the owners and occupiers of land, it is only fair to call on them to pay their quota towards any fund which may tend directly or indirectly to an equalization of the burdens of taxation.

It can, therefore, be fairly argued that it would be to the general welfare of the nation that families on the verge of pauperism should be assisted to migrate to other lands, where they would have a fair chance of becoming a source of strength in the country to which they are sent, instead of remaining here, a source of weakness and of expense to everyone near them.

If this be admitted, it would naturally follow :—

1st. That those who benefit by the change should contribute towards bringing about that change, and

2nd. That the funds so contributed should be administered by some important, disinterested, and responsible authority.

The "Migration and Settlement" Fund might then be raised somewhat in the following manner :—

1st. By a county rate, paid into a central general fund, and levied by a per-centage on net incomes above £200 per annum.

This limit would exclude the greater portion of the clergy, on whose slender means there are so many calls for similar charitable purposes.

2nd. By a contribution, in certain cases, from the parish rates; such contribution being voted only by the Board of Guardians to assist in the migration of persons under special circumstances.

3rd. By an annual subsidy from the Colonies to which the migration may be directed.

The money so voted should be spent, partly in the form of a payment in aid of passage-money, partly in the preparation of the settlement for the reception of the immigrants, or in any other manner connected with the immigration by which a portion of such grant is expended in the Colony.

Mr. Henry Kimber, a solicitor of high repute in the City of London, and Member of Parliament for the new borough of Wandsworth, in an admirably-written article on the financial

questions relating to State-aided Emigration, makes the following suggestions, which are well worthy of consideration by those seeking safe investment for surplus funds :—

The total outlay in getting the 100 families—averaging five persons to each family—out, and building their houses and finding them £4,000 worth of implements, and £9,000 for subsistence for one year, would thus be about £31,000.

The increased value of those 5,000 acres of the settlement, with 500 people settled upon them (to say nothing of the increased value given to adjoining lands), would be—

At £10 per acre	£50,000
Add the value of the 100 houses built ...	12,000
	£62,000

which would be ample security for £31,000.

The interest on £31,000 at 4 per cent. would be £1,240, which, divided among 500 settlers, would be equal to a rent-charge of about £2 10s. per head, or £12 10s. per family, for which each family would get a freehold house and fifty acres of freehold land, worth £620, besides £40 worth of implements of husbandry, and £90 towards a year's subsistence.

It requires now to find the way of making that prospective value available in advance as a security upon which the money can be raised to set the operation going.

Here it is, I submit, that the legitimate function of Governments, both Imperial and Colonial—and in our present political and commercial condition, their plain duty—steps in, not to find money, but to give the initial force necessary to bring together the three factors required. Government has the best, if not the only, official machinery necessary to do this on any large scale, such as is now needed. And it can be done, as I shall show, without a penny of ultimate loss or cost to the State. The State alone can give (1) that voucher for the fitness of the land for settlement, and (2) that guarantee that the settlement will really be effected, which are required to induce—

(1) Sufficient confidence in the settlers to go there ; and

(2) Sufficient confidence in capitalists that the settlement will be effected, to justify them in advancing the money on the security of such a rent-charge as above described.

The Government, too, being the owners of the land, can, by the most simple process, create the rent-charge, and make it as easily negotiable and transferable as consols by rent-charge certificates. The Government could give the settlers their deeds of grant of their freeholds subject to such rent-charge. The rent-charges should all be made payable to and collected by the Government or the national bank, and form part of one large homogeneous stock, and, in course of time, as such settlements increased, would constitute a "Land Consols" of a most valuable character in many ways—interweaving the interests of all in the stability of the Empire. The certificates should be transferable either by delivery or by registration, and the interest payable either in the colony or in England, and circulatable all over the world.

It is the first start of new settlements that requires to be ensured. There is a certain nervousness and uncertainty in all original settlers as to whether others will remain there as well as they—if they do so themselves. Uncertainty and nervousness are detrimental to progress. They arise partly from a doubt whether the land is good, and for which the settler ordinarily has to rely on unauthoritative statements of interested individuals, and partly from a doubt if they shall find the means of subsistence until they can get a first crop and a good permanent home afterwards. And in my opinion it is unreasonable and hard to expect poor men, and women and children, to emigrate without capitalists or capital going with them, to at least the extent necessary to ensure those results.

The mere fact of Government initiating and conducting the movement will, by removing these feelings and giving the confidence, ensure success. One such settlement really planted would set the ball rolling and be followed by others.

The Government, confident that, if they have the settlers, the land value will be secured, might even itself advance, or guarantee the advances, on the security of the rent-charge on it, quite as safely and quite as legitimately as advancing money to our suffering Irish fellow-countrymen to buy out their landlords. I prefer, however, to do without State pecuniary aid, if possible, and set an example of self-help. The idle capital now afloat would find excellent employment in the "Land Consols."

The settler would have his freehold grant of fifty acres of land and his house and implements, conditional, of course, on actual occupation, and charged only with the interest on the actual advances made for him as a permanent rent-charge. He will, in effect, have had £310 of capital advanced for him without ever having to repay it. The rent-charge would be only 2 per cent. on the value of the freehold he would have acquired. Should he ever wish to redeem the rent-charge, he can do so by simply buying the equivalent amount of Land Consols in the market or from the Government, and having it cancelled.

Some of the settlers in each group should be selected from such callings as would enable them to be employed in the erection of their own houses, so that the money which would be advanced for their erection would be an additional means of employing and supporting them during the first year. A temporary dwelling is provided by most Colonial Governments for all immigrants on arrival.

The Government have, in the case of Ireland, adopted the principle of State advances to tenants of the whole of their purchase-money of their farms, at a very low rate of interest. Are not English workmen and English labourers, who are out of work by thousands, equally deserving of the advantage of State help to enable them to settle the new and valuable unoccupied and unsettled land in the Colonies, when the very act of their doing so would be to increase the trade and call for the manufactures of the mother country? It is, indeed, a much more justifiable operation than the other. The Irish plan is of very doubtful expediency and utility, and only justifiable, if at all, to alleviate very exceptional and acute circumstances. That plan, also, may only help one class, whereas this plan will help the whole community. That can never produce a profit to the State, and is almost certain to bring loss; whereas this plan, applied to new lands in the Colonies, is, commercially, a profitable transaction to the whole Empire, and may help our Irish fellow-countrymen too.

However, as before stated, I do not ask for State pecuniary aid, even as loans, but only official and Governmental assistance, as I feel sure that with that we can, in the land-secured consols, or rent-charges, which I have described, show to capitalists such a security as will induce money to flow naturally as a matter of business and investment.

Let us now examine into the purely financial bearing of the scheme, dividing it under four heads:—

1st. The average sum per adult, counting two children under twelve years of age as adults, requisite to effect the transport from an inland town of Great Britain to New Zealand, *taken as being the Colony most distant from England.*

2nd. The average sum required to be spent in the preparation of the land for the settlement.

3rd. The manner in which the Imperial Government could partly, if not wholly, recoup itself in the outlay, and for the advances made on behalf of the settlers.

4th. The mode and cost of the necessary administration of the system.

1. The present charge made by the shipping companies which, trading direct between London and New Zealand, have a contract

with that Government for the transit of emigrants, is at the rate of £14 7s. 6d. per adult, with additional charges of £1 each for ship kit, and of about 6s. for dock dues.

Allowances must always be made for a possible detention of two days at the port of embarkation, and a provision equal to 7s. 6d. per head should be made for this purpose.

2. The cost of the preparation of the land varies with its extent and character, but the following figures have been found ample for the purpose now in view, and have been the result of personal experience. A two-roomed weatherboard cottage with fireplace and chimney of brick, should not cost more than £32, if built for use in a temperate climate and under ordinary conditions, where brick-earth and timber are available. If built of iron—12 feet × 8—the cost would be under £20. A better class of cottage, of similar materials, and containing three rooms, can be erected for £80; one containing four rooms for £130; five rooms for £200.

The average cost of survey in a timbered country is 2s. 8d. per acre; in an open country, 4s. per acre. The survey of townships averages 18s. per acre.

The cost of clearing heavily-timbered land, such as are the forest-lands in New Zealand, or the scrub-lands in Australia or Tasmania, is about 18s. per acre. The cultivation and planting in the first instance of such land should not exceed 18s. per acre, inclusive of the cost of seed.*

The cost of similar operations, when carried out on open lands, amounts to about one-third of the prices quoted above.

Fencing, of the description required for the purpose, costs from £40 to £50 per running mile. The actual contract rate depends on the proximity of the timber, whether the wood is of the sort which splits easily, the hardness of the soil, and the amount of haulage to be done.

Inasmuch as the contentment of the settlers acts directly on the financial as well as the moral success of the settlement, by making their residence thereat permanent, and by the attraction thereto of capital, it is obvious that amongst the earliest operations to be conducted should be:—

(1.) The formation of trunk roads available for the transport of stores in all weathers.

(2.) The erection of a school, to be used for public worship until the erection of a church shall have become a necessity.

(3.) The development, by the surplus labour (if there be any) of the unoccupied lands in the immediate neighbourhood of the

* Mr. Reid, of Elderslie, North Island of New Zealand, says that he pays 5s. 6d. per acre for ploughing, 8d. for harrowing, 6d. for sowing (4s. for wheat), 1s. for rolling. As he gives his wheat lands two ploughings, the cost is 18s. 6d. per acre.

central villages. The first is necessary to the material well-being of the settlers. The second is a moral advantage to the inhabitants of the village, and would act as an attraction thither of persons living outside of the settlement. The third enhances the value of the land, facilitates its sale, prevents the settlement having an unimproved or dead-alive appearance, and finds employment for such of the settlers as may be from time to time short of work. On the whole, therefore, it may be said that these operations are, at any rate, indirectly, if not directly, remunerative.

3. The manner in which the whole scheme may be said to be self-supporting, may be discussed under three headings.

(α) By the reimbursement to the Imperial Treasury of the greater part of the sums expended on the settlement, and on the transport thither of the settlers.

(β) By the gradual relief to the local rates brought about partly by the presumed decrease in pauperism, and partly by the *pro tanto* diminution in the rates for immigration purposes, due to the profits which would accrue from the judicious management and sale of the properties on which such settlements are made.

(γ) By the benefits which would arise in the Colonies by the increased rapidity with which their lands would be developed, the internal communications made, and the population wisely and gradually augmented.

(α) Adding together the various expenses incurred in the migration from an inland district in England to an inland district at a moderate distance from the sea-board in Australia (say New Zealand, as being the farthest), we find that they amount to under £20 per adult.

(N.B. Two children between the age of 3 and 12 count as one adult.)

Expenses up to embarkation average per adult . .	£2	0	0
Cost of passage (by a vessel chartered by Government) per adult	15	0	0
Expenses at depôt on arrival		10	0
Transit to settlement (say)		10	0
Total .	£18	0	0

To these must be added :—

Cost of cottage (say) three-roomed	£80	0	0
Proportion of survey and preparation of land . .	5	0	0
Advance of one week's rations on arrival (per family of four)	2	0	0

Taking four adults as the average number in a family, we may fairly assume that the outlay per adult would not exceed £42.

Now the average rate of wages earned in Australasia outside of the towns is 5s. to 7s. per diem for ordinary labourers, without lodging or rations, and from 18s. to 25s. per week with lodging and rations.

The average rent paid by the labouring classes for a three-roomed weatherboard hut and an acre of garden in or near the suburbs of a centre of population, other than a large town, is about 12s. per week.

Taking these figures as a basis, we may fairly charge a pre-emptive rent to the settler in the following terms :—

Weekly rent of cottage (equal to 8 per cent* on the cost of its erection and insurance, and on the prime value of the improved plot of ground on which the cottage stands, and the outlay on the emigrant), say three shillings; and this would give the lessee possession in fee simple after the payment of the above rent for twenty-five successive years.

These figures would leave a margin of 1 per cent. on the interest of the money expended in the erection, as the Imperial Government can borrow its money at 3 per cent.; and under ordinary circumstances, and with proper precautions against fire, there should be a profit of from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the payment for insurance, if the Government would be their own insurers.

After the payment of rent on this scale for twenty-five years the property would become the freehold of the party paying the rent, and the Imperial Government would have been refunded its expenditure, together with a fair rate of interest upon it during the period over which the payment had been spread.

(β) In the foregoing calculation no credit has been taken for profits made by the sales of land to persons others than those granted free passages by the Government. It is intended to fund these profits, with a view to cause a diminution in the rates raised in the mother country in the commencement of the movement for its initial expenses.

That the profits so made would be very considerable every shareholder in a well-managed Colonial Land Company must be fully aware.

(γ) The Colony in which settlements on these principles were carried out would very soon recoup itself in the sums expended as its share of the outlay.

The occupation by an orderly and well-settled population always adds an "unearned increment" to the value of all unoccupied lands within a reasonable distance of such a settlement. The

* This is 4 per cent. on the cost, 3 per cent. as a sinking fund, and 1 per cent cost of insurance.

land-sales of the Government would therefore be more frequent, and would bring better results to the Colonial Treasury.

The construction of the roads in the settlement would facilitate the opening up for sale and occupation of Crown lands which under ordinary circumstances must have remained, for many years to come, unproductive to the Treasury. The taxes, direct and indirect, arising from the increase to the Colonial population would all be the result of the proposed scheme.

4. Let us now consider the nature of the machinery necessary to the successful carrying into execution of this vast enterprise, and, having determined its compound parts, estimate the cost of its administration and management.

(A.) The recommendation and selection of the families to be migrated from one part of the Empire to another, must in the first instance rest with committees composed of the representatives of those ratepayers who furnish their quota to the "Migration" fund. The selection would, in the first instance, rest with the land-owners and clergy, who would recommend cases for the consideration of the local county or district committees. If approved by that body, the papers would come to a central office in London, located, probably, in or near the Colonial Office, or, if there should be no room there, then in Victoria Street, Westminster, where are the offices of the Agents General of nearly all the Colonies.

The *personnel* of this Central Office should consist of—

A Chief Commissioner, with a salary of . . per annum	£1,000
2 Assistant Commissioners (£500 each)	1,000
2 Inspectors of ships and conducting agents (£400 each)	800
1 Chief clerk . . . . . £400, rising to	450
1 Shipping clerk	300
3 Ordinary clerks (£200, £150, and £100 each) . .	450
1 Messenger clerk	70
Total per annum .	£4,070

The duties of the Chief Commissioner would be to decide on the dates of the sailing of the various ships, the number they are to carry, and to issue instructions to the Assistant Commissioner in each Colony where the experiment is being made, so that all the arrangements necessary for the comfort of the immigrants may be made for their arrival in the Colony, for their transit to the settlement, and for their well-being there.

He would be channel of communication with the Colonial Governments through their respective Agents General.

He would give his final sanction to the removal of each family;

and, in doubtful cases, would send either one of his Assistant Commissioners, or one of his Inspectors, to report on such cases after personal inquiries in the locality.

He would communicate with the Naval and Dockyard Authorities through the Secretary of State for the Colonies; and be directly responsible to him for the office and for the management of the "Migration" fund. No money should be paid out of that fund except by cheque signed by the Chief Commissioner, or, in his absence, by his deputy (one of the Assistant Commissioners), and countersigned by the other Assistant Commissioner, who would act as Treasurer and Chief Accountant.

The Inspectors would make all the arrangements for the transit of the emigrants from their places of residence to the port of shipment, would personally conduct any large bodies of them, and be responsible to the Chief Commissioner for the proper fitting of the ships, for the excellence and quantities of the provisions and water for consumption during the voyage, and that the medical arrangements are good and efficient for any emergency.

Each ship should, on being reported fit by the Inspector, be thoroughly inspected and passed by the Chief Commissioner, or by his deputy.

(B.) The administrative *personnel* in each Colony should depend on the number of such settlements in that Colony, and its composition would also depend on the proximity or accessibility of those settlements one with another.

Under ordinary circumstances, each settlement, or group of settlements, should have:—

(1.) A manager, who should be entirely responsible to the Chief Commissioner for the well-being of the inhabitants, and for its financial condition. He should have authority to correspond direct with the Colonial Secretary for Immigration, sending, however, duplicates of his letters to the central office. His salary should be £750 per annum, with house and field.

(2.) A sub-manager, who would supervise the making of the contracts. Salary, £500 per annum, with house and field; and

(3.) A chief accountant, who will act as treasurer, without whose counter-signature to the cheques, no money orders signed by the manager would be payable or valid. Salary, £400 per annum, house and garden.

(4.) A correspondence clerk. Salary, £350 per annum, with residence at the office, and rations for himself and one servant.

(5.) Two probationers selected from amongst young gentlemen who have been sent out in charge of parties of "migrants." Their duties should be to act as the eyes and ears of the manager and sub-manager, and to supervise the carrying out of all contracts

and other works ordered by the manager. To supervise the working of the sanitary and other regulations affecting the well-being of the settlement and its inhabitants. Their salaries would commence at £100 per annum, with rations for themselves and one servant each, and with a field between them for the keep of a horse each.

It will be seen that the average cost of each settlement would, in the Colony, amount to about £2,200 per annum.

The immigrants on arrival should invariably be met before disembarkation by the manager, accompanied by one of the probationers, and they should personally attend to all their requirements until after their arrival at the settlement.

Much of the ultimate success of the scheme depends on two things—firstly, the comfort experienced by, and the interest shown in, the migrants on their arrival on board ship; and, secondly, the manner in which they are received on arrival in the Colony, and at the settlement. Too much stress cannot be put on the absolute necessity of the utmost care and attention being paid at these last two periods especially. Settlers, if made happy and prosperous, act as the best recruiting agents for emigration; as they write with conviction, and act for the benefit of their relations and friends.

The main object with which this article has been written is to invite criticism on the project submitted for consideration by the British public, and to elicit some suggestions for its improvement. If the project be not only philanthropic and beneficial to the nation at large, but also an act of economy, it should be carried out for that reason; and not because it is feared that the pauper surplus population will rise up against the powers that be, and, taking the law into their own hands, will ignore it, and with it all right except might; and, whilst doing themselves more than justice, will inflict great hardship and injustice upon deserving people.

It is, alas! too much the fashion to admit the truth of the prophecies of the Radical party: that the age and spirit of democracy is upon us; that the only policy to be pursued is one of gradual concessions on all points; that principle is to give way to expediency; and that the Government of the nation by those who are most fitted by birth and traditions, and who are the most interested in its moral as well as its material welfare, because of their position and independence of the emoluments of office, will soon, very soon, be a thing of the past—never to recur.

Everything is now done to discredit the term "aristocracy"—too often, indeed, by those who ought by right of birth to belong to it. The true classical definition of the expression seems to be forgotten; and, in the dictionary of the democrat, the appellation

of aristocrat is used as a term of opprobrium to signify one who neither works with his brains nor with his hands, who tyrannises over the working-classes, has no sympathy with or charity for them, and who abuses the power and influence derived from his wealth and position in society.

Demagogues carefully omit all reference to the many acts of kindness and generosity daily practised on most of the estates of the old titled and untitled aristocracy, whose fathers, grandfathers, and ancestors, in some cases for centuries, have been looked up to and revered by their tenants as their best friends. Instead of this, attention is called to the vastness of the estates they possess, the moneys which, in some cases, these bring; but they make no mention of the constant anxiety and head-work entailed on these owners, especially in hard times, to carry out, to the full and conscientiously, the duties which these estates and the population they support entail on them.

If such agitators and demagogues were really sincere in their anxiety to benefit the masses, they would strive to make class co-operate with class, working with one object in common—the welfare of their country—the leading men in each class striving to assimilate their interests, without causing a spirit of animosity to arise from the difference of their social status, and in their material resources.

Benefits wrung by force, or won by intimidation, carry with them a feeling of soreness, and a sense of wrong which go far to neutralize the good arising therefrom.

Let us, therefore, hope that in the future, in respect to this as well as to all other social questions, it may be shown that "right is might" rather than that "might is right."

William Feilding.

THE ECLIPSE OF *ESPRIT* IN FRANCE.

Aujourd'hui, en France, dans leur pays d'origine, la gaieté est à l'index, et l'esprit en quarantaine.—PAILLERON.

It is the common complaint of the casual visitor to Paris that those amenities of life, which used to make a sojourn there so delightful, are fast disappearing. On each successive visit he notes with sorrow a falling off in the wine and the coffee, he finds the officials more insolent, the railway porters more apathetic, the *cochers* more brutal. The whole character of the place has, in short, become rougher; you are jostled in the streets; the passers-by scowl upon you; the courteous native who would go half a mile out of his path to put you in yours has become a mere tradition. Frenchmen themselves recognize and grieve over this change. M. Octave Feuillet, in his last novel, *La Morte*, ascribes it to the influx of strangers, to the invasion of Paris by barbarian hordes, mostly of Teutonic race.

But it is evident that this explanation is inadequate. For the change of which I speak is by no means confined to outward aspects, to the mere symbols of civilization. The heaviness and the muddiness which the admixture of Spanish wine has introduced into the Bordeaux is closely reflected in the heaviness and the muddiness of the popular literature. For the popular novelist is M. Zola. It is not only that he is the most widely read, that within a few years over half a million copies of his works have been printed, but that he gives the tone to nearly the whole literature of the day. There are few writers who have altogether escaped the influence of his Circean spells. M. Daudet has perpetrated *Sapho*; M. Cherbuliez, who used to be witty and cheerful, has written *Le Femme du Choquard*; M. Dumas fils has descended to the portentous dulness of *Denise*. In fact, a French writer, now-a-days, is nothing if he is not dull. "Above all things be dull,"—this is his guiding maxim when he sits down to write what I should call a work of imagination, had not the word imagination been banished by order of M. Zola from the domain of literature. For dulness—though this is a proposition which, no doubt, will be disputed—is, I believe, a more direct object of the scientific novelist's ambition even than indecency. To be indecent may be desirable, but to be dull is indispensable. But the point is not worth discussing. It is more interesting to note that hitherto dul-

ness has generally been associated with respectability, while indecent works have, as a rule, at least been amusing. It has been left to M. Zola and his disciples to combine dulness with indecency.

Nor is poetry in a more hopeful state than fiction or the drama. The strongest writers of verse of the rising generation in France are, perhaps, M. Richepin and M. Guy de Maupassant; but M. Richepin has made a speciality of blasphemy, while M. de Maupassant has devoted himself to indecency.

If we turn from literature to politics and social phenomena the outlook is not more encouraging. The rapidity with which one government chases another across the stage, the dearth of capable or even honest politicians, the banishment of the Orleanist Princes, the treatment of the late King of Spain, the frequency with which murders are committed and the murderers escape detection, the increasing use of the revolver, the unseemly scandal of the acquittal of Madame Clovis, all these tell the same story as the tone of the literature. They point to the fact that *la belle France*, who used, not without cause, to arrogate to herself the title of the most civilized country in the world, is gradually becoming brutalised and barbarised.

It is one of the most interesting and delightful characteristics of the French nation that, like the Athenians of old, while they yield to no other people in love and admiration of their country, and, in fact, are sometimes given to what ill-natured people would call self-glorification, yet, when occasion demands, they are the frankest critics imaginable of their national faults. M. Pailleron, indeed, the author of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, has lately, in a speech made by him before the *Académie Française* on the occasion of the annual distribution of the prizes of virtue, shown himself a very frank critic. His words are so much to the point, and so witty, that I will venture to quote them :—

Gentlemen, we are a singular people. Certainly this nation of ours is as richly dowered as any in the world. Like the prince in those charming tales in which La Fontaine took such pleasure, it would seem as if all the fairies had been invited to her christening, and that all had showered upon her their gifts. And yet, according to custom, one must have been forgotten, for all that these godmothers have done for their godchild turns against her. There is one fairy that was not invited. She wished, you may be sure, to be revenged for this neglect, and so after the ceremony she appeared, grotesque and terrible, and, coming up to the cradle, said to the infant : " I am the fairy Ridicule. Because the others have not thought of me, you shall think of me always, and, from always thinking of me, you shall carefully conceal the virtues that you have, in order to display defects that you have not. You are wild, and the mere thought of having a submissive air shall make you a rebel. You are gay, and in the fear of appearing light you shall become heavy ; you are subtle, and the ambition to be strong shall make you gross ; you love what is beautiful, and you shall be an impressionist ; you love what is delicate, and you shall be a naturalist ; you love what is honest, and you shall dabble in political intrigue. You shall call your sensibility

nervous disease, and your patriotic pride chauvinism To avoid being the dupe of sentiments you shall be the dupe of words. A believer, you shall play at being a sceptic, and you shall remain credulous; you shall find it beneath your reason to adore God who made you, because you cannot see Him; and you shall adore men whom you see too often, and you shall make gods of them, safe to unmake them in order to make others in their places. Full of love, you shall deny the existence of love; in public you shall treat it as a physiological necessity, in private you shall honour it and obey it in your heart, for love shall be the true religion of the majority of Frenchmen. though perhaps there will be more who practise it than who believe in it. In fine, you shall give to woman a place which she shall not hold among any other nation; you shall love children better than any other people; you shall pay taxes better than any other people; and you shall consider it an insult if you are called a good citizen, a good husband, and a good father, even on your tomb.

In complete contrast to these light but winged words are the two volumes of essays which M. Paul Bourget has contributed to the study of the present state of French thought and literature.* M. Bourget is one of the most prominent of the younger generation of French men of letters. He has written three volumes of poetry, and a couple of novels, one of which, *Cruelle Enigme*, was having considerable success in Paris about two years ago, especially, I believe, with the fair sex, who found it charming and idyllic. English women would, I am afraid, think it disgusting. *Autres pays autre mœurs.* But it is as a critic that M. Bourget is chiefly celebrated. He is in a fair way to wrest the sceptre of Sainte Beuve from M. Scherer's somewhat feeble grasp. He is not commonplace and he is fairly catholic in his sympathies. Above all, though, he has shown in his novels that he can write with considerable delicacy and grace of style he has in his critical essays wisely chosen to wield a heavier pen. His capacity for dulness is, in fact, quite remarkable. Thus, in spite of his popularity with female readers, he is generally regarded as an *homme sérieux*, and in France an *homme sérieux* is a made man. M. Bourget will doubtless before long be an Academician. At present he is the idol of Paris literary society.

The two volumes in question contain five essays apiece, the subjects of which are Baudelaire, Renan, Flaubert, Taine, Stendhal, Dumas fils, Leconte de Lisle, the brothers de Goncourt, Turgénieff, and Amiel. M. Bourget has chosen these ten *physionomies*, he tells us in his preface to his second volume addressed to Madame Adam, the well-known editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, because they seem to him the most capable of manifesting the thesis which runs through the two volumes—namely, the origin and causes of the prevailing pessimistic spirit of French thought and literature. Like M. Pailleron, he finds that the old French gaiety has disappeared, but he sets to work in a more serious

* *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, 4th éd. 1886, and *Nouveaux Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, 2nd. éd. 1886.

spirit than M. Pailleron to trace the causes of it. His book he describes as one of "anxious research."

The essays are somewhat unequal in merit, those in the first volume being, on the whole, far better than those in the second. The distinguishing qualities are subtlety of thought, justness of observation, and analytical power, while here and there we come upon a brilliant descriptive passage, as, for instance, the account of M. Renan's salon. But the final impression that is left upon the mind is one of heaviness and *ennui*. There is not a spark of the "old French gaiety" in them. They furnish, in short, rather an illustration than an explanation of the writer's thesis. In his essay on Amiel, for instance, he devotes a sub-chapter to the influence of the *esprit germanique* on French writers; but M. Bourget himself is an excellent example of this influence. He is constantly referring to Spinoza, and Kant, and Hegel, and Schopenhauer; he talks habitually of the "great" Goethe; he deals largely in abstract terms, especially in "isms"; in optimism, and pessimism, and fatalism, and nihilism, and mysticism, and cosmopolitanism, and dilettantism, and even in atavism, and exotism. Indeed, he has written a poem on "atavism," whatever "atavism" is.

Another noticeable feature, and one which especially strikes an English reader, is the tone of excessive veneration which M. Bourget adopts towards his chosen *physionomies*. He generally speaks of Stendhal, or Flaubert, or M. Taine, or M. Renan, as the Master (always with a capital letter), or as the Great Master. He describes how, after the German war, he and others used to crowd *with beating hearts* into the hall of the *École des Beaux Arts* to hear M. Taine's lectures, and how they hung upon the Master's lips, and "how he became for them the apostle of the new faith."

There is something peculiarly French in this worship of great men of letters by their lesser brethren. Victor Hugo's position among his admirers was that of an Eastern potentate. They flung themselves, so to speak, on their faces in his presence. The incense of flattery was for ever tickling his nostrils. He was treated almost as a god—a fact which, no doubt, partly accounts for the painfully familiar attitude which he assumes in his poetry towards the Almighty. "You shall make gods of men," says M. Pailleron's fairy, "safe to unmake them in order to make others in their place." Victor Hugo is one of the latest victims of this process. Though in this country he rejoices in a worshipper who alone burns incense enough before him to keep alive his divinity, in France he will soon be unmade. He is no longer "The Master" *par excellence*; the "Masters" of to-day are the heroes of the

scientific school. They are Stendhal, and Flaubert, and the brothers de Goncourt, and M. Zola.

We are not such worshippers of our literary princes in this country. The pleasant picture which M. Bourget draws in his preface (written at Oxford), of an undergraduate whom he sees from the window of his hotel leaning on his *pupître d'étudiant* (*Anglicè*, Oxford desk), absorbed in one of the books with which these essays deal, "passing entirely into the phrases of his favourite author, conversing with him as man to man," is a highly improbable one. I did, indeed, once hear of an undergraduate who, after a course of Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, ran away from college in order to realise the delights of a Bohemian life at Paris; but the case, if true, must be almost unique. Our young men are happily not, as a rule, so easily led captive by a printed page. The book in which M. Bourget's undergraduate appeared to be absorbed, if a French book at all, was doubtless one of Gaboriau's masterpieces.

So, too, our young imaginative writers enjoy, on the whole, a wholesome freedom from excessive veneration for the *di majores* of their calling. Perhaps our novelists, at any rate, would be the better for it, if they had rather more. But it has been justly observed that if they are inferior to their French rivals in knowledge of their art, they have, on the other hand, a greater knowledge of life. In spite of the enormous pains which the writers of the scientific school take to make their novels true to nature, in spite of their industrious rummaging for documents in every sewer and gutter of Paris, their novels are remarkably deficient in knowledge of life. They know so much of life, and no more, as they have got down in their note-books. They know, for instance, every detail of the management of the *magazins de nouveautés*, they have an intimate acquaintance with the habits of circus clowns and railway porters, and *chiffonniers*; they have made a special study of various forms of disease, and various stages of drunkenness, but of human nature at large they know next to nothing. They have taken no observations of it. Think of those poor brothers de Goncourt shut up in their room for three or four days together, without seeing a soul, and writing for their lives. No wonder their novels are morbid and unhealthy, that "their originality," as they said in a letter to M. Zola, "is based on nervous disease."

Nervous disease, or to give it its French name, *névrose*, is an expression which occurs very often in M. Bourget's pages. Another word of equally frequent occurrence is *nostalgie*. It is worth dwelling on them, for they form the key-note not only of M. Bourget's criticism, but of the whole literary school, of which he has consti-

tuted himself the exponent. It is from these two diseases that, according to him, the rising generation of Frenchmen is suffering. He, himself, has in preparation, if he has not already published, a volume of poems called *Les Nostalgies*. M. Rollinat has written one called *Les Névroses*.

Névrose, as I said, means nervous disease. But what is *nostalgie*? Home-sickness it ought and used to mean, and probably does still among plain Frenchmen. But, as used by M. Bourget, it seems to mean a sort of mysterious longing for something, the sufferer does not quite know what. It is apparently a disease from which those suffer, who, having divested themselves of every rag of belief, whether in things divine or in things human, do not, like thorough-going pessimists, look down with complete satisfaction at their nakedness. They have still an uneasy hankering after clothes.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the scientific and naturalistic school is fatalism. "Applying themselves," says M. Bourget, "especially to the description of surroundings (*transcription des milieux*), they have suppressed more and more in their books the study of the will. They exhibit human beings as dominated by transitory things, and almost incapable of personal action. From that arises that overpowering fatalism which is the philosophy of the whole school of realists." Now this sort of fatalism is as detrimental to the interest of a novel as it is dangerous to the welfare of society. Suppress the human will, treat human beings as mere puppets danced up and down by the machinery of circumstance, and half the charm of a novel is gone. "The most interesting study for mankind is man," said Goethe, but (for all but physiologists) it is man as a rational, responsible being, not as a victim of hereditary *névrose* or anæmia. Determinism, in some form or another, may be a more scientific explanation of human action than free will; but a novel inspired by the determinism of a pure materialist is about as interesting as one founded on the loves of sea-anemones.

Certainly M. Bourget's pages are not cheerful reading, and, if they truly represent the prevailing fashion of thought among intelligent Frenchmen, they form a very sad story indeed. But one is inclined to hope that M. Bourget is not wholly an unprejudiced witness, that he himself is suffering too much from the fashionable diseases of *névrose* and *nostalgie*, to be able to take an unbiassed and healthy view of surrounding circumstances. One is inclined, also, to suspect that perhaps he has exaggerated the influence of these chosen *physionomies*, of these "Masters" of French literature; that, perhaps, after all, that unwholesome prig, Charles Baudelaire, who made it his mission to gather sweets from dung-

hills, is not one of the most fruitful educating influences of the young generation; that perhaps those poor brothers de Goncourt, who shut themselves in their rooms for three or four days together, and who, as M. Bourget says, wrote in a style which fifty years hence will only be understood by specialists, are not really of first-rate literary importance; that Stendhal's peculiarly artificial and repulsive novel, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, is not really the Bible of the nineteenth century, and that in spite of its pompous motto, *La vérité, l'âpre vérité*, Mignet was right in saying that there was no more truth in Stendhal's writings than in his name; that Flaubert, with his undoubted genius crippled by his strange malady, who held the majority of his fellow-creatures in undisguised contempt, who had no interests in life apart from literature, "whose only satisfaction consisted in polishing his phrases," does not really exercise a wide-spread influence over his countrymen; or even that that "elderly and erudite butterfly," M. Renan, whose learning, wide-spread sympathies, and consummate mastery of style we all admire, but who, in his autobiography, with the engaging frankness of his countrymen, made known to the world the limits to his greatness, is not the great teacher of men that M. Bourget represents him to be.

After all, there is still left in France a goodly remnant of writers who are not afflicted with either *névrose* or *nostalgie*, and who have never bowed their knees to M. Zola. That ever-green veteran, M. Octave Feuillet, has shown, in his last novel, *La Morte*, that knowledge of human nature, *esprit*, consummate workmanship, and a pellucid style, are still qualities that we may look for in a French novel; M. André Theuriet still writes books that pure-minded women can read; M. Halévy and M. Anatole de France still keep alive that characteristic vein of humour, so free from pretension, so kindly, and yet so searching, which we recognize as peculiarly French; M. Pailleron still writes plays which are neither pamphlets nor sermons, but simply representations of human nature.

Even in politics, where the clouds on the horizon hang lowest, let us hope that the good sense which, however deep it may at times lie hid, is still an ingredient of the French character, may before long find its way again to the surface. At any rate, M. Pailleron's method of treating the patient is surely the best. The same fairy, Ridicule, who, according to him, has been the cause of the malady, is more likely to effect a cure than the laborious diagnosis of M. Bourget.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

OLD "YOUNG ENGLAND" AND NEW.

Rather more than forty years ago certain of the younger members of the great Conservative Party, then led by Sir Robert Peel, acquired the title of "Young England." They were laughed at by the Press, and lectured by the Premier. But they could neither be laughed down, nor lectured down; for they represented a real truth—the necessity, that is, for recasting the links which bind together the different classes of society, if the country was to be saved from revolution. Both the artizans and the peasantry were to be taught once more that property was their protector and benefactor, and the personal relations between the rich and the poor, both in town and country, were to be drawn closer together, and softened by the influence of a more generous and kindly spirit than the existing generation could remember. Their leader, Mr. Disraeli, explained this part of the theory of Young England, not only with great eloquence and power, but also in a perfectly practical and intelligible manner. Whatever might have been thought of the system, nobody could doubt what it meant. Mr. Trafford and his mill at Mowbray, Eustace Lyle and his charities at St. Geneviève, Henry Sidney and his village games, Mr. St. Lys and his work among the people, might be ridiculed or not; but nobody could doubt what they meant. It was, in fact, little less than the regeneration of English society, not upon the feudal model, because that was impossible, but on a scheme which should be inspired by the spirit of feudalism, and represent all its nobler characteristics. Apart from particular measures, arguments, or actions,* this was what Young England *meant*—and there is no doubt that, within certain limits, it succeeded. I wish to inquire in this article what our new Young England means, and what chances of success *it*, in turn, appears to have; not so much what kind of legislation it is prepared to undertake, or what means it would propose for the ends which it may desire to attain, but what are the ends themselves, the final causes for the sake of which it is willing to be styled the Tory Democracy; what its general

* *Cf.* Newman's *History of My Religious Opinions*, Preface xviii.

views of English society, and of the principles which ought to regulate Conservatives, if they would preserve that society from destruction.

I have spoken of Tory Democracy; but I do not mean to speak of it again. It is, in fact, a contradiction in terms. Popular Toryism is an intelligible phrase; but not the other designation, which, it may be observed, is more in favour with the enemies of the Tory Party than with its friends. Still, its friends do occasionally make use of it, thereby, as I think, committing a very grievous error. There is a great difference between the words popular and democratic. A popular Constitution is one in which the people possess a share of political power. A democracy is a Constitution in which they possess the whole. There is no democracy, properly so called, in England. There is a large democratic element in the English Constitution. But it is not a democracy either in theory or practice. If I am told that it is pedantic to pin one down to the etymology of the word, and that democracy has long been used, like aristocracy, to denote not a form of government but a class in society, my answer is that nothing is pedantic which serves to clear our minds; and that the use of the word aristocracy in this sense, though equally incorrect, is neither equally misleading, nor equally without excuse, since it represents a form of government which did really once exist in this country. I know that Lord Beaconsfield, who was never very precise in his phraseology, used these two words sometimes in one sense and sometimes in the other. But on a point of this kind I do not bow to his authority, while the best possible illustration of the difference between popular and democratic has been furnished by himself in his well-known description of the franchise as a popular privilege, and not a democratic right; a privilege that is to be distributed to the people more and more extensively as they become more and more fit for it, not a right which is inherent in them in virtue of being the rulers and masters of the State. Tory Democracy, moreover, is a peculiarly absurd solecism; for though the Tory creed is essentially popular in its recognition of all local liberties and jurisdictions, and its sympathies with personal independence, still, if there is one thing more than another distinctive of Toryism, it is that it believes in the principle of subordination rather than in the principle of equality, and recognizes the good moral effect which is exerted upon the national mind by institutions which appeal to the imagination and a government which inspires reverence.

It is no wonder that Radicals have fastened greedily on the phrase Tory Democracy, seeing that it casts a slur upon popular Toryism, which its want of meaning does not render the less

plausible. If Tories, say they, are ready to become democrats to keep or to regain power, how can you trust them at all? Better go to those who have always professed these opinions; and I should say the same if the Tories of to-day did really mean to be democrats. But they do not. What they really *mean* I believe to be exactly the reverse. If they would abolish exclusive laws, or enlarge and expand popular functions, it is for the sake not of arming the people against the principle of authority, but of removing all dissatisfaction with it.

And now, perhaps, we are getting nearer the root of the matter. Popular Toryism, as I understand it, or hope I understand it, looks facts in the face. It sees that the old unquestioning obedience to the laws, customs, and prescriptive superiorities of an aristocratic and hierarchical society which still existed in England in the days of our grandfathers, though it still survives, no longer exists in sufficient force for the support of established systems. These must rest on an intelligent and satisfied approval, as well as on the old hereditary faith, if they are to stand at all. Without such popular approval they can no longer be maintained by laws, and, with it, stand in no need of them. The attempt to prop them up by provisions framed in past ages which do not commend themselves to the public opinion of the present, is sure to fail. If their life is prolonged for a few years by means of such machinery, their extinction, when it does come, will be only the more absolute and disastrous. Why not, then, abolish whatever tends to prejudice the people against the principal organs of our political and social system, and leave their merits to make their own way, unencumbered by privileges which, if they were once ramparts, have now become only stumbling-blocks? If they cannot hold their ground by the aid of these tottering defences, is it not possible that they may be found more tenable without them? If they are doomed under one set of conditions, had we not better try another while there is yet time; not disguising from ourselves the hazardous nature of the experiment, but regarding it as the lesser of two evils, which, even if a failure, will only accelerate by a very brief period what could not have been long deferred, but which, if successful, may ensure the stability of all that we prize most highly for many generations? If ancient restrictions and barriers are now honeycombed and worm-eaten, and while ceasing to be a source of strength continue to be a source of irritation, is it not better that the Constitution should strip herself of such outworks at once and throw herself on the affections of her subjects? Are we not more likely to preserve in their integrity the Church, the Throne, and the aristocracy by a bold and liberal policy of this description, than by fighting for such

remnants of our old exclusive organization as still survive, and which only obstruct the growth of that popular good-will, and that national appreciation, on which alike crown, coronet, and mitre must ultimately depend?

I can imagine a member of the Young Tory Party arguing in this strain; and, without committing myself to any positive agreement with him, I grant that he has a strong case. Instances of the restrictions and privileges which I had in my mind in writing the above passage are the exclusively hereditary character of the House of Lords, the exclusively ecclesiastical administration of the Church of England, the law which regulates the succession to real property, the obstacles which still impede the free sale and purchase of land, the absence of the representative principle in the management of county business. Many persons still believe that these surroundings are necessary to the preservation of some of our most valued institutions. Young England may say that if they cannot be preserved without them, they cannot with them; and that the harm which they do by the prejudices they contribute to maintain outweighs all the advantages, if any, which can be derived from their existence; that, in fact, they resemble only the decayed suburbs and half-filled ditches of some ancient fortress, which are more useful to the besiegers than to the garrison.

These are questions to be approached with extreme caution and extreme diffidence. To foretell with any certainty the effect of such changes as are above shadowed forth is almost impossible. There are many Conservatives, I know, who believe that the admission of the laity to a larger share in Church Government would strengthen the Established Church; that an admixture of the representative with the hereditary element in the Upper House of Parliament would increase the power of the nobility; and that County Boards and "free land" would enlarge rather than contract the influence of the country gentlemen. On the other hand, we are told that there is no strong opinion in favour of such changes except among men who are aiming at a great deal more; that, instead of reducing their hostility, such concessions only raise their confidence; and we are asked whether the abolition of church rates or the surrender of our church-yards has rendered the Liberation Society one whit the less eager to disestablish and disendow the Church. Short as may be the lease of life still remaining to the old *régime*, such a policy as is suggested would only make it shorter still. The controversy resembles that with which we are familiar in surgery, when one doctor contends that nothing but an operation can save the patient's life, another that it is certain to be fatal, and that he

had better remain as he is and take his chance—bad as that may be. Both are actuated by equally good intentions towards the patient. Both are equally conservative, and both differ equally from him who, when once he got the knife in hand, would take advantage of the opportunity to inflict a deadly wound. This last is the Radical, and not he who honestly desires to restore the constitution to health.

Therefore I say that to charge the Young England Party of the present day with being Radicals is simply absurd. The end they have in view is the same as that which all Conservatives have in view, and they only differ about the means. All those vague assertions which are the stock-in-trade of a certain class of writers and speakers, such as that "Conservatism must be progressive," must "march with the spirit of the age," must not, forsooth, set itself in opposition to "the democracy," naturally excite suspicion, because no one knows what they mean; and it may be supposed that those who employ them think the progress of democracy in the world, the rule of the rich by the poor, of the fit by the unfit, and of the wise by the ignorant, is really good in itself, and an end to be desired for its own sake. My own idea of popular Toryism is something very different from this. No Young Tory, I trust, would repudiate the doctrine of Milton: *Nihil esse in societate hominum magis vel Deo gratum, vel rationi consentaneum, esse in civitate nihil æquius nihil utilius quam potiri rerum dignissimum.* That is the object which Toryism must set before its eyes, whether it is old or new, popular or unpopular, or it ceases to be Toryism. On that point there should be no misunderstanding. And popular Toryism in all the reforms which it undertakes will endeavour to approach as near to that ideal as possible. If it addresses itself cordially, frankly, and energetically to the changes which time has made inevitable, it is not obliged to believe that such changes are abstractedly for the better. They may be so relatively without being so absolutely; and while we recognize the wisdom of enlisting the principle of self-government on the side of order, and of appealing to reason rather than to faith for the support of established institutions, we may still consider it a moot point whether the happiness of the people and the greatness of the Empire were not at least equally secure when existing authorities were accepted as laws of nature, and the people followed the lead of a class trained to politics and government from its youth. We have at present to contemplate Young Toryism in its relation to present practical needs, and not in its connection with the problems of political philosophy.

If I am right in my conception of popular Toryism, its chances of success are, I think, not inconsiderable. There has been no

period in the history of this country when the dangerous classes did not to some extent exist in it; and I doubt if they bear a much larger proportion to the rest of the population than they ever did. By dangerous classes I mean men who either from poverty, guilt, or fanaticism are discontented with society, and ready for any violent change which may satisfy their respective cravings. These may be sufficiently numerous at the present day to upset any calculations which do not take them into account. But that cannot be helped. It is idle to lose time in considering what effect would be produced on the roughs and Socialists who assemble in Trafalgar Square, by Church Boards, County Boards, or Representative Peerages. Whether the Church, the aristocracy, and the Empire, social freedom, and economic science, are to fade or flourish through the agency of popular Toryism, must be decided without reference to classes who know not what the words mean.

In seeking to strengthen the instinctive reverence of the English people for the ancient order of society—a reverence founded on habit, custom, and tradition—by combining with it a rational and practical perception of the benefits which it confers upon themselves, have we any materials to work upon? Many people seem to think that the estrangement between classes in this country is all but complete, and that if we took the working class and the lower middle class together, we should find that, as a body, they had lost all sympathy with, or affection for, their pastors, masters, and employers. The very terms of my argument exclude this supposition. When I speak of strengthening the reverence of the English people for the institutions under which they live, I imply that such reverence exists, that the flame, though it may have died away to a spark, is still alive, and only requires to be fanned. And such *is* my own opinion. In seeking to make our institutions strong in the affections of the people, popular Toryism, I contend, has something to appeal to. It is in the rural districts that the battle will be chiefly fought, and I see no reason to believe that the peasantry, as yet, have lost all their old attachment to the gentry, or are not prepared to say with Walter Gerard, in *Sybil*, "I am not against the lord, provided he is a gentle one." The relations between the two are, of course, not what they were. Evil tongues have come between them. But if the Young Tory Party can only succeed in teaching the country gentlemen to see their own interests, those relations may still be re-established in all their ancient strength. When we consider what it is still in the power of a resident country gentleman to effect, straitened in his means, curtailed of his powers, and slandered by the Radicals as he is; when we think of his opportunities for doing good, and for gathering round himself the sympathy and respect of all his

neighbours, we are justified in concluding that their gain should be his, and that in every augmentation or enlargement of their political rights he should find a corresponding extension of his own authority and influence.

It may sound like cruel mockery to tell men so crippled and disabled as it is to be feared the majority of the country gentlemen now are, that further sacrifices may be required of them. But I am thinking only by what means they may best succeed in preserving and handing down to their posterity the noble inheritance and dignified duties which they have long enjoyed so worthily, and fulfilled so ably. If it were possible that, by relinquishing some of their pleasures, and pursuing others on a less expensive scale; and even by laying down some of those appertenances which, in men of rank and station, are not considered to be luxuries: if, by so doing, they could bring home to their tenantry, and to all who are in any way subject to them, the reality of their common trouble, and their determination to share it equally with their old hereditary friends; to live and labour with them in the old home, on the old ancestral acres, and to rough it, in proportion, with the poorest of them; would not their reward be great, and cheaply purchased by such privations as are here suggested? Sure I am that in such a case the country gentlemen need fear nothing from either County Boards, or Land Bills, or Allotment Bills. Mr. Arch and Mr. Collings would find their occupation gone, and Mr. Chamberlain would be left to preach the doctrine of ransom to the capitalists of Birmingham. If popular Toryism is a principle as well as a programme; if it is not merely a small Parliamentary Party, but a real national force diffusing itself through all the varied channels of social intercourse, literature, and politics, it is to be hoped that its moral influence may be brought to bear on the territorial interest in such a way as to make the gentlemen of England recognize, while there is yet time, the things pertaining to their peace.

Turning to trade and commerce, and the great middle class of England, the policy of popular Toryism is comparatively simple. The rights of property, and the maintenance of sound economical doctrines in the transactions of business, are the objects in which the middle class is most seriously interested; and we know by whom these have been assailed, and by whom they have been defended. It is needless to waste words on this point. The English middle classes, at the present moment, are heart and soul with Conservatism; and they are more likely to be afraid of the new Toryism going too far than of its not going far enough. It remains only to glance at the relations between the Young Tory Party and the artizans; and these, also, are most cordial. The

questions in which this class appear to take the deepest interest are Imperial and Colonial rather than domestic; and on these assuredly all their sympathies are anti-Radical. But the discussion of such questions lies a little out of the path of the present article, which is concerned rather with the distinctive and differential features of Young Toryism than with those which it shares in common with the Toryism of all times, and with other political connections, as well as the Conservative.

It will be seen that in the discussion of this subject I have allotted much more space to considerations affecting the rural districts than to such as concern only the towns; and the reason is obvious. The great changes of the future, whether Radical or Conservative, are reserved for the rural districts. In the towns, the work of administrative reform has been practically completed; and all the grievances of which the working men complained, as they were first, for the most part, brought to light by Tories, so, for the most part, were they ultimately removed by Tories. As old Young England took up the cause of the operatives, why should not new Young England take up the cause of the peasantry, as far as it requires taking up? It seems to me that by doing so they would be completing the great work which Lord Beaconsfield began, and thoroughly establishing their claim, on an undisputable basis, to be the "popular political confederation of this country."

The measures necessary for this purpose, if they are not undertaken in an *ad captandum* spirit, need not, I think, involve much risk to our existing rural constitution. Still there will be need of great care; and whether in that reform of the House of Lords and of the Church of England, which Mr. Curzon claims as the future work of the Tory Party, or in those changes which more immediately affect the landed interest, Young Toryism must look to the past as well as to the future; to the conditions which have formed the English character, and, according to the great statesman whom it professes to follow, have been at the root of England's greatness. The lapse of forty or fifty years has made no change in this respect. The conditions of national greatness do not vary with every generation; and what was true of the influence of institutions in 1843, is equally true of them in 1887. I believe it is pre-eminently the duty of Young Toryism, while enlarging the jurisdiction now exercised by local authorities, and admitting both the peasantry and the farmers to a share in the conduct of county business, to provide against the destruction of those ancient and hereditary authorities which are one of the few surviving remnants of our old English system,* which are without reproach, and

* Need I recall to the readers of the *National Review* the ever-memorable words of Mr. Gladstone: "This fixed and happy usage I take to be a just relic and a true

without cost, and the exercise of which trains to business, and to the conduct of affairs, a class of men whose education and breeding fit them eminently for the public service, but who in many other countries are consigned to enforced idleness, luxury, and dissipation.

It appears to me that the reform of the House of Lords and the reform of Local Administration are closely connected together, and that the extent to which we may venture on the first depends very greatly on the mode in which we treat the second. If the local influence of the aristocracy is not destroyed, their Parliamentary influence may be left to take care of itself. But whether I am right or wrong in this supposition, I do think that in common justice means should be found for restricting the right to sit on County Boards, and the right to vote for them, to *bonâ fide* residents in the country. There are numerous market towns in every English county, where there is no municipal government, and where the want of it is deeply felt. They are large enough to have interests of their own quite separate from those of the villages, and to contain a class of residents, professional men, tradesmen, and operatives, who are in all respects homogeneous with the population of the larger towns, and equally divided with them from all rural wants, sympathies, and ideas. In the larger towns themselves, there is, of course, a very numerous class of men whose whole business lies within the town walls, but who inhabit country houses five or six miles away from them; and the Tory Party would do well to consider whether the genuine rural voter is to be swamped by an urban population, and governed by representatives who are essentially town men. I should wish to see the influence of Young Toryism exerted not to restrict but to protect the rights of the peasantry, farmers, and the commonalty, if I may say so, of the English counties. In doing this, it will be popular in the best sense of the word; at once extending the privileges and elevating the character of the people, and yet working for the preservation of those old English principles which have hitherto been the best guarantee for our local liberties. There are County Boards and County Boards; and while some, no doubt, would be a standing barrier against centralization, others would only pave the way for it. Of the latter kind would be a

descendant of the feudal system . . . . the position which is happily held by landlords in this country—a position marked by residence, by personal familiarity, and by sympathy with the people among whom they live, by long traditional connection handed on from generation to generation, and marked by a constant discharge of duty in every form that can be suggested—be it as to the administration of justice, be it as to the defence of the country, be it as to the supply of social, or spiritual, or moral, or educational wants, be it for any purpose whatever that is recognized as good and beneficial in a civilized society."

County Board which virtually handed over the counties to the authority and government of the towns.

If this danger is avoided, popular Toryism may reform the land laws, abolish the privilege of primogeniture, do what it likes about small holdings and allotments—though it may easily do a great deal too much—and legislate generally for the benefit of the people with a free and open hand. But there are two main principles with which, in my humble opinion, there can be no tampering; one is, as I have said, our "territorial constitution," the other the Established Church. On the first I have nothing further to say; on the second, very little. Whatever internal reforms, whether in the practice of patronage, the exercise of discipline, or in questions of parochial interest not affecting rites or doctrines, are sincerely desired by any considerable body of sincere churchmen should be examined with a friendly eye by the Young Tory Party, and, if possible, carried into effect. I say, if possible, because the Church of England is the Anglo-Catholic Church of this country possessing certain attributes which it may not always be easy to reconcile with lay government, even outside the region of dogma. But we will hope for the best, and that it may be reserved for the younger generation of Tories to widen the foundations, and extend the popularity of the Established Church without infringing on any of her inherent and inalienable functions. But, however this may be, it is of the essence of Toryism to defend the patrimony of the poor, whether spiritual or temporal; and its foot must be firmly set down against any attempt either to sever the connection between the Church of England and the State, or to confiscate any part of her remaining property, which is all too little for her needs. The Tory Party, at all events, may well argue that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; that if one part of the Church's inheritance is to be seized for secular uses, the other should share the same fate, and share it first; that when we have disendowed the usurpers of Church property, it will be time enough to talk of disendowing the rightful owners; and that reformers, if they are honest, will begin with Woburn rather than Canterbury.

With staunch fidelity to the two or three fundamental principles on which the great fabric of the English Constitution rests; with a clear understanding that in all their measures of reform it is to the increased popularity and durability of the whole edifice that they are to look, and not to the best means of removing it inch by inch without violence or bloodshed; with this plain and simple rule by which to steer their course, the Tory Party may, I think, venture on many social and constitutional developments which, if adopted at random, could end only in political ship-

wreck. What is more, if the Tory Party, be it young or old, shows itself both able and willing to undertake some general scheme of popular reform in which each measure shall be carefully adjusted to the others, and all alike subordinated to the one great end which I have mentioned, they will find themselves supported by the nation, and not only by a party; by all who feel that the revision of our institutions is safest in the hands of those who are its best friends; and not only by the men who see in a policy of this description the best road to official power. The Tories, if trusted in this manner, will be able to do more than the Radicals will ever be allowed to do, to do it better, and to do it sooner. This their adversaries know, and are tortured with alarm lest the game should be slipping through their hands. This is the secret of that incessant misrepresentation of the Tory Party to which the Radicals devote themselves, and to which, in conclusion, a short answer may be given.

The Tory Party regarded even in its narrower sense, and exclusive of that large body of floating opinion which is conservative in everything but the name, has never been what it suits its enemies to represent it. No doubt there was a brief interval, during which the Tory Party, who had borne all the burden and heat of the French Revolution, showed an excessive reluctance to change of any kind. I think their errors, at this particular period, have been grossly exaggerated: though let them have been as bad as they could be, there was a very natural excuse for them in the state of public feeling which the French Revolution had engendered. But, before this great convulsion it was never imputed to the Tory Party that they were the enemies of reform. Many of the Whigs were as warmly opposed to Parliamentary Reform and Free Trade as either the Duke of Wellington or Lord George Bentinck. Many of the Tories were as warmly attached to both as either Lord John Russell or Mr. Cobden; while a very brief observation of their conduct, from 1832 down to the present moment, will show that they have supported several useful and beneficent reforms which the Liberals have opposed—the Factory Acts, and the reform of Local Taxation, being among the number—and that most of those which they have resisted have been organic Constitutional changes which the genius of the Party necessarily and avowedly rejects.

The Tories are the Constitutional party, and as much hostility to change as that function necessarily involves they have undoubtedly exhibited; but not more. Their career, in fact, like that of their opponents, has been a blended one. They have opposed some measures, and supported others. But that this can justify the wholesale indictment set up by their adversaries, that

their attitude has always been one of indiscriminate hostility to progress, in whatever shape it might present itself, is manifestly ridiculous. All is fair, perhaps, in party warfare; and of those subordinate agents who revel in a good cry, content to look no farther than to a majority at the next election, we have, perhaps, no right to complain. But statesmen, political philosophers, and historians should use another language. The sarcastic gentlemen, however, who persist in these charges are convicted out of their own mouths. If the Tories are the barren and bigoted Party which they represent them to be, why are they afraid of them? Why not leave them to the swift and certain action of public opinion, which, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, will make short work of such pretensions? Some of the Opposition orators remind us of no one so much as the redoubtable Mr. Lenville, first tragedian in the troop of Mr. Vincent Crummles, who, alarmed at the real success of Nicholas Nickleby on the stage, denounced him everywhere as an impostor, and finally invited him to have his nose pulled, the farce terminating by the unfortunate actor being knocked down himself, and brought to utter ridicule before the eyes of the whole company.

The Radicals, of course, would be glad to make it impossible for Conservatives to do what they reproach them with leaving undone. No sooner do the Conservatives propose any measure of improvement which seems likely to be useful and creditable, than the Liberals declaim against them as traitors and renegades. At one time, the Conservatives cannot be trusted because they are the enemies of progress; at another time, because they are its friends. Therefore, of course, they can never be trusted at all; a very convenient conclusion for the Liberals to arrive at, but one that smacks too much of the formal dilemmas with which the old schoolmen used to amuse themselves to be of much use in practical affairs. If a man has a pretty wife—such was one of their posers—she is κοινη; if he has an ugly one she is ποινη; therefore no wise man will ever marry at all. Yet wise men have continued to marry in spite of this cynical dilemma, which, as the reader may observe for himself, is readily turned inside out.

We have indulged in this brief retrospect simply because the opponents of the Conservatives are always doing it themselves, and it is necessary continually to clear the road after them, and disperse the piles of rubbish which they have accumulated, before we can come to close quarters with them. Otherwise we should be disposed to say of all these historical recriminations, *Cui bono?* It will be the duty of the historian to gather up all these threads into one continuous narrative, and to give us the past as well as the present of our political parties. But the country is not asking Parliament

or the Government to write its history, but to administer its affairs. What is to be done *now*? That is the question. Not what was done thirty, fifty, or a hundred years ago. What kind of government do the highest interests of the country require at this moment, and which set of public men, judging them by their conduct in regard to the leading questions of the day, seem most likely to supply it? What their party did at any antecedent period really matters very little. Will anyone deny that, in 1841, Sir Robert Peel's Government was recognized by the great majority of the nation as the one best calculated to promote the highest interests of the country? Yet, only nine years before that time, Sir Robert Peel and his followers had been fighting knee-deep against what was then considered by the Liberals to be the great political charter of the nineteenth century. Did that make any difference in the public estimate of the Conservative Party nine years afterwards? None.

The Conservatives now represent the whole body of moderate and prudent men in Her Majesty's dominions. It has come to that now. They are divided into two parties, each fighting for a flag, but no longer for conflicting principles. They may differ occasionally as to means, but they are all agreed upon the main ends to be pursued; and recognize a common enemy in the disintegrating and revolutionary forces which have sprung up in England within the last quarter of a century. Yet, curiously enough, they still seem to attach more weight to the points of difference which are nominal, than to the points of agreement which are real. We have now to judge parties as much by their intentions as their actions. We know that in all which they propose, both the friends of Lord Hartington and the friends of Lord Salisbury will be actuated by a common desire to do the best they can for our established institutions, and our ancient order. We know that there is another party, led by men of equal eminence, whose object in all which they propose will be exactly the reverse. Both parties will apply the knife to excrescences and abuses; but there are benevolent correctives, which seek only to let in light and warmth on our national institutions, so that the British oak may have room to expand itself in the sun, spread its branches more vigorously toward the heavens, and strike its roots more deeply into the earth; and there are malignant correctives which, under the pretence of doing the same thing, would grub it up, and fling its branches to the flames. These are the only two political parties between which any real distinction exists at the present day; and the distinction, as I say, must be sought for in the final causes of the measures which they respectively bring forward rather than in the measures themselves. But as long as the Conservative party is a house

divided against itself, this distinction is obscured, and much mischief is the consequence. The Liberal section of it is afraid to be Conservative for fear of being called traitors, and the Conservative is afraid to be Liberal for the same reason. Throw down the unmeaning barrier, the hollow and crumbling partition which now separates them from each other, and no such apprehensions can exist. Were they once fairly united, and the characteristics of each blended into one whole, then we might see that era of Conservative progress so much talked of, and so little understood, commence in good earnest. We are, in the meantime, compelled to drink the dregs of Party, and see a system which was once devised for the maintenance and protection of living principles, perverted into an engine for galvanizing defunct antipathies, and prolonging the worship of a mummy.

We confidently appeal to the tried wisdom and patriotism of the Whig Party to put their shoulders to the wheel, and help the chariot of the State out of these tenacious ruts. The ancient Constitutional quarrel between the Whigs and the Tories has long been at an end. Their modern legislative rivalry seems to have reached vanishing point. The distinctive characteristic of Whiggism, when not abused for party purposes, is its common sense. Both Radicals and Tories occasionally give way to enthusiasm, perhaps fanaticism. But the Whigs have ever been conspicuous for that calm, cold common sense, that undemonstrative unimpulsive energy which is characteristic of an aristocracy. They are no slaves to phantoms; they do not worship ideas; they may be strong party men; but when the practical necessity for great exertions and great sacrifices has arisen, they have shown themselves equal to the occasion, and have deserved well of their country. If there is any essential difference between the Young Whig and the Young Tory on questions of first-class importance, it is invisible to the naked eye; and why use a microscope to magnify difficulties which are really of such small dimensions? Such distinctions may be discovered by those who choose to grovel in the dust for them. A true statesman should rather say, with Dr. Johnson, "I do not look so near the ground."

T. E. Kebbel.

Postscript.—To sum up, our institutions either are or are not capable of being maintained, if not exactly in their present outward form, in their spirit and their essence. If they are not, the occupation of Toryism is gone, and it is idle to talk either of old Tories or new. If they are, then is the vocation of the Tory Party still before it, as of old. It is very common to hear men saying that

the old-fashioned Toryism of this statesman or that statesman, of this school or the other school, is dead and buried; that the people are masters and that we must legislate to please them. Persons who talk in this way should examine themselves and ascertain what it is they really mean. The same thing has very often been said before, and perhaps with equal thoughtlessness. If all that is meant is that while ends remain the same means will differ with the circumstances of every generation, it is quite true and is practically what is said in this article. But if it means that the main objects for which former leaders of the Tory Party have consistently struggled are now to be abandoned, then it means that Toryism itself is to be abandoned, and that old and new are meaningless words in application to it. On that hypothesis reform is useless, and would only give pain without doing any real good. The Constitution of England must fold its robes around itself and die with decency. But I trust its fate may be averted. Radical Toryism like Tory Democracy is an absurdity. Popular Toryism is another thing, and may, I hope, have a long career of power and usefulness before it.

WILLIAM BARNES AND HIS POEMS OF RURAL LIFE IN THE DORSET DIALECT.*

William Barnes, one of the most remarkable and least widely-appreciated poets of our time, was born in 1800 or 1801 at an old farm-house near Sturminster Newton in Blackmore Vale, Dorset; a county wherein his forefathers had held land for several centuries. His parents were not wealthy, and the intention was to bring him up to some kind of business; but from his mother he inherited a taste for poetry and art, and his own bright, eager, yet tenacious and persevering spirit led the boy to train himself diligently in languages and literature. After a few years spent in solicitors' offices as clerk, he set up as a schoolmaster at Mere, and afterwards at Dorchester, making himself meanwhile master not only of Latin and Greek and the chief modern European languages, but also of Sanskrit, Persian, and Hebrew. But that intense interest and affection for his own country which is stamped on every poem that he wrote, concentrated his studies, above all, upon the Welsh, the early English, and the great country dialects from which our own present tongue has been developed.

In 1838 Mr. Barnes began his University career at St. John's, Cambridge. The rest of his life may be briefly told. In 1844 his first collection of Dorset poems appeared, followed in 1847 and 1863 by two more.† Many other books on philology, history, and archaeology, proved his energy and range of interests. In 1847 he took Holy Orders, and in 1862 became parish priest of Winterbourne Came, close to Dorchester. And here, respected and loved by all, poor and rich alike, on the 7th of October 1886, he died, far advanced in his eighty-sixth year, peaceful, happy, and bright in spirit as a young child.

In the October of 1885 I had the privilege of visiting Mr. Barnes in his low-roomed, thatched, cottage-rectory at Came. He was then wholly confined to his bed-room; where as he sat, propped up, with his snowy hair and beard, in a scarlet cap and a dressing-gown edged with some white fur, he seemed the living presentment of some high-born Venetian Senator or Doge, such as might have been painted by Tintoretto for the Great Council Hall

* A lecture delivered in the Theatre of the Museum, 11th November 1886, by F. T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

† The three collections were published in one handy volume, with a glossary, by Messrs. K. Paul, 1883. A very remarkable series of similar poems, in "common English," which I have not space to examine here, was brought out in 1868 by Macmillan and Co.

of the Ducal Palace. His hands were thin and delicate, his eye brilliant in lustre, his brow beautifully moulded. Everything expressed refinement of mind and beauty of soul: the brightness of the poet's eternal youth; the peace which is enjoyed only by "the royal heart of innocence." He spoke to me a little about the work of his life, with the cheery consciousness of one who had tried throughout to do his duty to God and man;—seeming equally glad to live, and happy in the near prospect of departing.

I left him with wishes that we might meet again. But it was not to be. On this day month—the 11th of last October—I was again before the gate leading down to the little rectory, deep amongst trees as yet untouched by autumn. There I saw the plain elm coffin carried out and placed on a little hand-bier, covered only by many wreaths and crosses of white, spring-like flowers; then drawn forth and followed by a little crowd of the poet's children and grand-children. In company with many friends and neighbours—words which in his case were identical—I followed to his own gray little church; where, with the sweet, solemn words which he had himself read often over old and young, and the nosegays of cottage flowers which the children shyly dropped into his grave, in the sure and certain Christian hope, he was laid to rest from his labours.

I will now first try to define the general aims and characteristics of Barnes as a poet, in as few words as possible, wishing to leave his work to speak for itself; which, indeed, if we approach with hearts at once unbiassed and sensitive, is the one and only way of gaining the pleasure inherent in all true poetry. Like Theocritus, Vergil, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton, Barnes had received, or, rather, given himself a full literary education. He was an eminent example of genuine high culture. But more than any of these great forerunners in the Pastoral, he devoted his Muse to rural poetry. More, perhaps, than anyone known to me, he presents the image of the true idyllist. The Pastoral has been often, and often justly, blamed as artificial, it slips easily into affectation and unreality; it has always been difficult for the poets to keep their music from wandering out of the rustic key. From these faults I think no one has been more eminently free than Barnes. He paints rural life with a width of range, with a variety of human interests, unsurpassed by any Pastoralist known to me; yet, at the same time, he retains himself within its limits with unerring accuracy. The idea and the execution are always in perfect accordance. No pastoral poetry is more uniformly and delightfully sincere, fresher from homely life, more untouched by literary or imitative infusion. Barnes' inventive imagination was, in fact, so fertile that he never needed to look for subjects beyond his native horizon; in all his

three hundred and more songs, I hardly discover a trace of previous poetry, new or ancient.

Upon these grounds it may be claimed that Barnes was true to the idea of the Pastoral with unique fidelity. In all his work there is no allegory of his own life, as in Vergil; no intrusive "scrannel" note of theological bigotry, as in Lycidas; no bucolic disguise, as in the *Aminta* and the *Shepheard's Calender*. As he has told us himself, he had but one ultimate aim in writing throughout, which he defined much as Wordsworth defined his own object, "to add sunlight to daylight," to give pure, high, and lasting pleasure; to enlarge his own country folks' stock of healthy happiness. And this he set himself to do by a true picture of the whole Dorset life and landscape before him, drawn in the homely grace of the dialect, handed down in Blackmore Vale from the old days of Wessex.

It was truly "as a lover or a child" that Barnes felt for his own country; he would have joined Wordsworth in that passionate cry—

> Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
> With ambient streams more pure and bright
> Than fabled Cytherea's zone
> Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
> Is to my heart of hearts endeared
> The ground where we were born and reared.

And, as a true philologist, he felt also the immense poetical value of our old English dialects; a value increasing daily as the literary language, by inevitable law, parts with its pictorial expressiveness.

His song never varies from the key thus chosen. As another poet has well said of him,* his poems are "the faultless expression of elementary feelings and perceptions." Thoughts and words are such as would be natural or congenial to what one may call the finer mind of the labouring countryman; to the sound intelligence, the heartiness of the heart, which this true child of the soil well knew lay often beneath the rough, rural figures of farmer and cottager. It is with these that Barnes throughout identifies himself; painting them always in their plain, downright simplicity; in toil, struggle, hardship; in their games and feasts; their rough kindly humour, their frank courtships—the day and the day's work sufficient for them—and yet the horizon of the future life neither unfelt nor unacknowledged. But mere animal coarseness, sordid want, cunning and meanness triumphant, these are excluded; in this sense he idealizes the reality of life. Tragedy also rarely occurs; it would jar with the cheerful tone, the dominant aim of healthy happiness. Simplicity, beauty, humanity, are his unfailing notes,

* Coventry Patmore, *Fortnightly Review*, November 1886.

and in accordance with this, one of his oldest friends attests, "he was never heard to say an unkind word of any human creature."

Barnes, although in the points I have just noticed unlike Crabbe —that stern, remorseless painter of common life—in another way may be well compared with him. Crabbe, as a great living poet once remarked to me, has probably set before us more human characters than any poet since Shakespeare. I think we may truly say the same of the number of scenes which Barnes has found and presented in his native Dorset. His "motives," if I may use a convenient phrase, are almost endless; and although many, of course, must be drawn from closely similar materials, yet it is surprising with what skill they are always kept distinct. I now propose to give some idea of his wealth in this respect by quoting a few of his poems, and describing others, taking first general pictures of village life. The Dorset dialect is easy enough in a book, but in reading it will be better that I should put the poems into ordinary English. They lose thus, of course, not a little, but the loss is inevitable.

I begin with a song upon the village maidens of Blackmore valley, in which the poet spent his boyhood :—

BLACKMWORE MAIDENS

The primrwose in the sheäde do blow,
The cowslip in the zun,
The thyme upon the down do grow,
The clote where streams do run; — water-lily
An' where do pretty maïdens grow
An' blow, but where the tow'r
Do rise among the bricken tuns, — chimney-tops
In Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you could zee their comely gaït,
An' pretty feäces' smiles,
A-trippèn on so light o' waïght,
An' steppèn off the stiles;
A-gwaïn to church, as bells do swing — going
An' ring 'ithin the tow'r,
You 'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäce
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
To Stower or Paladore,*
An' all the farmers' housen show'd
Their daughters at the door;
You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
"Here, come: 'ithin an hour
You 'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,
To zee em in their pleäce,
A-doèn house-work up avore
Their smilèn mother's feäce;

* *Note that* v *is used for* f: z *for* s: dr *for* th, *in the Dorset.*—Paladore, *traditional British name of Shaftesbury.*

You 'd cry—"Why, if a man would wive
An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,
Then let en look en out a wife him
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

As I upon my road did pass
A school-house back in May,
There out upon the beäten grass
Wer maïdens at their plaÿ;
An' as the pretty souls did tweil toil
An' smile, I cried, "The flow'r
O' beauty, then, is still in bud
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

With what a tender lightness of touch do these lines unite the future to the present! They should be compared with the narrative of a simple country ride, "Gwain to Brookwell," in which the poet, with the same natural ease, sets before us the mingled comedy and tragedy of life; each passing before us just as scenes go by when we are travelling. Then we find such other scenes as the village Sparrow feast, with the comic song of the wit of the country-side; the contrast between the bachelor and the married man; the tale of the old woman whose market-horse, unknown to her, had been a cavalry charger, and carries her, in her red cloak, into the middle of the ranks; the Gainsborough-like picture of an old-fashioned squire—

That used to ramble drough the sheädes
O' timber, or the burnèn gleädes, sunlighted
An' come at evenèn up the leäze leas
Wi' red-eär'd dogs bezide his knees,
An' hold his gun, a-hangèn drough
His eärmpit, out above his tooe.

Barnes is so impersonal, keeps himself, with true ancient epic simplicity, so wholly out of sight, that the rural clergy hardly appear among his figures; and when the Squire, as here, is the subject, it is less his place in the present than in the past which is put before us—the poet always handling things or persons dead and gone with a tender reverence. But he is no sentimental dreamer, and the rural questions of the day are discussed with great shrewdness and comic power in a number of eclogues. Such is the dialogue on allotments, urging the great importance of their nearness to the cottages, or that on enclosing a common. In another, Tom is a "leaguer," a socialist of some sort; John argues good-humouredly against his theories, overwhelming him at last with a racy fable. When, in lighter style, he paints, till we seem to see them, the troubles and perplexities of the carters, whose waggon has stuck fast in a miry road; or we have a set of country riddles told by youth and girl; the stage-coach and the railway are contrasted; or, as the poet's last word, the little adventures of a "Lot o' Maïdens a-runnèn the Vields," lightly touched with an almost Italian comic vivacity.

In a different vein Barnes has made a perfect little piece out of the simple description of the country-folk filling their Church in silence; whilst the taking-in of small waste spaces lying by the lanes' side—still, happily, a characteristic feature of Dorset—is a natural matter for the protest of this born lover of Nature and of Childhood :—

The children wull soon have noo pleäce
  Vor to playÿ in, an' if they do grow,
They wull have a thin musheroom feäce,
  Wi' their bodies so sumple as dough. supple
But a man is a-meäde ov a child, made
  An' his limbs do grow worksome by playÿ;
An' if the young child's little body's a-spweil'd spoiled
  Why the man's wull the sooner decayÿ.
But wealth is wo'th now mwore than health is wo'th; worth
    Let it all goo,
If 't 'ull bring but a sov'rèn or two.

Vor to breed the young fox or the heäre,
  We can gi'e up whole eäcres o' ground,
But the greens be a-grudg'd, vor to rear
  Our young childern up healthy an' sound,
Why, there woont be a-left the next age
  A green spot where their veet can goo free;
An' the goocoo wull soon be committed to cage
  Vor a trespass in zomebody's tree.
Vor 'tis lockèn up, Thomas, an' blockèn up,
    Stranger or brother,
Men mussen come nigh woone another. must not: one

I might add endless more scenes from this moving diorama of life; all with the same characteristics; all painted not only with absolute simplicity, but absolute sincerity. This poet's eye, like Keats', is always upon his object. The details are so true, so sharply rendered, that they seem purely photographic; yet if we look at them close, if we recall similar country scenes, we shall see, (as in all true landscape painting), that everywhere they are modified and idealized to bring them within the range of poetical art.

Barnes' poems have also, almost without exception, a finished unity, as delicately managed as what we find in the Greek lyrics, rounded off with the perfection of an ode by Horace. It is thus, and thus only, that he reveals his close study of classical poetry, and of Petrarch—(an ancient, as it were in his own despite, precisely through that portion of his work where he was most modern)—who was one of his special favourites. And it is by this art that Barnes has given grace and life to many pieces, the subject-matter of which seems, in itself, almost too slight and familiar. They gain their effect by their perfection as wholes.

Nothing, at first sight, seems easier than such a style, as the myriad attempts which have been made in it prove. But it de-

mands, from him who would succeed in it, absolute freedom from egotism, simple disinterestedness, perfect translucency of soul, and these gifts are far too rare to permit frequent success;—at any rate, when poetry has passed beyond the first flush and freshness of its youth.

Sincerity, simplicity, unity—these are the broad features of Barnes, regarded as an artist in words, which have been thus far before us. Let me now complete this general sketch of his style by calling attention to the peculiar attitude which the poet maintains throughout his work. I may term it an attitude of reserve; of disinterestedness; an entire absence of egotism. He himself is hardly seen in the long gallery of his creations; like Shakespeare, he is felt only as the combining and creating human spirit. As in Homer, everything is shown to us by external, sensible images, by putting the scene in immediate simplicity before us. Poetry of this kind calls forth our thoughts in place of directly suggesting thoughts to us. Hence also, although full of high purpose and meaning, Barnes hardly ever moralizes; he is too great an artist to spoil his poetry by preaching; only, perhaps, a line or two at the close carry us, with equal firmness and lucidity of touch, beyond this world into the region of the world unseen. To put it in one word, this is objective poetry, in a singularly pure and perfect form: I know of no modern writer who has mastered it with such unvarying success, and on a scale so considerable.

Every style, however, as the saying is, has "the defects of its qualities." A true criticism will never pass these over; and he should be the more careful to notice them who is likely to fall into exaggerated praise in the endeavour to do justice to "neglected virtue." Barnes's purely objective, impersonal manner now and then tends to be bald or thin in its effect. As with Herrick, his Devon fellow-countryman of old, "rural ditties" and "oaten flute," now and then may appear primitive and pale at first hearing, to ears familiar only with the full crash and compass of the modern orchestra. There is a monotony like that of skies and seas and forests, in these "short and simple annals of the poor," however finely discriminated. Perhaps the poet's own beautiful and gracious nature, never letting him "say an unkind word of any human creature," has made light and brightness too constant in his pictures:

Hic ver adsiduum, atque alienis mensibus aestas!

Like those of another master of the exquisite, Fra Angelico, we may sometimes miss the contrast of effective shadow. Again, to them whose taste in poetry can find no pleasure except in subtle analysis of character and emotion, in speculation upon the problems and perplexities of life, in personal revelations of feeling,

introspective brooding, colour and sensuousness for their own sake —in a word, to those who are simply led captive and enslaved by the dominant fashions of the age; to all such, Barnes will seem an anachronism, an Elizabethan, like Herrick or Keats, born out of his proper century. But in Oxford I may look with confidence for a wider, healthier, more liberal taste; in the best sense of the word, for a classical judgment.

Returning now to the poems, I must briefly notice the peculiar part which landscape plays in them. This is governed everywhere by that objective character which I have just tried to define. Nature is looked at by Barnes, as by the Greeks, in her pure simplicity; as the picture which surrounds us; as the scenery and background of human life, not in the modern mode of which Wordsworth, Shelley, and others have given us splendid examples, as a living power to teach man, or sympathize almost consciously with him. But he does not, with the Greeks, treat nature as the outward manifestation of divine or half-divine existences. She appears, rather, as a sort of unconscious reflex of human life. The landscape of each season, in its turn, seems, indeed, to Barnes to be the genuine echo of our emotions; but it is an echo only; our hearts have, as it were, supplied Nature with the answer which she gives back to us. Yet this echo is so close and dear to the rural poet's mind, that the landscape is always intertwined in his verse with its dominant human interests. His descriptions are so accurate and lively in their details, that one's first word would be to call them strikingly pictorial. But if we look close we shall find that (true to the essential laws of poetry), no painter could really reproduce them. It is always some human thought or sentiment which gives the picture its unity, its effectiveness. To use his own expressive phrase, he sees and paints the landscape not only with eye-sight, but with mind-sight.

In consequence of this attitude towards Nature, this constant interfusion of the human, it is as difficult to find a specimen of pure landscape in Barnes as it is in ancient poetry. "Jeäne" and "Zummer," quoted later on, illustrate his method. I will here insert only an extract, the last lines of which have a pathetic interest from the fact that it was in October that this bright-souled lover of Spring was called away :—

MAY

Come out o' door, 'tis Spring! 'tis Maÿ!
The trees be green, the vields be gaÿ;
The weather 's warm, the winter blast,
Wi' all his traïn o' clouds, is past;
The zun do rise while vo'k do sleep, folk
To teäke a higher daily zweep,
Wi' cloudless feäce a-flingèn down
His sparklèn light upon the groun'. ground

We 'll wind up roun' the hill, an' look
All down the thickly-timber'd nook,
Out where the squier's house do show
His grey-wall'd peaks up drough the row — gables
O' sheädy elems, where the rook
Do build her nest; an' where the brook
Do creep along the meäds, an' lie
To catch the brightness o' the sky;
An' cows, in water to theïr knees,
Do stan' a-whiskèn off the vlees. — flies

Mother o' blossoms, and ov' all
That's feär a-vield vrom Spring till Fall,
The gookoo over white-weäv'd seas — waved
Do come to zing in thy green trees,
An' buttervlees, in giddy flight,
Do gleäm the mwost by thy gaÿ light.
Oh! when, at last, my fleshly eyes
Shall shut upon the vields an' skies,
Mid zummer's zunny days be gone,*
An' winter's clouds be comèn on:
Nor mid I draw upon the e'th. — earth
O' thy sweet aïr my leätest breath;
Alassen I mid want to stay
Behine' for thee, O flow'ry May!

I have noticed Barnes' sympathetic reverence for the past, for the labours of our forefathers. All that survives of the work wrought by vanished hands has a sweet pathos for him. This tone is heard whenever he touches on the old manor-houses in which Dorset is rich, whilst describing them always from the point of view which might strike intelligent country folk, whose thoughts turn naturally less to architectural picturesqueness than to the life once lived within them. Thus, in the "Girt [great] Wold House o' Mossy Stwone" we have this scene from the days of Queen Anne or Queen Charlotte:—

An' there wer walks o' peävement, broad
Enough to meäke a carriage-road,
Where steätely leädies woonce did use — once
To walk wi' hoops an' high-heel shoes,
When yonder hollow woak wer sound, — oak
Avore the walls wer ivy-bound,
Avore the elems met above
The road between em, where they drove
Their coach all up or down the road
A-comèn hwome or gwain abroad.
The zummer aïr o' theäse green hill — this
'V a-heav'd in bosoms now all still, — Has heaved
An' all their hopes an' all their tears
Be unknown things ov other years.

Even the little stone figure of a child—some rococo Cupid, doubtless—set on a pillar in a park, becomes a living thing to the poet. In whatever weather,

You 'll zee his pretty smile betwixt
His little sheäde-mark'd lips a-fix'd; — shade

* Mid, *in Dorset, stands for* may, might, *or, as here,* if.

As there his little sheäpe do bide
Drough day an' night, an' time an' tide,
An' never change his size or dress,
Nor overgrow his prettiness.

Barnes has given also one general picture of the four Seasons, personified as figures who pass in turn over the face of what he calls a "year-clock";—an idea suggested, perhaps, by the elaborate piece of mediaeval mechanism which was brought away from Glastonbury, and marks the hours still in Wells Cathedral. It would be injustice to mutilate by partial quotation this, which seems to me the most brilliant piece of his Nature painting. I class it with the lovely poem of Keats' named "Fancy," as holding the second rank in that peculiar style, of which Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso" are the hitherto unrivalled masterpieces.

Scenes, however, from individual life, pictures of the cottage home with its joys and sorrows, of course fill the greater part of the collection. I begin with a song of village love-making:—

MY LOVE IS GOOD

My love is good, my love is feäir,
  She 's comely to behold, O,
In ev'rything that she do wear,
  Altho' 'tis new or wold, O.
My heart do leäp to see her walk,
  So straïght do step her veet, O,
My tongue is dum' to hear her talk,
  Her vaïce do sound so sweet, O.
The flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good and true.

When she do zit, then she do seem
  The feäirest to my zight, O,
Till she do stan' an' I do deem,
  She 's feäirest at her height, O.
An' she do seem 'ithin a room
  The feäirest on a floor, O,
Till I ageän do zee her bloom
  Still feäirer out o' door, O.
Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

An' when the deäisies be a-press'd
  Below her vootsteps waïght, O,
Do seem as if she look'd the best — She seems
  Ov all in walkèn gaït, O.
Till I do zee her zit upright
  Behind the ho'ses neck, O.
A-holdèn wi' the raïn so tight
  His tossen head in check, O,
Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

I wish I had my own free land
  To keep a ho'se to ride, O,
I wish I had a ho'se in hand
  To ride en at her zide, O. — him

Vor if I wer as high in rank
As any duke or lord, O,
Or had the goold the richest bank
Can shovel from his horde, O,
I 'd love her still, if even then
She wer a leäser in a glen. gleaner

Here we note how the refrain, with its graceful system of rhyme and assonance, lifts and keeps the rustic plainness of the song at its due poetic level. Somewhat in the same key is the "Farmer's Woldest Dā'ter," a first-rate piece of shrewd humour and good feeling. "Gwaïn down the steps vor Water" paints a country maiden at a well, with the homely, Doric, beauty of Theocritus in his "Sicilian hours." Many others I must pass over. Most of them tell of happy love; but in the "Hope a-left behind," the "Broken Heart," the singularly pathetic "Love Child," and others, the tragic side is painted with great force, but also with a complete freedom from sentimental exaggeration. I have only space to quote

THE BROKEN HEART

News o' grief had overteäken
Dark-ey'd Fanny, now vorseäken;
There she zot, wi' breast a-heavèn, sat
While vrom zide to zide, wi' grievèn,
Vell her head, wi' tears a-creepèn Fell
Down her cheäks, in bitter weepèn.
There wer still the ribbon-bow
She tied avore her hour ov woe,
An' there wer still the han's that tied it
Hangèn white,
Or wringèn tight,
In ceäre that drown'd all ceäre bezide it.

When a man, wi' heartless slightèn,
Mid become a maïden's blightèn, May have
He mid ceärelessly vorseäke her,
But must answer to her Meäker;
He mid slight, wi' selfish blindness,
All her deeds o' lovèn-kindness,
God wull waïgh em wi' the slightèn
That mid be her love's requitèn;
He do look on each deceiver,
He do know
What weight o' woe
Do breäk the heart ov ev'ry griever.

A picture of married life may follow.

JEÄNE

We now mid hope vor better cheer, may
My smilèn wife o' twice vive year. five
Let others frown if thou bist near
Wi' hope upon thy brow, Jeäne;
For I vu'st lov'd thee when thy light
Young sheäpe vu'st grew to woman's height; first
I lov'd thee near, an' out o' zight,
An' I do love thee now, Jeäne

An' we 've a-trod the sheenèn bleädе
Ov eegrass in the zummer sheäde, after-grass
An' when the leaves begun to feäde
Wi' zummer in the weäne, Jeäne; wane
An' we 've a-wander'd drough the groun' through
O' swayên wheat a-turnèn brown,
An' we 've a-stroll'd together roun'
The brook an' drough the leäne, Jeäne.

An' nwone but I can ever tell none
Ov all thy tears that have a-vell
When trials meäde thy bosom zwell,
An' nwone but thou o' mine, Jeäne;
An' now my heart, that heav'd wi' pride
Back then to have thee at my zide, Formerly
Do love thee mwore as years do slide,
An' leäve them times behine, Jeäne.

The "Married peäir's Love walk," "Hallowed pleäces" (a visit to a wife's old home), "Woone smile mwore," "The slantèn light o' Fall" (a christening scene in Autumn), "Fatherhood," "Tweil (toil),"—these titles may serve to indicate the poet's range. I quote two stanzas from the last named;—the scene is the cottager's garden.

In wall-zide sheädes, by leafy bowers,
Underneath the swayèn tree,
O' leäte, as round the bloomèn flowers, Of late
Lowly humm'd the giddy bee,
My childern's small left voot did smite
Their tiny speäde, the while the right
Did trample on a deäisy head,
Bezïde the flower's dousty bed,
An' though their work wer idle then,
They a-smilèn, an' a-tweilèn, toiling
Still did work an' work ageän.

Now their little limbs be stronger,
Deeper now their vaïce do sound;
An' their little veet be longer,
An' do tread on other ground:
An' rust is on the little bleädes
Ov all the broken-hafted speädes,
An' flow'rs that wer my hope an' pride
Ha' long agoo a-bloom'd an' died,
But still as I did leäbor then
Vor love ov all them childern small,
Zoo now I 'll tweil an' tweil ageän.

In these home-pictures every word tells, and there is not a word too many. They show the finest art; or, as it would be more true to say, conceal it. Children especially are drawn with a touch equally firm and tender; humorous or pathetic, as the subject may be, never falling into mere petty prettiness or sentimental commonplace. Scattered examples of similar happy painting of childhood may be found among our poetry, that of Blake, great in both fields of art, especially. But few, I think,

are the poets who, in this difficult region, can show so many successes as Barnes—so many triumphs of seemingly artless art.

My last quotation leads me to another gift in which Barnes excels—that by which, perhaps, he is best known, so far as one can correctly speak of him as known at all—his gift in pathetic delineation. Such subjects, in our own time especially, are commonly treated in what I may call a highly-coloured manner; the poet, by his epithets and his own reflections upon the situation before him, points out and emphasizes the pathos of his "motive." In the simpler style prevalent of old—the best examples of which are found in Homer—the poet relies wholly upon his clear setting forth of the situation, on the unadorned translucency with which he renders the scene. Such a picture calls, as it were, in silence to the depths of our sympathy; by its own force it pierces, in the phrase of Euripides,* *to the very marrow of the soul.* The heart may reply to the pathos, but the poet does not himself supply us with the answer.

Scott has a little ballad, the "Maid of Neidpath," which is one of the most exquisite examples in literature of this style of the pathetic, and it is thus that Barnes always writes. I quote two or three specimens, the beauty of which will need little comment from me.

THE WIFE A-LOST

Since I noo mwore do zee your feäce,
  Up steäirs or down below,
I 'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,
  Where flat-bough'd beech do grow:
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
  Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
  As I do look at whome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
  In walks in zummer het, heat
I 'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
  Drough trees a-drippèn wet:
Below the raïn-wet bough, my love,
  Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
  As I do grieve at home.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
  Your vaïce do never sound,
I 'll eat the bit I can avword, afford
  A-vield upon the ground;
Below the darksome bough, my love,
  Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
  As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaïce and feäce
  In prayer at eventide,
I 'll praÿ wi' woone sad voïce vor greäce one
  To goo where you do bide;

* *Hippolytus*, 255.

Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a waïtèn vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

One could hardly find a better example than this of the contrast between true feeling and sentimentalism: between "Sense and Sensibility," as immortalized by Jane Austen.

READEN OV A HEADSTONE

As I wer readèn ov a stwone
In Grenley church-yard all alwone,
A little maïd ran up, wi' pride
To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide
A bunch of bennets that did hide — bent grass
A verse her father, as she zaïd,
Put up above her mother's head,
To tell how much he loved her.

The verse wer short, but very good,
I stood an' larn'd en where I stood:—
"Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce — May
To vind, lik' thee, a better pleäce,
Where I woonce mwore mid zee thy feäce;
An' bring thy childern up to know
His word, that they mid come an' show — might
Thy soul how much I lov'd thee."

"Where 's father, then," I zaid, "my chile?"
"Dead too," she answer'd wi' a smile;
"An' I an' brother Jim do bide
At Betty White's, o' tother zide
O' road." "Mid He, my chile," I cried,
"That 's Father to the fatherless,
Become thy Father now, an' bless,
An' keep, an' leäd, an' love thee."

Though she 've a-lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
Her litsome heart by day or night; — lightsome
An' zoo, if we could teäke it right, — And so
Do show He 'll meäke his burdens light
To weaker souls, an' that his smile
Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
When they be dead that lov'd it.

The next I have chosen, leaving out reluctantly the somewhat less unknown "Ellen Brine," exemplifies Barnes in his narrative vein.

THE TURNSTILE

Ah! sad wer we as we did peäce — pace
The wold church road, wi' downcast feäce,
The while the bells, that mwoan'd so deep
Above our child a-left asleep,
Wer now a-zingèn all alive — singing
Wi' tother bells to meäke the vive. — five
But up at woone pleäce we come by,
'Twer hard to keep woone's two eyes dry:

On Steän-cliff road, 'ithin the drong, narrow path
Up where, as vo'k do pass along, folk
The turnèn stile, a-païnted white,
Do sheen by day an' show by night. shine
Vor always there, as we did goo
To church, thik stile did let us drough, that
Wi' spreadèn eärms that wheel'd to guide arms
Us each in turn to tother zide.
An' vu'st ov all the traïn he took first
My wife, wi' winsome gaït an' look;
An' then zent on my little maïd,
A-skippèn onward, overjaÿ'd
To reach ageän the pleäce o' pride,
Her comely mother's left han' zide.
An' then a-wheelèn roun', he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook.
An' in the fourth, a-sheakèn wild,
He zent us on our giddy child.
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe, full
An' then my little maïd in black,
A-walkèn softly on her track;
An' after he 'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the leäne,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white eärms, an' they stood still.

My last example "Woak Hill," describes a widower leaving the home where he had lived with his wife; "house-ridden," being the Dorset equivalent for the North-country "flitting." The pathos of this is singularly refined and delicate. The thought and the feeling are of very subtle beauty, but the poet—always true to himself—has rendered them with a Doric simplicity. Note the touch, where the imagined Presence of the lost wife is painted by the single word, *light*.

WOAK HILL

When sycamore leaves wer a-spreadèn,
Green-ruddy, in hedges,
Bezide the red doust o' the ridges, dust
A-dried at Woak Hill;

I packed up my goods all a-sheenèn shining
Wi' long years o' handlèn,
On dousty red wheels ov a waggon,
To ride at Woak Hill. remove

The brown thatchen ruf o' the dwellèn, roof
I then wer a-leävèn
Had shelter'd the sleek head o' Meäry,
My bride at Woak Hill.

But now vor zome years, her light voot-vall
'S a-lost vrom the vloorèn. flooring
Too soon vor my jay an' my childern, joy
She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that, in soul,
She do hover about us;
To ho vor her motherless childern. feel care for
Her pride at Woak Hill.

Zoo—lest she should tell me hereafter
I stole off 'ithout her,
An' left her, uncall'd at house-riddèn, house-leaving
To bide at Woak Hill.

I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippèns lips
All soundless to others,
An' took her wi' aïr-reachèn hand,
To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talkèn
To light at my shoulder,
An' then led her in at the door-way,
Miles wide vrom Woak Hill.

An' that 's why vo'k thought, vor a season, folk
My mind wer a-wandrèn
Wi' sorrow, when I wer so sorely
A-tried at Woak Hill.

But no; that my Meäry mid never
Behold herzelf slighted,
I wanted to think that I guided
My guide vrom Woak Hill.

I must touch, too briefly, on the technical side of Barnes' art in poetry; rhythm, metre, rhyme, assonances, use of refrain, and choice of words. There is nothing small or unimportant in genuine fine art. Each and every atom of these things, in a finished artist, will contribute to the power of his verse over mind and heart. But how this effect has been gained we shall hardly be conscious; the art will have hidden itself away; the means will be lost in the end. It is thus with Barnes. Pitching all his poems in the key appropriate to his own country-folk, he writes for the most part in a familiar, short, iambic metre, well known from the time of its Hellenic inventors, as the nearest to common speech. This he saves from monotony by his singularly perfect and singularly unaffected system of rhymes—rhymes never forced, yet constantly delighting us by their rural freshness. And lest they should still cloy, he has taken from our early English poetry delicate cross-rhymes, inserted in the course of his lines; or gentle assonances, such as those which may be noted in "Ellen Brine."

"Woak Hill" is a beautiful example of this method; until we stop to think, the fact that, like Collins' lovely "Ode to Evening," it is written in assonances without rhyme, would not, I think, strike any reader.

Rhyming metres and stanzas, when short, as Barnes' generally are, bring one up often with a too rapid, or too strongly marked, close; the rhythm hence seems to fail in continuity, the stanza ends with an over-emphatic, with an almost jarring, chord. Barnes employs a peculiar system of refrain to avoid these defects. His refrain commonly echoes the metre, in a softer, more delicate tone, with an effect like what is termed in music the "perfect cadence."

"Ellen Brine," the "Headstwone," "My Love is Good," are instances. When, however, he has a lively, humorous theme, the burden changes into a more brilliant key, summing up and intensifying the rhythmical movement, with a chorus-like strain. The "Coach," the spirited "Praise o' Do'set," into which, as in duty bound, the poet's whole soul has gone,—the "Ivy," the "Shy Man," close after this fashion.

After Barnes' pathetic verse, I give a fragment from a boldly-written song of straightforward, yet essentially modest independence;—one of those pieces in which the predominant tone is manliness and true-hearted fellowship:—

No, I 'm a man, I 'm vull a man, full
You beät my manhood, if you can.
* * * * *
A young-cheäk'd mother's tears mid vall, may fall
When woone a-lost, not half man-tall, has been lost
Vrom little hand, a-called vrom play,
Do leäve noo tool, but drop a tay, toy
An' die avore he 's father-free
To sheäpe his life by his own plan;
An' vull an angel he shall be, a perfect angel
But here on e'th not vull a man, earth
No; I could boast if others can,
I 'm vull a man.

Friendship, of course, is another marked topic. "A Wold Friend" will be found an excellent example. Manly spirit supplies the common theme of these poems. But a girl's brave heart is honoured in the humorous—

DON'T CEÄRE

At the feäst, I do mind very well, all the vo'ks folks
Wer a-took in a happerèn storm, rattling, jumping
But we chaps took the maïdens, an' kept em wi' clokes
Under shelter, all dry an' all warm;
An' to my lot vell Jeäne, that 's my bride, fell
That did titter, a-hung at my zide;
Zaid her aunt, "Why the vo'k 'ull talk finely o' you,"
An', cried she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

When the time o' the feäst wer ageän a-come round,
An' the vo'k wer a-gather'd woonce mwore,
Why she guess'd if she went there, she 'd soon be a-vound
An' a-took seäfely hwome to her door.
Zaid her mother, "'Tis sure to be wet."
Zaid her cousin, "'T 'ull raïn by zunzet." It will
Zaid her aunt, "Why the clouds there do look black an' blue."
An' zaid she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

An' at last, when she own'd I mid meäke her my bride,
Vor to help me, an' sheäre all my lot,
An' wi' faïthvulness keep all her life at my zide,
Though my way mid be happy or not;
Zaid her naïghbours, "Why wedlock 's a clog,
An' a wife 's a-tied up lik' a dog."
Zaid her aunt, "You 'll vind trials enough vor to rue,"
An' zaid she, "I don't ceäre if I do."

The piece somewhat obscurely named "Withstanders" is an example of Barnes' most serious manner. Here he takes the attitude of those who have to look upon the evil and injustice of this world, without the power of conquering or redressing them; who can only wait for the day when the mystery of wrong will be solved, the final triumph of the Good and Right.

WITHSTANDERS

When weakness now do strive wi' might
  In struggles of an e'thly trial, earthly
Might mid overcome the right, may
  An' truth be turn'd by might's denial:
Withstanders we ha' mwost to feär, most
If selfishness do wring us here,
Be souls a-holdèn in their hand, If souls are held
The might an' riches o' the land.

But when the wicked, now so strong,
  Shall stan' vor judgment, peäle as ashes, stand
By the souls that rued their wrong,
  Wi' tears a-hangèn on their lashes—
Then withstanders they shall deäre dare
The leäst ov all to meet wi' there,
Mid be the helpless souls that now May
Below their wrongful might mid bow.

Sweet childern o' the dead, bereft
  Ov all their goods by guile an' forgèn; forging
Souls o' driven sleäves that left slaves
  Their weäry limbs a-mark'd by scourgèn:
They that God ha' call'd to die
Vor truth ageän the worold's lie, against
An' they that groan'd an' cried in vain,
A-bound by foe's unrighteous chain.

The maïd that selfish craft led on
  To sin, an' left wi' hope a-blighted;
Starvèn workmen, thin an' wan,
  Wi' hopeless leäbour ill requited;
Souls a-wrong'd, an' call'd to vill
Wi' dread, the men that us'd em ill.
When might shall yield to right as pliant
As a dwarf avore a giant.

When there, at last, the good shall glow
  In star-bright bodies lik' their Seäviour,
Vor all their flesh noo mwore mid show,
  The marks o' man's unkind beheäviour:
Wi' speechless tongue, an' burnèn cheak,
The strong shall bow avore the weak,
An' vind that helplessness, wi' right,
Is strong beyond all e'thly might.

In these few lines, meseems, the poet has concentrated the battle of right and wrong, the oppressed and the oppressed, with what simplicity of phrase! what manly pathos! what fineness of art! By way of contrast I will now quote one specimen of Barnes' humorous work. What I said of his pathos, applies here also;

the method is the same. The scenes or persons have always humour in themselves, as pictures passing before our eyes; they are not comic through the poet's choice of humorous diction. Playful and kindly, they make us smile, as it were, by their own right.

THE SHY MAN

Ah! good Meärster Gwillet, that you mid ha' know'd, — might
Wer a-bred up at Coomb, an' went little abroad;
An' if he got in among strangers, he velt
His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt;
Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, he met
Wi' zome maïdens a-titt'ren, he burn'd wi' a het, — heat
That shot all drough the lim's o'n, an' left a cwold zweat, — of him
The poor little chap wer so shy,
He wer ready to drap, an' to die. — drop

But at last 'twer the lot o' the poor little man
To vall deeply in love, as the best ov us can;
An' 'twer noo easy task vor a shy man to tell
Sich a dazzlèn feäir maïd that he loved her so well;
An' woone day when he met her, his knees nearly smote
Woone another, an' then wi' a struggle he bro't — brought
A vew vords to his tongue, wi' some mwore in his droat. — throat
But she, 'ithout doubt, could soon vind — find
Vrom two words that came out, zix behind.

Zoo at length, when he vound her so smilèn an' kind,
Why he wrote her zome laïns, vor to tell her his mind, — lines
Though 'twer then a hard task vor a man that wer shy,
To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannèn by.
But he twold her woone day, "I have housen an' lands,
We could marry by licence, if you don't like banns,"
An' he cover'd his eyes up wi' woone of his han's,
Vor his head zeem'd to zwim as he spoke,
An' the aïr look'd so dim as a smoke.

Well! he vound a good naïghbour to goo in his pleäce
Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the feäce. — had not
An' when he went up vor to put in the banns,
He did sheäke in his lags, an' did sheäke in his han's.
Then they ax'd vor her neäme, an' her parish or town,
An' he gi'ed em a leaf, wi' her neäme a-wrote down;
Vor he coulden ha' twold em outright, vor a poun',
Vor his tongue wer so weak an' so loose,
When he wanted to speak 'twer noo use.

Zoo they went to be married, an' when they got there
All the vo'k wer a-gathered as if 'twer a feäir,
An' he thought, though his pleäce mid be pleazèn to zome, — pleasing
He could all but ha' wished that he hadden a-come.
The bride wer a smilèn as fresh as a rwose,
An' when he come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose,
All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried "There he goes,"
"There he goes." Oh! vor his peärt he velt — part
As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

An' when they stood up by the chancel together,
Oh! a man mid ha' knock'd en right down wi' a veather,
He did veel zoo asheäm'd that he thought he would rather
He wërden the bridegroom, but only the father. — were not

But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy,
Yeet his mind is so lowly, his aïms be so high,
That to do a meän deed, or to tell woone a lie,
You'd vind that he 'd shun mwore by half,
Than to stan' vor vo'ks fun, or their laugh.

Last, for the sake of its music, its Shakespearean charm :

ZUMMER AN' WINTER

When I led by zummer streams
The pride o' Lea, as naïghbours thought her,
While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
Did cast our sheädes athirt the water ; shadows across
Winds a-blowèn,
Streams a-flowèn,
Skies a-glowèn,
Tokens ov my jaÿ zoo fleetèn,
Heighten'd it, that happy meetèn.

Then, when maïd an' man took pleäces,
Gay in winter's Chris'mas dances,
Showèn in their merry feäces
Kindly smiles an' glisnèn glances ;
Stars a-winkèn,
Day a-shrinkèn,
Sheädes a-zinkèn,
Brought anew the happy meetèn,
That did meäke the night too fleetèn.

Why has this poet, so perfect in his art, so clear and life-like in describing, so happy in invention of subject, so sweet and lofty in his tone, why has he never as yet reached popularity ? Why, thus far, must the audience he has found be one which, looking to our English-speaking and reading millions, can be described only as Milton's "fit, though few" ? He did not write for fame ; and are we to say that Fame, like the spiteful goddesses of Hellenic legend, avenged herself for the slight ? I think it has been so in some degree. Our modern culture, widening more than deepening, calls forth and encourages so vast a crowd of voices, that we do not generally care to listen, except to those who flatter or shout for a hearing. At times, a true poet may raise a note so resonant, or so piercing, that we are, at last, constrained to give audience. But we shut our ears to the small, still voice, though, perhaps, having in it more of the divine than louder utterances.

The quotations and criticisms, which I have now offered, may supply some reasons, both why Barnes has not gained popularity, and also, as I hope, why he deserves it.

First and foremost has been his use of dialect ; and this may probably seem to many an all-sufficient reason. Yet I will venture to call it nothing better than sheer, simple, indolence. The Dorset, as Barnes prints it, differs from literary English, almost wholly, in a few obvious forms of spelling. If a real, good, country word comes in, one has but to turn to the Glossary at the end of the

volume; when any genuine lover of poetry will be glad to enrich his memory with words, racy of the soil, and living memorials of old England.

To pass from words to substance. Of the poet's general style, I have already spoken, and of the limitations, which this, like every other style, involves. But here we may probably find the other main reason why he has not been popular. Working for love of his art, and for love of his fellow-countryfolk, he has never tried to fall in with the literary current of the day. In a "subjective age," as Goethe described it sixty years since, Barnes has been obstinate in his objectivity. He is indifferent to coloured diction, to sensuous metaphor, to allusions and ornaments added for decoration's sake. Politics, religion, ethics, are only implied. He avoids all display of personal feeling, all self-conscious confession, all inward conflict, and, keeping his eye always on his object, leaves the reader to be moved or not by its simple presentation. His three hundred scenes from the drama of rural life supply, indeed, abundant material for the subtle analysis, in which our day is so fertile. But it finds no expression among them.

I hope I shall not be understood as depreciating the style now popular, by thus attempting to do justice to another. This would be to fall into that narrow one-sided taste which makes us at strife with our own pleasure. For the style of Barnes, however, may be justly claimed that, if his plain, ancient, objective manner appeals less to the sympathy of contemporaries, it has in itself certain sure signs of duration. The special thoughts, likings, struggles, problems of every age, in their very essence, are transitory. The fashion of the world changes. The decorations and colours of the day please no longer. *Qui nunc amavit, cras non amat.* But, if his gift be true, permanency will always be with the poet whose song is of the elementary thoughts and passions of man, the things that have been, and will be again; it will be, above all, with him who writes with his eye on his object, not on himself. And, from this view-point, I liken the general difference of the two styles, objective and subjective, to the difference between a work of sculpture and a work of painting,—between marble in its colourless eternity, and the too-fleeting rainbow of the canvas.

To sum up. Contemporary critical judgment is always so thoroughly insecure that it will be best to make no attempt to assign the place, due to the poet whom England has lost, in our literature. Nor, of course, can I here enter on the alluring work of comparing him with other writers of pastoral poetry. But it will, perhaps, not be disputed that he has the quality which Mr. Arnold long since skilfully defined as *distinction*; and this, at least, will at no time want the affectionate admiration of the best judges. Barnes never

wrote for fame, he never wrote for money; not having leisure for them, I suppose, as Plato said. But on our long roll I find no poet who has more persistently and single-mindedly aimed at the true end of Poetry, high and durable pleasure; who has striven more earnestly in the interest of healthy happiness. To no one does the phrase "holy simplicity," *sancta simplicitas*, apply more accurately. His song is as fresh and spontaneous as the bird's; as an old poet* expresses it beautifully, it was to Barnes

> No pains, but pleasure, to do the dictates dear
> Of inward living nature,—what doth move
> The Nightingale to sing so sweet and clear,
> The Thrush, or Lark that, mounting high above,
> Chants her shrill notes to heedless ears of corn,
> Heavily hanging in the dewy morn.

Sincerity, sweetness, a hand that does not seem as if it could wander from the line of beauty, an originality which exempts him from all indebtedness to preceding pastoral poets—these are among his characteristic notes. He has, in my eyes, a place so unique that I can hardly compare him with any other single writer. Perhaps Mozart has the same magical charm, the sweetness, the cry of human pathos, the unremitting and inseparable presence of beauty. Add to this that, with a seldom-equalled inventiveness in his subjects, Barnes never fails to maintain the impression of unity. True poet in a very rare sense, he keeps the balance between the Ideal and the Real with delicate and unswerving accuracy. He deserves the praise which Shakespeare, by the mouth of Polixenes, whilst defining the craft of the gardener, gives, as it were in a figure, to Poetry† :—

> This is an art
> Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
> The art itself is nature.

* Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict*, 1647.

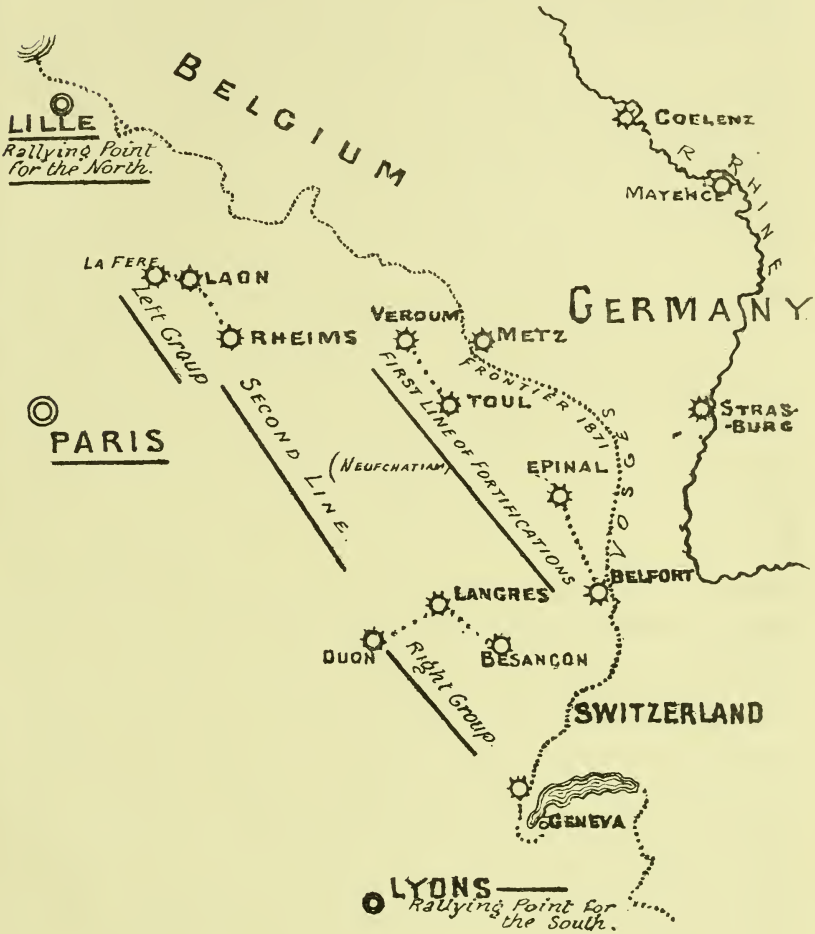
† *The Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 4.

F. T. Palgrave.

THE MILITARY FRONTIER OF FRANCE.

In 1870 the French authorities were so confident that the quarrel with Prussia would be fought out on German ground that they provided the army with tens of thousands of maps of Western Germany, and neglected to supply it with any of Alsace and Lorraine. A French officer of Engineers, who afterwards published an interesting diary of the campaign,* tells how he tried to buy a map of the East of France as soon as it was evident that this would be the real field of operations. The book-sellers told him that they had received a circular stopping the sale of the Ordnance Maps, and all they could give him was a small map, "fit only for a school-boy." Other officers were even worse equipped in this respect. This mistake, the result of an exaggerated confidence in the efficiency of the armies in the field, was only one of many springing from the same cause. That the French army might have to fight in France and on the defensive was not to be thought of. No preparations were made for such a contingency. Most of the fortresses were in such a condition that they could not stand a siege against modern artillery. Metz was well fortified, because it had always been looked upon as the destined point of concentration and mobilization for the campaign against Prussia; and in the same way some attention had been paid to Strassburg, as the fortress which was to cover the passage of the Rhine into Southern Germany. But neither of those places was properly provisioned for a siege. At Paris the forts were unarmed; and when defeat on the frontier made the siege inevitable, they were hurriedly armed and garrisoned with guns and men withdrawn from the fleet, which thus practically ceased to exist, in order that Paris might be defended. As to the minor fortresses, most of them fell before a mere bombardment, without any regular siege, others were blockaded and starved out. Both their works and their armament were obsolete. The French had clung too long to traditions running back to the days of Vauban, in the matter of fortification, and when attacked by long-range rifled artillery their fortresses were little better than open towns. Metz and Strassburg were feebly defended, and soon fell. The minor fortresses were mostly incapable of a prolonged defence. Only one of them held out till the end of the war. This was the little hill-fort of Bitche, in the Vosges. The siege was a memorable one, not only for the obstinate and successful resistance made by the garrison, but also because it had a distinct effect upon the plans subsequently adopted for the fortification of the new

* *Trois Mois à l'Armée de Metz*, par un Officier de Génie. Paris, 1871.



THE MILITARY FRONTIER OF FRANCE.

frontier. After the battle of Woerth one of McMahon's regiments, or rather what was left of it, instead of retiring across the Vosges, threw itself into the little fortress. The place was blockaded by the Germans in the second week of August, but held out until it was evacuated after the Treaty of Peace. Perched on a bold rocky height, the guns of Bitche commanded the railway from Metz to Hagenau, and the Germans were forced to expend much time and labour in constructing a loop-line before they could use this railway to supply the army before Metz.

The defence of Bitche had thus some influence on the general course of the campaign. Moreover, it taught the French engineers the lesson that a strong fort with a small garrison, unencumbered by a large civilian population, may be much more effective than larger fortresses where the defence is often cut short by the mere difficulty of feeding a multitude of non-combatants, or by the panic terror excited among the people by bombardment. The new scheme for the defence of France contains only two kinds of fortresses: (1) the great fortresses of the first class, covered by a mile of detached forts, and (2) small forts well placed so as to cover some important point, and having within their ramparts a garrison unencumbered by non-combatants. These forts are very numerous, and the large part assigned to them in the general plan is in no small degree due to the suceessful defence of Bitche sixteen years ago.

The cession of Alsace and Lorraine placed Metz and Strassburg, the keys of the old French frontier, in German hands. It gave France a new frontier, and a very open one; a frontier unprotected by any very great natural obstacles, for the Germans now held both sides of the Rhine, and the northern passes of the Vosges (the passes by which the French armies used to march to the Rhine under Napoleon I.) were well within the new German territory. Moreover, this naturally open frontier might be said to be wholly unprotected by art once Metz and Strassburg were gone. True there was the fortress of Belfort on the extreme right, guarding the well-marked valley between the Vosges and the Jura, which French geographers call *la trouée de Belfort*. But Belfort, shattered by the successful siege which was the last act of the war, was only the wreck of a fortress; and in any case its works were not of such a character as to fit it for its new position on the very frontier line. Taught by the hard lessons of defeat, the French Government at once set to work to put the new frontier into a thorough state of defence. Successive War Ministers have steadily worked upon the lines originally laid down by the engineers charged with the task in 1871. Money has not been spared. It has been spent by millions, and now, after the labour of sixteen years, the work is done. Probably so vast a scheme of military engineering

was never before planned and executed in so brief a time. The French engineers have not been content to erect upon the new frontier three or four first-class fortresses to serve as points of support for a defending army. They have closed it with a double line of works, linked these together by an elaborate system of railways, and, besides re-fortifying Paris, they have constructed two other great fortresses in the heart of France to serve as bases of operations for her armies, if, as in 1870, the barriers nearer the frontier were again pressed by invading armies from beyond the Rhine.

Lieut.-Colonel Köttschau, a distinguished officer of the German artillery, has recently published, in his striking work on the prospects of the next war between France and Germany,* a number of interesting details on the new fortifications of the eastern frontier of France. In describing the general system of defence, he speaks of the first, second, and third line of fortresses. It gives a more correct impression to speak only of two lines near the frontier, and three strong *points d'appui* as bases of operation in the heart of the country. The accompanying rough sketch will help the reader to understand what follows, and will explain the general system adopted by the French engineers better than many pages of description.

The sketch omits the forts that link together the fortresses of the first line, and the other minor features of the general scheme of defence. It shows only the main points of that scheme, these being (1) the line of fortresses immediately inside the frontier, (2) the two groups of fortresses placed on either flank of the line, by which an invading army must advance on Paris, (3) the three great rallying points for a defensive campaign like that of 1870–71 —Lille, Paris and Lyons. Before proceeding to a more detailed account of these three lines of defence, it must be noted that the French railway system in the East of France has been greatly developed since 1871, a large number of cross lines having been constructed with a view to the rapid concentration of a large army immediately to the rear of the first line of defence.

This first line is formed of the fortresses of Belfort, Epinal, Toul and Verdun. Belfort is linked with Epinal, and Toul with Verdun by a line of detached forts. But between Epinal and Toul, and again between Verdun and the Belgian frontier, there are wide openings left in this line, and these gaps are all the more remarkable on account of the immense labour that has been expended in closing with forts and batteries every other portion of the frontier barrier. Belfort closes the valley between the southern extremity of the Vosges and the Swiss frontier. The place has been re-fortified since the war. The space of about

* *Der nächste deutsche-französische Krieg.* Eine militärisch-politische Studie von C. Köttschau, Oberstlieutenant a.D. Strassburg, 1886.

eighteen miles between it and the nearest Swiss territory is guarded by Fort Lomont, close to the frontier, and two strong forts with a battery between them which protect the valley of the Doubs south of Montbéliard. To the north of Belfort the line of forts stretches away towards Epinal, a distance of some thirty-seven miles. Going from south to north we have first in the little valley of the Savomeuse (which runs down from the Vosges to Belfort) the battery of Les Blanches, and the fort of Giromagny. Then, high up on the crest of the hill that divides the valley of the Savomeuse from the sources of the Moselle, we find the fort of Ballon de Servance. From this point the line of defences follows the upper valley of the Moselle, the forts of Château-Lambert, Rupl, Parmont, Arches, and La Mouche, succeeding each other at intervals of four or five miles, so that their heavy guns can actually cross their fire at fairly long ranges. La Mouche is one of the outlying forts of Epinal.

Epinal is the second of the strong places on the frontier. Unlike Belfort, which stands on the very border-line, it has some thirty miles of hilly ground between it and the crests of the Vosges, which mark the nearest frontier. It stands at the point where several small lateral valleys unite with the main valley of the Moselle. The city occupies both banks of the river, and the surrounding heights are crowned with forts, five in all, three to the north and east, and two to the south. The city has no inner *enceinte*, but could be rapidly entrenched if necessary; but the forts, each in itself a small fortress, afford sufficient protection, and the space of ground they protect is ample enough for a very considerable force to find shelter under their guns.

From the fort of Dogueville, which forms the northern bulwark of Epinal, to the southern forts of Toul, there is a gap in the line of defence, a gap no less than twenty-seven miles in width. Through this wide opening lies the way by Neufchâteau, to a number of good roads leading to Paris or to Lyons. Neufchâteau, though so far left entirely without fortifications, is clearly a place of some importance in the French scheme of defence. It stands in the upper valley of the Meuse, and has about 5,000 inhabitants. In 1870, its only means of railway communication with the rest of France was a branch line to Chaumont. Now, although the place has absolutely no commercial importance, it is linked with the rest of the Eastern railway system by no less than five lines. Colonel Köttschau tells us that German military opinion looks on Neufchâteau as the destined head-quarters of the French Army of the East in the next war with Germany. It is curious to note how Neufchâteau stands just in the rear of the first great gap in the fortified frontier line. This gives some colour to Köttschau's theory.

The system of works from Belfort to Epinal, which we have just

described, forms the right or southern half of the first line. The left is formed by the line from Toul to Verdun. Toul is to the new frontier what Metz was to the old—its chief place of arms. Twenty millions of francs, or about £800,000, have already been expended on its fortifications. It is surrounded by a double circle of forts, the first line being fully four miles in advance of the body of the place; three forts placed well in front of the general line of defence, the forts of Frouard and St. Vincent, near Nancy, and the fort of Manovillu, near Luneville, protect important railway junctions, and form serious obstacles to an advance along the valley which leads from the easiest passes of the Vosges, those above Saverne. This is the line followed by the railway of the old diligence road from Strassburg to Paris; it is the great highway for the invasion of France. In the old days it was closed by Strassburg on the frontier, and Phalsburg in the pass of the Vosges. Now it is watched by Toul and its advanced forts. The choice of Toul, instead of Nancy, as the main point of resistance on this line, marks the tendency in the new plan to choose for the frontier fortresses places with a moderately large population, instead of great cities where the garrison would be encumbered with huge masses of non-combatants.

Between Toul and Verdun there is a continuous line of strong forts. Five of them crown the heights on the right bank of the Meuse, to the north-west of the fortress; three more, placed at wider intervals, bring us to the southern forts of Verdun. This place is important, because it stands almost within striking distance of the great German fortress of Metz. Verdun covers the road and railway by Chalons to Paris, the line on which Bazaine vainly tried to retreat in the second week of August 1870. Verdun now forms a great entrenched camp, covered by a circle of nineteen forts, most of them to the east of the place, looking towards Metz. On this side they are almost crowded together. Then, north of Verdun, all fortification ceases. For a space of about twenty-three miles, between its outlying forts and the Belgian frontier, there is, so far as we are aware, neither a gun nor an entrenchment. The roads leading from Metz by Sedan and Mezières, and turning the left flank of the first French line, are left open to the Germans. This is the second gap in the barrier, adn these two such marked intervals have certainly not been left unuagrded without a purpose —*ervunschte Einbruckstelle*, Colonel Köttschau calls them—" places where it is hoped the Germans will break in "; or, simpler still, the openings of a trap. We shall see presently what he means.

In the rear of this first line are the strategical railways for the concentration of the field army, with their central junction at Neufchâteau. In this same region we find stations obviously prepared for the rapid debarkation of troops, with extensive store-

house accommodation for supplies, and even rooms ready for the use of the ambulance corps. Fifty or sixty miles behind the first line we find the second, or rather, the two groups of fortresses which form its left and right, the centre of the line of defence being apparently reserved for the main army of operation.

On the right the fortresses are: (1) Besançon, on the Doubs. The city stands in a deep bend of the Doubs. The citadel closes the gap between the two arms of the river, and at the other extremity of the place a strong fort forms a *tête-de-pont* beyond the river. An outlying circle of sixteen forts completes the defences. (2) Langres, at the head of the Marne valley, fortified by an *enceinte* and a circle of forts, with, to the eastward, a semi-circle of forts so far thrown forward as to include within this advanced line seventeen villages, thus affording cantonments for a large army. (3) Dijon, protected by a circle of forts. Auxonne, in the valley of the Saone, is less completely fortified, and serves as a connecting link between Dijon and Besançon.

The left or northern group of fortresses is composed of (1) Rheims, defended by a circle of thirteen forts; 2, the two fortresses of Laon and La Fère, which are linked together by a line of forts. Further, the strong fort of Condé protects the great junction of roads and railway lines at Soissons, to the rear of these three fortresses. To the north-east of Laon Fort Hirson guards another important railway junction, close to the Belgian frontier; and to the north of Mezières the towns of Rocroy and Givet are fortified by an *enceinte*; Givet is almost surrounded by Belgian territory, standing as it does at the northern extremity of the sharp salient angle in the French frontier, where the Meuse enters Belgium. These two places are hardly capable of a prolonged defence. They are really outposts of the strongly-fortified group Rheims-Laon-La Fère.

These works complete the double barrier of the frontier. Behind them lie the great *places d'armes* of Paris, Lyons, and Lille. Since the war Paris has been surrounded with a new circle of forts placed so far in advance of the old line, that a bombardment of the city would now be impossible without the previous capture of several of the forts. Moreover, the extent of ground covered by the sixteen forts of the outer circle is so great that a complete investment is now probably impossible. Versailles, the Prussian head-quarters during the siege of 1870–71 is now converted into a huge outwork of Paris, and guarded by a semi-circle of forts.

Lyons forms the great rallying point for the south. In the north Lille has been strongly fortified for the same purpose, and surrounded by a group of minor fortresses—Maubeuge, Landrecies, Cambrai, Arras, Bouchain, and Valenciennes. Of these, Maubeuge, on the Belgian frontier, is the most important.

All the new fortresses are built on the modern polygonal system. The French engineers have at last definitely abandoned the complicated bastioned fronts, to which they clung tenaciously long after they had been given up everywhere else. The chief strength of the defence now lies in the heavy batteries of the outlying forts. These and the detatched forts which link together the fortresses of the first line, are large earth-works, mounting a considerable number of heavy guns, besides machine guns for the defence of the ditches, and quick-firing Hotchkiss cannon which are destined to do the work of the old wall-pieces and annoy the enemy's working parties. The heavy guns are in many of the forts protected by iron shields ; a few are mounted in revolving turrets of the naval type. All the forts have spacious bomb-proof quarters for the garrison, and magazines capable of holding abundant supplies of ammunition. The garrisons are not large, generally from two to four companies of infantry, and enough artillery to work the guns.

This elaborate fortification of the new frontier would seem to indicate that the French, taught by the experience of 1870, count upon standing on the defensive at the outset of the next war with Germany. Their army will concentrate in the rear of the first line of fortresses, and Colonel Köttschau is certainly right in pointing out Neufchâteau as the destined head-quarters of the army of the *Revanche*. In that case the Germans at the outset of the campaign will have before them two gateways into France, gates left open on purpose, one between Toul and Epinal, and full in front of Neufchâteau, the other north of Verdun, between it and the Belgian frontier. To advance directly against the French front, and refuse to enter these open gates would be to run full against a strong line of heavily-armed forts. On the other hand, to pass between Epinal and Toul and strike at Neufchâteau, would be to fight with a line of communications and retreat, menaced on either side by a considerable fortress, capable of sheltering a whole *corps d'armée* within the circle of its forts. Moreover, a French army defeated near Neufchâteau could fall back towards Paris until it had the two groups of the fortresses of the second line on its flanks, or even refuse battle until it was well down the Meuse valley towards Paris, when the invaders would have the fortresses of the second line on the flanks of their communications. If, however, the German commanders avoided the Toul-Epinal opening, and swept round from Metz to the north of Verdun, they would have to fight after "forming front to a flank"; *i.e.*, as they faced the French field army, their line of communications would not be in their own rear, but would stretch away from their left along the frontier, and this line would further be threatened by the garrison of Verdun. Moreover, their situation would so far resemble that of the French at Sedan that there would be a

neutral territory in their rear. Thus, supposing the Germans begin the campaign by advancing across their own frontier, whatever line they chose for their advance, the position of the French would be a strong one.

But the condition we have indicated is a very important one. If the Germans do not begin by advancing across their own frontier, *i.e.* the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine, the position of affairs is very much modified to the disadvantage of the French. If the Germans boldly violate neutral territory, either in Switzerland or in Belgium, they can turn the flank of the French barrier of fortresses and forts. To advance through a mountain country like Switzerland, and strike at the South of France, would not be a very likely plan for the Germans to adopt; but to enter Belgium and Luxembourg from the Rhine Province would place them in an excellent position for an attack upon France. Metz and Strassburg, with the Vosges and the Rhine, would cover Germany from a French counter-attack, while the German columns issued from the Belgian Ardennes; and with their line of communications stretching securely in their rear to Cologne, Coblentz, and the Lower Rhine, they could await the attack of the French with confidence, while a special corps, with a strong siege-train, prepared to destroy or reduce the northern fortresses of either the first or the second line. Both lines are planned to meet an attack from the eastward; assailed from the northward, by an army based on Belgian territory, they could probably be taken one by one. In such a campaign Verdun would, perhaps, be the first point of attack in order to clear the main road from Metz to the westward; the work of the field army would be to beat the French as they came up to the relief of the fortresses. But even on this supposition, the campaign would be a much less rapid one than that of 1870. Whatever happens, the wave of German invasion will not flow in so fast as in that disastrous year. This much, at least, the new fortresses have secured for France. But the weakness of the plan lies in the possibility of a flank attack across Belgian territory. Prince Bismarck has not such a respect for treaties as to hesitate about such an attack, if the military leaders saw any advantage in it. This much is certain; the Germans will hardly be content to walk quietly into the trap prepared for them, by choosing as their lines of advance the *erwunschte Einbruckstelle* pointed out by Colonel Köttschau. The alternative is a violation of Belgian territory, with or without the consent of the Cabinet at Brussels: for, despite the lavish expenditure on the Belgian army, it is not in a condition to offer any serious resistance to a German invasion.

A. Hilliard Atteridge.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The events of January 1887, whether at home or abroad, have been as stirring and important as those recorded during any month of recent times. The entry of Mr. Goschen into the Administration is an occurrence whose gravity and value it would be impossible to exaggerate; for it transforms what some might have been disposed to regard as a misfortune into what all must consider as a clear and almost incalculable gain. Lord Randolph Churchill's temperament and opinions being what they are, only Conservatives lacking either in definite principles or in political foresight could, in our opinion, greatly regret his voluntary secession from the Cabinet. But the substitution of Mr. Goschen for the late Chancellor of the Exchequer must necessarily have dissipated any lingering misgivings on the subject from even the most hesitating and unstable minds. Mr. Goschen would be an element of strength in any Cabinet, by reason of the elevation of his character, the clearness of his judgment, the soundness of his opinions, and the uniform courage and disinterestedness of his public life. To the present Government his accession is of peculiar value. It would be idle to pretend to ignore the fact that the commanding position in the Conservative Party asserted for a time by Lord Randolph Churchill, in consequence of his possessing in an eminent degree a special kind of ability of inestimable value in democratic communities, had shaken the faith of the country in the traditional seriousness and continuous convictions of Conservatism, and had infected the Conservative Party with something of that cynicism which regards a Party triumph, no matter how obtained, as the be-all and end-all of political existence. Had this mischievous condition of affairs lasted much longer, it would have become difficult for anyone to say what Conservatism meant, or if it had any meaning at all. In all probability, it would have resulted in a fissure in the Conservative ranks; and it would have been discovered that the ability of Lord Randolph Churchill had done for the Conservative Party what the ability of Mr. Gladstone has done for the Liberal Party, viz. shivered it to atoms.

To have been purged of this perilous stuff would, in our opinion, have been a distinct advantage in any case, even had it left the

front Government Bench deficient in debating power, and robbed Conservative platforms of their most attractive figure. Still, the secession of so powerful and popular a debater, if left without some counterbalancing compensation, might have inflicted serious damage on the Ministry. The entry of Mr. Goschen into the Cabinet not only filled the gap, and repaired the mischief, caused by the disappearance of Lord Randolph, but substituted for an inexperienced, imperfectly informed, and impulsive politician, a statesman of solid acquirements, of serious aims, and of character which all men can trust. Moreover, it has given to the Ministry that consistency and coherence it previously lacked; and it will encourage Conservative administrators, whom native modesty and sudden subjection to a bold aspirant for power had rendered diffident as to their own views, to recover possession of their convictions. From Mr. Goschen the country need not fear either spasmodic outbursts of transitory enthusiasm for impossible economies, ebullitions of domineering egotism, or contradictory expressions of opinion as to our Foreign Policy. The salt and savour of his definite convictions will impart themselves to the policy of the entire Cabinet. With characteristic intrepidity, and notwithstanding the readiness of the Conservative Whips to provide him with a seat, at once more certain and more easy, he threw down the glove to the Irish Home Rulers and Liberal Separatists of the Exchange Division of Liverpool; and, at the moment at which we write, the voting papers are still being counted. We cannot doubt that he will be returned at the head of the poll by a substantial majority.

The strengthening of the Administration by the accession of so powerful and respected an auxiliary was attended with one or two incidents that, at the moment, impressed unfavourably the public imagination, but which the country has already clearly perceived were inevitable accidents of the situation. There was nothing unnatural or unreasonable in the wish of Mr. Goschen that at least two Whig politicians of distinction should be invited to join the Ministry of which he had become a member; and Lord Salisbury would have been wanting in due consideration for his new colleague had he hesitated to do his best to satisfy that desire. But the negotiations thus rendered necessary not only caused a delay in the reconstruction of the Cabinet which excited some public impatience, but in the end proved abortive. The incident is already practically forgotten. But the English people will not soon forget either the patriotic services or the pathetic death of Lord Iddesleigh. It is now universally well understood that, even had there not been other imperative reasons for that course, the nomination of Mr. W. H. Smith to the Leadership of the House

and to the post of First Lord of the Treasury obliged the Prime Minister to return to his old place at the Foreign Office. Unfortunately, the official notification of this inevitable change in the distribution of offices did not reach Lord Iddesleigh, who was staying at Pynes, till a few hours after he had been led to surmise it by one of those confident predictions in the daily press against which, in days when journalists are not only so accurately informed, but so endowed with the talent of practical prophecy, it is impossible for the most scrupulous Minister to take precautions. That Lord Iddesleigh was, at first, wounded by the incident, is not to be denied. But he would have fallen below not only his own manly sense of equity, but even below the ordinary sentiment of justice and fair-play, had he not recognized, the moment it was explained to him, that he had no cause of complaint against his colleagues. No doubt, previous want of consideration for his susceptibilities, for which his following in the House of Commons must be held responsible, if blame is to be attached to anyone for his elevation to the House of Lords, had not unnaturally rendered him sensitive to the very semblance of any fresh slight. But, as Lord Cranbrook has stated, in his graceful tribute to his late friend and colleague printed in the opening pages of the current number of the Review, not a shadow of a cloud lingered between him and the Prime Minister on that afternoon when he proceeded to Downing Street to a pre-arranged interview. On the melancholy sequel we need not dwell. It saddened the whole nation, but it did not surprise his friends and intimates. It was not because he had fought with wild beasts at Ephesus—to quote the words of St. Paul read by the Dean of Westminster at the touching ceremonial in the Abbey, in homage of the deceased statesman—that the wheels of life suddenly stopped. His condition being such as it was, they might have done so at any moment. But the occasion of his death wore a tragic aspect; and, for a moment, even honest men, ruffled in the tranquillity of their regard for him, manifested a disposition to be unjust to the living, of which the dishonest quickly availed themselves. Happily, the English people have too much discernment not to understand and reprobate the more outrageous exhibitions of inhuman malignity engendered by unscrupulous Party spirit; and these ignoble endeavours to make political capital out of a good man's death have only lowered still further in public estimation those who resorted to them.

Some will doubtless be of opinion that we underrate the loss that has accrued to the Government from the secession of so ready a debater and so popular a politician as Lord Randolph Churchill, and will perhaps be disposed to ask us if we have

considered what will happen in the event of the noble lord either suddenly or gradually assuming an attitude of hostility to the Cabinet. Our reply must be that we have not only contemplated, but fully anticipate, some such occurrence. That Lord Randolph Churchill, who, in his calmer moments, is a master of Parliamentary manœuvres, will precipitately declare himself hostile to the Government he so recently quitted, we do not for a moment suppose. He will, in all probability, begin by protesting that he is animated by the most friendly disposition towards his late colleagues, and that the wish nearest to his heart is the unity and welfare of the Conservative Party. But that he will, in the course of events, not be in any way bound by these amiable assurances, is, in our opinion, as certain as was, also in our opinion, his secession, earlier or later, from the Cabinet. It must be remembered that, even if no difference of temperament, and no conflict as to what is wise and honest Party strategy, divided him from Conservatism, the entry of Mr. Goschen into the Cabinet is practically equivalent to barring the road to Lord Randolph Churchill's re-admission. We do not mean that Mr. Goschen would refuse to sit in the same Cabinet with the noble lord, though it is perfectly certain he would not have entered it had Lord Randolph at the time still been a member of it. But this restless and domineering politician would not experience from the new Chancellor of the Exchequer that indulgence which was so copiously extended to him by his late colleagues. On this point it is unnecessary to say more. A person would be devoid altogether of political instinct who did not understand that the entry of Mr. Goschen into the Government shut the door on its retiring member. It is scarcely credible that Lord Randolph Churchill contemplated landing himself in the embarrassing position in which he now stands; his calculation probably having been, when he sent in his Resignation, either that it would not be accepted and that he would bend the Cabinet to his will, or that his secession would inflict on it a mortal blow.

It cannot be agreeable to him to perceive that he has both strengthened the Government and weakened himself by a step which was intended to produce a diametrically opposite result; and the public must be prepared to find his sense of disappointment, not all at once, but gradually, expressing itself in hostile criticism of the Government, tentative at first, decided and violent at last. In adopting this course, what amount of support and co-operation is Lord Randolph Churchill likely to receive from the ranks of the Conservative Party? At this point, our powers of prediction desert us. We must candidly reply that we do not know. That he has seriously damaged himself by his late levity

of conduct, and that no explanation will succeed in wholly removing the unpleasant impression it has created, we regard as indisputable. Moreover, speaking of the Conservative Party generally, we feel confident that if Lord Randolph Churchill now decided to run a tilt at Lord Salisbury, he would simply unhorse himself by the mere shock, without the Prime Minister laying lance in rest against him. But *est modus in rebus*; factious opposition is usually conducted with some dexterous show of moderation, and Lord Randolph is not likely, unless it be in a moment of ungovernable impulse, to put himself palpably in the wrong by unmeasured hostility. But should his tactics be wary and discreet, who shall say that he will stand absolutely alone? In these days, every Party contains a certain number of men who conceive their ability to be ignored and their services to be unrecognized; and out of such materials a new Adullamite might conceivably compose a new Cave. Such an operation, however, even if conducted successfully, would only cause Lord Hartington and his followers to extend a yet more uniform and vigorous support to the Government. For our part, even if we could regard Lord Randolph Churchill as a Conservative politician, his modes of Party warfare are so alien to the best traditions of Conservatism that we should never be able to look upon his co-operation, notwithstanding his great gifts, save with misgiving. But since as a matter of fact, his Conservatism merely consists in paying "ransom" to Radicalism, in order to get "democracy" to vote for what he is pleased to call the Conservative Party, we cannot view with regret any incident, or any event, that is calculated to compel him to act with those who are his natural friends and auxiliaries.

While Lord Hartington has manifested no inclination to parley with the Liberal allies of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy, but, on the contrary, has repeated, in a letter respecting Mr. Goschen's candidature at Liverpool, the expression of his resolve never to desist from doing everything in his power to prevent the return to office of the authors of the Irish Statutory Parliament Bill of last year, Mr. Chamberlain, more sanguine, or more perplexed, has been endeavouring to discover if a *modus vivendi* between Mr. Gladstone and himself, in respect of Irish Policy, can be found or devised. The Conferences at the Round Table have not so far resulted in anything more important than a certain number of jokes, some good, some bad; and, as Mr. Chamberlain wraps himself in uncharacteristic silence respecting the progress of these circular negotiations, people have not unreasonably concluded that there is no progress to report. It is plain to the world that nothing can come of these conferences, unless either Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Gladstone be prepared to wear sackcloth and ashes;

and though it is perfectly true that the late Prime Minister could, by a copious use of ambiguous post-cards, persuade himself and his more ardent followers that the sable of penitence was the purple of victory, it is not every person who is equally accommodating in self-delusion. At the same time, it is not improbable that Mr. Chamberlain is beginning to be anxious as to his political future; and he may conceivably be haunted by the dread that, like Lord Randolph Churchill, he too may fall to the ground between two stools. Such a conviction is usually the parent of astonishing political tergiversation; and though we do not forget what excellent service Mr. Chamberlain has rendered to the Unionist Cause, we should not advise anyone to be too sure that that able politician will not find, in what is conveniently called a *via media*, a road of return to the Gladstonian fold.

During the past month the Government has exhibited in Ireland an improved vigour of administration, heartily welcome to all lovers of law and order. But it was not to be expected that it would display courage and determination without exposing itself to hostile criticism, in some quarters the fruit of well-known malignity, in others, of that peculiar form of error that is born of untimely sentiment. Whatever deficiencies may be noted in the Celtic character, the Irish race were never reproached with want of cunning. The sense of humour is said to be extinct in Ireland, and it certainly has departed from Irish politics. But the "sly humour" of old days has become the sly tragedy of these; and, in the melodramatic apparatus devised for the Glenbeigh and kindred evictions, we still see the native talent for "taking a rise out of the Sassenach" at work. Happily the skilfully prepared scenes of pathos have been wrecked against the re-awakened good sense and love of justice of the English people; and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has had the rare and invaluable courage publicly to throw the onus of any suffering that attends necessary evictions on the right persons. The prosecution of the ringleaders in the Plan of Campaign drags its slow length along; but this dilatoriness in legal action is due to the complicated machinery with which "the liberty of the subject" is, in this realm, everywhere protected, even when the subject is a traitor or a rogue, and his alleged liberty is intolerable license.

The general view entertained by the Government of its duties to the nation is expressed in the Queen's Speech, just delivered. Honest difference of opinion may exist as to whether the Reform of Parliamentary Procedure, or the Amendment of the Criminal Law with a view to the repression of disorder and illegality in Ireland, should have had precedence; but we believe that most persons will hold the Cabinet to have decided wisely in assigning

priority to the endeavour to enable the House of Commons and its Speaker to cope more effectually with Obstruction. It is obvious that every loyal legislative attempt to curb the action of the authors of the Plan of Campaign and the agents of Boycotting will be encountered in Parliament by the Irish Home Rulers and their more fervent English allies with unscrupulous and ingenious opposition; and it is therefore judicious to seek to smooth the way for legislation so imperative by strengthening the power of the House to curtail purposely dilatory pleas and objections. We believe it will also be found that the Government has understood the tenour of public opinion, in its proposals for dealing with Parliamentary Obstruction. By a combination of the opinion of the House and the authority of the Speaker, malignant obstacles to the progress of legislation and debate will be removed without any infringement on real liberty of speech and criticism. We must look for a somewhat fierce struggle on the question; but the Conservative Party will certainly not be divided on it, and the support of the Unionist Liberals may be confidently counted on. Nor can we doubt that the more self-respecting followers of Mr. Gladstone will lend their aid to the abatement of an evil of which, in past times, they have so often and so loudly complained.

It must also be expected that the announcement of the intention of the Government to grapple with Obstruction in Parliament and with robbery and anarchy in Ireland, will induce the Home Rule members to prolong, to the best of their ability, the Debate on the Address. Our readers will remember that, when the melancholy news reached England of Gordon's death at Khartoum, the Debate on the Address was voluntarily interrupted by Mr. Gladstone, at that time Prime Minister, in order to afford the Opposition the opportunity of bringing forward the Vote of Censure moved by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Some persons have seemed to think this precedent might be appealed to and followed, in the event of the Debate on the Address being inordinately spun out. For our part, we incline to deprecate such a course, which would savour rather of feverish weakness than of calm determination. In the proper management of all the affairs of life, a certain amount of patience is indispensable; and *festina lente* will prove to be the wisest motto for the Government in its struggle with the organized but doomed powers of Parliamentary Obstruction.

But, if the Government prove patient in its zeal for the public welfare, the press and the nation should imitate its example. Rome was not built, and Anarchy will not be crushed, in a day. If the whole country were engaged, heart and soul, in baffling its enemies, progress in the restoration of order and in the revival of

law would be more rapid. Unhappily, our Party System splits the nation into two nearly equal halves, and we must be prepared to find the Opposition proper lending both aid and counsel to the Parliamentary manœuvres of the followers of Mr. Parnell. The public must also understand that, while two Measures of such supreme importance as those we have named are being discussed, it is not possible for any Government to make much progress with what is called the work of legislation. The Programme of Bills to be submitted to Parliament during the Session is reasonably modest; but he is a sanguine person who supposes that one half of them will be brought to maturity before the end of July.

We have given precedence, as is our custom, to the consideration of politics at Home. But, grave and difficult though these may be, they are excelled in gravity and moment by politics Abroad. Are France and Germany about to renew the fearful and sanguinary struggle of 1870, and how soon? That is a question asked at this moment, not by the tongue of rash and idle levity, but by serious observers of the omens of the hour. Never in any deliberative assembly have more remarkable speeches been delivered than those pronounced in the debate on the Army Bill in the Reichstag by Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. Never has a Parliament exhibited a more patriotic alacrity to provide for the safety and strength of the nation, than the French Chamber of Deputies in its significantly silent approval of the Supplementary and Extraordinary Votes laid before it by the War Department. Notwithstanding a growing deficit, a decreasing revenue, and a colossal Public Debt, the Representatives of the French People ask no question, and raise no murmur, when the money they are asked for is to be expended on war material. General Boulanger, having acquired popularity by utterances and deportment that in any other country would be deemed flashy and sensational, has lapsed into an industrious reserve, and occupies himself solely with the strengthening of the fortifications and perfecting the armaments of France. Such things, even if they stood alone, might well give Prince Bismarck food for anxious ruminating. But his anxiety has been aggravated into irritation by the churlish and grudging behaviour of the German Parliament, which, at the very time the French Legislature was voting War Supplies with cheerful prodigality, refused to the Crown, the Federal Council, the Chancellor himself, and Count Moltke, the modest additions to the Imperial Army those high authorities concur in declaring indispensable to the safety of the Fatherland.

The recalcitrant Reichstag has been dissolved, and new elections

are fixed for the 27th of this month. But will the German Government wait patiently for the result of an electoral struggle whose issue is avowedly doubtful? In the short but pregnant observations addressed by Count Moltke to the Imperial Parliament, he affirmed categorically that the refusal of the demands of the Government would inevitably lead to war. We understand him to have meant that the demonstration of the unwillingness of the Reichstag to enable Germany always to render itself as strong as France, let France arm as it might, would infallibly compel those who are entrusted with the safety of the Empire to force on a struggle with France, while yet France is weaker than Germany. That seems to us to constitute the main danger of the situation. "Time and I against any two," said a French King. The French Republic seems to think the same thing, without saying it. But will Germany give France the time required? That is the question; and, before we again address our readers, it may be answered in the negative. Military experts are disposed to believe that the French frontier towards Germany—concerning which we elsewhere print a remarkable article—has been so carefully strengthened against attack, that an invasion of France would be attended with serious risk, unless it were conducted so as to render inevitable an infraction by the invader of the neutral territory of Belgium. Would Prince Bismarck, in case of necessity, shrink from such a step? We feel no confidence that he would. *Salus populi suprema lex;* and he would hardly permit France to baffle Germany through regard for an ancient Treaty.

In that case, how would it stand with ourselves? England has guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium; and many persons will ask if, in the event of the action we are contemplating, England would attempt to draw its sword across Germany's path. We will at once affirm our conviction that such a course would be, not only insane, but impossible. In no case must England and Germany quarrel; for their quarrel would mar the policy and paralyse the arm of both. It surely would be possible to obtain from Germany a guarantee that the territory of Belgium, if traversed for military purposes, should not be permanently violated, and that, at the end of the struggle, the neutrality and independence of that country should be religiously respected. In the event of Prince Bismarck giving this country ample and efficient guarantees on this point, we should be idiots to dream of damaging all our own best and highest interests, merely in order to forbid Germany the temporary use of a right of way.

If a conflict should take place between France and Germany, it would be futile to suppose that the peace of the East of Europe will remain intact. At the particular moment at which we write,

Russia is affecting a more conciliatory attitude in respect of Bulgaria. But this semblance of amiability may vanish to-morrow; and how much value should be attached to it may be seen in the energy—tardy, but now decided—with which Austria-Hungary is seeing to its armour. As we have said, should Germany and France come into collision in the West of Europe, Russia will, in the East of Europe, challenge the protectors of Bulgaria and Turkey, and a general European War will inevitably ensue. Should war between France and Germany be averted or postponed, it is quite possible that a *modus vivendi*, as regards Russia's pretensions in Bulgaria, will be discovered by the Powers, in formal or informal Conference, and whether at Constantinople or elsewhere. The Czar seeks to get rid, by one and the same stroke, of both the Regency and the existing Sobranje; but we trust the Bulgarians will refuse to part with all the machinery of government, and with all the precautions for the maintenance of their rights and the preservation of their independence. If the Sobranje were dissolved, the Regency ought to remain. If the Regency were to disappear, the present Sobranje ought to nominate the members of a new one. The candidature of the Dadian of Mingrelia is practically withdrawn; but it is incumbent on the Bulgarians to guard against the possibity of some other servant of the Czar being imposed on them by a Sobranje unfairly elected under the direction of a servile and unpatriotic Regency. All these minor questions may at any moment be blown away by the blast of war. But if the hurricane be postponed, diplomacy will have to busy itself patiently with their safe and just solution. Happily, the policy of England in respect of the Bulgarian, otherwise of the Eastern Question, is perfectly well apprehended, and warmly approved by the English people. It is a policy of peace, if peace can be preserved consistently with the upholding of judicious and momentous treaties, and without the ruthless destruction by a barbarous and insatiable Power of the liberties of Europe.

January 27th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The Marriage Code of Henry VIII. (?).

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Notwithstanding the somewhat singular Editorial note in your current number, prefacing a *very* singular article by Lord Grimthorpe, and then closing the "discussion"—hardly, perhaps, in accord with the customary right of "reply," I hope you may not refuse a passing *letter* at least, in which shall be no "discussion," but only a light touch of comment on a moving subject, which, on moral, social, and religious grounds, it is to be hoped may never be thought to be alien to the pages of a Review whose motto is "national feeling."

Surely no man ever less needed auxiliary force than Lord Bramwell, and the chivalry of Lord Grimthorpe—whom, as a Churchman, I much admire—is amusingly supererogatory here, but *Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor ut alter alterius*, &c., and so mutual defence may be natural to the race of pleaders who are, just a little, always jealous of *lay* intrusion into their preserves. That Lord Grimthorpe was "asked," as he says, to write, is no wonder. The "other side" would have missed a splendid opportunity had they not "asked" such a foremost name, such a modern Nimrod, such a strong writer, so true a man, and so staunch a *Conservative*, to speak for the *revolution*. Jehu always seeks his Jehonadab.

Mr. Greg feels strongly—even personally—on the subject, and he certainly was not without questionable daring in his rebuke of a great lawyer and eminent judge on mere technical points, but he scarcely forfeited mercy, or merited evident *contempt*, from the generous restorer of St. Alban's; for the greatest lawyers have often disagreed, both as to principle and on special "cases." Even Lord Grimthorpe himself, with no *very* conspicuous reverence, "accuses" three great lawyers—Lord Chelmsford, Lord Hatherley, and Lord Cairns—the latter of rash error, and the others of "strong partizanship," and this is, doubtless, a worse accusation than Mr. Greg alleged against Lord Bramwell; for the charge of *partizanship*, in a question of law, is the highest delinquency in a judge.

Inaccurate statements have been made on both sides as to the state of the law before Lord Lyndhurst's Act of 1835, and Mr. Greg did not

speak, perhaps, with legal or historical accuracy as to "the *accident* of procedure" before 1835, or on other points. It is not shown—I have never seen it fully explained—*why* wife's-sister unions were, before 1835, *voidable* but not *void*: they were voidable because, and only because, they were *illegal*; but, because they were not void also, some have rashly argued that they were theretofore *de jure* and *legal*. I think Lord Bramwell even, *suggested*—if he did not in terms affirm—this, in the *Contemporary* of September last. He certainly affirmed that the woman and children of such connections had *legal* rights, as to maintenance, &c. The truth is that there was no misprovision or "accident" as to "procedure" for annulling such unions; the procedure was provided and known, and the law was clear, but *matrimony* (rightly or wrongly) with its many dependent questions, was immemorially and wholly an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the civil law gave force to the law of the Church Courts, wherein, from early ages, the decisions were against both the validity and legality of such connections. Before 1835, there were no civil marriages as now, and the Church never, save *per incuriam*, joined together offenders against the law. Such unions *could not* be *legal* when the only *law* known even to the State was that of the Church.

"The Marriage Code of Henry VIII." is proof only of Tudor tyranny, for only personal ends, over both Church and State; and also of the *previous* prohibition and illegality of such unions—the first ground of Henry's legislation and the very essence of his proceedings against poor Catherine. But, before 1835, there was no public prosecutor, and so it was left to parties interested to put the law in motion, as in so many other cases, alas, and hence alone arose the so-called "accident" (rather, the *uncertainty*) of procedure.

At this point, I gladly record Lord Grimthorpe's first admission, that, when a suit *was* promoted, the children of such unions were . . . . "bastardized."

I record a second admission, that "Lord Brougham, who gave the leading judgment, said, 'quite accurately,' that these marriages were 'illegal' before 1835."

This witness is true, and the Act of 1835 did *not*, as often asserted by less accurate pleaders for change, make that which before had been legal, *illegal*.

Lord Lyndhurst's Act was "reasonable," and put an end to a bad state of things, *in mercy to innocent children*; and Lord Grimthorpe quotes it in triumph to lay the ghost of somebody's blunder thereabout. *I* record it, with his italics, as another admission and proof that "the condition of the children (born of the said unions) was '*unsettled*.'" Yes, "unsettled"; but, in truth, the children were certainly *not legitimate* when born, nor ever afterwards, if they died before the parents or either of them, whose union still remained *illegal*.

Lord Grimthorpe, with ferret-like keenness, springs upon a *lay* notion of a particular "case" and by it, with legal acumen, somewhat diverts his readers from the *main issue*, viz. that certain unions, being confessedly illegal before 1835, Lord Lyndhurst's Act *maintained* that illegality, and made it, *ipso facto*, *operative*! Here is another great lawyer on the "other side."

With all respect, I think Lord Grimthorpe is almost a Balaam. He was cunningly sent for to *bless*, but he has all but *cursed* the revolution, for he has proved that the Act of 1835 *made no change at all* as to previous legal decisions upon wife's-sister unions: it only nullified them outright from the beginning, and that independent of any mere personal opinion or action of anyone, it was an Act in which common sense and *law* were reconciled—not always the case.

On the whole, Lord Grimthorpe's Conservative legal acumen is in favour of his "friends the enemy," whilst his present non-Conservative *opinion* is, alas! with the revolution.

As, in deference to your decision, I have not attempted a reply to Lord Grimthorpe, I trust you will kindly permit me to quote here the postcript of a leaflet shortly to be reprinted by the "M.L.D.U.," which is (in your own words) meant to be a "correcting of a statement" of the Gospel by Lord Grimthorpe's exalted client and chief.

"Lord Bramwell has recently published an objection that our Lord's word, 'Wherefore they are no more twain but one flesh,' is *figurative*. This may be an honest objection, but it is a poor paltering with language and thought. He used the word *absolutely*, as *divine prohibition*. His *meaning* is clear as daylight, and that meaning is the law of Christian thought. The objection ignores the essential motive of figurative language, which is to *quicken and intensify* a meaning. So it was with His warning against the danger of riches; the 'camel' and the 'needle's eye,' by a figure, focussed His meaning; and so with a multitude of figures in the Old and New Testaments.

"But what if there be a physiological fact underlying the figure? What if, in the mystery of nature, our Lord's Word is an experienced fact? I had once a favourite creature whose race I wished to keep pure, and an old keeper said, 'Remember, Sir, *the first father leaves his blood behind him*,' *i.e.* the male and female become 'one flesh,' or one blood. Alas! there are those who yet 'know not the Scriptures nor the power of God.'"

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,
W. F. Hobson.

Temple Ewell, Dover,
10th January, 1887.

The Tripartite Division of Tithes.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

The present tithe rent-charge (so called) is not a charge upon the land, but only on the produce of the land for the time being.

In the *National Review* for November last, Mr. Morris Fuller has marshalled the evidence which shows that the tripartite division of tithe never prevailed in England. He has thus furnished a ready answer to an untenable assumption.

In the *Times* of the 6th of December a letter from Mr. Hubbard appears in which he has taken for granted that the payment now made in respect of tithes under The Tithe Commutation Act (6 & 7 Wm. IV. c. 71, s. 67) is a primary claim upon the land itself.

No doubt Mr. Hubbard is not alone in making such an assumption. If, however, it is well founded, there is a marvellous difference between the payment in question and the tithes for which it has been substituted.

You will, no doubt, agree with Mr. Hubbard, that it is essential that the position of the parties should be rightly understood; and I venture to hope that you will allow me to contribute my mite, with a view of showing that the tithe-owner has no claim against the landowner, or against the tenant (if any), or against the land; and that the tithe-owner's only claim is against the produce, for the time being, of the land.

Before the Act the tithe-owner was entitled to a share of the produce of the land; and upon referring to the Act it will be found (s. 67) that he is now entitled to a charge upon the produce of the land and to nothing else. The Act (s. 67) expressly provides that no person is to be personally liable to make the payment; and the tithe owner's only remedy is by distress and entry as mentioned in ss. 81 and 82, and he can only recover two years arrears.

It is true that for brevity the word rent-charge is continually used in the Act; but the early part of section 67 is (as to this matter) the operative part of the Act, and the words there used are a sum of money "in the nature of a rent-charge." In short the payment is *sui generis*, depending for its existence upon the Act, moulded with reference to the tithes for which it was substituted and recoverable as mentioned in the Act, and not otherwise.

The point was decided by Vice-Chancellor Bacon on the 18th of June 1885, in the case of Bailey *v.* Badham, 30 Chancery Division, 84. In that case an action was brought to recover four years' arrears of tithe rent-charge, in respect of lands which had become unproductive; and it was contended that the payment in question is a rent-charge, and that the legislature, in giving powers of distress and entry, did not mean to take away the other legal incidents to a rent-charge, amongst which is

a right of sale to pay for arrears; but the Vice-Chancellor, after noticing that the personal liability to pay is abolished, and saying (pp. 89–90) that he could find no colour of reason for claiming a sale in the nature of things, and could find no words in the Act which justify the claim, came to the conclusion (p. 91) that in the Act "all that is given to tithe-owners is, that they shall take out of the produce of the land the proportion mentioned in the Act."

After this decision it is unnecessary to argue further that the tithe-owner has no charge on the land.

The gist of Mr. Hubbard's letter is that legislation (if any) should be confined to assisting "the intention of the Act," and making the landowner primarily responsible, and he continually speaks of the occupier as making the payment as the agent of the landowner.

The Act says that no one is to be personally liable, and it is, therefore, useless to say that its intention was that the landlord should be primarily liable; and there would be just as much and just as little ground for saying that, before the Act, the tenant was the agent of the landlord for rendering tithes in kind, as there is now for saying that he is such agent for making the present payment.

The value of a tithe-free farm always has been, and still is, greater than that of a farm subject to tithes. Whether there should be any legislation at all upon the matter is an important question.

Mr. Hubbard's arguments against legislation are very cogent. If, however, the question is opened, it must be on the broad ground that in the old days the tithe-owner was entitled to a share of the produce of land, and that under the Commutation Act he became entitled to a charge on that produce intended roughly to represent that share, but which has, from unforseen circumstances turned out to be equal in value to a much larger share, and even in some instances to the whole produce; not to mention cases where, as in Bailey *v.* Badham, the land has become absolutely unproductive.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your faithful servant,

R. W. Wintle.

Lincoln's Inn,
14th Dec. 1886.

Canon Kingsley.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Mr. Evershed, in his able article on Canon Kingsley in the *National Review* for December, attributes the quotation in verse at the foot of p. 553 to the subject of his Memoirs. It is, perhaps, not a

matter of much importance, but it is well to verify quotations. The words are by another equal lover of nature as the Canon—viz. Henry W. Longfellow, *vide* "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz."

I am,
Yours faithfully,
H. D. S. Powell.

Resignation and Reconstruction: a Country-side View of the Situation.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

The old year, as you are aware, closed with a startling event, which led to one even yet more startling:

1. The resignation of Lord R. Churchill.
2. The determination of Lord Salisbury to form a Coalition Ministry.

Town and county voters, Lord Randolph's stoutest backers, were staggered by the first event, and had not time to steady themselves before they were told that the rent in the Cabinet was to be mended with a patch of Liberal Unionists.

Their first reflection was that Lord Randolph's resignation had caused a vacancy and deprived themselves of just the very man after their own heart. The vacancy, however, must be filled, and Lord Randolph must become an independent member. All that was plain enough. But it soon became evident that the resignation meant more than a vacancy; that in fact it meant re-construction.

For this the Clubs may have been prepared; but the towns and villages were taken by surprise. It had not entered into the heart of the country-side to conceive it. And why?

Because to re-construct with the aid of the Liberal Unionists was to bring in men who had once said No, and said the No, moreover, at a very acute stage of an earlier crisis, namely, when the Ministry was being formed last year. If they had refused when the tree was green, could it be supposed they would accept when the tree was dry?

The Conservative Government had long since settled down to work, and had put forth a good programme by the mouth of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; it was doubtless preparing for all which this programme sketched out, and was getting ready for the meeting of the House.

Keeping pace with what the Government were doing, the Liberal Unionists had had a banquet and a conference; had at once opened their mouth and put their foot down, and made it plain they stuck to

the flag. Then they dispersed, and some went to the Continent, one returning therefrom with a gorgeous snuff-box, presented by The Unspeakable! So all was going on well with the Ministry and the Liberal Unionists, when of a sudden—very suddenly indeed—the *Times* announces a ministerial resignation. No other paper says a word on the subject. A resignation, of course, means a vacancy in the ordinary way; on this occasion it signified that the Government was without a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and without a man to lead the Commons. The vacancy, therefore, must be filled by a person conversant with figures and with the forms of the House.

To the ordinary voter who reads newspapers and telegrams, who attends public meetings, and turns out noise-mongers or is himself turned out, the situation seemed a very simple one. It was what Mr. Gladstone would call a "regretable incident," one which might fitly be followed up by a visit to the theatre; but while regret was freely expressed at the loss of so good a man as Lord Randolph, very sincere sympathy was felt with Lord Salisbury. He had lost a very able colleague just when things were going well with his Ministry; when Ireland was to some extent mending her ways, and when the work of "knocking about" measures at Cabinet Councils was in full swing. What could possess Lord Randolph to desert the ship at such a moment, and, in thinking of himself, to forget his captain? The country-side was puzzled, and, though it gave heed to what the *Times* said was the cause of the resignation, it preferred to inquire if Lord Randolph had done himself mischief, and if Lord Salisbury ought not to be told at once that confidence in him was unshaken. The provinces took a strictly human view of the matter, and did not go into reasons at first; the personality of Lord Randolph overshadowed reasons, and the personality of Lord Salisbury compelled sympathy and a warm-blooded determination to stand by him. Reasons in due time were discussed, and men were too honest to condemn Lord Randolph unheard, for his reasons might seem good when given in his own words. Ordinary politicians could not for a moment understand that the resignation should knock the bottom out of the Cabinet. Lord Randolph was a man of many good qualities, of much pluck and eloquence, infinitely painstaking, wondrously well-informed; he had led the House with exceptional ability and given indication of administrative talent; still he was *difficile*, and like certain chemicals which will not blend. He resembled the caster-oil which *will* lie perversely on the top of the milk or orange-wine, and will *not* accommodatingly mix with, or be lost in, the inferior fluid. He had given trouble when the first Tory Cabinet was formed, and had played the part of a tandem leader turning round to look at the driver.

So his resignation surprised, but, after all, was not surprising.

There was a crisis, but its seriousness was not realised until it was found that Lord Salisbury was recurring to the method he had adopted in the summer, and was applying to the Liberal Unionists. They had failed him once. Why apply to them a second time?

Why? Because, from the first Lord Salisbury recognized the fact that it was the Unionist voters of the two great Parties in the State——one cannot recognize as great a third Party which sent up "items"—who had returned 315 Tories and 77 genuine, traditional Liberals—a compact body of about 400 out of a House of nearly 680. Lord Salisbury recognized this fact, and naturally held that government should be in the hands, not of one of the two Parties, but of both. This had shaped his conduct all along. For himself, he did not care a crumb or a fin for the loaves and fishes; power, pay, patronage, were nothing to him—they were the accidents of the Premiership; not the supper purchased by the song. He did not care a fig who was Premier, so long as Ireland was saved.

To a man of such infinite magnanimity, and to a man holding the view that the two Parties which had won the Election ought to compose the Cabinet, the sinking of self came naturally, and it was not surprising that such a man should wish to see Her Majesty offer the post of Premier to the thoroughly competent leader of the Liberals. Having expressed that wish once, there was nothing really remarkable in Lord Salisbury making a second offer to introduce Liberals into the Cabinet, and this the voter of the provinces could not but see after very little reflection.

But though the union of the two Parties in the effort of Government was desirable, the country could not view with pleasure Lord Salisbury's proposal to abdicate at a critical time, and repeat the proposal of the summer. Let him ask Lord Hartington to come in, by all means; but not as Premier after months had been spent in preparing legislation on Tory lines, and after the Tory Premier had borne the burden and heat. Lay before Lord Hartington the Legislative programme, with such of its ins and outs as might lawfully be told, and then ask the Queen to give him the seals of the Exchequer, or other office, if he were willing to accept; but do not "climb down." The captain of 315 must not act as lieutenant to the captain of 77, after having gone through one campaign, and made preparations for a second. Followers fully appreciated self-denyingness, but could not agree to the dethronement of the leader who had already led to victory.

"Even in their mistakes," wrote the *Tablet* (January 8th), "the Conservative leaders have shown fine and rare qualities, which ought to win them the good-will of the nation. Throughout all these negotiations, the one abiding motive has been to put self aside and to do

the best for the country." True words, but the action of fifty Members or more, and their communications to the principal Whip, proved that, so far as the Premiership went, Lord Salisbury could not be allowed to put himself on one side.

The mention of Mr. Goschen's name in connection with the post vacated by Lord R. Churchill was everywhere well received along the country-side. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's speeches found most readers during the election of 1886, partly because he has a great name amongst rural voters and politicians, and partly because the sensation of seeing so prominent a Radical arrayed against Mr. Gladstone was so novel. He was eagerly read and discussed in all directions, and still men read "and still the wonder grew." Next to him Mr. Goschen excited most attention; there was always something weighty in his speeches; he always fired such big guns and brought down such big game; he never came to the end of his arguments; those who read him were "converted in squadrons, baptized in platoons." He had a name when he began the campaign; a great one when it ended. "He found Rome of brick and left it of marble."

The fact that he fell in the campaign invested him with sympathetic interest which was all the greater because he had been beaten by a Gladstonian hat and walking-stick. There was pleasure in contemplating his return to the House, and something more than pleasure in seeing him one of Her Majesty's Ministers. The invitation given to him by Lord Salisbury was an extremely popular move, and went far to lessen the disappointment and regret felt by Lord Randolph's resignation. Things touched top, not bottom, when so good a Whig, so good a traditional Liberal as Mr. Goschen, consented to join a Conservative Cabinet.

But his entrance into the Ministerial fold meant "Coalition," a somewhat unfamiliar word to country ears, and one that, to many minds, meant collision.

Does not coalition always end in collision? Is not the one the outcome of the other? Do not men coalesce just so far as their views coincide, and then collide directly the views become detached? Are the elements of give and take, of bear and forbear, to be found in Coalition?

These were not unnatural questions. When Lord Salisbury's ministry was being formed in the summer of last year, the word "Coalition" was rarely used, and why? Because the word "Unionist" had ousted it. Had Lord Hartington taken office under or above the present Premier last summer, the men of the clubs would have called it a Coalition Ministry, and all official politicians would have used the same expression; but in the country it would have been a Unionist Ministry and the appellation would have been most appropriate.

It is not so now. A Conservative Government has been in power for some months, and, though Unionism is as much the "irrevocable mandate" as it ever was, the ism is not as often in men's mouths as it was. To join a Liberal or Whig to a Conservative Cabinet *now* is really to form coalition, to form, in fact, what is ordinarily abhorred, not because of Disraeli's dictum, but because it has not hitherto meant stability; because it has been a kangaroo with a Dissolution in its pouch. So men thought the word had an ugly look until they reflected that they themselves had formed a coalition during every day of the last election; that they had coalesced with true Liberals and Radicals at public meetings, on platforms and on committees all day long, and eventually had capped everything by giving a coalition vote at the polls! The whole thing on the part of Conservatives, true Liberals and old Radicals, was nothing but Coalition from beginning to end! What more natural, then, that Coalition born of Unionism should form a Coalition of Unionists? Surely the Cabinet ought to represent the polling-booths? Of course it ought, and, with these reasons in the air, men could see how right and constitutional Lord Salisbury has been from the first in trying to have all the Unionist polls represented in the Cabinet. He has strengthened himself materially by his action, ever since it has been well understood, and it is no small matter to have gained his point at length.

It was not possible to behold with much satisfaction the efforts to obtain the services of certain Liberal Unionist peers, and, though Lords Lansdowne, Morley and Camperdown are good men, and will probably make their mark some day, Lord Northbrook would not strengthen a toy Cabinet in a debating society. With the exception of the Duke of Argyll and Lords Selborne and Rosebery, there are no Liberal peers of equal ability to the followers of Lord Salisbury.

Very wisely the *Economist* (January 8) remarked, "If Lord Salisbury has offices in the Lords to dispose of, let him elevate new men, not go begging to Whig officials." Of course, if Sir William Harcourt were a Liberal and a Peer instead of an item and a Commoner, Lord Salisbury might have found in him salvation, and gone gaily to the Carlton to sing "Nunc Dimittis;" under present circumstances, however, the noble Marquis could only apply to the Rt. Hon. Gentleman (who would not have been even an item but for Mr. Plimsoll) if he wanted a John the Baptist to usher in the Deluge.

While, therefore, the entrance into the Cabinet of Mr. Goschen makes a so-called Coalition Ministry, it transforms the Government into a Unionist Ministry, which is a much more important consideration, and no slight guarantee of stability.

There is much political fellow-feeling between the Premier and his new Chancellor; the latter is not likely to quarrel with the Dartford programme, and is as strong as his chief on the subject of Procedure,

Local Government, and the paramount necessity of restoring law and liberty to Ireland; while in foreign affairs the Chancellor probably holds that Lord Salisbury is the strongest minister England has had since Lord Palmerston. Mr. Gladstone may deny that the "civilized world" shares this opinion, but it must not be forgotten that that part of the globe has kept rather bad company of late, and has cut a very poor figure by the side of the "West Ham dukes!"

Just as "in a duel, the second always comes first," to quote an old play, so in a political crisis it is always the best—not the worst—men who offer to make way to further the ends of reconstruction. Lords Cranbrook and Cadogan willingly placed their posts at Lord Salisbury's disposal, but Lords Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who would gracefully adorn Colonial deaneries, put their blind eyes to the telescope and failed to see the signal. Reconstruction on the best lines was hindered, but the introduction into the Cabinet of such good new blood as Sir Henry Holland could not fail to meet with full approval in metropolis and country alike.

When reconstruction was all but completed, Queen, Ministers, and country were, with a terrible suddenness, shocked with the news of Lord Iddesleigh's death. Services such as his were invaluable, not because he was a genius of the first order—for that he was not—but because he combined, as a statesman, all those qualities which make statesmen really great; qualities which are bound up with character, and, in their lofty moral grandeur, re-act on the character of a nation.

It was said of the old Puritans "They lived their lives as men: they did not sing them away like birds." So lived Lord Iddesleigh. He was a man with all the noblest and best of the Puritan virtues, and he lived up to them, amidst all the turmoils and distractions of political warfare, to the very last hour of his life.

De mortuo nil nisi optimum.

Believe me, Gentlemen,

Very faithfully yours,

Bath, January 21, 1887. R. St. J. Corbet.

[Letters on "The 'Last Day' on the Dee," "Volunteers and the Capitation Grant," "A Policy for Ireland," and "Locksley Hall," are reserved for insertion in a future number.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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